

When we left Mrs. Frankel, she and her mother and the two other women with her had just jumped from the barracks.

From the barracks, yes.

Into the cornfields.

To the cornfields. I never saw-- one of the girls survived, and the other one, we don't know what happened. But I run with my mother in the fields. And that was in the nighttime. And we was running so far. Meantime, we fell million times over dead bodies.

There was lots of people was that was running away, and they was killed. And in the nighttime, we did not see it. And we fell over the dead bodies. But we still was running. And we wind up in the woods.

And there was now ready-- morning was coming. And we was sitting there because when the farmers would see us, then they would give us away. Then we were sitting quiet in the woods. And there was, that time, that the farmers came to the fields to cut the wheat. Then we was waiting all day long. And in the nighttime, I was talking with my mother-- which direction is to go back home?

I had a better direction. I was saying, they brought us over there with the-- with the cars-- not with the cars, with the trucks, this direction. Then we supposed to go back. But she had idea that we was baffled. We were never going to make it to the town. And she wants to go to the farmer, and she going to tell them that we have money in town by this and this fellow and let him take us on a wagon.

And I say, Mother, you know, you know what happens. when they're going to see us, they're going to give us away. They're going to talk to the policemen, and they're going to take away. And she was just-- I was her one child, and she was just desperate for me to survive, not for herself alone. But she want me so badly to survive-- terrible. She says, I live my life, but I want you to survive and tell the other people what happened in this terrible war.

And what happened, then we decide now ready to go the direction of what I was telling her. And we was going in the cornfields but close to the highway. There was not really a highway, but it's that street or whatever. It was going this way. Finally, we hear somebody is going with a wagon and a horse. And we were sitting down, hiding in the corns. And to this time the wagon goes by.

But you know, from the old procedure, from this running, not eating and everything else, I was very hyper, and I was very hot. And I was sitting, kneeling down. I fell to sleep. And one time I woke up, and I say, "Ma," and nobody is there. Then I start to run to the street, and nobody was there.

I was running through the corn fields all over calling Ma. Mother was not there. That was the last time that I saw my mother. And how I know what happened later with her, when I survive and I met people, Gentile people who was working-- he was an usher in our picture show. And he was telling me the story that my mother went to the wagon what she heard was going by. And she approached the wagon. And they took her to the police. And the police took her back, and they killed her.

That was the last time I saw my mother. I was just mad. I'm all the time was feeling so bad that I fell to sleep, and I did not keep her with me because she was just wild to get to some place that they would take her there. And I million times-- with which I was younger, but I was telling her, Ma, you see what they do to us. Nobody going to save us. Please, don't do it.

But she saw that I fall there to sleep on the cornfields, and she went alone. And never I saw her again. This is such a tragedy. She went through the whole concentration camp and she survive. We jump, we survive the hunger and the misery. The typhus she has, and she survives in the hospital there, in the Jewish. And then in the last minute, she disappeared. That's just-- that's why-- maybe that's why I was so sick after the war, that I couldn't save her. That's why I fell asleep. That's the tragedy.

Now meantime, when I came-- I want to go back. Forgot to tell you. When I came from Lemberg, when I was on the Gentile papers and I was in ghetto, then again she got in touch with some people. And she paid them, and she said, please take my daughter. When the war, going to have the all what I have. And she got in touch with the people who was living on the outskirts of town, and they took me there. And they make a bunker, and I was living underground there too.

But some people was bad people. And they report to the German gendarmerie that my mother has a daughter. And she's supposed to be in ghetto, but she is not. She is hiding me by a Gentile people. And they came to her, saying we're going to take you away. Then my daughter must be here in ghetto.

Well, she says, she went to the market for the water. She's going to be back soon. But happened our house of the ghetto was just the border of out of the ghetto. And we have the fellow who was a usher. He was all the time knocking on the window, and he was bringing us bread. And she let him know that I am there and there and let them know that to bring me back to the ghetto. And in the nighttime, they brought me back to the ghetto.

And the police, when I was sleeping, one time they jumped in, maybe-- I don't know-- maybe 50 soldiers to the house there and the ghetto, with the lights, you know, flashlights, and was checking up, I am here. And I was there. Well, another three days, they was liquidating the ghetto. That's why they was be sure that I going to be killed too. That's what I'm backing up.

Now, when I run away in the cornfields when I lost my mother, I couldn't believe that she run back to the wagon to get him. Then I was running through the cornfields, in the fields and fields, and I came finally to our town. And I say, where I going to go? But on the border of the town, there was the police checkpoint. And I remember like today, I hid in a bakery.

You were alone. Am I correct?

I was all alone. And I was hiding in a bakery where they was having barrels with flour or whatever like that. Finally, I passed the point where the soldiers was there, and I went back to the people who was helping me after the-- to Andzia. What her name was? I forgot. Podstawowa-- the other people who my mother paid them the money when I was in ghetto to save me there. And I went there. And all the time, I was thinking maybe my mother got crazy or whatever in this situation. She was running before me, and she came there to the people because we was all the time saying, in case we can survive, remember we supposed to meet in this and this place.

Then I was running to this place. And when I came, we have a special knock on the door to open up. This was the middle of the night when I'm coming in. And I ask her that my mother is here. She says, no. And I was all alone.

When they saw me, they couldn't believe that I am living. They knew that nobody survived. There are not Jews all over. They touched me. How I survived from so many things? They kill everybody. There was judenfrei. There was nobody no more. Just I was alone.

And I came there. They did not have a way to throw me away. They did not feel. They did not have a heart. But they really did not want to hold me. And they did not hold me no more on the house. But they took me to a-- across from the house, they have a locker where they was holding the coals and the wood. And they [INAUDIBLE], and they keep me there for a few days. And they say, listen Nina, I cannot hold you. We are afraid they're going to kill us.

I don't blame them because there was law.

They were Gentile?

Gentile. They was Gentile people. And when they would find them, that they was killing the people. They have a family. Then they say-- one thing that was holding them, they had my money, my mother's money. And they say what can I put you over? I say, whatever you want to do, do it. I've got to not go out. And it's going to be your decision. If

you want to give me away to the German people, go ahead do.

But they did have a conscience, and they couldn't do it. And I say, listen to me. If you don't want to keep me there, fine. But I know we had a farmer what was, all the time, bringing to us milk, the lady, for 10 years home. In Europe, you couldn't go to the milk store to buy milk. You have a farmer, and the woman was bringing you the milk.

And she says all the time, years ago, when something happened, you come to us, our farm. You know, they was not surrounded there. And I say to the people there where I was, I know they live in this village. And I know-- I don't remember his second name. But I know that his name was Jahn. And he was-- when he was a young fellow, he was a-- a gold-- not a smith, a ironsmith. How you call this? He was making for the horses--

Blacksmith.

Blacksmith. Thank you. A blacksmith. And he-- something fell into eye, and he has just one eye. He says how I can go in a village to ask who is Jahn with a-- I say, well, that's the best thing, when he doesn't have an eye to find out. And the people where I was hiding there, they went to the village. They found out how they live. And they told me they're going to take me in the nighttime to this village.

I was not sure, are they going to take me to this village or somebody's village? Are they going to put me in the same people or whatever? I did not have another choice. And they took me on the bicycle. That was very nice because, at that time, there was a-- you know, in the wartime, you couldn't go walk around in the nighttime and to 6 o'clock, even the Gentile people, so there was the curfew. And he took me in the nighttime on a bicycle to this village.

And he dropped me off there by the house. And he says those are the people, and you just go in. I was very bright, shrewd, and I say, what I going to go knock in the middle of the night? I did not know what to do with myself, really. But I say, I'm going to knock knock. And he left me there. He gave me a few dollars, what my mother gave it to them.

He says, it's here. Give it. If the farmer wants to hold you, give it to him. And I say-- I went to the silo, to the barn. And I cover myself with the hay. I was already so many times hay in the war that I knew what to do. And I say, I'm going to see in the morning if this is the same farmer, or the same lady. The lady I knew because it was bringing to us the milk.

And well, I remember the chicken, the roosters was making noise. And he came out to the barn to take the hay for the horses and for the cows. And I looked at it, and that was him. Then I dig myself out from the hay. And I told him.

My gosh, he crossed himself a million times. He says, just impossible, impossible. How can this possible That You survive? There are not one Jew in this world. How you survive it? He says, how can it be possible? Where is your mother? I say, no, my mother is not here. I just don't know what happened.

I am here alone. Can it be possible to hide me. He has children, but he-- and he lived not far away for the-- like the fourth house from him was the City Hall for the village, and the police and everything. That was very, very dangerous. But he has a conscience. And what's more, the front was coming closer. The Russia was now knocking the German. And they was backing up more to the Germany.

Why? You see, the German already liquidated all Jews because the front was coming closer. And they have a [INAUDIBLE] to make judenfrei. That's where nobody survived. But Russia was on the front, and they was killing more Jews to liquidate. And that's what already was the time. I don't know. They was on the Stalingrad or something like that. And they say the Russian was strong, and they was knocking all the German.

And they was backing-- you could see that they was-- the front was backing up. He says, well then maybe that's going to take three months or four months. The Russian going to be here. I'm going to hide you. And he was holding me there on the silo on the top. And that was already cold, fall and winter, and was so cold.

But I remember-- that's already?

'43, '44 winter?

Yeah. That's already '43, '44. And I was sitting on the top of the silo. And they was having like-- now you call this a skylight. That time they have a little place, a window. And you open up, you push this up. And I pulled down the snow. And I was rubbing myself, and I felt so good, I remember. It was so cold, freezing there. But I was cleaning myself up.

But it's now already four months, and it was not the end of the war. He got afraid. And he says to me, listen, I cannot keep you more. You must go. I say, Jahn, I don't know what you want to do with me. But I have no place to go, and I don't want a German to kill me. It's up to you, whatever you're going to do with me.

Then he decided. They got afraid because maybe they-- some person in another village, he told me, that they find Jews by a farmer, and they killed the farmer too. And he got afraid. He says, you must go.

Finally, the woman had a little bit more heart. She knew me when I was such a little girl. And she says, no, we're going to do different. We're going to dig down a grave, and we're going to put you there in the grave. I did not have another choice. They digged out the grave under the barn. Under-- over there, there was the pigs, and the cows was there, and the horses was there. But they digged up the grave, I remember.

And they put me in the grave with the hay. And they put boards on the top and the dirt on the top and the hay. And they block it up. There was not air. There was a little hole, and they make a cork for hay. And they close it up.

They give me a pot to go relieve myself. And once in a while she came, and she gave me milk or bread. So I was sure that he going to-- he did not have the power to kill me. You know, he had a conscience. But he was thinking he going to put me there in grave, I never going to survive. I going to die on my own.

And I had not another choice. There was no place to go or what to do. I say might as well die here quietly, going to not be killed by the German. But from time to time when she came and she gave me some food, an egg. And there was a whole family. There was a mother, a father, a older sister, and this couple with children, the farmer. And they all knew that I am there hiding.

There was a sister, older sister not married, and she has a feeling for me. And once in a while, she cook an egg, and she dropped off an egg for me. You know, that's how this were, and I survived there.

But the man, what you call it? Then, there was a time that already was almost a year. And it's never the end to it. Then he, what you call it, want to kill me. They did not know what to do with me. But he did not have the conscience because the lot of farmers have Jewish people hiding. The Jewish people pay them a lot of money.

But that was going on and going on because one town, one week was German and one week was Russian. There was-- this was going from one side to the other side. And that was going on and on. And that was very uncomfortable, the farmers. Then he says, well, lots of people, you know, took the people and they kill them with a hack, cut off the heads, and they make it a finish. They did not have the conscience.

And they couldn't already send me out for the German to kill me because they knew that they-- what you call it-- they would torture me, and I would give up the name who was hiding me. Then he says, I am hanging with my both legs already. I don't know what to do with you. I cannot kill you, and I cannot send you out. And that's how I survived.

That's my luck. That this man was more religious and has more conscious, or maybe because of the woman. She knew the family from home, and she knew me. Maybe she didn't-- they did not have the feeling to kill me.

You have a picture of that family, don't you?

Yeah. Now, I want to show you the-- where did I have it? Now I want to tell you. There were a lot of people who was bad people. But there was righteous people too. How bad he was, but still, through him, I survived. And he kept me. And today, I am in America. And I have three children, wonderful. And I just all the time think about it. Why me? Must

be there was a reason for me to survive and to give a continuation to our family.

And this is Jahn Zogofsky. You can see, he has just one eye. He was a blacksmith and a farmer. And this was his wife, Genia. That was the younger daughter, Stasia, and her husband, and the all children. And I was often with them in touch and sending packages from America.

Oh, you were?

Oh, and medicine from America. But lately they don't write for me, from the time when they started with the Solidarnosc. They prefer that I would not talk to them. I am not sure that I should show the picture even, because they was-- when they let me out, they let me out from-- when the Russia took it, over they was trying to hide me that the neighbor would not see it, that he was keeping a Jew. And nobody knew that he was keeping a Jew because that would be terrible. They would have crucified him.

And the young children never deceived the parents.

No, they never-- no, they never knew.

Oh, they never knew.

They never knew that the mother of the man knew, the mother and the father and the older sister and his wife. The rest, nobody knew. But I want to tell you something. When I was there in this bunker, finally the Russian was fighting the German, and they came back. And that was the front. The German came, they took away the cows and the horses by the farmers. When the front is backing, they took everything away.

I remember, they was all crying. They don't have a cow because they was living just on the milk for the children. And the German took away the horses and the cow. And the cow came back in the nighttime. That was just a blessing. I remember like today.

But when the front was-- I want to just mention to you. The front was coming close. The Russian was bombing the villages in the front, the German front. And the cannon was going and so on. The farmers took the children and possession, and they run to the woods. They did not want to be on the front. And they left me there in the bunker there, all alone.

They brought me that time milk and the one piece of bread, and I survived there. And I was there. But the bombs was running down the-- I was not so afraid of the bombs, but the whistle of the bombs before it jumps, you know explodes, there was such a terrible-- and everything was shaking from the cannons and everything. Then I say, listen, let me go out too, and I'm going to run to the woods. I survived already for so long. And now I'm going to be killed from a bomb. That's going to be terrible.

And I say to myself, let me go out. And I just try to come out from this bunker through this hay and everything. And I'm going through the door of this barn. A German soldier is standing there. Would you believe it? I saw him, I back away. Must be here and away to from the front or whatever. He was hiding there in this barn.

And then I went back to my bunker down there. And I say, ah, he's going to give me away. But this German soldier did not understood nothing. He was thinking maybe this is somebody from the farm and was hiding there. He does nothing.

But I want to tell you. When I went out, and I stood there by the door, every-- the village was burning. All around that, mine farmer fellow, the neighbors was burning, the thing. Because the roof was from-- you have it Ireland. You know, they are from straw. And everything was burning.

In the night and when they quiet down the front, the people came back from the woods. And the neighbors came to the village. And I could hear how they say, look at that. Jahn farm is standing. It was not touched. The all bombs was burning, everything was burning. But his house, the silo, the barn was standing, where I was there. There was a blessing

from God. Must be they did something good, and they survived. That's how the God paid them back.

This is something unbelievable. I remember, he took the people, the neighbors, to the barn, to the house to sleep over. That's how this was. And then later on, when they came down and he was talking, he says, I did a good deed that the God didn't forget us. We have everything. We have the children. Our cow came back. And we have the whole farm.

That was a blessing that you came to us, and we're supposed to save you. That's why the God did not punish us. That's-- I want to tell you the story. There was bad people, but there was good people. Even when he was having a feeling sometimes to kill me or whatever, but he did hide me. And he and I survived. And today I am in such a beautiful country like America.

And I want to show you. There was a righteous Gentile people who saved me. And thanks to them, I am here today. And I have a family. That's what I want to tell you. This is a happy ending of my story.

But I lost the whole family. The family was maybe of 60 people. And there was aunt, grandma, and grandpa, and so on. Everybody was killed. I am just one survivor of 60 people. And I'm just heartbroken. I don't know, maybe my mother would die already or whatever. But they never had to see the happiness what I have now. But that's the story of my life. And now I want to tell something else.

There's Kleenex there if you want it.

Pardon me.

There's Kleenex under your picture there, if you want it.

Ah. I cannot see that. Now, I like to thank the National Council of Jewish Women. They allow me to tell my story because they're supposed to be told. Lots of people believe that it's never happened. But I am one of the survivors of millions of millions, that I can tell the story, and it's supposed to be said. And that's going to be in our history. That's why I decide to come.

It was very hard for me. But thanks. I took today a tranquilizer, and I did not cry so much. And I could tell the story, and I did not break up. Now I want to tell this story. Even it is-- let me put my glasses.

They're on the chair.

Oh. I wrote it down because I say I'm going to be too excited. Even as it is here, I tell the tragic truth of my past. I have a hard time to believing that such event could even take place in this world that we live in. But they did. That's real true. That's true. And you can see me now. I am here and telling the story.

And we must not forget and to tell. And one thing I tell all the time my children, and one thing do not to forget. Like last year, we went to Holocaust, and I took my son to the Holocaust. And it was a terrific experience, very heart-breaking experience, but it was experience for him to know and his children and children to know too. And that's what I'm telling you. That's the fini.

Now I live in this wonderful country. I have beautiful three children. Can I show them here?

In just a minute, I guess. But can I just ask you to back up one minute. And can you tell us how you were-- how you were freed or liberated, and where did you go in 1944 or '45?

That was the front, and I was by the farmer. And there was the name of the village was Usznia. And the front was coming closer. The Russian was hitting the German, the German was running away. One week, the village was German, and one week was Russian. But he now already felt he was keeping me out there for a week. He did not let me go out from the bunker because he knew when I going to go out, and one day that's going to be the German, under occupation of German. They're going to kill me.

Then he was keeping me maybe three or four weeks longer, make it sure that I'm going to survive. And now when the German was far away in another town, then he let me go. In the nighttime he let me out. And he told me, you go through this field back to the town where I live. That was maybe 14 kilometers from the village. And he told me to go this way.

When I went out from the bunker, I couldn't walk. First of all, I couldn't see because it was dark. Of one time the lights hit me, I was just blind. I couldn't see. Second of all, I was all the time laying or sitting because that was so high. And I couldn't stand. When I went out, my legs was like that swollen. But I was crawling. I just was crawling to the fields.

And you could see dead horses and dead German soldiers and dead Russian soldiers because this was the front. And the all corn and-- that was in summertime-- and the all wheat was all ruined and from the tanks. The tanks was knocked down from the Russian bombs.

Finally, I came on a highway. And the Russian was going on a truck. And I was telling them that I am a Yevrey. I survived. They couldn't believe it. And they took me on the truck, and they took me to this town.

And I came to this town. I was all alone. I was going from one-- I was running from one room to another, from one house to another because everything was bombed out. That was the front, you know. Finally, in one room I found a few people, Jewish people who came too. And we just got together and was sitting there in a room. And that's how this was in '44, something-- in a summertime, something like that in summertime.

But the war was still going on. And then there was a Russian field hospital. And I went there. And they kept me there to this time. They nourished me. They cleaned up of me, everything, my swollen legs and so on. And you know, I came to myself. They did not give me too much food because when you give you too much food, it's not good systematically. There was a captain, a Jewish doctor, in this hospital. And he took care of me.

You know, all the time I have luck. I don't know what happened. But it was my destiny to live. Must be to live and to sit here today and to tell my story that one day people would know that something like that happened. And there were some people that did survive, some in concentration camp, some by the farmer, some in a partisan. That's how they survive. That's how this happened.

And then how did you meet your husband?

Well, that was still the war was going on. I was under occupation of the Russian. And I start to work. And I liked-- I was a young girl. I did not have a lot of education. I had two years of gymnasium. In Poland that's like high school. Then I want to go to the night school, and to the daytime I was working a little bit.

Then the war-- they won the war. And they start to shovel the people. The Russians start to shovel the people. The Polish people, they say, the farmers, we're going to take more to the west. Because they took away the Russian land, they give it to Polish farmer, and they took the Polish farmer, took away the land for himself. They took Ukrainian people to the Siberia, and they brought Russian people to the land where I live.

They mix it up so that nobody would say that it was one time Poland there. Russian people are living, and they occupy it. And I did not want to be under Russian occupation. And I went more to the west and came out to a town, Krak³w, and happened that I met my husband.

That was very hard to get married because survivors, whoever survived, there was maybe older people, not young people. And you did not have a new age. Or there was survivors who had wife and children, and they was all killed in a concentration camp. I did not want to get married to the people because all the time they was talking about the family, and I had enough.

So happened my husband was a bachelor. And we got married, and we stayed in Krak³w. But in Krak³w, after the-- after already liberation, after the war, there was another story. Polish people came out with a story that some Jewish people catch a girl in a market, kill her, took her to the synagogue, and took the blood from her. And the Polish people

went wild, and they was running wherever the Jew was there still survived. Was hitting them and killing them and whatever.

And I say, I have enough. I don't want to be no more in Poland. And what you call it-- we decide in the nighttime. We took our wraps, whatever we had. And through the night, we went to the border to Czechoslovakia. In Czechoslovakia, we got in touch with Haganah, with Israeli, you know, police or whatever-- organization. And they took us. We say we want to go to America.

But how can you go to America? You must go-- then they say-- they took us to Munich, to American zone. And we came to American zone, and we came to Munich.

That was another story. You came to Munich, there was everything bombed. There was not one house. There was pile of bricks and stones. You could not exist. You couldn't eat. You couldn't eat. Finally, there was-- what you call it-- an American-- what you call it-- like a City Hall, whatever. We came there, and there was Joint and HIAS. And they took us under wings. They gave us someplace rooms, under the-- not really rooms, in the cellar because there was nothing outside.

And they give us-- and they give us food and so on. Finally, they start to work out. We was in Germany, and we registered to America in '45, someplace in December. And we came to America in '49. We was on the Polish quota. And the Polish quota was very small. You couldn't go in. Just in '49, President Truman opened up the doors for the refugees because there was lots of concentration camps-- gathering camps, survivors.

Some, they went to Israel. And the Haganah took them. And they went-- at that time, was under mandate of England. And they took them to Cyprus. And I say, I'm not going no more there. I have enough concentration camps. I was just afraid. And I say, no, I'm going to America.

My husband had family here in Cleveland. But he did not remember the name. He knew the name, but he did not remember the first name. And he knew this is Cleveland. And he went to HIAS, took the telephone book, wrote letters to all Frankels from Cleveland. He says, I am a son of Meyer Frankel. If you are relation of this, you know that you had a family in Pidhaitsi. Please, write me back.

He wrote that maybe to 15 people from-- Frankel from Cleveland. And one George Frankel answered to us, to Germany. And he sent us a visa. But we couldn't go because the Polish quota was so small. Then we wait there four years to this day. They open up the doors for us. And we came with a big General Beloit warship to New York. And he had some family in New York. We stayed for two or three days. And we came to George Frankel, to Cleveland. That's how we wind up here in Cleveland.

Did he help him get settled? Or how did you--

You know, when you came here, you didn't know the language. You didn't know what to do. And there was a hard time here because the steel factories was-- or how I remember-- was striking. The prosperity was not so good and so on. And so long he sent us the visa, then we couldn't go to Joint or to HIAS for help. When we was on there, they were responsible for us, the family.

Then we stayed by them maybe a month. And then we got some rooms with another couple, two refugees. They live in the front. They divide the house. It was very hard to get apartments. And what you call, the landlord was Savransky, Ben Savransky.

They divide the rooms in two. She was living in the front, and I was living in the back. That's how. And you couldn't get a job. First of all, wherever the cousin took him to get a job or whatever-- he was a bookkeeper from home. He didn't know the language. He couldn't do nothing. And he says, you know what? I'm going to work, any work. Let me learn the language and everything else.

But when he came there, first of all, they asked him, show me up you know how to write. Of course he knew how to

write. He says, well, I'm going to take you. You're going to take the packages to the truck, back to him. He says, good. Fine. I'm going to learn everything. Let me train.

But they found out that he has a wife, and they did not pay him the wages like they're supposed to. Then he says, I cannot keep the man. He says, I cannot keep you. I don't pay you the wages, and you cannot stay here. Then we did not have nothing. You know?

Then what happened, my husband survived with a brother. And we came here to America together. And what I want to say? The aunt was telling, go downtown. See how it is. You don't know the language. You don't know how to go with the transportation. But they say go. Then they took the streetcar, and they went downtown.

And they was standing by May Company downtown, and they hear-- they're supposed to cross the street. And they hear somebody in the back of them talking Polish. They turn around, and they start to talk Polish. And they say, tell me where you have a neighborhood, Polish neighborhood. And the lady says, I am going there.

And they was telling her the story. We came from Poland. We would like to do something. We don't know what to do. Where is the Polish neighborhood? And the lady says, sure, I'm going to take you to Broadway. That's a Polish neighborhood.

She went with them on the bus. And they took them to Broadway. And they wound up on the street, Fleet Avenue. And they went from street to- they have little houses. The landlady lives in the back or upstairs. In the front, they had a little store.

My husband went to the lady, knock on the door. He says, how about you would like-- Polish-- would rent the store, and how much is? And she says, that's \$45 a month. That time there wasn't \$40. That's fine. I'm going to take the store.

Meantime, they did not know where they are. They got lost. And I remember the aunt was telling, we must call the police. The two people got lost. And already it's the evening. Finally, they show up in the nighttime by my husband's aunt. They live on Euclid Heights Boulevard.

And they say, you know what? We found a lady. She took us to the Polish neighborhood. And we rent a store. The people, the American people, they couldn't believe it. They said, what are you going to open the store? You know, we was now already trained. You know, you survived concentration camp. You went to the camps. You wait now already for four years in Germany. Then you know how to manipulate, how to make your life. You was very hard. You was aggressive.

You did not let yourself down. You started. And that's how they started. He says, listen. I was working by the fellow. He did not want me. He was in a merchandise on the West Street. I'm going to go to the West Street. I don't know how to drive or whatever. He took a cab. He went to the West Street. And they found-- we paid for some tables. We paid the-- the store, that's a story of what-- and we bought some merchandise. We brought it to the store-- shirt, aprons, underwear, stockings, on the West 6th, by Capital.

And he took a cab. He brought everything to the store. We put it on the table. We wrote it down in the window, talking Polish-- [POLISH]. People from Poland just came. I'm going to tell you what. There was a success story. People lined up in a line. The old-timers people lined up in the line to come, to buy something, to help us out and talk to us Polish.

So from this little store, big like this room, we make good. And we move to another store what was big. And we had a very successful time there, on the Fleet. Finally, they opened up-- but you know, nothing is forever in America. They open up Uncle Bill, and they destroyed our business.

Then my husband says, you know what? The business was not so good because Uncle Bill opened up. I'm got to go back to my old thing, like my parents had, a fabric store. And we moved to Broadway, a very nice store. We opened up, and we bought goods, fabrics. And we was very successful too because people, Polish people, have family in Poland. And they came, and he bought merchandise to send the packages to the old country to the family.

So then he was with his brother, there was a partnership. And then we opened up on the West Side. My brother-in-law gotten already old, after a few years. He did not want to stay in there on Broadway. He liquidate and retire. But we are still on the West Side in Lakewood downtown.

My husband is supposed to already retire too, but he doesn't have a hobby-- golfing, not tennis playing, not playing cards. Then he doesn't know what to do with himself. And he still loves the store. Then he goes still to the store. And that is the success in America.

Now I have three children. My son-- did I say my son is a doctor? My son-in-law is a doctor. My daughter is an occupational therapist. My younger is in medical school. What can be better than in America. I love this country. This is just the best country in the world.

Democracy is not a paradise. It's not Shangri-La. But no place you're going to find whatever you want to do, you do. You want to go on vacation, you go on vacation. You want to sleep, you sleep. You want to work, you work. Nobody stops you. We love it. We love it.

Would you like to share your pictures of a little bit of your family? You had a picture of your husband and you when you got married, I believe. They're in your lap.

This is the picture when I got just engaged to my husband, when I was younger. This is the picture already after marriage, maybe a year later. This is a picture that I got married to my husband. And he had a brother who survived. Have a close up. Look how they look, like from-- now already was a year later. They look good. But they still look like a skeleton. I look a little better, and this sister-in-law too.

There was now already-- you see, I met my husband, and I marry. And I found out that he has a brother. And I found a cousin of mine. And I was the matchmaker for them together. And we came both. We have the wedding in the same day, the two brothers. And we came together to this America. But sorry to say, my sister-in-law passed away 10 years ago on a cancer.

That's, too, after I got married. And this is the last picture that we're supposed to give everything away before they closed the ghetto. The last picture-- that's me and my mother. That's the story.

Now, I'd like to show you the success story in America. What did I do with it? I think that I left it there.

Are they over there?

No, in the bag.

In the bag.

The bag, we have it there.

The bag is over there, right by the wastebasket.

Oh, oh, oh.

No, no. Don't get up, I guess. Yeah. I guess you can get it.

Oh, I get it.

You want to take the other ones down? And then they won't block them.

I was very fortunate to get the pictures because the gentile people saved the pictures for us. That's my son, Michael

Frankel, who is gastroenterology here in Cleveland. He has two offices, and is a doctor. That is my husband, Leon. This is my older daughter, Anita, her husband, and the baby. I am a grandma of an 18-months baby. And this is my baby. That's the grandchild.

And that's the whole family. We're all together on the holidays-- my husband, Melissa, me, Anita, Kenny, my son-in-law, and my son. And this is my baby along too, my Melissa, who is now in medical school.

Wow. Your story is certainly an inspiring one and shows the strength that you certainly had to survive this ordeal. We thank you for your time.

Oh, my pleasure. But listen, that's the story, and that's the truth. And I'm glad that I can tell the story. And I am here to tell.

It's wonderful to hear it. You did a beautiful job.

Thank you.

And we thank you very much for your time and effort.

I got to tell you what, I would never, never imagine that I could sit and talk about it and not to cry. But it was a good idea. My daughter told me, you better take a tranquilizer. And everything I pour it out.

Well it was an inspiring story. And we thank you for your time.

Thank you for your time too. And I'd like to thank the Jewish Council, Jewish Women.

Well, thank you.