

Ruth Goetzova With Her Cousin Jiri Krauskopf



This is a picture of me and my cousin Jiri Krauskopf. It was taken in Prague at the beginning of the 1930s. Uncle Rudolf was born in 1898 in Prague. His wife was Jewish, Aunt Lilly, born Rubinova in 1905. They had two sons, Pavel and Jiri. Jiri was born in 1926 and Pavel nine years later. Jiri and Pavel were like brothers to me, and my aunt meant more to me than my own mother. I loved her very much. They were my main family. Uncle Rudolf used to say: 'Every normal person marries a woman and has as many children with her as he himself wants. Instead of two children I have three, and instead of one woman two.' And then he would explain it: 'When we buy something for

my children, Ruth has to get the same. And when my wife is having something sewn for her, the same has to be sewn for Ruth as well.' I remember how my aunt and I once came to our tailor, and my aunt saw this beige 'koverkot,' a suit fabric. And she said: 'Mr. Beran, what beautiful fabric you have here.' And the tailor Beran answered: 'But madam, that's your husband's, he's having a suit made from it.' My aunt asked him to make suits for the two of us from it. And Mr. Beran answered: 'But that's for a suit and your husband is supposed to come in a week for a fitting.' To this my aunt said: 'Don't worry about that, I'll take care of it. And would it be enough for two suits?' And he says: 'Well, two suits could be made from it, yes.' - 'So make us two suits, and old Rudolf will just buy himself something else.' My much-loved aunt Lilly and Pavel were transported together to Terezin in 1942. Some sort of mistake had happened at that time, because their older son Jiri got a transport summons much earlier, and went to Terezin completely alone. Jiri was included with some other Krauskopfs from Prague, and from his departure to the transport no one ever saw him again. Aunt Lilly had already suffered from cancer before the transport, and died of her illness in the Terezin hospital. Her younger son Pavel was then put on an orphan transport, and went from Terezin directly to the Auschwitz gas chambers. No one was ever able to find out what happened to Jiri. Uncle Rudolf searched for him even after the war, but didn't find anyone who knew him or had met him, who could confirm or refute that he had been killed in Auschwitz.