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the night was a painful one – a sleepless night of reflections, soul-searching, fear and waiting for death.

On the following morning, Friday, 25th June 1943, none of the Nazi authorities arrived. Each minute of waiting was a sea of painful, drilling agony of despairing, helpless, miserable souls.

At ten o'clock in the morning, Mrs Dora Gotlib of the *Arbeitseinsatz*¹ came to soothe me a little, to the effect that Bernard Kurland was doing everything possible to have us freed. The reason for our arrest was unknown to him.

At lunchtime my brother Jakub arrived. He brought us food, and reassured us that Lieutenant Sapport had told him, that if Degenhardt did not arrive by three o'clock, we would be released.

Minutes of impatience ensued - minutes of nerves stressed to insanity, minutes of dashed hopes and wishes, minutes of despair and thoughts of suicide.

The tension grew even more from minute to minute, Once the clock had long since struck three and we saw no redemption. We did not know if we were to temporarily remain alive, or would be handed over to the forces of death, and to what suffering and tortures.

At five o'clock, a sudden volley of shots was heard. We clearly heard it was just behind us. We did not know what had happened. The policeman guarding us only declared that this was bad – he did not wish to say anything else. As it later turned out, this had been a skirmish between the underground movement and the Nazi murderers.

Another night filled with fear and terror arrived – a night

under guard, a sleepless night, a night during which the eyes poured all their tears out.

On Saturday, 26th June, at half past seven in the morning, the sadist, *Hauptmann* Degenhardt, arrived with *Oberleutnant* Rohn. They cynically exclaimed, "What are you doing here?" and told us to proceed to the *Arbeitseinsatz*. Our initial reaction was fear of going outside, because maybe gendarmes were standing in the street and they would shoot us. Nevertheless, we still went out to report to Bernard Kurland at the *Arbeitseinsatz*. At that very moment, an agitated chief of gendarmerie entered, holding a machine-gun in his hand, and argued at length with Degenhardt – it appears he wanted to shoot us.

Mrs Marysia Rotsztajn was shot in the hospital, and we four women wriggled ourselves free from the destroyers by chance.

The liquidation of the "Small Ghetto" began. Gory scenes were enacted. Jews – men, women and children – were sent away in freight trucks to the cemetery to be shot.

Their shouts still resonate in my ears – "*Nekume²! Nekume! Sh'ma Yisrael!*"

In the selection, I was chosen along with a group of women to be sent off to work at HASAG-Pelcery.

That was my last meeting with the arch-murderer Degenhardt.

Sometime later, I became aware that, after liquidating the "Small Ghetto", he was sent away to Greece to fight the partisans.

The Greek partisans immediately discovered who Degenhardt was and carried out an attempt on his life, cleansing the world of him³.

¹ [TN: Ger., Labour Deployment; part of the Jewish administration appointed by the Nazis.]

² [TN: Heb., revenge.]

³ [TN: As Dr Benjamin Orenstein writes in the 1966 work "Czenstochover Landsmanshaft of Montreal", p.174, this was a story concocted and spread by the mass-murderer himself in a bid to cover his trail. Many years later, however, he was found alive and well, and was finally tried in Lüneburg in 1966. Sadly, the only punishment he received was life in prison.]