

Tape two, side one:

LF: This is an interview with Mrs. Genia Klapholz, K-L-A-P-H-O-L-Z. You were saying that you find it so hard to believe...and you were talking about...

GK: I am a believer. I believe in God, I believe in miracles, because I am born and raised in a very religious home. My father and my mother was righteous people, I could say. They were learned in Jewish and they gave this to their children. Every Friday night in the wintertime, especially, when the nights was long. We didn't have any television, God forbid, if we had, we wouldn't watch it on *Shabbas*. And after my father came from the synagogue, he would sing "*Sholem Alechem*," "*Ayshes Hayil*," all the Jewish songs, and then was the *Kiddush* and the meal, and after the meal, he used to sit and always tell stories from the Rabbi, from this Rabbi, from that Rabbi, from all the Rabbis, the stories.³ And Saturday night was the same thing, after *Havdalah*. So we used to make a meal, this was called in Jewish the *melaveh malka*. This means a meal for the queen, to end, because the entering of *Shabbas* is like the queen entering the house... And we have to...welcome. So my father told me once a story, not to me, to the family. How do I translate this in English? That the light of King David will never go out, that will go on forever. God will punish the Jewish people, but, he will never destroy the nation. Even once, he told a story that in a little town, it was a very stormy day and everything went, the houses and the trees, and nothing was left over after this storm. But they saw one little tree was, and from this little tree grew the whole forest and again they rebuilt this city. I had to make very short. But this is all this in my mind, even it is so many years, because I practice this in my life. I remember when Daddy said that God will never...

LF: Forget, abandon?

GK: Anyhow, my whole family went. I was the only survivor. Why did I survive? Why didn't I go? My sister was better than I. She was more religious than I was. My mother, for sure was a better woman, a woman of the valley [GK must mean "woman of valor"], like they say, "*ayshes hayil*." My sisters were all very religious and very fine people. Why did I survive? So then, it reminds me the story of my father, I survive that from me should be another generation. I thought I will never be married. I will go to Israel, and I will work on the kibbutz, and this is going to be my life. But, then, I said, "No, my father said different. My father said when one branch remains, from this branch has to be a tree, and from the tree has to be another tree, and another tree and it will come a forest." So I got married.

LF: So let's get back to the death march from Auschwitz. You say you wrote this little poem?

GK: Yes, I wrote this.

³This was typical Friday night observance in a traditional home.

LF: You want to give me a copy of these poems, and you're going to read it into here. Go ahead.

GK: [She speaks Yiddish here.]

Todesmärsche fun Auschwitz

*Mir mashirn Fun Komander in Lager Ahrine
Men zate shoin nit Kine Vach oif Di Posten Shtine
Es Tut zich in lager a groiser gerider
Mel hot shoin aroisgefihrt undzere shveoter un breeder
Dee tihren fun alle Kameren oifgemacht brayt
A bafehl fun dee merder,
mir zohlen tzum marsh zine grate
In droisen ah frost, dee ehird mit diken shnay badekt
Oif undz heftlecher tsitert dee hoit un fahlt a shrek.
Vee gate men undz ois des veg dee fihren
Ful velcheh crematorium gate men
far undz oif-efenen dee tihren
Dee bafelder un farshnay-teh veg
gayen mir fun Auschwitz Koim miten Leben
Es Klingt vee muzik in dee oih-eren
Vee dee Koilen zenen fun dee biksen Geh-floigen
S'fahlt a breeder, s'fahlt a Kind
A Lezt geshray es trogt der vint
Ver Veht zay tsum Kaver trogen?
Ver veht noch zay Kaddish zogen?
Gottenyu, nor du ahlane zest dee yiddishe pine
Mach oif dee oigen un Kuk ahrop oif dine getselt
Un zay vee dee Ditchen
hoben dineh Kinder umgeh-bracht
Ich bate dich, Gottenyu, zolst nisht far-shvi-gen
Fun dee merder ni Komeh nemen,
nish ois-miden.*

The Death March from Auschwitz
by Genia Klapholz

We march from the command into the camp
We see no guards on the stone posts.
Within the camp there is a great tumult,
They have already taken out our sisters and brothers.
The gates of all the chambers are opened wide,
An order by the murderers, we are to be ready for the march.
Outside there is a frost, the earth is covered with thick snow.
Our skin trembles, a fear falls upon us.
Where will we, the chosen ones, be led?
To which crematorium will they open the doors for us?
Over field and snow covered ways,
we go from Auschwitz by the last breath of life.
It sounds like music in the ears.
As bullets fly from the guns.
Falls a brother, falls a child,
A last cry is carried by the wind.
Who will carry them to a Jewish grave?
Who will say kaddish for them?
Dear God, only You alone
See the Jewish suffering.
Open Your eyes and look down upon Your tents
And see how the Germans have murdered Your children.
I beg You, God, You shall not silent be
To take revenge of murderers, do not avoid it.

Yiddish translation of poem, with Hebrew characters.

GK: On the march, so this, wasn't, already, the soldier by themselves, they killed whoever, they just look at somebody and if he didn't see something, maybe he smiled, maybe he didn't look the look he wanted him to look, kill him, kill him. And the snow was red from blood. We were the last *Kommando*, the last from the Auschwitz, so that's why we did see the what had happened before. So we saw, the first thing when we came, and we saw the snow is red, so I asked my next one I said, "What has happened here? Do they take us here to kill us here on the snow? Under the bare sky? And people is going to see what they're doing. Will they do this?" So she said, "I don't know. It seems to be like, so take a look. He's a dead one, here's a dead one, here is the snow red." And so we walked, we walked from Thursday night until Saturday night. Saturday night, we came to point called Raciborz. And there came the train, and suppose to pick us up and take us to deep Germany. And I was fed up already with everything. I said, "I am not going anymore. Let them kill me here, I stay here." And I escaped from this march.

LF: How did you do that?

GK: How I did? It wasn't so simple.

LF: By yourself?

GK: No, me and two other girls was waiting to hide some place behind this barn. It was a barn, there where we were waiting for the train. And waiting behind this barn, and looking all over where we can hide. It was Saturday night, because it was winter, so the day was short. 4:00 or 5:00, it was night already. So I said to her, "Listen, the barn is full, and we don't have place where to go in." So we went to this *Aufseher*, and we said, "Maybe we will go some place to sleep?" And so he said, "Yes, I'm going with you." So ten girls went, this was on top of the hill, went down the hill, down the hill was a village, a Polish village, and we slept there. It was beautiful. She gave us a bed with white blanket covers.

LF: Who was she?

GK: Polish.

LF: Polish.

GK: But she didn't know who we are in the beginning. Then she knew we are from, escapers from the transport. And this was a bakery, so they brought beautiful rolls in the middle of the night, by 1:00 or 2:00, and we ate, and in the morning we begged her, "Keep us, keep us for two days." She didn't want to keep us. She said, "No you have to go back to the transport, and if you're not going back, right here is the police, I will go on the police and I will tell them you are escape from the transport." So we didn't have any other choice. We went from there and then...

LF: Did you feel she wanted to help you, but was afraid?

GK: No, she didn't want it. She could help us. She could because this was the border from Germany and Poland, not the border, the real border, but where were fighting. The Russians were on this side in Rydmy and this was the other side, Raciborz. The other side was Raciborz, and Raciborz was in the middle, so she could tell we are from Rydmy. She didn't want to help us. So, the rest of the girls went some place, I don't know. And I

said, "I am not going no place. They will kill me here, or I will stay here." So me, and two other girls went into...it start to get daylight. I said, "Listen, it is Sunday morning and they are going to the church. Maybe we will go to the church." But I didn't have any clothes. I had the red stripe in the back, so they knew that I am from camp, and with the number on my hand and so, surely, where could I go there? Then we decide, we talk to each other, and said, "There is no time to talk and to decide. Let's go in the first house." We knocked on the door, and she let us in. I said, "Please, let us in your barn." So she opened the barn. We went in and we went deep in the hay, and was laying there the whole day not talk a word, not do anything but quiet, in the hay. At night, she called us in the kitchen, and she asked us, "What nationality are you?" So I was afraid that the other girls would start so I said, "Jewish." So she said, "Also people." I heard, "Also people," so she gave us water to wash up. This was the first thing what we needed, and she gave us something to eat, and we went back into the barn. So it went on for a week. Every night we came in the house to eat and the whole day we was in the barn. Later, they made the office in her house because the Germans moved, moved, every time a little bit farther, farther. It was full Germans around, and I was there for three months. And the three months was just as bad as the time in any other camp. I wouldn't compare with Auschwitz, but with any other camp, like Szebnie, Bochnia and Wisnicz, and...and all other cities with the ghettos. Because I was afraid that they will recognize that I am from Auschwitz and I am Jewish. First of all, I was wearing a long sleeve shirt. She gave me a shirt with long sleeves, and I had there plenty, plenty during this time to be there. So, when we were hidden in the hay for a week, and after a week they make the office, and they need the barn for the horses. So it was for us a terrible thing. What we shall do now? We are in this, this woman took us in, and she said she was going to, she was very, very nice somehow...

LF: A Polish woman?

GK: Yeah, a Polish woman. She didn't know us. I didn't have any money. I didn't have nothing to give her, and I didn't have nothing to promise her. But somehow she was good. Maybe it was from God-sent that I should survive, and this way I should be liberated. She divide us, to one brother and to one sister, because we were three girls. So one girl went to her brother, and another girl she gave to her sister, and I remained in her house. Somehow she start to like me. She said, "You going to stay in my house." I asked her if she had something to fix, because in Poland they used to make patches on everything, on pants, on dresses, on blouses, on linens. "Oh," she said, "you know how to sew." I said, "Yes, I'm a wonderful seamstress. Give me something to fix." So she brought in a full basket, and this was for me like the best medicine, because I went in a separate room, and I had the sewing machine, and a full basket of things to fix, and then she brought me new material to make something, which I didn't know how, but I made it. It was good. And when the soldiers came in that I should shorten...

LF: Trousers.

GK: Coats, the coats. So I said, "I'm sorry, this machine doesn't sew heavy things," and I didn't do nothing for them because I was afraid that maybe my Polish is not like their Polish. Because this was from *Schlesien* [Silesia] from on the border, and I spoke a different Polish, but very good Polish, with Polish accent, but it was different than theirs, so where do I come to be there? Conversation, conversation, I didn't want to start nothing. One day came in her husband, and he said, "Listen, I can't keep you here any longer. I don't have any food. You have to go on the police and ask for ration card, and this way, we will have more food, so you can stay here. I begged him, and I said, "I'm not going to eat nothing. I'm going to drink just water. I don't want to go to the police," because I knew if I go to the police, that's it. But, somehow, he got a little softer, and he kept me. One day the bombs, you know the American planes came...

LF: Bombers.

GK: Yeah the bombers came there, so we went all in the basement. We went to the basement, and she was also very religious and she started to pray, to pray with the beads, and then she said to me, "Genia, pray in your own way." So I prayed. In the middle of the bombs, it was fire and she said to me, "Genia, [phrase in Polish]...It is sure that the Jews killed our Jesus, our God." You know, if I translate this: "It is sure that the Jews killed our God, Jesus." What could I say? I make believe that I didn't hear what she said. Because I depend on her, I'm in her hands, I'm in her house, and all surrounded with the German soldiers, I didn't have no place where to go. I didn't have nobody to call to help me, I didn't know who's alive and who not. But...it was late in March, it was March 28, 1948⁴, I was liberated.

LF: How were you liberated?

GK: The Russians came in.

LF: The Russians came in.

GK: So because the war was to end in May 1945, but I was liberated March 28, 1945.

LF: And where did you go?

GK: I didn't have any money, and I didn't have shoes, so I begged her, "Borrow to me a pair of shoes, and I will repay for them." So she gave me a pair of shoes, and she gave me a pair of stockings, and she gave me and the other two girls, too, because they came back to her, and it was a full party that the war is over, the war is over. It wasn't over, but for them it was over. And we all went to Krakow. I went to Krakow. And I was looking there was a Jewish organization in Krakow, and I was looking, maybe somebody survive from my family. If I could survive Auschwitz, because Auschwitz everybody knew, they didn't know what kind of a death, how the Jews were dying, but they know that to Auschwitz is only one door to go in, but no door to go out. And if I could go out from this kind of a death camp, because this was called the death camp, so maybe somebody from

⁴G.K. must mean 1945.

my family survived. I was running around in Poland, all different cities, but I didn't find nobody, from my own family.

LF: And then where did you recuperate? Where did you get yourself together?

GK: I was in Krakow. I remained in Krakow, because this was a very known city for me. I used to be in Krakow very, very often. And I find there a family from Berlin, but they were during the war in Wisnicz, and they knew my parents. So they helped me. They took me in their apartment, and she lent...

LF: A Jewish family?

GK: A Jewish family.

LF: And they survived?

GK: They survived, yeah, they are, in 1936, I think all the Jews, the Polish Jews were sent out from Germany to Zbonszyn, and this was a family from Zbonszyn.⁵

LF: I see.

GK: They was running, Jews run. Jews don't sit in one place. So they came to Krakow, from Krakow when was *judenrein*, they came to Wisnicz, and from Wisnicz, everybody know each other, because we didn't have work to do. We didn't do any business, any work, nothing. We was talking to each other. There was no television, no radio, no papers, but everybody told stories and stories, and this how we survived. And whatever we had, we shared with each other. The whole city was like one family. Whatever one family had, the other family had. When my mother used to bake *challes* [Sabbath bread] for *Shabbes* she gave to this a little bit, to them a little bit. We shared with everybody. And so, I came there, and I heard, I came to Krakow and I heard that he's there, the name was Lieblich, two brothers Lieblich. I will never forget the two brothers. I have them on the picture. So they were very happy to see me, and they took me to their apartment, and they lent to me a sewing machine, and I start to sew, and I make the first hundred *zlotys*. This was like that much cost one pair of stockings. But somehow I was dressed. I had one skirt and one white blouse. For three months I was wearing the gray skirt and the white blouse. And every single night I washed the white blouse. In the morning I iron, and nobody knew if I had ten blouses or one blouse. Then, in Krakow, in the Jewish quarter, is a very nice synagogue. Saturday, when the Jews came to pray, so the Polish boys threw stones through the window. So I said, "No, I don't remain on this bloody ground. Just we went through so much. Didn't the Poles have enough that they killed so many Jews? If remained a few Jews came back from Russia, came back from the hidden places, from the woods, from the escape different places, and they gather together in Krakow, they going Saturday to the synagogue, isn't that enough?" So I went to Germany. From Germany, I supposed to go to Palestine.

LF: Where in Germany did you go?

GK: Einring.

⁵October 28, 1938, Jews of Polish nationality were deported from Germany to Zbonszyn (also spelled Zbaszyn).

LF: Where is that?

GK: This is in Bayern. [Bavaria] There was a camp, and in this camp that sent the Jewish people, smuggled, not sent, smuggled the Jewish people. It was the *B'richa* and the *B'richa* [flight, escape] smuggled the Jewish people, whoever wanted to go to Palestine.
⁶ And I registered, but in the meantime...

LF: Were you still with your two friends?

GK: No, we separated. I went to Krakow, and they went to Bendin. They was from Bendin. [also, Bendzin] This was close to the German border. Where am I now?

LF: You're going to try to get to Palestine.

GK: Yeah, to Palestine. And there is a whole story. I can't make short this story, so I will skip it. I met there somebody, and we got very friendly, and then he proposed, and I said, "I am not going to get married. I am finished my life." I see the beautiful world, and that's it. And then I said to him, "I will bring you a wife, my cousin." Then I went, I smuggled, I can't say went, because the borders weren't open. I smuggled back to Poland and then I took this cousin...

LF: You found a cousin there?

GK: I know that she is alive. But still today I don't know how I knew her address. She was here. She is now in Israel, and I ask her and she said, "I don't know, I don't know how I found her address," and we smuggled back to Germany, and I introduced her, and we all moved from Einring to Regensburg. And then she asked me to go with her to Landsberg. There was another camp. She had there a cousin, and going to Landsberg. I heard that my cousin is there. In Landsberg, I married my cousin. He was my first cousin. Through her, I met my cousin, and when he heard that I am alive, so, of course, we didn't separate, and we got married after six weeks.

LF: Let me change this tape now.

⁶B'richa, also transliterated as Beriha, was the Jewish underground movement to Palestine.

Tape two, side two:

Other voice: This is tape two, side two, continuing an interview with Mrs. Genia Klapholz, K-L-A-P-H-O-L-Z. It will be a very, very long gap on the tape, but eventually you will hear the rest of Mrs. Klapholz' testimony.

LF: You married your first cousin. So you met your husband, who was your first cousin.

GK: Yeah, we came to Landsberg, you know, to the camps. Nobody had a kitchen at home, we had to go to community kitchen to eat. So we went there to eat. It was on a Friday, lunch time. So I met there two girls, two sisters, by the name Klapholz. And Klapholz was my family. My mother was from home a Klapholz. So I said, "Klapholz? Are you related to us?" She said, "I don't know; we never spoke at home about relationship from far away, but here is one man, a Klapholz from Tarnow." So I said, "Klapholz from Tarnow is my cousin." But I knew, because two brothers were living in Tarnow, and I said, "The older brother, I know when he went with the transport, and the younger brother went to L'vov, so I don't know." So my cousin and me went here to this apartment where he's supposed to live. It was Friday night, and this man said, "Yeah, here lives a Klapholz, but he went to the Rabbi." Friday night, usually, the religious people, they go for, not services, but *Oneg Shabbat*, to the Rabbi. So I said I thought that Henry is alive, but Henry is not that religious to go Friday night to the service, to the *Oneg Shabbat*. Anyhow, if this is, tell him please that Genia Flaks is here, and if he's my cousin so he will probably come to visit. If not, I'm happy that another member from the family Klapholz is survived and is alive. To make the story short, Saturday we going there for lunch, and somebody grabbed me by the hand. And I take a look, it was Henry.

LF: Oh my.

GK: And right away, he hand me a pack of chocolate, because he knew that I am a big *nosher* [nibbler]. I like chocolate. So you can imagine this happiness, what was to me. I came in to the dining room and with such alarm! "I found my cousin! I found my cousin! I have a cousin!" It was something that it was happened that I found a million dollars, I found my cousin.

LF: Someone from your past?

GK: Yes, because I didn't have nobody. I was the only one.

LF: You never found anyone of your family?

GK: No, and right away I took the pack chocolate, and I divide among us, and we were eating, and he didn't let me go anymore back to Regensburg, because he was living in Munich. Then he said to me, "Listen, if you promise me that you gonna go with me to find another cousin..." He knew from two cousins. "And I will tell you who's alive." I said, "I promise. I promise." So he told me Max Blonder is alive, and Max Klapholz is

alive. Oh! This was to me like I didn't know. I started to laugh, I started to cry. I didn't know how should I be happy, should I be sad...

LF: These were all first cousins?

GK: Yeah, all first cousins. On Sunday, make sure we went to Poecking and we met first Max Klapholz. Oh, was this something! Then we went to Hof, also in Bayern, in Germany and there we met Max Blonder. I came home to Regensburg, "Oh," I told everybody, "I have now a family again. You see why I was a survival. You see, why, because I have the family again." And for the next Saturday, everybody came to me, and I invite everybody. I have a letter, what I wrote to Henry, when he went back to Munich. And then Henry said, "Listen, Genia, you are alone, I am alone, you go to Munich, I go to Regensburg, then we going to Hof...why should we be so separate? Let's get married." And sure enough, I didn't wait even five minutes. I said, "O.K., when?" I said, "All right, we will make arrangements." It didn't take long. Six weeks later we got married. I said, "Listen, Henry, I want to go to Palestine." He said, "All right, that's fine with me. We'll go to Palestine." So we registered to the United States and to Palestine. And my Henry said, "Which papers will come earlier, there we'll go. We will go to United States or to Palestine." In the meantime I got pregnant with my older son. This was a miracle, too. Because I didn't know, we didn't know that we going to have any children. For two-and-a-half years, I didn't have any period, and how, everything, our whole life is a miracle-life. Everything is a miracle. So we was waiting, and I said, "I'm not going like this to the States. Let's wait until the baby is going to be born." So the baby was born, it was a boy, and we got the papers to go to the American Consulate, to go to the United States, and he said, "O.K., the papers from America came before Palestine, so we go to America." The baby was four weeks old, so I said, "Maybe we can wait until the baby is going to be a little bit older." So we had an extension for a year. And after a year, the baby was just a year old in Bremenhafen [Bremerhaven] when we had to go on the ship.

LF: You came to Philadelphia?

GK: We came to New York. New York, on February 28, 1948, on Saturday night, 10:00, we arrived New York. So they took us to the HIAS. We didn't have nowhere to go. And Sunday morning, I go to the lobby, I was always a big mouth, I always talk when I shouldn't talk. I heard somebody talks German, so I go over and I ask them from where they are, and they said from Munich. I said, "From Munich, I have there an uncle and an aunt. The name is Abraham Strom." "What, Abraham Strom? He is my best friend." She goes to the phone and she tells some relatives came here. So, she never met us, because they were born and raised in Munich and we were born and raised in Poland. So I introduce myself, who I am, and sure enough, it didn't take more than maybe two hours, my uncle came to the HIAS. And I met him for the first time, and after a long talk, I don't know if you know Jewish. He said to me, "*Hob nisht kein moyre.*" [Don't be afraid]. "*Vet zein voyle au Amerke. Dein man vet machen a leben. Un du est ausgang...*" So, I said, "Uncle, vos

zogst du? Ich vul ausgang?" By us *ausgang*, that mean that I am dead, that I die. And Henry *mach a leben*, that mean that he will go out with other girls and I will sit home and die.⁷

LF: But he didn't mean that.

GK: No, he meant like they said in America. And he went home, Monday morning, he's coming back and he said, "I have for you a job." I said, "What mean, 'you have a job.' I don't know the streets in New York. I don't know English. I don't know nothing." "Don't worry, I will come for you, and I will take you there."

LF: Who would take care of the baby?

GK: My husband.

LF: Your husband.

GK: So I went to a corset factory and I worked for a week. In the meantime we had a furnished room in New York on the East Side, and then I work maybe four, five weeks and my husband got a job, too. He made \$30 a week then, and I made over \$50, and he said, "You are not going to go to work." The baby would get to a nursery, I paid this time \$10 a week, but the baby was crying in the morning and at night. He don't understand English; we talk to him Jewish, and all of a sudden he's in a strange country, in strange hands, in a strange house, in a strange language, he didn't know, so he cried, all day he cried. So my husband said, "I didn't marry you to go to work, and to give the baby in a nursery school. You're going to stay home, and whatever I will make you will have enough." So I stopped working, and then somebody came in, and they talk about the farm in New Jersey. And I fell in love with the farm. I said, "Oh, to have my own house and garden and chickens, it would be wonderful." So sure enough my cousin Max Blonder, and my husband, they went to New Jersey and they bought a farm, and you will ask where they got money. Don't ask, they didn't have, but they bought a farm. And we were very, very happy, very happy. The baby was growing and growing, and the baby was three years of age, and then this family lived in Mays Landing, between Mays Landing and Egg Harbor, then we separate because it was too small for two families. We knew already that we need \$50 a week to spend for food, we knew already that we need some clothes, that we need to pay for electric, for gas...

LF: How did you get to Philadelphia, then?

GK: After. In 1960, we came to Philadelphia, and so we bought, we moved to Vineland, and my cousin remained in Egg Harbor on this farm, and we bought another farm in Vineland, New Jersey. We were in Vineland, New Jersey, for ten years, and this I can tell you was our happiest ten years in the United States.

LF: What did you have, a chicken farm?

GK: We have a chicken farm, and we organized a Jewish day school in Vineland, and I worked very hard for the Jewish day school. Everything what I didn't did. My husband took the car, he spent more money for gasoline than I made...

⁷Her uncle tries to assure her that her husband will be able to make a living in America, and that she can socialize.

LF: And what brought you to Philadelphia?

GK: In 1955 was very, very bad on the farm. We couldn't make a living. To produce a dozen eggs was 32 cents and we sold a dozen eggs for 29 cents, wholesale. So my husband, he saw that this is impossible to stay this way on the farm, so he went, and he looked for some business. I want him to go to New York, actually, because in New York my whole family is in the diamond business, in 47th Street.

LF: When you say your whole family...

GK: My cousins and his son, and his son-in-law, and his brother...

LF: But he decided to come to Philadelphia?

GK: But my husband said in New York maybe he will make \$50 a week, and maybe \$100 a week, and he don't know... "I have to support..." In the meantime, I had the other baby, "I have to support a family, a wife and two children, so I have to find something where I can get, where I can made bread." So we came to Philadelphia to a broker, and the broker told us about this grocery we bought on 54th Street, a grocery delicatessen. We were there for five years.

LF: 54th and where?

GK: In Montgomery.

LF: O.K.

GK: And we worked five years, seven days a week, very hard work. We suppose to close up Sunday noon, but wintertime it was night time, the summer time we close 1:00 or 2:00. After then we moved from there because of the *Shvartses* [Blacks, African-Americans] there. We moved to Gainor Road. But we were very happy in the United States, and we work a lot for Israel. And we did, I wouldn't say that we did our share, but is not enough whatever we do, but we went to Israel every second year, beginning in 1966. Every year we couldn't afford, couldn't afford, but every second, every third year, we went to Israel, and we visited the whole country from Sharm-el-Sheikh to Metulla...

LF: How many of your relatives do you feel have survived, do you know, have survived?

GK: From my family, only I am a survivor, I mean, the cousins, four. My husband was the fifth.

LF: Your husband was the fifth?

GK: Yeah.

LF: And how many are in Israel?

GK: This is not first cousins, this is all second cousins. And some are adopted cousins. I have an adopted family. I adopted in Vineland a sister, I adopted a brother-in-law, I...and they adopted me. I have a whole adopted family.

LF: You're a very warm, wonderful person.

GK: Thank you. I had here for two months, she came before Pesach and stood after the unveiling for my husband, a cousin, she's not my cousin, she's an adopted cousin.

I had an adopted cousin who passed away just recently. I adopted a large family, and this and everybody in Israel is my family.

LF: You're not bitter from what happened?

GK: Now I am very bitter because a half of my life is gone. Me and my husband was one life. God put us together, and I thought nothing could part us, only death. And the death came too early. My husband was the most healthiest man. He was never sick. I was the sick one. I am on medication since I was liberated, for the last thirty-some years, and I was always the sick one, and he was the healthy one, and I could bet on my everything that my husband will outlive me. And when this came, they poisoned him, it's a bitter shock to me. God part us early. He was the most wonderful husband, a devoted father, and a very good grandfather, but he didn't live to see the younger grandchild. She was born in March.

LF: Well, thank you very, very much, Mrs. Klapholz.

GK: You're welcome. I didn't tell you not even I would say half, not even ten percent, because I couldn't bring out everything to make so short. I want to make short and to the point, and I think I didn't come to the point.

LF: You did come to the point. You did come to the point.

GK: Because I think left out so many things during the war, what we went through in the ghettos, the *Entlausings* [delousings], and the roll calls, and all the things what happened, that my mind got blank, because I want to always skip, skip, skip.

LF: So some time, if you want to talk again, I'll give you my phone number and you can give me a call, and maybe we can do another tape that will kind of complement this tape.

GK: Maybe.