

Wedding Of Edith And Vilhelm Klein



This is a picture from my wedding to Vilhelm Klein. I survived three concentration camps. After the war, my cousin Adolf Klein came to find me. With my friend Erzi, we lived together in Pavelovo. I had a cousin in the United States. In 1948, I wanted to go there. I took my passport and, with three friends, I went to Prague. I had my relative's affidavit. But it didn't matter - the Americans wouldn't give me a visa. Of my three friends, all went to Israel, and one did eventually get to the U.S. In Pavelovo, Adolf's brother Vilhelm came to me and said, 'I have been going around and looking over the girls and I think you're the best one.' I said, 'But we're related.' I thought that second cousins once removed couldn't marry or have children. But Vilhelm laughed and said no. I was just so happy that I survived and that I was alive. I wanted to care for someone and I wanted someone to care for me. I had this simple wedding dress - we had no money. But my sister-in-law did come all the way from America. We were married on February 15, 1948, in Kralovsky Chlmec. There was still a small community there, and I recall that the rabbi's name was Katz. My husband served in the military of Czechoslovak army in 1947. We went to live in Pavelovo. We stayed there until 1971. I worked as an agricultural technician for the state. We earned a living from our own land: corn, wheat, vegetables, and we had cows. Altogether we had seven hectares of land, and we spent all our spare time working the land. We had a man who worked for us. The farm was collectivized in 1957, but Vilhelm managed to get them to leave us a garden, which we continued to work. I have two boys. Arnold was born in 1950 and Pavel was born in 1953. Both of my sons had a brit milah and bar mitzvah. They married before they left the country. Both of my boys had Jewish weddings and married under a chuppah, but this was not done publicly. It was done in secret. They met their future wives in the Jewish youth club. Both emigrated to America. My sons are named for my brothers. We were deported in April 1944 by the Hungarian police, not the Germans. Everyone from my town was taken to Satgoraljujhely, and from there we were deported. I was with my father's mother, who was deaf, my mother and my two little brothers, Arnold and Pavel. We were all standing in a line, all five of us. It was Mengele who stood there and told me to go to one side. He sent my mother to the other side. She waved to me and I waved to her; I asked if I could be with her, but they said no. They took us away and I asked someone where they were taking my mother. They pointed and said, 'She's going up that chimney.' Arnold was only 13 years old and Pavel was

just 10. They were also killed.