HOLOCAUST TESTIMONY

OF

BETTY GREBENSCHIKOFF

Transcript of Audiotaped Translation of Interview

Interviewer: Natalie Packel
Date: September 19, 1993

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BG - Betty Grebenschikoff [interviewee]
NP - Natalie Packel [interviewer]
Date: September 19, 1993

Tape one, side one:

NP: ...18th, and this is Natalie Packel, interviewing Mrs. Grebenschikoff in Ventnor, New Jersey. Mrs. Grebenschikoff, could you tell me something about your life in, is it Germany that you...

BG: I was born in Germany, yes.

NP: Oh, okay.

BG: In Berlin, in 1939[1].

NP: All right. We can continue. You were born in Germany in 1939?

BG: Yes, in Berlin. And I was the second of two daughters. I grew up there. I lived there until I was nine years old. Everything seemed to be normal, fine, for the first five or six years of my life. And I remember we went to Czechoslovakia once to visit my father's parents. That was the only time I ever saw them, on a summer vacation. And there's a story connected with that. I saw a lot of uncles and aunts and cousins and grandparents, none of whom survived, except for two or three exceptions. And that's another story that I'll come to later. And then towards the-- when I was about six or seven things started to get difficult in Germany, not that we really understood what was happening. And my parents were not, you know, they tried to shield us. They didn't want to explain exactly what was happening, except that people didn't talk to us anymore, and children wouldn't play with us. And it was, looking at it from a child's viewpoint it was suddenly being shut out of a lot of different things.

NP: Did this affect you in school?

BG: Yeah, it affected the school. I went to a small Jewish community school in Berlin. My sister at that point-- she's two years older-- went to a different school, with higher grades. And walking back and forth to school was not comfortable. It became difficult because they would throw stones at us, and knowing where we would go to. And our ex-friends would be wearing Hitler uniforms, the Hitler Youth uniforms, you know, with the swastikas and all. And those were the kids we used to play with, in the yard, you know, with our dolls and our tricycles and bicycles, whatever. But they had turned on us by that time, with, you know, with parental tutelage, under parental tutelage. And they did what they were told. And they pushed us around. And they pushed us off, into the

[1]According to her memoir, Once My Name Was Sarah, Original Seven Publishing Co., 1992, she was born in 1929.

gutter quite a lot of times, and threw stones and spit on us. But eventually that school closed. The Germans took over that building. And we were all put in a larger school, another Jewish school, which fortunately was closer to where we lived so we didn't have this walk. And it was very crowded because all the other schools were closing down at that point and they were centralizing everybody in one area. And it had this big playground there with a high fence. And every morning everybody would gather in the playground. And every morning there would be less people because the people were emigrating, you see? So things became difficult. I had a girlfriend there whose father was taken away to the Gestapo for questioning. And she became very withdrawn, very quiet, and all. And eventually they actually let him out again. A lot of the times they didn't let them out. But sometimes money changed hands and strings were pulled and they got them out again. So when he came back, I remember we said good-bye to her at that point, because we were at that point leaving. He was all white-haired and became an old man and I was very frightened. And by that time my parents had told us, you know, what we were getting into. And we realized what was happening. So things became worse. I mean we used to go away in the summers on summer vacations. My father had a nice job at a stationery fac-, printing press, stationery company actually it was. They made greeting cards and things like that. And we couldn't go away any more then in the summers. And that was just the last couple of summers, you know. And...

NP: Any religious affiliation you had?

BG: Oh yes. We used to go to the synagogues on Levetzostrasse and that was one of the synagogues that was also gutted during the Crystal Night.

NP: Could you just spell that?

BG: L-E-V-E-T-Z-O, Strasse, S-T-...yeah, S-T-R-A-S-S-E.

NP: Okay.

BG: And we used to go there on holidays, on Friday evenings. And we used to go up to the *bimah* and the rabbi used to give us wine, a little grape juice and all that. And I had, it was nice. I have fond memories of that. And of course for the holidays we always went to my grandparents, who lived on Weitstrasse in Charlottenberg. And we used to go there and all the uncles and aunts-- you know, my mother's family, this was my mother's family-- would be there. And it was a-- I had a good childhood up until that point. You know, it was very protected and very nurturing and it was, I didn't have any problems with anything. But that all changed. And so in any case, we, my father signed us up to go to Israel on the *aliyah*, which was then Palestine.

NP: Was he a Zionist?

BG: No, my father actually was born in Czechoslovakia. And he fought for the Germans in the First World War, as did my grandfather. As a matter of fact my grandfather fought in, was stationed in a barracks called Theresienstadt, which was then a

barracks, in the First World War. In the Second World War he landed there and died there. But anyway, now my father lived in Berlin most of his life after he grew up, and he never had a passport. He had what they called a *Fremdenpass*. I don't know if you know that. It's a sort of a stateless passport, which means nothing. It just shows who you are, and it had to be renewed by the German police every so often, actually. So, he, we belonged to the Theodor Herzl Organizations and we went to the meetings and we sang the songs and we waved the flags and we thought this was all wonderful, my sister and I. We were then what, 9 and 11. And we wanted to go to Israel or Palestine in the worst way, and be little pioneers, you know? But children were being sent out at that point. And my mother said no, at the last minute. She said, "Absolutely not." She'll never see us again and so on and so forth. And we were very unhappy about this, because we just wanted to go and have a good time. We had no idea what it all entailed. So in any case we didn't go. But one of my cousins went, and I just met him again in Israel last year. And I was at his *bar mitzvah*. His name was Heinz Cohen. He is now Zev Cohen. And I was at his *bar mitzvah* when I was about seven, in Berlin, with my grandmother. We talked about that when I came back, when I went to Israel. I hadn't seen him in all those years.

NP: Oh, it must have been a wonderful reunion.

BG: It was a tremendous reunion. And he went, and he never saw his parents again, or his sister. He's still looking for them. He knows that they're not there anymore, but he still says he's, he still says he still looks for them, in his mind.

NP: If I may, there is at our Archive a *Gedenkbuch*.

BG: Yeah?

NP: Of survivors. I wonder if he would like to...

BG: I would like to see that.

NP: Oh, you're welcome to come.

BG: Yes.

NP: We can meet there and...

BG: Okay.

NP: I, we can go through it.

BG: I would like to do it very much. Thank you. Maybe I'll find some names. Because many of the relatives I have no idea.

NP: [unclear]

BG: Could be, yes. Because with a maiden name like Cohen I'm going to have a little problem. There are so many Cohens.

NP: But they list, I mean where a person was born and where he was transported.

BG: Yes, yes.

NP: And maybe...

BG: So maybe I'll find them. Thank you. I'll do that.

NP: Mmm hmm. So this, what year was this now?

BG: Well this was in these things happened in, before '39.

NP: All right.

BG: Because by '39 we were leaving.

NP: All right.

BG: So my father tried to get us to South America, and we all took Spanish lessons. But that didn't go through. And then he tried various other places. But having no passport, and having, not having a German quota number, and not having people in America -- we couldn't come to America -- and there was very few places open at that point. And everyone was trying to leave. So the Israel thing or the Palestine thing fell through. The South American thing fell through. Various other things that he tried didn't work either. And eventually we realized the only place to go to was China, which had an open port, which had no requirements other than that you got yourself over there. And then whatever you wanted to do. So, he went to the Japanese shipping company, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. Oh, I think they are still in existence, it was the NYK Line. And he asked to buy tickets and of course they said they were booked full, months and months ahead. So eventually, with a little bribery, he managed to get tickets for us, four tickets for our family. And my uncle and my aunt -- my mother's sister and her husband, and their parakeet – they also got tickets in the same fashion. So then we tried to get our grandparents -- my mother's parents -- and another sister, and her husband, to come with us. And they wouldn't go because they felt that things wouldn't get much worse, as my grandmother had broken her hip and she was not able to get around too well. And the older sister, Geita, was going to stay and take care of her. And they said, "We'll come out after you see what it's like out there." Because everyone thought we'd be going into a jungle. Nobody knew what we were getting into. My mother had another brother, who had fled to Prague, and then to England, followed by his fianceé, because he had a, he was on the list to be, for questioning. So he left. He was the baby brother. His name was Bobby, although that, nobody knew why his name was Bobby, but actually he went to England and married his fianceé and they set themselves up as a butler and maid team during the war and lived there for many years till he died. So, we had our tickets to go to Shanghai. And the grandparents and the aunts and uncles stayed behind. And you know, that farewell is etched in my memory. I wrote about it in the book that I'm writing, which is entitled, *Once My Name Was Sarah*, because we at that point were already using Sarah as a middle name. And the men were using Israel.

NP: Yes.

BG: And my father tried to ignore the whole thing most of the time and rarely used the Israel on his signatures, but eventually he had to. So, here we were, Sarahs and Israels, you know. But, so we left after this very difficult farewell. My mother was in shreds. My aunt was in a great deal of difficulty. It was very hard. And my sister and I were just very young and it leaves an impression. Anyway, we left most of our things behind and some of the things that we put into the, they had these big cases called a lift, where you packed all your stuff and then they would ship it. I mean a huge...

NP: Container.

BG: Container, right, yes. We always called it the lift, because that was the name for it. Well that got lost. We never saw any of those things again, a lot of family pictures and things that are, were really important to us. But, so we went to Shanghai. We went from Berlin to Munich to Rome to Naples. And this was, we left one or two days before my father's appointment with the Gestapo, which finally they had caught up with the stateless people. Because these people were not called early on, for some reason. But at that point they were beginning to call them in for questioning. And when they called you in for questioning, it wasn't always sure that you would come out again. They would put you in a concentration camp or whatever. So, we left and he had just one or two days before that. And he was very nervous. He wanted to get out. Of course we didn't know this at the time. He told us about this later. So the six of us, our family and my uncle and my aunt, went together. And eventually we got on a ship in Naples and...

NP: Could you just trace your route again, and by what means of the transportation?

BG: We went by train from Berlin, from Anhalter Bahnoff, in Berlin, which is the big train station there, to Munich. We stayed a night in Munich in a hotel. I mean everything looked very nice and was all very good and all this. But underneath my parents were really frightened.

NP: Of course.

BG: And my uncle and my aunt as well. And they were still carrying their parakeet around in a cage. So, from Munich we went to, I believe it was Rome, by train, spent another night. And from Rome we went to Naples, where the ship was docked, okay? And then we got on the ship, which was a very nice, small, small ship, about a little under 10,000 tons, so it's not very large. And it looked just like a pleasure cruise, you know, with the streamers and people waving and all. But it was very sad, you know. The ship was full of refugees, also some other people, you know. And on the ship we had a great time, my sister and I, because of, this was a holiday for us, you know. We were out and we didn't have to go to school. We had English lessons, my father insisted on all the time, because up until that point we weren't speaking any English. So we had our daily English lesson, if he could find us, and we stopped at different ports-- Port Said and

Bombay and Singapore and-- I have it written down. I forget now exactly. But we were only allowed to get off at two ports, because stateless people were not allowed off. The controls were very tight, because they thought probably we would jump ship or something. But I do remember getting off in Singapore and in Bombay. It was hot for me. I had ice cream. And then eventually, I mean the ship was well-run. We were in first class. My sister and I had a cabin. So it was not your usual refugee story at that point. You know, we were fortunate. My father was always providing well for us, you know. We were not spoiled but he always took care that we got what he thought we should have. And with the money that he had slipped the shipping officer of course we did get a good cabin. That didn't hurt. So, eventually after three-and-a-half weeks we got to Shanghai. And then of course things changed. My mother was seasick most of the time. She wasn't well. So we went to, someone met us. A friend of my father's met us and he had rented a room for us.

NP: Excuse me, could you go back a little bit? Then you already, your father already knew of someone in Shanghai?

BG: Yes, he had had some correspondence with some people. And he also knew that if we couldn't get a room that there would be settlement camps, like *Heime*, they called them. I think you might have heard the word.

NP: How would you spell that?

BG: H-E-I-M-E, that's the plural. *Heim* is the single.

NP: Settlement camps.

BG: Yeah, settlement camps. There were quite a few of them. One of the largest was Ward Road, W-A-R-D, where we had our first meal when we came in.

NP: W-A-R-D.

BG: Yeah, Ward Road, a camp. When we landed there it was a culture shock to say the least. Because we landed in Hongkew, which was a poorer section of town. And, I mean, overrun with disease and still ruined from the Japanese-Chinese War in 1937. And things had not been cleaned up. I mean there were ruined houses and streets, and it wasn't very pretty, and it smelled bad and it was noisy and everything else. To my sister and myself, of course, it was all adventurous. But my parents were stunned. I know that. So anyhow, we all landed in one room in a little lane on Seward Lane, in Hongkew. And one room just for the four of us, and another small room for my uncle and my aunt. And the sanitary conditions were bad and all that. This house was owned by a refugee who was renting out rooms. I mean these people very quickly became businessmen out there, you know. Anyone who had a little money would buy a house and rent rooms to the newcomers. There were 20,000 people coming in there, so, I mean, you could always find a tenant. And if you didn't have that you could live at the settlement camps, which was a little rougher yet. It was more like a dormitory style. But it was not as bad as some

people had said. It did give them a roof over their heads. It wasn't luxury. It wasn't fancy. It was tough, and it was not anything like people were used to. But it was safety, you see, to a point.

NP: Were there relief agencies?

BG: Yes.

NP: Was there an organized Shanghai Jewish community?

BG: There was an organized Shanghai Jewish community. There was, the American Joint Committee was very much in evidence. The ORT people were there, the O-R-T. Later on, when I came to America, I made friends, one of my good friends, who said, oh, she was a member of ORT. And I said, "Well, I hope you know that you people fed me my first meal in Shanghai." And there were a lot of Jewish agencies that were active, as opposed to the government, which was not doing what it could have done to bring Jews into America. These people were really working hard over there, and they just honored some of them at this last reunion they had in Chicago, I heard. And there were local philanthropic societies that were helping. So there was help. But of course with the influx of so many people and so many children and so many old people, it was difficult for them to keep up with everyone. And the climate was not good over there. We landed in the middle of summer. It was very hot, very humid, just like New York. And you didn't have, of course, air conditioning. Forget that. But there were all kinds of infections and disease, and etc., etc., etc. So it was difficult, you know? So anyway, we lived there, and we moved to different areas, trying to get better accommodations from time to time. And my father would go to the city every day to see if he could find a job. There was a local school, where Sir Horace Kadoorie had built a school for the refugee children.

NP: Horace Kadoorie?

BG: Mmm hmm [affirmative], Kadoorie.

NP: [unclear].

BG: He was quite a benefactor. That whole family, the Kadoorie family, was well known in the Far East. As a matter of fact, one of the brothers, Elias Kadoorie, just died and was written up in *The New York Times*, in an obituary. But...

NP: How do you spell his last name?

BG: Kadoorie is K-A-D-O-O-R-I-E. They were one of the few Sephardic Jews knighted by the British Commonwealth. They did a lot of good. I don't exactly know how they came about all their money, but they had lots of money, and they used it for good purposes.

NP: As I understand, in about the 1800s there was an immigration I think from India.

BG: Okay. Those are the ones.

NP: Those are the ones.

BG: They are the Sephardic Jews, right. They're all Sephardic Jews.

NP: And they were the early...

BG: The early settlers.

NP: … settlers, okay.

BG: Yeah, and they were there for several generations, yes. It was a large family. They were not the only family. There were the Sassoons and there were different ones like that. But I do remember Sir Horace Kadoorie because I had, by chance I had some dealing with him. In any case he built that school in Hongkew. There were other small schools, set up by the refugees. But that was the one that most of us went to, and that's where we learned English very quickly. So anyway, this went on until Pearl Harbor. We lived there, and as I say, things were not easy. But it was not, you know, it was not life threatening, to us in any case.

NP: Was there any organized religious life?

BG: Oh yes. There was organized religious life. There were synagogues. As a matter of fact they used to rent the theaters in the Hongkew district, for the High Holidays. And the cantors that we remembered from Berlin would sing there. And it was just like being back again. Everybody would come, not so much because they wanted, some of them really weren't all that keen to go to synagogue but they would come because it was like going home, you know? It was, the cantors would sing and the rabbis, the same rabbis that we had in Germany would preach. And it was wonderful. It was a tremendous feeling. They had Jewish organizations and they had, they formed clubs and they had little cafés and tiny little places, just like they used to do in Berlin, you know? So they made their life there and they had cabaret evenings and they had a lot of, they had some Yiddish entertainment there. And they had comedians and people that were professionals from Germany. And they made fun of what was going on at the time. And it was marvelous there. I mean people would overcrowd these small little restaurants, just to listen to these guys. And sometimes as a special treat my father let, you know, my mother take us. And we loved it. And of course the schools were Jewish and we all learned Hebrew and all that. So then came Pearl Harbor. And after that the Japanese were in charge of Shanghai, and things started to change. And they decreed that all the stateless refugees had to live in this district, a very small area, down by the waterfront. And everyone would have to live there and be under their command and their jurisdiction and we would need special passes in order to leave that particular area, which was enclosed by barricades and barbed wire and so on. In the meantime of course the other nationals, like the English and the Americans and the Dutch, who lived all over Shanghai and, the whole larger area of Shanghai, they were all put into camps, regular camps, away from the city. So many of those spent very difficult years during the war in the camps.

And I, there were books written about that and stories told and all this. Like that movie, *The Rising Sun*.

NP: Yes.

BG: Do you remember that?

NP: Yes.

BG: Now of course it was very Hollywood type, but it had some basis in truth. So, we were supposed to be more fortunate, since we were only put into a district. But the problem was that the district was small. There were already many Chinese living there, and many refugees, and now all the others who lived outside the confines of this area, which we also did at that point, would have to move in there. And it was hard. At that point we were living on the Kreger [phonetic] Road, which was outside the district. We had two rooms there, which was a big deal. And we shared a kitchen. But there was a garden and we used to sit out in the garden at night in the summer and everybody would come out with their chairs and their lemonade and all this, and talk and have a...

NP: If I may, your father supported himself at that time?

BG: My father by that time, he was very industrious. He got himself a job in some chemical factory, not factory, a chemical business in Shanghai. He knew nothing about chemicals, but he was a hard worker and he, his English by then had improved some. And he managed to provide enough for us so that we could live. My mother stayed home and in those days women stayed home and took care of the family. And it was a good thing, because she was always there for us, you know. So he managed to provide for us in a very modest fashion. But at that point we weren't used to a lot, you know. We were, in the beginning when we first came to Shanghai we used to go and get our meals from the camp, from the settlement camp. But then after that when we had some kitchen facilities, we would...

NP: [unclear]

BG: When we had kitchen facilities my mother and my aunt would cook and we kind of did this as a group, you know? So all in those years we were all together. But then we all moved...

NP: Excuse me one minute.

BG: Okay so the house that we lived in, the landlord exchanged that house with another one within the district, which was right in the middle, on Chusan [phonetic] Road, which was a small street with family homes on either side, and shops. And he exchanged the two houses. And we were lucky to get one room for our family. My uncle and my aunt got a small room next to us, on the second floor. This house on 51 Chusan Road, that's where we lived during the war. And every room had a whole family with all their belongings in it. And at the end of the hall on our floor was a bathroom that 16 people shared, and the various thousands of insects that had lived there before, before we

came. So hygiene and anything like that became difficult. We had a little corner in the room where we had running water, fortunately. So that was our kitchen, with curtains around. And we were just growing up then, so we learned to take baths at the sink for three years, and wash in sections and do all that, you know, do our chores over there. We had large windows that looked out onto a courtyard, right into other people's windows again, so I mean, it was, there was no privacy. It was very tight living.

NP: So difficult for being a girl.

BG: Yeah, but we didn't know at the time that it was difficult. That was life. We didn't compare it to anything else, because everyone else we knew lived the same way. So we didn't, now I know it. But then I didn't. You know, it was just from day to day. My parents knew full well what was going on, but we kind of just went from day to day and we learned a lot, just by keeping our eyes open and our ears open, as, when you read my book you'll see.

NP: I look forward to it.

BG: Those little, some of those things are in there.

NP: And friendships that you made?

BG: Friendships. We had friends in school. We went to school and then eventually we moved. We, my father decided that we should go to the school in Shanghai, Seymour Road School, the Shanghai Jewish School, which was an old, established, British-styled school. Because the SJYA School, Horace Kadoorie's school, was fine but the, he didn't feel that we were learning enough. And my father was very strong on learning. So we did spend a good bit of our time rehearsing for plays, which was a lot of fun. But he didn't feel that we could, we would have the proper preparation. And so he tried to get us into the Seymour Road School and eventually he did, with my sister getting in a little bit ahead of me. It took a while though, because we were on a waiting list. The children from Hongkew were always down on the bottom of the list everywhere. We were kind of second-class citizens. And the school on Seymour Road was, the Shanghai Jewish School, was very high caliber educationally, and had a lot of Russian and English kids in there. Of course during the war they were all gone, the English kids and the, only the Russians were there and other, the Sephardic Jews. [noise in background] Is that all right?

NP: Yes.

BG: So eventually we went there. And we made friends, although I never felt comfortable with the friendships I made over there. Because I always felt like I was coming from the wrong side of the tracks, because we came from Hongkew. And we had an hour's ride in the streetcar. So by the time we'd get to school I was always hungry and I was always eating, you know, when I wasn't supposed to. But I was not very comfortable there. I didn't like school. The friends that we made at home, there was one

girl that I was very friendly with, and I remember when we were in the district some, before the district actually even, before we were locked up in the district, the American societies took the children on picnics, to Jessfield Park, which is a big park in Shanghai, and a beautiful park. And we never had a chance to go out there because it was too far, too expensive, and all this. Too many problems. So they would take us on these open buses to go on a picnic for a day, and that was a break. It was wonderful. We could get out of the district and we could play and we could run and see all the rich people. We thought everyone was rich that was out there. So anyway, I went with my best girlfriend and her name was Ruth Katz. She was, she had also come from Germany. She was an only child and we were very good friends. And we came home that night and she died shortly after that. Heat exhaustion or something. Now today that would have not, you know, they would have been able to save her. But the hospital there wasn't equipped for things like that. And I don't even know if they got her there fast enough. But something had gone wrong. And as far as I know it was heat exhaustion and she, maybe she had a weak heart. I don't know. But anyway she was about 11 or 12. And that was my best girlfriend. And I went to her funeral down in Hongkew, by myself, because my parents didn't want me to go, so I ran away and went anyway. But that was a difficult story, you know, very hard. So then after that I didn't, I made friends with the children in the other school but I wasn't really into it as much, you know.

NP: Did you have any contact with the Sephardic Jewish community over there or just [unclear] as far as the children?

BG: Yeah. There were many of them in the schools.

NP: In the schools.

BG: Yeah, in that school.

NP: You said, right.

BG: Russian and...

NP: Russian and...

BG: Sephardic.

NP: Sephardic.

BG: Yeah, people that had lived there for many years. There were large families of them. There was one family in particular. The Abrams were there. I had met them again at some of the reunions I went to, and we compared notes. And the Morlans, who were very helpful to me later on. We met with all of them. We didn't mix all that much, but we met with all of them and it wasn't bad, you know. My sister, I think, had a better time than I did. But I was never all that studious, so, as it turned out. Go ahead.

NP: No, that's okay. As it turned out...

BG: As it turned out, during the district, when we lived in the district those two or three years it was, of course we were bombed, you know, by the Americans. And we

never really knew did they know that we were down there? Did the Americans know that there were 20,000 people down there? Because they were bombing the Japanese, but we were right near the waterfront. And they were bombing installations along the waterfront and trying to knock out their communications and the water and the electric installations. And we didn't know that, on the one hand we were cheering them on. On the other hand we were hoping they wouldn't hit us, you know. And while we were living in this one miserable room in the district, whenever the sirens would come on-- this was towards the end of the war-- we would have to go downstairs to the first floor. But there was no cellar. So they would put the tables together and put mattresses on top, and we'd go underneath, which was a joke. Because I mean, how can that save you? But that was the psychological aspect of it. My mother used to be so terrified that sometimes she couldn't make it down the stairs and they would carry her down, because she would just freeze. And usually this happened at night, when, especially when there was a full moon. So we would always look up and say, "Oh, this is good bombing weather." You know, and my sister and I tried to stay upstairs and watch, because it was interesting to watch, just like you see in the movies, you know. Because the B-29s come down a little closer. You can see them sometimes. And sometimes the sirens and the anti-aircraft wouldn't start until later. I mean the bombers would come first. The things were a little haphazard. But they did shoot down some of those planes, the Japanese. And some of the fliers landed in the Ward Road Jail, which was right around the corner from us, in the hospital there. We used to wave to them when we walked by on the streets. There's an American.

NP: Did you have much contact with the Chinese people of Shanghai? And the Japanese or...

BG: With the Japanese it was a little less possible, because they were the enemy. Or we were the enemy, or something like that. Although we were, when we were in Seymour Road they put in a Japanese teacher. We all had to learn Japanese all of a sudden, by decree, you see? So, this Japanese teacher unfortunately was a very mild type, and the kids ran rings around him. They really gave him a hard time, very hard. He didn't quite know what hit him, you know? [chuckles] We didn't learn much Japanese. [tape off then on] Chinese...

NP: ...the Chinese people in Shanghai.

BG: We picked up Chinese language on, naturally, on the street, because if you wanted to get around you had to speak a little Chinese. We had some contact with them. My sister and I played with some of the Chinese children that were approved by my parents, you know. But in general we didn't mix all that much, because they were there and we were here, and there was a lot of caution, you know, because we were in a very poor area and the children were a lot of beggar kids and things. And we didn't associate with that. But they were not in our schools. They had their own schools. So we didn't

have all that much contact, you know? We were friendly with some, a few people that lived around us, but that was about all, at that point. So, there was one bombing raid at the end of the war that killed about 31 people I think, in the district. And we had had air raid drills and bucket brigades and all that. So everybody pitched in, the children ran errands and all this. It was a difficult time. People were wounded. A lot of people were killed. And in order to go to school we would have to show our pass at the entrance of the district. Now I understand that some of the young people would sneak out without passes and all that. We never did that, because my parents would never hear of such a thing, and we never thought of it. I mean we were these good little girls, you know? We never thought of doing anything like that. So, in order to get this pass we had to go to Mr. Ghoya, whom you might have heard of.

NP: Yes.

BG: He had quite a reputation, a little guy. "King of the Jews" he called himself. He used to stand on a table in his office, and say he was the "King of the Jews."

NP: And he was Japanese?

BG: He was Japanese. He was a Japanese commander. And he was in charge of the refugees. So you had to line up every so often, oh, I think every few weeks, whenever your pass ran out. And in the rain, in the sun, whatever it was, for hours, and get this pass renewed. And he was something of a sadist, a difficult person. He did like children. So, if you smiled enough and you did whatever he wanted and bowed low enough and said, "Thank you, sir," and all this sort of thing, you had a good chance of getting a pass and getting out of there without a problem. He was less kind to the men and the women that came in. My uncle and my aunt were then both working in the city of Shanghai, and my father was. And they had difficult times, you know, emotionally it was very hard. And my aunt always got a migraine afterwards. And he would be very rough with some of the people. He'd slap them or throw water on them or put them in jail for no reason at all, if he didn't like what he saw, if they didn't act right. And going to jail there was very difficult, because it was, there was typhoid and cholera and everything was going on. And you could catch whatever was going around at that point, in the...

NP: Epidemic proportions?

BG: Yeah, in the jail. Well, they did have road blocks every so often. The Chinese doctors would set up road blocks and they'd immunize you on the spot, if you didn't have your certificates. We all had these, a bunch of certificates, immunization certificates. And I got, we all got jaundice, what is called today...

NP: Hepatitis?

BG: Hepatitis, at one point. And who knows how we got it, probably from the water. We always boiled it, but we couldn't eat anything fresh. I never knew that you ate salad with meals, because everything had to be washed with potassium permanganate and

rinsed with boiled water. You brushed your teeth with boiled water. You didn't drink the water.

NP: Was the water rationed?

BG: No, the water was not rationed. But hot water, you had to go out and buy hot water from the hot water seller, because you didn't have hot water running. You had the cold water if you were lucky. You didn't have enough gas. You didn't have enough electric. They gave you rationed amounts of that. This is all during the Japanese occupation. So we never had enough, we had very little electric, we had very little gas, and only cold water. So you did the best you could, you know.

[Tape one, side one ended.]

Tape one, side two:

NP: ...with Betty Gebenschikoff. This is side two, continuing our interview. Could you correspond with family or friends remaining in Europe?

BG: In the beginning, yes. Of course my parents tried to get their grandparents over to Shanghai, and that became impossible. Shortly after we left no one was allowed out any more. And we did not, we corresponded the first few years, but then after the war started in '41 it came down to a trickle. Now my father still, even at that point, would send money to his parents in Czechoslovakia. And he came from a family of nine children. So they didn't have an easy time economically over there. And eventually things kind of stopped, and my sister wrote a diary the day we left Berlin. She started her diary, and she dedicated it to my grandparents, hoping they would read it when they came to Shanghai. Well they never came. And we still have the diary, but they never came. There was not much contact, and there was a cousin my father had in Switzerland, and he wrote to him and tried to get information from the family but rumors came along about what was happening in Europe to the Jews and people just did not believe them. They thought they were just rumors, you know. So, eventually we got a post card-- when we lived on Chusan Road-- from Theresienstadt, which was the place where my grandfather had served in the First World War. And my grandmother wrote-- they are the ones from Berlin-- she wrote that they had been resettled there to a, some kind of a resettlement camp, she called it, a very brief message. And that she was doing okay and that my grandfather had died there, and that was all. That was the end. Well, that was the first sign we had that things had really gone bad over there. Not the first sign, but that was a strong signal...

NP: Sure.

BG: …that, you know, things were bad. And my mother-- and I can still hear her screaming, I mean I can hear that in, it was the same thing like when she left Berlin; she was very attached to her parents-- so she just went screaming and carrying on and all this. And it was, it was bad, because she adored her father, you know. He was a real bon vivant, you know, with the cigar and the schnapps and the business, you know. He was a wonderful guy, full of, he was Hungarian, born Hungarian. So I remember him too. And that was it. We didn't hear any more. No word about the aunts and the uncle that were with my grandparents, nothing.

NP: The one that took care of your grandmother.

BG: The one that took care of the grandmother. Nothing, nothing about them at all. Later on after the war my father made investigations through the Red Cross, and whatever agencies he could find, you know, and of course we found that they had all been sent to Theresienstadt, and that they died either there or later on. And the same thing

with my father's family, from Czechoslovakia, the cousins, the uncles, the aunts, with three exceptions they all perished out there. And one of the exceptions was my aunt-- my father's sister-- who went through several concentration camps. And she is the older sister. Apparently was a victim of medical experiments, which my father told me later. And eventually came through it and lived in Prague for a while and then went to Israel with one of her sons, who had left many years before. She died later. But I remember her because she used to come and visit us in Berlin a lot and we used to like her a lot, *Tante* Emma. And then there was my father's nephew, his sister's son, Otto, Otto Borger. And he now lives in Israel, and I made contact with him also, when I went to Israel last year. He was, he went through 10 camps. He is older than I. So he was a young teenager, and he went through 10 camps. And he was a, no, he must have been nearly 20 then. He lost his parents, his sister Lydia, and he was, he had a fianceé who also died over there. And he just went through all that and survived somehow. He says he doesn't know how. But he knew where my grandparents were. And he had contact with them for a while. And I just found that out. I always thought that they went straight to a camp but apparently they went to a place called Wadowice in Poland, which was a ghetto. And they had the old people all herded together peeling potatoes and doing manual labor and things like that. And eventually of course most of them died, or were put to death, you know. Wadowice.

NP: V-A-D-?

BG: W-A-...

NP: Oh.

BG: O-W-I-C-E, I think it is, Wadowice. It is, it was a ghetto in Poland. He made contact with them there and of course there were some letters from them, asking us to help them to come out. And there was nothing we could do. We couldn't get them out. And it, you know, towards the beginning of the end, before 1941 or '42, but there were letters that my father had that, you know, begging, "Can you help us? Help us get out." But there wasn't anything that they could do. So of course you have to remember that I was a child then and I wasn't in on all of that. I'm just picking all the pieces up now, when it's a little late. And my parents, later on, didn't want to talk too much about it. They had put it aside, you know? But when I went to Israel I talked with my two cousins, Otto Borger and Hans Cohen, from two sides of the family, and I got a lot of the information at that point.

NP: Like pieces of a puzzle.

BG: Yes, it's coming together, right. And that's why I felt that I should write that, I mean I didn't just start writing it. I've been writing for a long time but I put things together.

NP: For your children.

BG: For my children, for my family, because they should know where they came from and who their family was, and where their people came from. And my daughters, my two older daughters, you know, have always pushed me and said, "You have to document this. You have to write it down." And I said, "Oh, who wants to read it? Who's interested?" You know, "Nobody cares." But apparently people do, and my grandchildren ask questions. And I would like them to know, you know, who they are.

NP: [unclear] revisionists...

BG: People say it never happened, yeah. And then a lot of people don't know the Shanghai story altogether. And that's something new, you know. I mean, it's not new to us, but the general public is, was not aware that there was this pocket of people sitting over there in great danger also, although they were safer than the ones in the camps, of course. But if there's a degree of safety, you know. But we still had, we were harassed by the Japanese.

NP: Oh, indeed.

BG: And, quite a bit. And we were locked in. We were, we didn't have the right foods, we didn't, you know, we didn't have a lot of the things that are considered normal. It's not, I'm not talking about luxuries. I mean, we had to buy food on the black market during the war because it wasn't available. So my parents would buy flour and rice by the sack, and of course there were bugs in there and we had to pull them out first. But you get used to things like that.

NP: A daily quest for survival.

BG: It was, and a lot of people didn't make it over there. The people who had no family backup, who hadn't enough funds, who got sick, a lot of them didn't make it. In spite of the fact that we had a hospital there, in the district, and that we had organizations, a lot of people fell through the cracks in those days because they just couldn't do it. And in the winters we didn't have enough heat. In the summer there was too much heat.

NP: Awful.

BG: So it was very oppressive. You would get skin conditions and you would get, my mother became very ill the last year of the war, in 1944, '45, that winter. She became very ill. She got some intestinal parasite, and she had pneumonia. And we didn't want to put her in the hospital, because we were afraid that she wouldn't make it. Because they were too full with all the other people and while the doctors were good and caring, they didn't have drugs. They didn't have medicines. I mean, whoever heard of penicillin? Nobody knew anything about that. There were no miracle drugs. There was nothing. So we-- she would, refused to go to the hospital, and she was right. So she stayed home and I was taken out of school-- quite willingly I might add, at that point, and I was very young-- to take care of her. My sister was in her last year and they wanted her

to finish and get her degree, Oxford examinations or something like that, some kind of a final degree from high school. And I still had a couple of years to go, so they said, "Well, let's take her out." And I volunteered for this, of course, because I really wanted to get out of school. And in those days there were no laws about how long you went to school. So I was nurse and housekeeper for the last half-year of the war, with my mother, in that one room. And I took care of her and I ran the so-called house, or room, whatever you might want to call it. And even with my nursing care she survived! But she was very, very ill. My father used to get sick also. While we lived in that room he had malaria.

NP: Did they have quinine?

BG: I don't remember quinine. They may have had. I don't remember. All I know is that he used to shake and he used to, he'd just get over it. He had fever. All in the same room. I mean we lived all of us, four of us, in the same room, a room no bigger than this, if this big. And he got that. And then he used to get the colic, which he called it the colic. It was gall bladder or kidney stones or something, always at night. We, sometimes when we had the air raids, and he would be in this tremendous pain. Now you know what kind of pain that is. And the...

NP: …it's like heart pain.

BG: We would call the doctor, and the doctors sometimes were allowed to be out at night, after the 10:00 curfew. We all had a 10:00 curfew. Everybody had to be in. And he would come and give him morphine, and then he would sleep. But that took a while before they finally got there. So, those are the memories I have of nursing care. I always wanted to be a nurse, so I got my chance. You know, I experimented on my parents.

NP: Are you a nurse?

BG: No, I'm not.

NP: Okay.

BG: I became a medical secretary later on, which was as close as I could get. But I was not a nurse. I was pretending. But they did, they had a rough time.

NP: Your experiences at the end of the war and the circumstances of your leaving Shanghai?

BG: Okay.

NP: Unless you wish to add more.

BG: No, I think I'm, I don't want to keep you here all day.

NP: No, that's okay.

BG: The end of the war? Well, that was, I was already out of school, as I say. I was 15 at that point. And I was out of school and the end of the war came and when was it, April? May? June. We had a false alarm first and people thought it was over, but the Japanese soldiers were still out on the street shooting light bulbs from people who hadn't

closed their blackout curtains, you know. They liked to do that. And they also liked to catch you on the street and pat you down for a gun or whatever they thought might be a good idea, you know. It wasn't very pleasant to be out sometimes, especially for young girls, you know? So, they always liked to call the young girls over, so we tried to stay away from them as far as we could. Because I mean they were out there with the rifles and with bayonets, you know, so we didn't argue with them. The Chinese people had to bow down when they passed them. But they didn't make us do that. It was tough anyway. So, when the war was finally over, all of a sudden the Japanese disappeared off the street. There wasn't a single Japanese soldier anywhere. It was very, very quiet. Some of the young men in the district found Mr. Ghoya and beat him up, which was something they had been wanting to do for a long time. It's a wonder he survived it. They really gave it to him. We went, we were out, we could get out of the district, we could go to Shanghai to the city. And we, you know, getting out of this little area, everybody came out of the detention camps, and everybody started to live, try to pick up their old lives. We got out of the district. My father bought a little house, still in Hongkew, you know, in Joseph's Court. Some people might remember that. A matter of fact I met one of the women that lived in Joseph's Court at one of the reunions. So that was also there. Or they had prayer meetings and they had, you know, everyone was so happy that it was over. It was just incredible, you know. I mean, and that, of course at the same time then eventually we found out what had happened in Germany and what had happened to the families and all this. So that was kind of tempered by that, you know. We all got jobs with the American Army, my sister and I, all the young people, immediately, because here was glamour. Here was, here were Americans, whom we had not seen, you know? And we were at the right age, and we went for it. You know, we made American dollars, and my sister worked in an office somewhere and I worked in the PX and we had a wonderful time. It was great. But of course we didn't think at that point to get out because there was no place for us to go. We were not about to go back to Europe, and we had no other place to go. We couldn't come to America, again, because of, our numbers were off. My uncle and my aunt eventually went in 1947 or '48, because they had German numbers, quota numbers, and I think they had a guarantor at that point, a sponsor. We didn't have anything. So we just kind of went along and hoped for the best, you know. It was then that eventually after some of this working and partying and having a good time and my father was then still working in the office and things became a little easier and my mother could get out of the district-- she hadn't been out all the time-- that I met my husband, who had lived in China for 25 years. And he came down from Manchuria. He was born in Russia, in Vladivostok, in Siberia, and he came down to Manchuria when he was six months old, with his parents. And they landed in Shanghai when he was about four. His father had died in the meantime, some disease that they have antibiotics for today. I don't

know what it was. And his mother came with the two little boys, my husband and his brother, and she had a dress shop in Shanghai. She worked there first and eventually ran it. It was called "Madame Greenhouse." It was a very famous dress shop in Shanghai, very, very fancy, very nice. She eventually made my wedding dress.

NP: She did?

BG: Yeah. Well I met my husband, who was a teacher for many, many years. He was a teacher at that point, just starting out, at the Shanghai Jewish School where I used to be a student. But he started to teach there after I left so I never saw him when I was younger. But we met and we very quickly got married. And even though we had good advice not to do this because of the different religions and the backgrounds and all this stuff, well it's 45 years later, we're still here, you know. So then of course we, eventually in 194-, in 1950 was it, we got married in '48. Well about a year later the Communists came in, okay? So then again we found that we couldn't stay in Shanghai. We had to leave. All the foreigners had to leave. Things were getting very tough for foreigners. The Communists put down all kinds of restrictions and regulations and they wanted us out. And they made things very difficult. And you could see that the climate was not good for foreigners in China any more at that point. They were, right after they came in they were doing public hangings on the street of collaborators and just like they did in Europe after the war, you know? But they were pretty tough, and they had the populace scared. And there was anti-foreign feeling, quite obviously. So again we tried to get out and it was not easy. Because at that point the consulates were beginning to close in Shanghai, the foreign consulates, so you couldn't get your papers processed. My sister at that point had married a GI and went to America as a war bride. She left in 1948, just before I was married. And they were repatriated on a troop ship, she and her husband. My uncle and my aunt were already in America. My parents tried to get to America very, very hard, and my sister eventually got them a sponsor. But they couldn't get their papers processed. So they had to go back to Germany to a DP camp, on a troop ship. And my mother, being seasick all the way as usual, and going back to Germany, which was something that they could not abide because they didn't want to be back there. I know some of the German Jews went back to Germany, but our family never wanted to go back. We wanted to get away from there and stay away from there. And so they stayed in a DP camp in the Black Forest region for almost a year.

NP: Do you know what it was called?

BG: Foehrenwald..

NP: Okay.

BG: F-O-E-H-R-E-N-W-A-L-D, Foehrenwald in the Black Forest region. So, then from...

NP: And how long were they there?

BG: They were there almost a year, or somewhere about a year, and then my sister got them over to America. She found them a sponsor and she worked on that end to get them over there. In the meantime my-- they left after we did-- my husband and I finally managed to get to Australia, because my mother-in-law, Madame Greenhouse herself, had a friend in Australia who was willing to sponsor us. Because my husband didn't have papers either. He was born in Russia but he didn't have Russian papers. And I had nothing. So this lady sponsored us, and also my mother-in-law and my brother-in-law. And my husband and I left first, because at that point I was eight months pregnant. So I needed to get out quickly. And we had our interview with the Australian Consul in Shanghai and they were, the next week they were closing that consulate. So we had to get out. So that was another traumatic journey, out of Shanghai, because my parents were getting ready to leave for this DP camp and I was leaving for Australia, and nobody knew when we'd see each other again. My sister was already gone, and I was not feeling well, and it was a mess. So here came another journey to, another very difficult journey to Australia, which was also written up in the book. It's a long story, and that's when I met Sir Horace Kadoorie again.

NP: I see.

BG: In Hong Kong. Because we came through Hong Kong finally, on our journey to Australia and then we found that the ship that was waiting to take this group to Australia wouldn't take me because they didn't want me to give birth on the ship. And I looked like I was imminent. I wasn't, but that's the way I always looked. So, we were stuck. So I, we heard that Sir Horace was in Hong Kong and we made contact with him. And I told him that I cheered the loudest when he came on his inspection tours and we all had to line up and yell, "Hip! Hip! Hooray for Sir Horace!" I said, "I was the one who cheered the loudest!" And, "What can you do for me?" You know? And he gave us tea at the Peninsula Hotel. Here am I, huge, and my husband, and he arranged for us to fly out. Because we didn't have the money for that. We didn't have the means. We didn't know what we were gonna do. And he arranged for us to fly to Singapore and from Singapore to Sydney. So I'll be forever grateful to him, you know. And so we got to Sydney eventually, and that's where my daughter was born, the oldest one. And then another one, and then three years later we came to America because I didn't want to be that far away from my parents and my sister. I didn't want them growing up without everybody.

NP: Did the parrot make it?

BG: The parrot made it through Shanghai. He didn't make it to America, but it was a parakeet actually, a little one. And his name was Pitifox [phonetic].

NP: Oh.

BG: So that was a funny bird. And he made it for years in Shanghai. I mean, he did better than a lot of other people. [chuckles] He's gone. And so are my uncle and my

aunt and so are my parents. And they all found a safe haven in this country and this is all they ever wanted, you know, and America has been good to us. That's all I ever wanted was to come here, from an early age, you know. But I made a few side trips before that. I finally got here.

NP: Did you settle in New Jersey immediately?

BG: No, we landed in New Jersey because my sister and my parents were here. But then my husband had a scholarship at Springfield College, which was then a YMCA college, and he was a YMCA man, from way back, from the Shanghai Y. He was a big wheel at the Shanghai Y. And he got a scholarship there for post-graduate work. So we moved to-- with the two children, Jennifer and Sandy-- we moved to Springfield College and lived in the trailer colony. And, no money, nothing. No brains, no money, nothing.

NP: A lot of guts.

BG: Huh? A lot of guts, yeah. *Chutzpah* it's called. And we did it. My husband studied and worked. He cleaned houses for a dollar an hour. And I took in typing and typed term papers and we lived very, very simply. We had help. People were wonderful. People were good to us. And my parents were in New Jersey and you know, it was good. We had people to help us. And then we had a call from the YMCA in Atlantic City that there was a job for my husband. And they were gonna pay him $4,000 a year and we thought that was a million bucks. So we'd never seen so much money. So we came to Atlantic City and we've been in New Jersey ever since. I mean my husband went into school teaching after several years and taught in the school for over 25 years.

NP: In the high school?

BG: No, in Absecon.

NP: In Absecon.

BG: In the Absecon public school system, very happy. He's well-known in south Jersey in the sports circles and...

NP: His first name is?

BG: Oleg, O-L-E-G. And we had three more children while we were here, so that made a total of five.

NP: [unclear].

BG: [chuckles]

NP: What a beautiful family.

BG: We were busy. Very, very busy.

NP: Well, if I could back up just a little bit, if you don't mind, to Australia. When you were there, was there a refugee community there?

BG: No, that was a little different. We were then in, together with a lot of the friends that my husband had from the foreign YMCA in Shanghai. There, it was a large Russian crowd out there that had emigrated to Australia and we, he had grown up with

these people, Russian and English and different nationalities. He grew up with all these people and I became their friend after I married him. And they were wonderful people. We had that circle of friends out there. And his mother was there, and his brother also. As a matter of fact we lived together in Australia. And we all kind of hung together. You know, we were a community. You know, they were mostly Russian Orthodox or, there were some Jewish people among them, not that many. And we all kept each other's holidays, which is what we do in our family too. We raised the children Jewish but when they grew up they could go whichever way they wanted to. But we always keep the Jewish holidays, as we also do Russian holidays, and Christmas, and Easter. So there's something going on all the time, you know? But we decided that early on, because when we wanted to get married in Shanghai they wouldn't marry us. The Russian Church wouldn't marry us and the rabbis wouldn't. In those days you had to change your religion and we didn't want to do that, neither one of us. So we had a civil ceremony and because I wanted to wear the dress that my mother-in-law made for me we had a ceremony in a Unitarian Church, where they left out anything that I didn't like. And [chuckles] I just had a watered-down ceremony so I could wear this wonderful dress, which two of my daughters wore when they got married. So it's worked. It's worked fine, you know? My children have married people of different faiths and some of them the same faiths. And they are raising their children, you know, whichever way they want to. But all come here for holidays. And they know what's what.

NP: That's wonderful.

BG: Yeah.

NP: It's wonderful.

BG: They know who they are.

NP: If, perhaps if, I just wanted to ask you, in any of the travels in the route out of Shanghai, to Hong Kong, and to Australia, did you meet up with anybody from Berlin?

BG: Well...

NP: Or through the years?

BG: Through the years of course we met people from Berlin, but in school, yes. In school of course there were many from Berlin, in the first school in particular.

NP: Yes.

BG: And then living around us in the district.

NP: But...

BG: They were all over the place. So, in particular there was one family-- they're not from Berlin but-- when we went, when we left Shanghai we had to go to Tientsin by train first, because the harbor was supposedly mined.

NP: May I have the name of that, I mean was that...

BG: Tientsin?

NP: Mmm hmm.

BG: T-I-E-N-T-S-I-N, Tientsin. I think the name is changed now.

NP: And this was in...

BG: In China.

NP: China.

BG: It's south of Shanghai. Tientsin was a port. As a matter of fact I think my husband went to Boy Scout camp there.

NP: Okay.

BG: In the summer.

NP: Sometimes the transcriber has a little difficulty with names.

BG: Yeah, and also I'm sure the name has been changed by now. We went up there by train but it was very crowded and I was very pregnant and it was a difficult trip and it was very, very hard, because everybody was trying to get out at that point. This was in 1950. And when we got to Tientsin we had a few days' wait for this ship to take us down to Hong Kong, from where we were then supposed to disperse and go on our merry way, which of course I didn't. I got stuck. But the Morlans-- the family that I, we went to school with, the Sephardic Jews, and my husband grew up with them and I went to school with one of the boys-- their whole family was there also. And we didn't have a room. Here I was sitting in the lobby, you know, pregnant and very unhappy. And I had just left my parents and my husband was running around trying to find a room and couldn't get a room. It was too overcrowded. Well the Morlans saw me and took me in, and put me in their room and everybody else was sleeping on the floor! I never forgot that. And I met Joe later. He also went to Australia. And then he came to visit us here in America and I told him about the story. And I never forgot that. People were so kind, you know, different people. And there were other people that helped along the way. There were two nuns on the train that had left the convent in Shanghai and went back to Belgium. They took care of me on the train. And it was very difficult [unclear]. I mean there were people all along that were helping.

NP: It restored your faith in humanity.

BG: Oh yeah. I never lost that, no, in spite of everything. I knew there's good there, you know, there's good in people even though everything else had happened.

NP: Well, thank you. You know, I know this is not easy for you, but what you've done, as I said before, is a puzzle with the pieces still, they need to be put together, and you've helped.

BG: Well, I'm getting...

NP: You've really helped.

BG: I'm trying to get the pieces, I got a lot of the pieces together by going to Israel last year. And I intend to return. And I taped everything that I heard over there.

NP: Good.

BG: I mean, in German and English, whatever, you know? And we also went to Russia to visit my husband's aunt before she died, and I taped everything there, too.

NP: I believe you were leaving for Russia after the reunion...

BG: Yes, that was...

NP: At the Hershey hotel.

BG: That was the trip we took, right.

NP: That's why [unclear].

BG: Yeah, right.

NP: Put your name in to be called later in the year.

BG: To be called, right.

NP: I'm sorry it took so long.

BG: Oh that's quite all right. I mean I-- it was fine. Thank you.

NP: Thank you.

BG: Thank you.

[Tape one, side two ended. Interview ended.]