

After the Liquidation of the “Small Ghetto”

One day, the Germans discovered the bunker at ul. Nadrzeczna 82, where weapons were manufactured. The Gestapo men shouted that whoever was living there was to come out. The few who emerged were immediately loaded onto freight vans and transported to the cemetery, where they were shot.

Before long, the freight vans returned from the cemetery. Another group of men, women and children were then loaded onto them. Heart-rending scenes took place. Women wailed and screamed that they were young, that they wanted to remain alive. All stood as if petrified, but no one could help. At the same time, shots were heard in the ghetto, where the Germans were murdering the remaining children and elderly.

On Friday [sic], 27th June 1943¹, I went with three other men, escorted by a Polish policeman, to bring food to the ghetto, because the kitchen was still functioning. The “Small Ghetto” looked as the aftermath to a bloody pogrom. Dozens of individuals lay killed in the streets and it was difficult to recognise them. On Garncarska, I saw a mother with a child pressed to her bosom. Both were dead.

The people in the ghetto told us that, in the Children’s Home (*Hachnoszes Orchim*), there was a mother with two children (Mrs Wajnrajch) and that, on our way back, we should throw a chunk of bread in for her. I therefore fell a bit behind, and brought them [a loaf of] bread. But the following day, a commission arrived on the premises where they were hiding, to take out the beds and medications. They were consequently found, taken out to the yard and shot.

Just a Little Water

A similar incident transpired on Sunday [sic], 29th June 1943. We went out with a large group to sweep the ghetto. At ul. Kožia 9, I entered a little wooden shack and I suddenly saw a cover [trapdoor?] being raised from the floor. A woman appeared. She told me she was hiding there with two children and that she was only asking for a little water, for they had food. There was water on the other street, but she was afraid to come out. We brought them water, but the Germans later caught them, and they were shot.

On Tuesday [sic], 30th June, I again worked on ul. Kožia. All of a sudden, shots rang out nearby. We went out and saw the *Volksdeutsch* Köstner holstering the two revolvers which he always carried with him. He came up to us and yelled, “Throw this rubbish in a pit!” We drew closer and saw three women and two men who were shot. We carried them down into the pit and, when I was already about to go back up, one of the men raised his head and told me that he was Rozenberg from Kłobuck and that we should let him lie till evening, when he would escape.

When we went out to the police station, which was on the same street, we saw a little girl of about seven years of age, who was walking along with a bundle of possessions in her arms, crying, “Where is my mother?” When the murderer Köstner noticed her, he approached the child, took her to the pit and, there, shot her.

¹ [TN: June 27, 1943 was a Sunday. Here, and in the forthcoming dates as well, the author’s dates do not match up with the days of the week he ascribes to them.]



General view of the "Small Ghetto"

I was horrified and I went off to another street, so that they would no longer take me for this work. But a Jewish policeman stopped me on ul. Nadrzeczna Street and, together with three other men, led me away to the Old Study-Hall. There, a completely naked couple lay. We covered them up with some rag and brought them into Jakób Hides' stable. Once inside, we found other corpses lying there, among whom was a boy of about ten.

On 1st July, we again went out into the ghetto, this time to ul. Garncarska. I went up to the first floor of an old house and, as I approached the wardrobe, a woman of about 45 fell out of it and began screaming, "Save us! We have been already three days without food!" In that same building, there was a bunker in which other people were hiding. Sadly, we were unable to help in any way. They later perished at the hands of the Germans, who threw hand-grenades into the bunkers and houses.

The End of the Jewish Police

Standing in the street, we heard that the Jewish police had been brought together and taken away. Nobody knew where to, but it later turned out that they had been taken to ul. Garibaldię. The Germans had wanted to ascertain whether the Jewish police would put up a fight and, once the Germans had become convinced that the policemen would remain peaceful, they were released then back into the ghetto, after four hours.

But the joy was short-lived. On 3rd July 1943, the murderer Degenhardt ordered that the entire police force proceed to ul. Garibaldiego and, from there, to HASAG. The policemen spent the night at the *mikvah* [ritual bathhouse].

On 5th July 5, a command was issued that no one would be going to work anymore and that all should be prepared for an inspection in the street, next to the *mikvah*. In adherence to orders given, the workers, the policemen and the women were put into separate groups.

At twenty minutes past nine in the morning, the executioner Degenhardt arrived and called forth some of the painters, among them Abramowicz, Abram Norden, Okładek, Glezer [and] Kopiński, as well as a carpenter, a cobbler and some of the women. Once the fiend was done with the craftsmen, he turned to the policemen and told them that they had concluded their service and would, from then onwards, become workers in HASAG.



Where the ghetto had been

The policemen were conducted to the factory, where they were loaded onto freight vans and driven to the cemetery. There, they were all shot. Their wives shared the same fate.