

**ARTHUR LUBINSKY DIARY, CIRCA 1945**  
**2005.601.1**

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Below is a translation of Arthur Lubinsky's diary:

## LUBINSKY Village – Biskupiec 4 May 1944

### Description or adversities during the war

From March 17, 1942 till January 20, 1945

After Hitler's army surprised Poland my small town Rodziejow-Kujawski endured very hard conditions. The Nazi's terror was felt under all circumstances, but to a degree there was freedom to move about, thanks to the initiative of the entire town by approaching the administration with bribes, hoping that soon there would be a better tomorrow. One day, Sunday, June 25, 1941, we learned from secret sources that there is a war between our occupants and the Soviet Union.

From that time on our past was erased and we started a new chapter in our lives. From the onset of the war, June 22, 1941, the "Jewish question" was taken over by the "arbeitsamt" (labor center) and they commanded the handful of Jews. To start with they gave out orders that all Jews, regardless of age, must come to the market place. The selection of all the young and healthy started, and they were deported to labor camps. I and two of my brothers, Zalman and Szmulek, did not obey the orders. We left town and went to Plowik. We stayed there during the time of the deportation, and after all were deported we returned. There were no more young people in town. On the streets one only saw children and old people and those unable to work. All the Jews in the surrounding towns had the same fate. Soon entire cities were made free of Jews—they were sent away to unknown destinations. The first part of that deportation took place in Zaganow-Kaminsky county on September 22, 1941. When this news reached us, we didn't know where the Nazis sent those people. We suspected (concluded) that they were sent to the "General Government" (Protectorate), the same place they had sent others at the start of the war.

Soon after, they deported the city of Koto. Then we came to the conclusion that they were all sent to Helmn, 6 km from Koto, and would perish there being gassed. That news was spread by three boys from Izbica-Kujawski.

Before the deportation from Izbica, 45 of the most able bodied men, including the three boys, were selected and sent to Helmn to attend to the gas ovens. They were heavily guarded by the Gestapo. Soon the entire town Izbica was sent to Helmn. These men had to put their own mothers, fathers, wives, children and all loved ones into the ovens.

One day one of the Gestapo took three boys to the woods to cut down some trees. The sight of the crematorium was constant on their minds, and they knew they would soon face the same death. In desperation they killed the Gestapo and with their axes and escaped. Fortunately they reached my home town, Rodziejow and from there went to the Protectorate.

In a short time the counties of Komin and Koto were Jew free. After they evacuated the town of Sompolno, we knew that soon Radziejow would face the same fate. Everyone was horror stricken and tried to find a way to escape from imminent death.

One day we found out that in the nearby city of Osiencin, Gendarmes were issuing transfers to the Protectorate for a large amount of money. Unfortunately not many people could afford this, but whoever could soon left Radziejow. My family also managed to obtain such a permit. At the last moment my father changed his mind about leaving. His reasoning: "why should I go there, when the same fate may await me there"? Aren't they the same murderers there? By leaving, we will only gain time but the outcome will be the same. I suggest that we all go to the labor camp in Sojewo. This is a better alternative. In no way will I go to the Protectorat.

We tried to convince him that in a labor camp only healthy and capable people are accepted, and that mother is sick, and sister Jetka with her children doesn't have a chance either. With tears in his eyes he was finally convinced. It was decided that our parents and my sister with her children would go to the Protectorat and they left on March 17, 1942.

I and my brother Szmulek were getting ready to go to Sojewo. When we were ready to leave, my brother suggested that maybe we should wait a while because it was quiet in town. I agreed to wait a few days. After a few days, my brother-in-law Michalski arrived. He had been in the camp for 8 months as a "Judenfurer" (Jewish overseer). He thought his wife and children were still in Rodziejow and came to see them. He brought permits to take his wife and children to the camp to live with him there.

He had no choice but to return to the camp alone and obtain permits to Klobuck where his wife was. On the way to Klobuck, he came to Radziejow and told us about everything. Then he asked which one of us would like to go with him to Klobuck. He had 4 permits without any personal data on them.

I decided to go with him to Klobuck under the condition that I return to Szmulek. My brother asked me what I would do if Jetka decided to go to the camp. How would I be able to come back? I answered that in this case I would stay with our parents, because then they would be all alone. We went to Klobuck; the trip was uneventful. We arrived late in the evening. We wandered around till late at night since we did not have a precise address. We stopped at some windows and my brother-in-law asked if the people who lived there by any chance knew where a family of newcomers resided.

Something unexpected happened. In this same house resided a family named Nasielski from our home town, Radziejow. He recognized my brother-in-law's voice. He got dressed immediately and took us to our parents. Our parents were excited about our visit because they did not expect us. They believed that Radziejow had already been liquidated and that we had escaped to Sojewo. My brother-in-law told his wife that he came to take her and the children to his camp to be with him and that he had permits for them. She decided immediately to go with him, but our parents were very much against it.

They insisted that she should stay and after much begging convinced her not to leave with her husband. After a few days we wanted to return to Radziejow. My parents were very much against it, insisting that I should stay with them and that I would have it much better here with them than in camp. They said that of all their sons, at least one would be with them and they would not be so lonely. I told them that I promised Szmul that I would return and we would go to the camp together and that our clothes were already packed. They told me that he would not be alone; he would be with Roman and they would manage. They would mail my clothing to me.

They convinced me and I did not return to Radziejow. After a short time my clothes arrived with a letter from my brother, Szmul. He said that for the time being he would not go to camp because the situation in our home town was quiet. If, G-d forbid, there were to be a deportation he would manage to escape. I was glad that I remained with my parents. After I was in Klobuck for a short time, an order went out that all men from 14 to 55 years of age had to register within two days. All the people from Rodziejow started to leave Klobuck. They crossed the border to Czestochowa, because Klobuck was still under the German third Reich. Each one had to pay a guide to smuggle him across the border. So within two days all left Klobuck. I was confused. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to leave my parents alone. It was shortly before the registration when I went to visit my uncle Ulkieg to find out what he was planning to do. When I entered the apartment I noticed at once that he was getting ready to leave. I asked him, "Uncle, are you also leaving?" To which he replied, "Do you think that I will let them send me to Germany?" As long as there is a chance we have to take it. He asked me what I intended to do. I told him that I still had not decided. He tried to persuade me to leave to join him. He told me to go home and ask my parents' permission to go with him.

When I returned home I told my parents about his proposition. They said I should do what I feel is right for me and that they did not want to be responsible for anything bad happening to me. It did not take me long to decide and I started prepare myself for the journey. When I was ready to leave and started to say farewell to the family my father remarked that maybe I should stay with them and not leave. He said that we didn't know for certain what would happen. We had not heard anything about people being sent to Germany. He said that if I registered and worked here we would get provisions and a better apartment so it would not be too bad for us here; maybe better than in Czestochowa. And if we should hear about a deportation, then we could all leave together. I gave some thought to his words and replied, "so for your welfare, I sacrifice myself to work hard" but I listened to father's advice and remained in Klobuck.

I went back to uncle and told him about father's rationalization. He said I might be better off here, but he had decided to leave and would not change his decision. We said farewell, and he left by himself.

The next morning registration began, but I still had not decided whether to register. My father and I thought that if there was work in town I would be able to get work. If the Nazis were sending the people who registered to Germany, then I still had time to go to Czestochowa. I went to the home of a Polish farmer I knew and hid for the whole day of

registration. It was a long day, but I was hoping that somebody would show up with some news. At dusk my sister came and told me that it is all over, and so far it was not a deportation to Germany, but rather for local employment. I went home with her and the next morning I went to the Jewish Committee to register. I told them that I just arrived in Klobuck, and asked if I could get a job. I was registered at once and received a city job. It was heavy work rebuilding houses that were demolished during the invasion. The worst part was that we were guarded by the German police. In spite of the hardship I was grateful to my father for influencing me to remain in Klobuck.

After a few days, Mervyn (?) arrived. He was the leader of the Jews from Obershlezen (Upper Silesia). He asked all the newcomers who still have families in their former towns to write immediately and advise them to leave at once and come here. He said that said they were in immediate danger and that they probably know what that means.

I told my parents about this and we wrote at once to our sisters in Wroclasock (Wloetawock) and to Szmul in Radziejow. We told them to come here without delay because they were in danger. They replied that this was not true. That everything was quiet and that our brother-in-law who works for the Germans was assured that nothing bad would befall them. He believed them and did not plan to leave.

The job in Klobuck did not last long. On April 8, when we arrived at work we were told that there was not much work left and that we were taken to a large fire station. The Gestapo at once surrounded the building and nobody was able to leave. After a while the German commission arrived and announced that we would be sent to Germany to work. They chose young single men. Some who had protection in the Jewish committee were released. They selected 65 people.

We were kept there for two days without access from the outside. Everything went through the Gestapo. I notified my parents to send me all my clothing. They soon sent me a package with a short note inside, saying "we are not sending you many things, rather some money because we hope that you will be able to return soon".

On April 10, 1942 we were sent in a transport to Germany. More than 15 Nazis guarded us. After day's travel we arrived in Breslau.

At the station someone from the camp awaited us. We were taken seven km. outside the city to the camp where they lined us up. From the first glance around, it was clear that this was a prison with double rows of barbed wire 6 meters high and in every corner a watch tower. The commander of the camp arrived and told us about the conditions in camp that we must adhere to.

1. Whoever has money and does not deposit it awaits a death sentence.
2. It is not permitted to talk to strangers at work.
3. It is not permitted to ask anyone for food.
4. Any one who walks away from the job without the foreman's permission will be shot on the spot.

After these orders we were taken into the camp. We each received a place and the camp utensils. The conditions were terrible; the food rations insufficient, the work very hard, building railroad tracks. And to top this, the overseers were cruel to us. We could write home once in two months. As soon as I got acquainted with all those rules, I told a comrade that I would not remain in this camp for long. I would rather die while doing something than remain here for a slow death.

Because I did not have a difficult time until now, life in the camp made a very bad impression on me. In addition to the way the Germans mistreated us, we also had to put up with Jewish “Kapos” who bullied us. For the least infraction they chased us out at night to take a cold shower or to do exercise. In the letters home we had to write that we have it well here. In the letters from home they wrote that everything was fine, and as for deportation, it is quiet for now.

At one time, I received two letters; one from my brother in Radziejow written April 20, 1942 in which he wrote that “he is doing well and has no intentions of going to camp, because the fear about deportation is under control, and life is more normal. He was sorry that I left him and was having a hard time in camp”. Reading this letter, I was very moved, thinking about the uncalculated steps I have taken. Then I read the letter from my parents. Their first words were “April 22, 1942 Radziejow was evacuated. We have no news about Szmul and as for us; we do not know what to do. That bloody wave is coming toward us”.

At my work, I made the acquaintance of a Pole who was working with us as a bricklayer. I asked him if he would send a letter to my parents from me and he promised he would do so. When I returned to camp in the evening I wrote them they should not worry about me, but to go to Czestochowa, because I intend to leave the camp. I told them conditions here are terrible and I worry that the Germans might hold them responsible for my escape from camp. In the General Government they cannot do anything to you (?).

After a long wait, I received a letter from them dated May 11, 1942 “we luckily arrived in Czestochowa”. After I read the letter I decided to leave the camp that night. I shared that thought with a friend and suggested that we escape together. He replied that this was a difficult undertaking; impossible, and he is not ready to risk his life. He would wait. As for you—listen to my advice and wait until tomorrow. Walk by the camp fence and select a place that will be the easiest and safest for you to cross because such a decision should not be made hastily and needs steady nerves.

The important thing was to have enough food. Assuming I got over the camp’s fence and continue on the way I probably would pass only German settlements and who know how long the trip would take. So in addition I should not have to fight hunger. I listened to sensible advice and started to prepare. I exchanged my best clothing for bread and bacon, and then I selected a place where I would cut the fence. I chose the exact spot.

The next day, I went to work but could not do much; I walked around like without a head. I kept looking around to decide which way to take; which would be the best way. The day seemed like a year, but minute after minute and hour after hour the evening arrived. A returned with a great understanding how to accomplish “that little job” at night. It was close to 10 o’clock at night, after roll call when we went to sleep. Before the roll call, I already had my clothing hidden in the bed and slowly I started to get dressed. I put on whatever I could so not to have to carry packages. By midnight I was all ready to leave. While leaving the barrack I wrapped myself in a blanket pretending to go to the latrine. As I left the barrack I heard that loud voice “stop”. I at once reported: Arriel Lubinsky cell 7 reports to the latrine. That was the order to report at night. He did not suspect anything and continued his walk. I remained a short time in the latrine then returned to the barrack. One hour later I again went down from my bunk and looked around through the window.

I noticed lights from the watch tower and a radio was playing. Again I wrapped myself in the blanket and started my action. I went to the proper spot where the wire was cut but somehow could not find it. I could not waste much time here, so nothing was left but to climb over. Halfway up I realized that this way I may meet an unpleasant incident while jumping off if I make too much noise. So I decided to go back and look again for the place I intended to cross. Somehow I found it. I pulled way the wire and crossed the first fence, the second I stepped over like on a stepladder and landed in a field. I walked some distance and found myself in a labor place some 6 km from camp. I remained there till dawn and then continued. I did not want to go to Breslau for fear that I could be caught there. I just went on in an unknown direction. After walking for about 10 km, I noticed from afar that I was near a labor place.

I thought it was about 15 km. to Breslau; whatever road I chose I would reach a city. I went to the main road which led to Breslau. The road to the city was quite safe. On one of the streets I passed an elderly couple who spoke Polish. I stopped them and said “may Jesus Christ be blessed”, to which they replied “forever and ever, amen”. They asked what a Pole was doing here and without the letter P, and all kinds of other questions. I told them that I was employed in the village by a German family and am on the way to Gross-Sztreilitz to visit my brother and do not know which road to take. They were surprised and told me that I cannot make it in one day; that it is very far, and would it not be better to take the train.

The train was not very expensive. It was not a matter of money. I was afraid that at the railroad station they would demand a travel permit. They told me that in Germany they do not require such a document in order to get a ticket. “We assure you that you will not have any difficulty, and in two hours you will be there” they said. It is a shame that you should have to walk for so long, and who knows if it is safe. I thanked them for their advice and headed in the direction of the station. I went up to the window and without being asked any questions I obtained a ticket. I then went to the platform for the incoming trains. After an hour the train arrived and I was on my way. We arrived at Gross-Sztreilitz and I got off the train and went to the waiting room. My next train would arrive in three hours. While in the waiting room I tried to blend in. After a while some

people sat down at my table and started to speak Polish. Shortly after, they also engaged me in the conversation. They started to ask all kinds of questions; if I by any chance am returning from a camp (because my hair was cut short), where I was from, and similar question. When I told them I was going to Katowitz, they told me that they too were going in that direction and we could travel together. I said that I was pleased because time always passes faster in pleasant company, but being among the “Kraut” and having to look at them is not so pleasant. “If I am not mistaken, I think you feel the same way” I said; to which they agreed.

The train arrived and we all entered the same car to be together. During the conversation one of the men wanted to sell me a watch. I was interested but when he told me the price I thought it was too much and decided not to buy it. We were near Bytone (?) asked me: “are you by any chance a Jew?” “And you are running away from camp?” I told him that he must have a fantastic imagination, and it ended on that.

While we were sitting in the waiting room, a German gendarme passed by. The man with the watch started again; he said:” if I told this gendarme to ask for your papers, you would not be sitting here among us.” Noticing that this was no longer a joke, but quite serious, I got the chills and flashes. I asked him “what is your purpose? On the other hand, if this was so, would you have the conscience to get rid of a human being?” He replied that he did not want to make an issue of this, just to know if I was hiding under a different nationality. I told him he would be better off not knowing; at this time it is better to know less.

After that short encounter, I felt exhausted and scared because I did not trust him with my life. I was just waiting for the chance to distance myself from here and from that train station.

I decided from here on to continue on foot. At a cross road, I saw a sign showing the distance to Lobin was 45 km. I decided to continue in that direction. I walked for some distance until night was approaching. Ahead I saw a wooded area. I hurried in that direction planning to spend the night there, and continue on at daybreak. I was very tired when I reached the woods. I sat down under a tree and fell asleep immediately. But I did not sleep long when a terrible dream awakened me! The police were chasing me and I was running.

At daybreak I started out again. About 3:00 p.m. I arrived at the town of Lobin. I decided to take the train from here. I went to the station and bought a ticket to Starz-Herbow. The train was scheduled to leave a little after 5 p.m. The time passed slowly, but the train finally arrived. Several gendarmes from Klobuck boarded the train. I recognized one of them who escorted me to the camp, but I did not worry that he would recognize me. Next to me were some women in line to board the train. I overheard them talking among themselves that there would be another inspection on the train because the gendarmes were here.

I was curious and asked one of the women whether they inspect the train often and what they were looking for. Last time they checked whether we were transporting merchandise, but if you do not carry any stuff you do not need to worry, she said. I told her that I did not worry, but that I just wanted to know what that conversation was about. I did not wait a moment before I left the station. I passed that ticket-taker and he told me that the train was about to leave and that I would not make it! I told him that I was waiting for a train in the opposite direction, and there was plenty of time.

I went into town and asked which road goes to Hebrów, and started to walk.

Two days passed since I started that journey. I did not have much food, and by this time I was beset by hunger. After I walked for quite a distance I noticed meager, little house along the road. I decided to go into the house and ask for some food although I didn't know what kind of people I might encounter inside; or whether they would help me or harm me. I entered and asked for help. I saw at once that this was a Polish family. They asked how they could help. I told them that I had been on the road for several days and somehow could not get any food. There was an old lady that took pity on me. She blessed me and said that since I came here I would not leave hungry though they only live on the rations from the Germans. I finished eating and was ready to leave, when a young fellow asked where I intended to go on foot. I told him I planned to go to Kłobuck, but now am going to Hebrów. He told me that there was no need for me to walk so far when there was another choice. There was a railroad station nearby, and a train to Hebrów with a transfer to Kłobuck. He assured me that it was safe and I did not need to worry. I listened to him, bought a ticket, and asked when the train from Łobin would arrive, then laid down on a bench to take a nap because there was a long wait.

A painter from Czestochowa sat down next to me to wait for the train. When the train arrived, he tried to awaken me. Half asleep, I started to speak to him in Yiddish. "Is it time to go to work?" I asked. I realized at once the mistake I made. He asked if my mind was confused. I told him that after being in camp for so long anyone would be confused. We sat in the same train and after a while I told him everything: that I was running away from a concentration camp and was trying to get to Czestochowa. I asked him if he was familiar with that area, and if he could help me to get to Czestochowa. Otherwise I would have to go to Kłobuck first and continue from there. He listened to my story with interest and I hoped that he would help me. He said he would gladly help as much as possible, but that I must get off at the Starych-Hebrów station because the train would stop at the border where every must get off and go through customs inspection and must have a special travel permit. "I can only help you in one way, explain to you the road to Kłobuck because I am familiar with this area", he said.

Right near the station was forest which stretched for kilometers. I spent the night there and at daybreak I continued on my way. Around noon I reached Kłobuck after a 20 km. hike.

In Kłobuck I went to see some acquaintances from Rodziejów, the Kommikowskis. I had regards from their son who was with me in camp. They were very impressed with the

way I got here. I told them about the hardships and that my life was sometimes in danger, but I accomplished my plan. They were eager to hear about their son and at one point asked me why I did not convince their son to come with me. I told them that I had asked their son to come with me thinking that it would be easier for two. He considered all the obstacles and possibilities and decided against it. He was different than I; he did things according to regulations, while I did what I thought needed to be done according to circumstances. After five weeks in that camp I decided that this was the only way out of this hell.

I did not try to convince him because our lives were at stake and I did not want to be responsible for somebody else's life. I told them that I made that decision because I did not see any other way out. After they heard my story, they said "it is a shame, but who does not take a risk would suffer". I spent a day with them, mainly in the attic because I did not want anybody to see me, and I intended to proceed to Czestochowa. That night Kommikowski proposed that I stay another day and then we would go together. I agreed.

Another day passed; then a second and a third; and they were still not ready to leave. I told them that I would only wait one more day because sitting in the attic was very boring. The next day, Saturday morning Mrs. Komminkowska came to the attic terrified. She told me to get dressed at once and leave town because the gendarmes were looking for me. At that moment I did not know what to-do or what to put on. I left the house at once and started out in the direction of Czestochowa. After walking two or three miles I noticed two gendarmes on bicycles. I panicked at first, but an old woman was walking near me. I started to walk with her hoping that this would not be so suspicious. They passed us by without any incident.

I walked with the woman until we reached a crossroad. The sign showed: to Kocina 7 km., to Kamyk 4 km. Both places were familiar to me because this was the border and in those villages one could find a guide. I decided to go to the nearer village, Kamyk, because several Jewish families resided there. I went to the first Jewish family in the village, to find out how to cross the border and how to get a guide. They told me that one could cross the border here, but it would be very hard to get a guide. However in Kocina there are too many of them. If I could get there I could easily cross the border. I regretted that I did not go to Kocina in the first place, and now would have to take a risk to return.

In a lengthy conversation, they kept asking where I was from and how I got here. They told me that a few days ago a family from Rodziejow, Kiviat, who were with them for some time left. They asked that when I reach Czestochowa, I give them regards and tell them that I had been at the Erlichs. When I heard this name I asked her if by chance she has sons or relatives. She told me that her two sons are in camps in Germany and who knows if she will ever see them again; and added that I would not know them. I asked for the address of the camp where they were. The address was of the same camp I had recently left, and I happened to know her two sons very well even though there were

1200 people there. One of the sons was sick and the Gestapo took him away. I could not decide whether I should tell her that I was in the same camp, or just keep quiet.

At dinner with them, the woman again mentioned her sons with a sign and wondered how her children were doing in camp. I could not hold back any longer. I said: I will tell you something, but you must promise that you will not mention this until I am in Czestochowa, and I started to tell about my escape. They did not believe me, saying that it was impossible to escape from there. I started to tell them the names of their sons, how they look, and the conditions in camp. They were convinced and asked me to tell them more about their sons and the camp. I told her everything, though in milder colors, but I did not mention that the Gestapo took away one of her sons.

As I was getting ready to leave to go to Kocina, a man came in and asked the woman if she would like to buy some oil. They started to haggle and after a while the man said: "I will not sell here. I will go in the evening to Czestochowa.

I became interested in their conversation. I asked the man to guide me across the border since he was going anyway, and that he would make more money than on the oil. He asked me for 100 marks and we settled on 80 marks. He told me to be ready by 6:00 o'clock in the evening. He came to pick me up and took me to his house where a gang of smugglers was waiting. Each one took oil and ..... They also gave me two bottles of oil to carry. About a km. from the border they had a hiding place where we waited until it got very dark and the weather more favorable. It was raining constantly. When it got really dark we started to cross the border. One of the smugglers went ahead to check out the road to see if it was safe. Then he gave a sign for the others to follow. We crossed the road near some guardhouses and we reached the pastures dragging in mud up to our knees. When we reached the road a light appeared close by. The whole group dispersed, but I kept an eye on my smuggler. The two of us got to some buildings. Carefully he opened the door to the barn and we entered. The dogs sensed our presence and started to bark. The night-watch heard our whispers and thought we were thieves that had come to steal the potatoes. He came in with a metal bar in one hand and a lantern in the other and ordered the dogs to "go and get them". My guide recognized his voice and started to yell "Stefan, are you crazy? Don't you know that this is my regular place, and I come here often?" "Damn it!" answered the watchman. Why didn't you yell who you are? I could have harmed you with this piece of metal. He invited us to his room where we waited for some time. My guide asked me for the money since we were already in the Protectorate and only 5 km. from Czestochowa.

He told me that in the morning someone would come to take me there and if he doesn't show up, he lives in the third house from here. He gave me the man's address and said he had to leave while it was still dark. I paid him and he left.

The next morning, 8:00, 9:00 and 10:00 passed and nobody showed up. I went to the house he indicated and asked Bialkowski. I was told that his partners were there and they did not know where he was or that someone was supposed to take me to Czestochowa.

I had no choice, so I asked the son of that house if he would take me to Czestochowa. He said that for money he would do anything. I offered him 20 zt, and we both rode to the city on one bicycle. On the way, he told me that if the police were to catch us we would both be shot on the spot. Jews were not allowed to leave the area without permission, and the punishment was death. He would be shot for helping Jews. After hearing this I was very frightened; my teeth chattered until I reached my destination. I entered the Jewish section by myself.

I was worried because I did not have the Jewish armband on my arm. A young boy from Radziejow went by. I did not recognize him, but he yelled "Arylek, what are you doing here? You were sent to Germany! We went into the first gateway and he gave me his armband. A also asked him to lead me to my house. At home I found my father and my brother Zalman. They were amazed to see me. They had received my letter only a few days earlier. The joy was indescribable. After a while I asked about mother and sister Jetka. They told me that they had just gone out and would be back shortly. I was very tired and went to sleep. When I woke up, mother and Jetka were still not back. I started to suspect that something was not right. I turned to my brother and demanded the truth. He started to tell me all kinds of stories, but finally told me to be calm and that in a few days they would be released from jail.

He told me that when they arrived in Czestochowa two German policemen caught them outside the city. He and father managed to get away because there was quite a distance between them and mother and sister. I interrupted him, saying that Jews caught outside the Jewish section run the risk of the death penalty. He said that while this is true, they already have arranged the release with the gendarmes, and they will be out in a few days. When I heard this I relaxed, but I could not wait to see them. It was almost evening and I went to visit my uncle with my nephew Beruiek. After crossing several streets a man approached us and demanded to see my employment card. I asked who he was and he lifted the lapel of his coat and showed me that he was a Jewish policeman.

I told him that I had just arrived in Czestochowa, and that he probably knew what is going on in the Reich with the Jews, so during the evacuation I escaped. He told me to follow him to the Jewish Police Station. When I heard the "Jewish" station I was not worried. I sent my nephew home. There were many people at the station when we arrived. I heard that they were catching people to work. While I was there, they brought in some more people; among them was Abram Radziejewski from Rodziejow. He had resisted arrest and was brought in by force. One of the policemen took a rubber stick and was hitting him. Radziejewski removed his coat and started hitting back until two policemen separated them. Radziejewski yelled "why are you hitting me?" I only came to Czestochowa to escape from death. You know what is going on in the Reich and here is another one that only today arrived. The commandant told him to calm down and motioned us to step forward. I told him that I just arrived and on top of that my mother and sister were in jail. He asked why and when I told him he shook his head. He told us that the two of us would be released but Radziejewski would have to pay a fine for

striking a policeman. I thanked him, and soon we were released. The others were sent to a camp 50 km from Czestochowa.

In the meantime at home they thought that I had been sent away again. They told me that I did not understand what was going on; that they catch people and send them away. One has to be careful. From then on I was very careful. The worst was that mother and sister were still in jail. After two weeks the gendarmes told us that this case was out of their hands, and it was going to go to the courts. The weeks passed. We knew that if we were to proceed without a defense, there would be a death sentence. After six six weeks we found out that there was somebody in town who had access to the prosecutor and he could help us. He promised to do whatever was in his power and told us to come on Wednesday for an answer. When we arrived he told us that the case was progressing well, but first we must buy one kilo of coffee from before the war and then we would see how it goes. We went to one who used to deal in such products before the war. We spent 1,200 zloty for a kilo of coffee. We delivered it at once and again he told us to come Saturday for an answer. When we arrived again he told us that everything is being done but 10,000 zloty is needed. They may get a verdict for three months in jail. It was hard for us to raise that sum of money, but what could we do. We started to sell the most valuable things until we got that sum. We took it to him and he told us that he would let us know when the trial would take place. In the meantime they were sitting in prison and expecting to be executed. After two months they were tried and the verdict was three months in prison, and after four weeks they would be released. They regained their freedom on August 8 1942. They did not know that I was in Czestochowa. So their happiness was twofold.

After their release we had a hard time because we had spent all that money. And everything was very expensive; bread was thirty zloty, a kilo of potatoes three and a half zloty. We had an idea to make flour. We bought a small mill and were making about 40-50 kg flour daily. It was hard work, but it was profitable. By then we were doing well but the deportations were reaching the Protectorate. They already deported Warsaw and many other cities and the same was awaiting Czestochowa. From here there was no way to escape. Here was the end of the world. Once while visiting the Frankenbergs I asked him if there was any other way to save oneself. He replied that there was one way; to return to Lojew to the camp. I asked him how one could get there without a permit. He told me he could obtain a permit. He would write to his children, and they could get one for me. After he told me that, I did not leave him alone. I kept after him to write to his children. He replied "there is not fire (emergency), we have time". I just reminded him not forget about me. In the city there was a terrible ferment. Everybody was saying that it would reach us soon. Again I went to him, and told him that he himself can see what is happening and by the time he writes to the children it might be too late. He told me that I already had a permit. When I heard this, I wasn't happy that he kept this secret from me. I asked him: What about me? Have you forgotten me? He told me that the permit is for four people and no names are listed, so you could come instead of my wife because she is in prison for crossing the border in Loben (sp?). He said: I decided to leave tomorrow and you to be ready. I went home and told my parents what I intend to do, they told me, save yourself if you can, because a cloud is coming this direction. I got ready for the trip,

I took what was most important and before leaving I went to Frankenberg to find out if he was ready. When I got there, he said: You know I decided not to leave today because in two days it would be the Day of Atonement, the most important holiday, so at least we would spend the day in the Synagogue instead of on the road. I agreed that he was right. I prayed and fasted all day.

In the afternoon news spread through the entire Jewish neighborhood that the "Deportation Troop" was in the city and the deportation would take place during the night. When I heard this, I rushed to Frankenberg. He was no longer at home. I asked the neighbors if they knew what happened. They thought that he had to go with his daughters to Kisbucko. When I heard this I was upset. I thought that whatever will happen to my parents will also happen to me. When I got home, father told me it was too bad, I should have left before. Now Lojew is a rescue place, but before it is over they will face the same fate. Now at least we will all be together.

We returned from the synagogue, ate our evening meal and there was panic in the street. People with their children were escaping not knowing where they were going. The area was already surrounded. We went to sleep with our clothing on. On September 22, 1942 at about 3 am the Jewish police knocked on the windows; get ready, a deportation is in process. We were all in great despair getting ready for death. We remained in the house till morning. We heard that five streets were already deported. Later the Gestapo and the gendarmes were chasing everybody back to their houses. The Jewish police were warning everyone not to leave the houses because anyone seen on the street would be shot at once.

About noon the Gestapo was on our street and ordered everyone to leave the houses and appear on "Wilson" place. We all marched to the place but on the way we had to step over corpses; there were very many on the street. Thousands of people were gathered. We entered through one gate and exited through the other lined up by fives. Ten thousand people exited; they told the rest to wait. Among the waiting was our entire family. In our presence they loaded all on wagons whoever had a package, had it taken away. Watching all this, we realized what was awaiting us. After everything was taken care of, one of the Gestapo told the Jewish chairman that the rest of the Jews could go home escorted by the Jewish police this was the end of the deportation, but the police warned us that this was only a matter of a day or two.

After we go home we could not leave the place. The Gestapo was patrolling the streets. People were sitting home and dying from hunger. In our family it was not so bad because we still had some wheat which we ground and made flat cakes. By then I was sorry that I had escaped from camp, but at least I was with my own, and not better was awaiting me in camp but death. We remained in the house from September 22 to September 26, 1942.

At 5:30 in the morning the police knocked at the window telling us that everyone should gather at the Wilson place and to take all our valuables with us. When we were ready to leave, mother said to me and to my brother: Children, save yourselves. You are still young. I said to my brother: Zalman, we must save ourselves so at least someone from

the family would survive. "Let's go to the next house. I know of a hiding place on the third floor." He said that we should rather go to the gathering place and that they would probably just select the young for work. He hardly finished the sentences when the Gestapo started yelling for everybody to come out. I said good bye to the family and went to the next house. About 10 o'clock I heard footsteps and knocking down door. Three Gestapos were already on the third floor. They had knocked down the doors to the apartments and were looking everywhere. I watched all this through a small crack. They were only about a half meter away from me. After a while I heard continuous shots nearby. I went to the window in one of the apartments and saw a wagon in front of the old peoples' home. Jews were carrying out the corpses. I realized that this was the result of the shooting I heard.

After a long while I thought it was already night and I opened an entrance to the roof but it was only noon. I could see the outline of the Jewish section; every few meters stood a German watchman, then a Ukrainian, and then a Polish policeman all the way around.

I tried to figure out which way I could leave. I went back to my hiding place and thought that maybe I had made a mistake separating from my parents. I would probably perish anyway. I remembered that my uncle lived on the third street from here and maybe he had not been deported yet. So I decided to take a chance and visit him and remain with him instead of leaving the area. Soon I decided to leave the hiding place. I went to the windows to see what was going on in the street. When I went down, there were cows, goats, dogs and birds all over the street looking for food. They scared me. I crossed the backyard and was on the next street, then crossed one more backyard to my uncle's street. When I reached the fence I heard voices. That was the baker's backyard. I came to a shop and tried to listen to the conversation inside. I heard them speak Jewish. I climbed the fence and saw a bench with breads. I thought that there must be Germans watching. I climbed back down from the fence and through a crack I saw one of the workers in the yard. I climbed up again and asked him if there were any Germans around. He grabbed his head and said "man alive! How did you get here?"

He told me that there were no Germans around here, only on the streets. I went into the bakery and everybody asked where I came from and where I was going. I told them where I intend to go, and was told that the Old Market was deported. There was no one in that area. Only the bakers were left to bake bread for the workers. I asked them for advice on what to do. They told me that I have a good hiding place I should hide for a few days and maybe by then the deportation would be over. I asked how I could survive without food. He gave me bread and told me that I should try to get some water and I would survive. He gave me 3 kilos of bread and I went back to my hiding place. I was worried that the deportation would last for weeks like in Warsaw; and even after it ended it would not be easy to get out. I decided that after dark I would take a chance maybe risking my life to get out of this section. I opened the door to the roof and tried to figure out where it would be easiest to cross. Suddenly I heard a wagon pull up to the house. I heard Jewish voices but then I heard Germans order them to select the best bed linens. During the selection one of the workers saw a girl in bed, and he reported this to the Gestapo. The Gestapo ordered him to bring her over, and then I heard a shot. He told the

Jew to take her out to the street and the wagon would come and take her away. The girl had a lung ailment and her parents could not take her along. I knew the girl very well.

It was getting dark. I left my hiding place and went down to the apartment, washed up, and before departure said a prayer. Before leaving the gate I looked around until I got to the next gate. As I left the next gate, I heard a commotion at the end of the street and the noise of a wagon. I hid in the backyard until this quieted down. I saw one Gestapo pass by followed by a wagon of corpses then by another Gestapo. After a while I proceeded into a real fire closer to the border. I saw the glow of a lit cigarette and at once I dropped to the ground where I was standing among shot dogs, cows and other animals. The glow of the cigarette must have been from one of the watchmen. Later I heard them whistling. I wondered what I was doing here. I decided I could not remain there and they were not going to leave. I had to take a risk.

I entrusted my fate into God's hand in the hope that he would lead me out of this danger. I got up but there was no exit from this garden so I went to the next garden. There was a fence with some rails missing. Second garden was close to the border, but when I got there I saw a silhouette of a person. I dropped at once to the ground and watched that form, but it did not move. I realized that it must be a post from the fence. Someone passed by on a bicycle. He checked the watchman; each one had to say his name. After he passed by, I immediately started to creep closer to the border and went to the fence where there were missing rails. I looked through the opening and there were two watchmen, one on each side and I was in the middle. One of the watchmen went over to the other for a conversation. He passed in front of me, maybe a meter from where I was. My heart beat like a hammer. As they were talking they moved away a bit. The night was dark and about three meters from me were the pipes dividing the Jewish section from the Polish. If I could only get into those pipes there was a glimmer of hope. I soon crossed the fence and crawled into one of those pipes and waited to see if the watchman was coming back.

I left and crawled to a potato field and at the end of that field was the river Warta. On the other side was the brick wall of a factory. I had no way out. The fence ran all the way to the river and the river was overgrown with tall weeds. I could not go to the right, or I would return to the Jewish section. I tried to climb the fence but I had not footing and could not make it. I took off my shoes and started to walk along the river. But after my first step I got into mud up to my knees and could not move. I tried to figure out how to get out of there; how to climb over that fence. I noticed near the river there were some young trees. I broke up three of them, leaned them against the fence and climbed over.

I was now at the Polish side. But I had to get out of the city and get to the border. I had to pass near the Jewish Ghetto in order to get to the border. Near the watchmen I noticed that one of them, an Ukrainian, was talking to a Polish girl. When he noticed me he hastily left her thinking that I was an inspector. Passing them by I was whistling happily. And I crossed the border without any incident.

I went to the village Kiedrzyn, where I arrived from Klobuck, but I could not find the same people. When I arrived at the village was already midnight, but I noticed a light in one of the houses. I stopped there and asked for some water. First they asked who I was. I told them that I was a Jew, so they asked if I escaped deportation. They also told me to be careful in this village they shot yesterday two Jews. After they gave me water I asked them if they knew who would take me across the border. The woman said that she takes people across the border when I asked if she would take me, she asked how much I would pay her. I told her I will give her all the money I have 500 zloty. She told me she does not want money but gold. I did not have any gold, I begged her to take me across for the money I have, and promised her two sets of almost new underwear. I had on three sets. She said if you do not have any gold so give me the coat you are wearing. I told her that is the only thing I have, and if I be able to cross the border I will go to camp, and the winter is approaching. While we were talking a little boy came in and said: mother, a German is outside watching this Jew, I replied is the German embarrassed to come in? I realized that this was prearranged and those people have no conscience, so I took off my coat gave it to her. She said she will not go with me all the way to Klobuck, but only 2 km after crossing the border. She took a basket and we went to the border. After about a half km from the village she stopped and told me she will not go any further, and confess that she really did not know the border, only that there is a passage here. I asked why she took my coat and mislead me? I told her that I can not cross on my own, and I may even lose my life. I was furious, not so much with the fear that I will be caught, or even that she took my coat, but with her deception. After she went a few steps, I called to wait; I want to ask you something! She stopped. When I reached her I slapped her face so hard that she fell down. I continued to kick her until she was moaning. Then I ran away as fast as I could toward the border. I walked several km and there was no border, I kept walking through fields. At day-break I was exhausted so I rested in a nearby forest. I stopped at a nearby house to inquire where I was. I told them that I am going from Crestochowa to Klobuck. They told me it is far away, and there is 5 km to the border, but I can not cross it in daylight, so I must find a place to wait. I said what good is waiting to nightfall since I do not know where to cross the border. I also told them my encounter with the woman. He said if I want to his son will take me over the border to make up for that woman's deed. He also told me to spend the day in the barn. Later he brought me in some food. Before evening the son came in and asked how much I will give him to take me across the border. I told him I have 400 zloty but I would like to keep 100 zloty. He agreed and told me that we go when it gets real dark. In the meantime he notice my good suit, and joking remarked that he could use one, that his own is all worn out. After a while he returned and told me: I will not take you over the border because it is very risky and I do not need the money. So when it gets dark you must leave here. I understood that he wanted the suit, so I told him: look I only have this suit and a spare pair of pants. Does your conscience not bother you to take this from me? He told me that he will give me his jacket for my suit, so think about it. In the meantime the father came in and I told him the whole story, that his son does not want the money but only the suit I have. The father was compassionate and ordered the son to take the money and to leave that poor soul alone. The son listened to his father and agreed to take the money. We crossed the border and were going in the direction of Komyk. About 3 km before though he asked me if I would let him return, and pointed out the way to Komyk. I paid him the money.

We said good byes, and he said: If you survive the war let us some time know about yourself. I crossed the meadow and took the road to the right after walking 3 km there was a no sign Komyk. I walked some miles and exhausted lay down for a rest. After waling some more kms I realized that I had taken the road in the wrong direction. I left the forest at daybreak and from afar I noticed a housed, I rushed in that direction to find out in which direction is Kamyk. A man came forward, asked me why I want to go to Kamyk, and who I am. I told him the whole truth. He also told me that there are more Jews in Kamyk. And when I mentioned that I want to go from there to Klobuck he said “Why to Kamyk, from here there ware only 2 km to Klobuck. I was glad to hear this. He told me about the side roads leading to the camp in Klobuck. I thanked him and went on my way. Shortly after I arrived at the cam, I met a few from Rodziejow and among them a friend from school. Everyone was anxious to hear the news about Czestochswa. I did not tell them the whole story. I was exhausted and could hardly keep my eyes open. I asked them if Frankenberg was in camp, they informed me that he had just left this morning with his two daughters to Lojew. I was sorry that I missed them, I could have gone with them. Later Lutek Zajf came and asked me if I want to remain in this camp or continue further. He told me that right now he had the possibility to register me. He was the leader of this camp. I did not know what to do. I told him that I will let him know later after I think it over and talk to my friend. He said not to take too long. I had mixed feelings. I got that far, should I risk? Again 230 km to get to Lojew. But if I stay in this camp I will have a hard time. I had no money, and everything was very expensive, to survive just on the rations was very hard, and I had no winter clothing. But if I be lucky to get to Lojew, I won’t have it so bad, I have there my cousins, and they are doing well. And being with relatives it won’t be so bad. My friend also encouraged me to go; he said he would come with me if he did not so many things. I went to see Zajf and told I decided to go to Lojew, if I could only get a train ticket. He said he could get a ticket for me, he knew a Pole. But he told me to wait a few days because Frankenberg promised to write to him if they will make it. I agreed and waited for that letter, which arrived after 4 days, saying that they arrived without any difficulty. Right after this he bought a ticket for me and I was on my way. I got up early in the morning and boarded the train to Lojew. At Karsznic I got off the train and started for the waiting room, a policemen stopped me, took me back to my train and said: don’t you know when you are leaving the train you must close the door behind you. I told him that I thought that somebody is behind me. I went and closed the door. He warned me that if this happens again I will have to pay a fine. I thanked him for just the warning and proceeded to the waiting room. When he took me out from the crowd I was scared that he may ask me for personal documents.

While waiting for the next train I noticed a group of gendarmes also waiting for the same train. I watched into which car they entered and I took the next one. After a few stations the conductor sat down next to me and looking straight into my eyes asked, where to are you actually going, to Karsznic or Karczyn, and why? I told him that my entire family was there, and he said that he will let me know when we get there. I was worried the entire way that he may give me over to the police. When we arrived in Karczyn he came over and told me that this is my destination. I thanked him. He looked around and when there was no one in sight he extended his hand and wished me all the best. To this day I

do not know what this meant. Leaving the train Felek Brozik was calling, Lubinski, where are you coming from? I pretended that he is not speaking to me, because there were two gendarmes standing nearby. I gave my ticket and left in the direction of Lojew. When I reached Szarlej I noticed from a distance people working. Only when I came closer did I realize that those are Jews from Lojew, from Rodsicjowa. When they saw me they were wondering how I got there. Among them was my cousin Hania Kummer, she asked me about her parents, if they are safe. I told her, before the deportation a few families that were employed by the Gestapo were hidden at the Polish district, but that was only temporary, later the same Gestapo put them for deportation. After I told her all this my cousin asked the "Shachmeister" Patyk from Papros to let her go to the camp. When we arrived at camp there was only the old Frankenberg. When he saw me he was amazed how I managed. He asked me how I did it, but I was very mad at him, because he escaped and left me. He explained that he heard that the area would soon be surrounded, so he grabbed the children and left. I told him that he would have been better off if he had listened to me, we could have taken many things with us. Soon after, the people started to return from work. Among them was my cousin Icek. He started to cry when he saw me, he didn't even know why, either from happiness or terror. Later I had to tell him the whole story from beginning to end. And when I told him that his parents were safe, he did not believe me, he thought I am telling him this just to make him feel better. I had to swear to him. I asked if I have any valuables. I reminded him that our entire gold was stolen. It was under the closet that we sold and had forgotten to take it out. There was mother's chain about 11/2 m long, a heart charm, a watch earring and 4 rings. But that was stolen and will have now a hard time, but I will manage. He told me that they have it well there, I do not need to worry, after all I am their relative. Soon the camp leader sent for me, he asked if I intend to stay here or continue on my journey. I told him that there is no place to go. So he proceeded to register me, and when I told him my name, he asked: Are you the brother of the one that wanted to take the Kumers out of this camp to Czestochowa? He said: I gave him a lesson that he will remember to his death. I replied: yes, that I am his brother, and he certainly will remember this till his death, because shortly after he was sent for deportation. After registration he told me to be ready for work in the morning. I asked if I could stay an extra day in camp because I am exhausted. He told me that here are no days for rest, there is work every day, and if I do not like it I can leave. I went to work the next morning, we had a good boss, Patyk from Papros, and so passed the days. Until I came life was good in camp, there was a German manager, but when I came Urbanski from Kruszwica took over. He gave us lots of trouble. He hated Jews. The company's order was to have Sundays free, but he always managed to have some work done! And if he noticed any one in the village he told us that he will ask the authority to put a fence around the camp. In camp was one Jewish woman who was his lover, as soon as she heard of anything that took place in camp, he knew about it. Luckily, we did not need to depend on the food from the camp, we had our own. Sometimes he ordered just boiled water and a few potatoes claiming we did not work hard enough. After I was in camp 5 weeks a sewing shop was established. I enlisted, since I had some experience. I had it well there, enough food, and not much work. On Feb. 17, 1943 a car pulled up to the shop and two Gestapos came in with a list. We were all scared to death. They were looking for two families, Spiewak and Zomer. These were 9 people. They arrived from Bendzin on Jan. 15, 1943, they escaped from a

deportation there. Somehow the Gestapo found out about it. They ordered them to leave the camp and to get into the car. In the car were already a few sick people from camp. Among the two families was a 6 year old boy, knowing what is awaiting them he found a hiding place. The Gestapo insisted that one person is missing, and if they do not show up they will select at random 10 people and shoot them. Everyone went to look for the boy. A girl found him under a staircase. When found, he was yelling: I want to live, I want to live! The Gestapo threw him into the car. After that incident there was great fear in camp. We worried that the same thing could happen to us. Everybody was thinking of a way to get out from this camp, gain Polish papers and go to Germany. But it was very hard to find such a way out. One day we came to work and M. Grojnowski did not show up. We realized that he obtained Polish papers and went to Germany. After the third day he was missing, the director of the camp called all to a roll-call, he spoke to the remaining Grojnoswski family to tell where their brother is, or they all will be hanged. A. Grojnowski replied: director can do whatever he wishes but I did not know anything. He told them to remain in place, and that he is going to call the Gestapo. After some time his lover came over and told everyone to leave, that nothing will happen to them, that this was only a scare. On Apr. 13, 1943 with God's help he received an order to leave Lojewo and go to Ostowa. Patyk took over his position. Life was now like in paradise, we did not feel that we are in camp. After a short time the former director was on leave, he did not go to visit his wife, but came to our camp to visit his lover. On Apr. 27, 1943, as I was still in bed my cousin Icek came over, he told me to get dressed in a hurry because he has something important to tell me. We went out on the road and he told me that he and Hancia will be leaving tomorrow to Germany on Polish documents. He added: do not think that we have forgotten about you, your documents are being processed but it takes time. Anyway, we could not leave all together. When I heard this I started to cry, and kissing him, that there is still a glimmer of hope to survive this war. He told me that he is leaving me 2000.-mark, two rings and a golden chain. He also told me, if somebody will bring you a letter for me that we made it, and if her demands money, give it to him. Next day I helped them with their packages to the railroad station, and they left. After the holidays Patyk returned to camp and was told by some that the Kumerows escaped during the holidays, to which he replied: Why does that concern me, I will report this to the company and let them deal with it. The next day my boss sent me to the director to get some buttons. He said to me: do you know Lubinski that Iced and Hancia are no longer alive? They were hanged, that was my doing. I asked him about his conscience assisting the Germans to murder the Jews. He did not reply, but smiled. On the third day, two gendarmes arrived at the director of the camp and asked if they had left behind some family members. The director told them that one cousin remained, and they called me. They asked me if I am the Kummerows' cousin? I told the truth. Then they asked: why I have not reported to the director that they intended to escape. I replied that though we were cousins we lived like strangers, so how would I have known their plan to escape? They asked me for their names, how they looked like, and what they wore. Then one asked what kind of what type of girl she was, after all, I know them all. Patyk told him that this is the one who cooked meals for the workers in Szarlein. In disbelief he said, that is Hania! He turned to the other gendarme and said; do you know what a pretty girl she is? No one will catch her, and no one will assume that she is Jewish. We must do our job and write up this report. Before leaving they asked me

where to they could have escaped? I told them that they have parents in Czestochowa and they wanted to be together with their parents. Patyk added: that is true, they wanted to be with her parents, even last year they were trying to escape, but were unsuccessful. The gendarmes wrote it all down, and asked if it was reported to the Gestapo that they wanted to escape. Patyk told them that Urbanski reported it. They later went to the camp and asked if anyone knew that the Kumerows were planning to escape. Nobody answered. They warned if in the future anyone will escape they will take three people for each one and shoot them. Two weeks passed and I had no news from them.. About that time came an order that eight men are needed for work some place else. I was sure that they would not send me since I was employed in the shop. I was not present when they read the names, but when I returned to camp I was told Lubinski, get ready you are on the list. I was unhappy when I heard this, because I was expecting news from my cousins. I went to see Patyk and told him that I was expecting a letter from the Kumerows where to send their things, and now he is sending me away and all will be lost. He did not reply but showed me a letter. I recognized my cousins Icek's handwriting. He wrote: We arrived at the place, we work, and we are doing well. As to the things, you can give them to Mr. Patyk and he will send them to us. After I finished reading the letter I realized that Patyk had helped them. I became more bold and asked him, since you know everything why are you sending me away? He told me that it only for two weeks. I packed all my cousins' belongings and gave them to Patyk. Then I started to get ready for the next day's departure. The next day we went to Mogilno to build dams. We did not work much and there was enough food. After the third day I became sick. I could not get up from bed. There was no doctor for Jews. One of the supervisors would not let me stay in bed. He said: to work, if not I will call the Gestapo and they will cure you. I promised him that I will go to work the next day, in the meantime, I could not move. I begged him to let me stay in bed until I felt better. At last I told him that I would give him some tobacco if he would leave me alone until I felt better. He asked what kind of tobacco? I told him real German. I even suggested that he should go to my suitcase and take it himself. After he took it he told me that I can stay in bed until I am well. I stayed in bed for seven days, then we returned to our camp. Patyk was waiting for us at the station. The first thing I asked him if there was a letter for me. He said, there was, but I have to wait until we get back to camp. The letter I received did not mention anything about a passport for me, I lost hope that [I] will get any help from them After a few days I went to Patyk and asked him: are you by any chance the one that provided passports for them, since they keep writing to you. He told me that he had nothing to do with the documents, and they reason they write to him is because they always trusted him. And beside – they write also to Prusinowski and to Radziejow. Believe me, If I knew anything you would not have to beg. So I left with nothing. But I kept thinking who could have made those documents for them? I remembered that my cousin visited the Prusinowskis while in Radziejow, maybe they would know. I went to Patyk to ask him for permission to go to Radziejow. I told him that I have some things left there and would like to get them. He promised to let me go on the second Sunday. On the promised Sunday I went to him sure that I will get the permit but he told me, Lubinski, not this Sunday. We need to pick up some tools next week in Radziejow, so you will have a chance to get your things. Again I went to him on the appointed day and again he postponed it for another week. I promised him a nice gift if he could give me a permit for this Sunday. Again he

promised me that the next Sunday for sure, and I will be able to stay two days. At last I got to Radziejow, and went to the Prusinskis. I was convinced that they were the ones that made the passport for my cousins. I asked if they know that the Kumerows are in Germany and they told me that they are receiving letters from them. I asked if they were involved, they denied it. They told me when Icek was there he told them that he will soon leave for Germany and they helped him dig out some valuable things. They advised me I should write to my cousin and ask him that he should write to the Prusinski who helped them, and they will let me know. So I at once wrote to my cousin. I returned to Lojew completely resigned.

Several months passed, I was getting mail from them, but there was no mention about me. One day while speaking to a girl she said: aren't you planning to follow your cousins? I told her, I certainly would like to get out but I do not know who is making those papers. I do have enough money to pay. I could help you, she said. I already have a passport, come I show you. She did have the same passport as my cousins. When I asked her who is making those papers she would not tell me, she said, it was a secret. She told me, if you want you could give me the money, the paper will be ready in a week, then I will tell you who is making them. I asked how much? She said: 2000 mark, nothing less. I gave her 1000 mark as a deposit, and the rest when the papers will be ready. After ten days she asked for the rest of the money and promised that I will get the papers the next day. I was delighted. The next day August 6, 1943 she brought the papers and a transfer to Arbaitamt in Oldenberg., but she remarked I should not leave without her. I promised, and we agreed to leave the next Sunday, August 15, 1943. A few days before leaving I had to be in Krusznice, I went to Patyk for a permit and showed him the papers I had. I trusted him. He smiled and said that he was glad that I have a chance to get away. But you can not run away from here, too many already did and there is suspicion. I was the 5<sup>th</sup>.

I asked where can I run away from? He told me that he will send me to another camp and I can run away from there. I agreed that it would be easier to run away from a new camp where no one suspects anything. He gave me the permit. The nurse went with me, the one that was the lover of the former director. When I was finished in Krusznica she insisted that we should go visit Urlanski, so he will tell us how the war was progressing. I told her that I have something else to do because I did not feel like seeing him. But she insisted, and we went. He was happy to see us, not as much to see me, but to see her. After sometime he said to me: Lubinski, tell me who is making papers to Germany. You are planning to leave. I would like to rescue one person, I will pay as much as it cost. Jokingly I asked: Sir, you want to save a Jew? But when Graznowski left you wanted to hang the entire family. I told him if I knew who makes the papers  
(138) I would no longer be in Lojew. After a while he said: You know you will not be in camp much longer, they are going to deport you. I heard this from an important person, but I do not know where to. On the way back to Lojew I mentioned to the nurse, that it would be better if we do not say in camp anything we just heard, because it will create a panic, she agreed. When I got back to camp I told Isca

Abramowicz (the one that made for me my passport) what we heard. She said that he probably just scared us, that they will not deport us so soon. On Friday she told me that she will not be able to leave on Sunday because she has to make papers for someone. I told her, the way I see it, that she must be an agent from some firm, and that does not do anything good for us. Then I told her if she is not going on Sunday I will go by myself, because I am ready. On Sunday, August 8, 1943 I left Lojew, she went with me part of the way. I said: tell me, who is making those papers? She told me, Patyk and Cizewski from Old Radziejow. They are the ones that are saving us. We parted and I went to the station in Karczyn. I went to buy a ticket to Oldenburg (about 774km). I was asked for a permit, I showed the transfer from Arbbeitsamt. He asked why I did not go direct from Wloclawka, and how did I get here? He was a Pole. I told him that I stopped at relatives in Gora to say good-bye. Then he asked: where do you have a permit to Oldenburg? I said that I was told in Arbbeitsamt that this is sufficient. He went to ask the German manager, who said, it is sufficient. I was relieved to hear this, and I got a ticket. I went to Inowroclaw and from there to Poznan. Then I went to Berlin after waiting all night for a train.

I got off the train and did not know which platform to take. I asked a woman on which platform runs the train to Oldenburg, she told me that I must travel to the "Lithuanian Station" and from there is a street car. When I arrived I noted a machine where you put in 10 pf. and it prints your name, and any name you want. I decided to get a card like this. While printing my name a policeman walked up and asked for my papers. I showed them to him, and when he gave them back, I asked which platform to take. He told me that it is on one floor below, on the second platform. I thanked him and went down. The next train to Oldenburg was at 6 in the evening. I put my suitcase in storage and went out to see how Berlin looks like. I returned to the station and ordered dinner which was only 60PF, and no card was needed. At 6 o'clock we left Berlin in the direction of Oldenburg. At about 11 o'clock as we were nearing Bremen a soldier sat down next to me. He started a conversation which led up to talk about Jews. He told me that he was in Lodz at the start of the war and they got permission to kill Jews for no reason at all. "I tell you, what I did with those Jews, I treated them like rats." I replied, you did a good job, no need to have pity on them. If I had the right I would do even worse. I was shaking when I uttered those words, because I had the Germans on my mind, and to do this to them. He departed at Bremen, and I continued to Oldenburg where I arrived at 1 o'clock. I spend the rest of the night at the station. At 8 in the morning I went to the Arbbeitsamt. I had to wait a while, until the director arrived. He asked from where I came, I pretended that I did not understand German, and said: Pole. He called on the workers who knew Polish, and he asked me for my documents. Then he asked if I could work with horses, if I know how to milk a cow and to work in the field. I answered "yes" to every question. He also asked me if I have some relatives in the area. I told him that I have a cousin Hania, and gave him her address. I asked if I could work with her. He made fun of me that of course I would like to work with a female, but this was not allowed. After he had all the information, he told me to get my suitcase and we went for a ride. We traveled almost all day. He went to every homestead to find out how the workers were performing. At one of the places he told me to remain in the car, that he will be soon back. He returned with my cousin Hania, and asked her if she recognizes

me. She was somewhat confused but said that she recognizes me. He gave us some time alone. When I met Hania I realized at once that she must have a hard time. She agreed. She asked about the family, I told her that so far they are well. He told me to return to the car, and added: You will have plenty of time to spend together, your job will be close by. We said good-bye and I returned to the car. Only 1 km away was my place of work. He told the owner if Jozef wants to visit his cousin, do let him go. The owner took me to a small room and told me that I will have to share it with another person. I soon met the young boy and after asking him many questions he told me, you probably had it better in Poland, and even in camp is better than here. I was concerned, but I thought it still is better than in a Jewish camp. I soon found out about the owner. I arrived about 5 p.m. and I had still to go to the field to work. There was enough food, but the work was from dawn to dusk. The owner even hit the workers. On the third day he sent me to a neighbor to thresh grain. I met there a French prisoner and we spoke German. His accent was Jewish, he was dark, and looked just like my brother Zalme. I started asking where he is from, what his profession is. He told me that he is from Paris and a bookkeeper. When the machine broke down I took him aside, there was no one around, and after awhile I asked him if he is a Jew. He got red in the face and told me that I am mistaken. I'll tell you one thing, he said, I had many Jewish friends and we got along very well. I did not believe him. A few days later I heard him whistle a Jewish tune, then I was convinced that he is a Jew. I said to him a Hebrew word "Amchi" and he replied "Chaver Bnai Israel." After those words we confessed to each other. He told me all about himself, and I told him how I got here. We got along very well and visited each other whenever we had free time, he had more time than I. On Sunday I went to visit my cousin. I told her all about Lojew.

She asked who made my passport. I told her, not the one that made yours, if I had waited for your rescue I would have sooner been in Helmke. She was surprised and told me that Patyk promised them that as soon after they leave he will take care of you. We even gave him a 3000 mark deposit. I told her that he did not do it, only Iszka Abramowicz did it. She said, there is no difference it all comes from the same source. She told me that she is having a hard time, I told her that I am having a worst time but we could survive the war. I told her I have met a French prisoner, a Jew, and we both disclosed our identities. She told me to watch out and be careful when we speak. She told me that there is a Pole from Lodz working with her and suspects that she is Jewish, so do not come to visit often. I told her that I will write her a letter when to meet, and we could meet in the grove. She agreed, and we met often that way. After two weeks I received a letter from her that August 28, 1943 the entire family went to "Ani" (That means that from Lojew they were sent away and there is no news about them) I also received news from the Prusinowskis from Radziejow. I felt lucky that I managed to get out shortly before the deportation. I worked 21/2 months at the farm and it was getting hard to survive. Once the owner sent me to get peat, I bought two loads. It was getting dark by the time I got back he told me to unload, and he sent the other worker to milk the cows. I worked till late at night. The next day I was digging beets till late in the evening, then he told me to harness the horses and bring back the wagon from the field. With tears in my eyes I asked him: Sir, why do we have to work here till late at night when at the neighboring farms they work only till it gets dark? He replied: there is a war now, and

you must do what I tell you! So I harnessed the horses and went back to the field. The next morning I got up at 5 o'clock to milk the cows. I tried to figure out away to get out from here. I was thinking, I am a tailor, maybe I should go to the next town which was 5 km away, stop in at a tailor shop, and maybe they would hire me. I went back to the farm and asked my boss if I could get a day off that I needed to go to the dentist to have a tooth extracted because I am in such pain. I didn't not sleep for several nights. He replied: You see, you are complaining there is so much work, and now you want to take off to go to the dentist. He said he will let me go but first I have to clear the road. Together with a co-worker we did the job in a hurry. I changed my clothes and went to the boss for my papers, which he kept. He gave me the papers and started to give me directions how to get there. I listened, but I had something else on my mind. I took the bike, and went to town. I asked a German where I can find "Schneidr?" (Tailor). He gave me directions and even told me on which door to knock. I knocked at the door and some one asked what I want, I asked if her lives "Schneider." The answer was, yes, but he is in the office only till 12 o'clock, since it was passed 12, he told me to come the next day. I realized that here does not reside a tailor, that this is some office, I thanked him and left. Leaving I noticed on the door a sign Otto Schneider, Chief SA (that is part of the Gestapo.) When I read this I realized what a mistake I made. I went back to the street and asked where there is a tailor shop? Someone took me there. When I met the tailor I asked him if he would make a short coat for me, he replied that he is not taking any new orders because he has too much work. I told him that I am also a tailor but I work now on a farm. He asked what nationality are you? And in Polish he asked aren't you a Pole? I said "yes". Then he asked about my home town, I told him I am from Vlodowsk, to which he said greetings friend, I come from Brzesckujawski and my name is Bolek Rogacki and I told him my name. I told him what I intend to do because it is so hard on the farm. He told me this can be done, because they are looking for a helper and could not find one. He took me to his boss and explained my situation. The boss said that he will at once to Schneider and was sure that this will be arranged. He asked for my name, and he was sure that this will soon be taken care of. I told Bolek about my mistake, that I went to see Schneider. Bolek told me that Schneider is in charge and he is friendly with the boss. I asked how long this will take, and he told me if all goes well, about a week. I was very happy that I managed so well, that I will get rid of the farm owner. I returned to the farm and was waiting for the minute to leave here. Sunday I had a half a day off, so I went to the tailor to find out how things were progressing. I took a few eggs for Bolek, we had plenty of food. On the way I met the Frenchman, I told him about my intention of leaving the farm and getting a job as a tailor. As we were talking somebody went by on a bike and called out: Janek, come on. I turned around but did not recognize him at first. This was M. Grojnowski, he was the first one to go to Germany. We were both very happy to find each other. I told him that the Frenchman was a Jew, and if he would like to meet him, but he refused. He said: may he be well and not know about me. I talked him about the deportation from Lojew, but he already knew about it. He mentioned that it was miracle that we managed to get out in time, and now we must sincerely thank God for it, and pray that He should continue to help us. Later he told me that during the deportation in Lojew many managed to escape and are now in this area. We are about 20 people here, but I worry about Raczkowski, because some Poles that he is a Jew. And if they take him, they will take all of us because we all have the same papers. Later I asked

him where he is working and it was only 5 km from my farm, yet we did not know about each other. I also told him about the place my cousin was working, he wanted to go to see her, but I advised him against it, I told him what she had told me. I told him about the possibility of getting a job as a tailor. He warned me that they may ask for my craftsman's papers. I assured him that is almost completed. Then he told me that he now visited his nephew Josi. I told him if I will have the possibilities I will visit him, and asked for his address. After awhile we parted and I went to see the tailor. I met Bolek and asked him about the progress, he told me that I will probably soon be in the shop. I spend the rest of the day with Bolek. The next morning I went to mil the cows. When I returned the owner told me to get ready to go to town. He got an order to send me to the committee to get my passport. I ate breakfast and went to town. After I had taken care of my chores I went to the tailor again. They said: you must have it well, you are often in town, yet you complain that you work hard. Then the boss told me: if you want to speed this up maybe you should go in person to the Arbeitsamt, they already know about you. Tell them about your boss, give them your name and tell them that you are a tailor, and do not know much about work in the field, and that your boss hits you. That should speed up the case. I went to the Arbeitsamt and repeated what the boss told me. The clerk started looking for my card but could not find it, he went to the director and repeated the story. The director said that he know about it, and it will soon be resolved. Then he came over to me and asked if I am a good craftsman? Will it be worth to take you from the farm? I assured him that I have experience, and that I went to a good tailor school. After that he told me to go back to the farm and he will pick me up on Friday. I went back to the tailor and told him about it. He told me if I did not go by myself to see them it would take much longer. I spent there till 3 o'clock. When I got back to the farm the owner asked where I was so long? Did I get lost? He grabbed me by the neck, he was missing the fingers from the other hand. So that hand was like a round club, and he started hitting me. I tried to explain that there were many people and I had to wait, and that I need to go again on Wednesday. He stopped hitting me, but said: On Wednesday I will go with you, so I can see how things are there. My luck was that on Tuesday they called my boss that I donot need to come, they themselves will get the pictures. I was counting the minutes for Friday to arrive. On Friday the owner sent me in the field to gather potatoes. There was such a fog that one could not see the other at a ten meter distance. I was out there for a long time, my hands were frozen and I fell asleep under a tree. The owner was looking for me all over. After some time he started to whistle. When I heard this I thought for sure that someone from the Arbeitsamt came for me therefore the owner came to get me. When I walked up to him he asked where I was. I told him, in the restroom. He told me to go home, that it is time for dinner. During dinner the owner called: Jozef, come here! The tailor was waiting. The owner asked me-Jozef, you are a tailor? Why didn't you brag about it? IN the meantime the tailor handed him a paper from the Arbeitsamt stating that Jozef Kazmierczak should leave name his present position and go to work at \_\_\_\_\_ as a tailor. To me he said, I should come to his place this afternoon. I pretended that I don't know anything, so I asked where he lives and what the address is. He wrote it down for me. The owner said that I could go at once and get ready. I didn't even finish my dinner. When I was ready to leave the owner told me I can not leave yet, that his wife went to the Arbeitsamt to get an other laborer to take my place. I had no choice so I stayed. He sent me back out to

work. At the evening meal he told me that I still can not go until he will get an other worker. I was not happy about this, but I had no choice. At 10 o'clock in the evening I went to sleep. After some time my co-worker woke me up that somebody is knocking at the window and calling my name. I asked, who is there? And the answer was –Bolek. I got dressed in a hurry and went out to ask him what he was doing here. The tailor's son was with him. They told me that they came to get me. They had a paper stating that from this day on I am working for the tailor. They were concerned that my boss would not let me go. They told me to get all my things and come with them, and not to worry. I told my co-worker that I am running away and said good-bye to him. He was crying, and said: look Jozef how lucky you are that you are able to get away from that tyrant, but I still must stay here and suffer. I left quietly. I felt much better when I got to the tailor.

The first thing Bolek told me was that we will be able to hear every day news from England in Polish. He said: one day you will get up at 5:20 in the morning and the next day I will get up. When I heard this I was very happy. The next day we both got up at the same time, he showed me how to use the machine. The first announcement was that the Germans are retreating from Kijov to Zytomir. That made me really happy. While at the farm I did not know anything, only when I received a letter from the Prusinowski's they gave me some hints about the war. The first days at work were not very productive. Never before have I sewn pants and I had told the tailor that I knew how to sew pants, so right the first day he gave me pants to sew. I was lucky that Bolek helped me; he showed me how to do it. After a few days I managed quite well on my own. I worked from 7 o'clock in the morning till seven at night. The food was very tasty, but not enough. In general, I had a very good life. On the first Sunday my present boss sent me to the farm owner to get my ration cards, my passport and the money for my labor there. When I got there he gave me an unfriendly look and asked me what I wanted. I told him that I came for the things that belonged to me. He said that he gave it all to the police, and they will take care of it, he added that they know that I ran away during the night. When I heard this I said good-bye and left. I was about a half km away from him I heard him calling my name and approaching on his bike. When he reached me he gave me an envelope and without a word departed. I later opened then envelope and it contained all the things I asked for! I looked after him and said: "Break your neck," and went home. The police heard about my escape during the night, they called my boss and asked him if this is true. My boss said that I arrived at 8 o'clock during police allowed hours. If so then everything is O.K. When I came home I told my boss about the encounter with the farm owner. My boss said if he had not given me what belonged to me, he himself would have gone to get it. After a week I felt like going to visit Grojnowski. I asked the boss if I could use his bike, he agreed, but told me if I am stopped by a policeman not to say that he gave it to me. I spend a pleasant day with We talked till evening. Grojnoski. He told me that he received a letter from his sister-in-law in which she wrote that the Frantybergs escaped during the evacuation in Lojew and live in \_\_\_\_\_, and now with the approaching winter, and there is no end to the war.

It was already dark when I went home. Near the town a gendarme stopped me because I did not have the light on. He asked me what nationality I am. I told him that I am a Pole, then he asked where my light is, and the sign "P." Poles are not allowed to ride on bikes

in the evening they have to be at home. He beat me up and ordered me to stay next to him, while he was giving tickets to Germans who traveled without lights. He stopped some people and told them: Look at that Pole how he travels at night without light and without the sign P, and each time he directed his light at me. I stood there about 2 hours next to him until his duty ended. In the meantime he caught another Pole and a Ukrainian and took us all to the police station. On the way he told us that we probably won't be free so soon. When we got to the station he started to write a report about each one of us. He asked me where I work and from where I was returning so late. I told him that I was at my previous boss to get my passport. I even reminded him that he was the one that took my finger prints. He remembered. Then he asked why I had to travel so late when I know that it is not allowed. I told him that I sat and talked with a friend and did not realize that night was approaching. Then he asked how do you have a bike? I told him that the bike belongs to my boss and he does not know that I took it. Aha, he said, so you are also a thief, and started to write another record. I begged him that I will pay a fine in money. He asked if I have a lot of money. I told him enough to pay the fine. I told him that I am making 40 marks a month. He said that he will let me go free for a 50 mark fine. Later in the night he let us go and gave each one a note that we are returning from the police station and not to detain us. When I got home they were all wondering what had happened. I told them and told my boss that I will have to pay a fine. He said they probably know the gendarme, and that he will take care of this so I will not have to pay anything. I really did not care, I had plenty of German money and nothing I could buy with it. A week later I received a report to pay 9m 50pf. or spend two days in jail. I joked with Bolek that it was a bargain worth to repeat the same again. I intended to go for a ride again the next week. On the last Sunday I spent at the tailor, a few friends came over and Bolek played his harmonica. Late I wrote a letter to the Prusinowski's and I waited to mail it when Bolek told me to wait, he too was writing a letter and we could mail them together. I agreed. About 9 in the evening Bolek told me he was not going out to the mail box it was too cold. So I went to the mail box though it was past the hour when Poles were allowed to be on the street. I had no premonition that something bad will happen to me. I had a dream that night "I was in the market in Radziejow and I called Grojnowskis, Szymek and Josie gave them candies. And they said, why did you call so loud in Jewish, you could have given away that we are Jews." In the morning I told Bolek about my dream. He told me that something unpleasant will happen to me because candies is not a good dream. While we were talking, it was 8:15 in the morning; a gendarme came in and asked who is Jozef Kazmierczak? I answered. He asked if I had any letters, I told him that I do not have any. He checked my pockets and did not find any. I had used the letters to start the fire in the stove this morning. He went then to my room and checked everything. In one of my shirts he found a letter from Prusinowski which I had forgotten about. He slapped my face for lying to him. He asked what kind of letter is this? By that time I was sure that he knows that I am a Jew. I told him that the letter was from a friend. He put the letter in his pocket and told me to pack up, we are going to Oldenburg. I asked why, and where too, and he said he did not know, he just got orders to bring me to Oldenburg to the Gestapo. He gave me a half an hour to get ready and he will be waiting for me in the tailor's shop. I did not care to change from my work clothes, I put on my jacket, but before leaving I said the prayer that one says before dying and without a tear, resigned, I went to the shop. When I got there the

gendarme asked me if I know a girl who works at Gierd Am Bruge? He said you will have a pleasant trip because she is already waiting at the station. I said that I do not know any girls, but this happened to be my cousin Haina. Bolek asked me: Jozef why is the gendarme taking you away? I told him, Bolek, it was revealed that I am a Jew and and I am going to meet my dear ones who no longer are on this earth. Bolek had tears in his eyes when he heard this, because we became like brothers. Jozef, what are you saying? If I knew this before, I could have helped you. I told him: Bolek, I no longer care whatever will happen to everyone, I do not wish to be an exception. I said good-bye to Bolek and left with the gendarme. At a few meters from the house I remembered that I wanted to give Bolek my wallet and the money. I asked the gendarme if I could return for a handkerchief. He agreed, but told me to hurry up.

I went back to the shop, Bolek was alone so I handed him the money. He told me to keep the money and to escape, I said, no, I will not run away again. Again we said good-bye, and I went back to the gendarme. When we got to the station my cousin was already there with another gendarme. While waiting for the train she gave me a sign I should not talk to her and pretend that we don't know each other. One of the gendarmes left, so the other brought us closer together. When we were close I said to her: you can be sure that the others are already in Oldenbrug, or maybe some are on this train. She agreed. Look, everything takes place on that unhappy date Nov. 22, 1943. But don't worry; we do not exist for almost two years. At last we are going to our countrymen, sisters and brothers. While on the train I felt like running away, I mentioned this to her. She said: silly. Where will you go? It would be different if we were in Poland, but here, anyway, to live like a nomad is better to die. When we got to the Gestapo nine people were already there then they brought in two more. We were 13, 8 men and 5 women.

Klingbaum	Ide	Radziejow
Kumier	Icek	Radziejow
Roekowski	Alek	Radziejow
Markowski	Alek	Radziejow
Groznowski	Szymek	Radziejow
Lubinski	Awyl	Radziejow
Grojnowski	Josie	Radziejow
Szware	Ide	Piotrkow Kujawski
Rapaport	Bala	Przedecz
Abramowicz	Iska	Przedecz
Goldman	Sala	Przedecz
Goldman	Runia	Przedecz
Kumer	Hania	Radziejow

One Gestapo came in and said: it smells here like a Jewish synagogue. We spend there two hours. Later watchmen from the forced labor camp came and took us. We wondered what kind of place this was, it had a double fence. They took us into a hall, the chief of the camp showed up with several watchmen and searched us. Whatever we had was taken away. Then we were taken to the showers and we bathed in cold water. We were given camp uniforms and taken to a barrack. After a few hours each one was called to be

interrogated. When I walked into the room and looked around I was scared. First they showed me pictures if I recognize anyone. It was a picture of three girls who came to German with the same passports as ours. In the Oldenburg Arbeitsamt they were recognized that they were not Poles. They were: Fordajska Dorka, Rauch Mania and Zyehlinska Genia. He told us that they gave us away, and said: now give us your real name and who made those papers for you, tell the truth, so there won't be any beating, if not, look at this. He showed us a three sided club. I started to tell them that I do not know the name of the person that made our personal papers. For the first time I saw him was when he came to the camp and asked who has money and who would like to save himself from death. He did not want to tell his name. They asked how much money I paid, I told them 60 mark and a pair of good shoes. Then they stared reading from the list, who is J. Prusinowski? I told them that this was not his real name, that was my best friend who was writing to me from a Jewish camp. He used many Catholic expressions so they won't know that he was a Jew. Then they asked: Where are you from? I told them from Czestochowa instead of Radziejow. After the interrogation they motion to two watchmen to take me away. They took me to an other area, they lifted the seat from a chair that was fastened to the floor ordered me to put my head down and started hitting me. After a while they let me go and told me to run back to my cell. But after the beating I could hardly move so they hit me some more. After they let me go they took the next person for the same treatment, except for the girls. From that moment on we expected any time to be hanged. The conditions were terrible.

We slept on bare boards without any covers, and without heat. We each received a thin pair pants and a blouse. Day and night our teeth were rattling. We received a ¼ kilo bread and a liter soup. After what we went through we could not eat much, so the amount of food seemed enough. But after a while we started to feel the hunger. When we got the portion of bread in the morning, most of us ate it all up. The one's that managed to save a piece for later did not suffer so much. In addition we had a punishment drill for 2 hours every day. After some time Janiczak from Plowiec arrived, and he recognized several of us. We told him when the war ends, he should tell in Radziejors all about us. And I told him everything. After a few days he approached Klingbaum and told him to extract his golden teeth and give them to him, so at least he will have some gold. Because he heard that we will soon be disposed of. After Klingbaum refused he came to me I should give him my almost new shoes, he will pay for them.. After he will be out free. We laughed at him and we told everybody what kind of person he is. After four weeks they started to take us to work. Our lot improved. Once on the way to work there was only one watchman with us, he was friendly to the Jews. And he told us: Pray to God that you should not be sent to Poland, because in Germany they do not kill Jews. And if you won't be sent you will have a chance to survive the war, because the war is almost over. Then he added: "What kind of barbarians there is in this present government, what they are doing to this nation. But there will come an hour of revenge." He was an old watchman. a patriot of the former government. When he march us to work we always received enough food. After those encouraging words from him we lived with hope that maybe God will help us. On January 22, 1944 the old watchman came in to inform us that all Jews must go to the office. When the last one left he whispered with a sigh, you are going back to Poland, and now sign the list. In the office of the camp the

director looked at us with sympathy, and then he noticed that something is bulging in Kunverow's pocket. He removed a jar of Vaseline. At other times, he would have to do long drills and be deprived of food for two days, but this time he didn't even ask where he got it. We signed a list that we got our belongings, and returned to our barrack. We were concerned with what lies ahead, we are going now to Hercki. He is the one in charge of the Jews in Inowroclaw. When he gets hold of a Jew there is no bright future ahead.

The next day we were awoken very early and got ready for the departure. When the old watchman told us to pray to God not to be deported to Poland, we decided in case they will send us to Poland we will attack the watchmen and fight for life or death and not go to Inowroclaw, and this way gain freedom and join a gang of partisans. Our plan was useless. When we were ready to leave 13 gendarmes and an officer appeared. First they asked who is Klingbaum. He answered. Then was asked why did you run away when you arrested? He answered that he did not run away, he was at a friend collecting a debt. But he did run away after 5 km. he decided to return. After his reply the officer showed them his revolver and asked if they knew what this is. You know we are taking you to Poland, and if any of you will move even one step, or will attempt to escape or not, will be shot on the spot. The officer assigned to each gendarme several people and made them responsible for each, then ordered them to leave. The gendarmes pulled out the handcuffs. We were all handcuffed and attached to the gendarme. The girls were free, but each one had a guard. We marched to the station, it was still night. After we boarded the train they removed our handcuffs. We arrived at Bremen and had to wait an hour for the next train while they again handcuffed us. The officer again instructed the gendarmes to watch us till we reach our destination. We realized that our faith is doomed. The train arrived, and we traveled to Berlin, we arrived late in the evening. Then we went to the streetcar. A few soldiers asked the gendarmes who we were, why we were handcuffed together. He replied that "they are Jews." The soldiers said: They are only remnants and need further and further to be uprooted. And the gendarmes told them that it is being done. When the streetcar was approaching I told one on my friends, in Hebrew, that I will try to do something; he asked what I intend to do (also in Hebrew). I told them that I intend to pull hard at the chain so bother the gendarme and I will land under the wheels. To me it was is all the same how I will die, but at least I will get one of them. I only needed a little encouragement to execute my plan, but no one said anything until we got on the street car. They told me if the plan had included everybody would be different, but the way my plan was the rest of them would be made to suffer. Kumer added: You will see, God will help us that there will come such a moment that we will be able to escape. The only way will be if God will perform a miracle, or a bomb will fall into the train, otherwise expect to die.

One of the gendarmes was standing watch at the door, the rest were playing cards and drinking vodka, and having a good time while we were thinking that we are going to our death. We went to the station to get a train to Poznan but we had to wait for 4 hours. Shortly after there was an alarm and we all had to go to the bunker. We could hear the planes flying over the city and bombing it. We were praying to God that a bomb should fall into the bunker. There was no miracle, and we went back to the station. At Frankfurt

am Oder, there was a great opportunity to jump out through the window. The gendarme had fallen asleep. I talked to my cousin about it.

**(part of the page torn off)**

Cousin said let's pray before we leave, I didn't even finish the prayers and I let the window down while he was still praying. When he finished he told me to pull up the window. We do not want to jump from a speeding train, which is sure death. But what is the difference if we die like this or if we die together, but maybe there will be a chance to jump from a slower train. I told him that he is a coward. **(part of page missing)**....set with thirty diamonds. He said that he can not let me jump, because he was sure that I will get killed. I do not care about that item, because I will not get anything from it anyway, I just want you should be together with me. I listened to him and closed the window. Later I told him even if we got killed while jumping out it would still be a better death than being tortured alive in Inowroclaw, where death is awaiting us anyway. He agreed with me, but at least we will be together with the others, and I will be with my sister. About 10:30 the next day we arrived at Poznan and had to wait till evening for the next train. One officer told us not to leave the train until he returns. He went to the jail to find out if we could spend the day in the jail. He soon returned and gave orders to march to the prison. Again we were handcuffed and marching through the streets people stopped to watch us. When we arrived at the prison and the director noticed all those gendarmes with us, he was laughing, and made fun of them. So many gendarmes with those few wan Jews, they can not run away. For once, they are hardly alive, and second, they are handcuffed. Wouldn't three gendarmes be enough? Then he added, we were 40, but we transported thousands of them, and you know where too. Then the chief asked if we will be getting dinner? The officer replied –tomorrow, in Inowroclaw. But we were so hungry we could hardly walk. We got only ¼ kilo bread for the trip. Klingbaum asked if we could get some coffee? An officer yelled at him, shut up. Among the gendarmes were a few decent ones. They whispered to each other “What a dirty trick,” loud enough for us hear. Later they put us in prison, some us were even joking that most of the Jews go directly to death, but we are having stop-overs.

Ide Szwarc from Pistrkow-KulJ spoke up, he was smart boy, he said that we should destroy the Polish passports, because when we get to Hercki and he will see that we have Polish papers he will be furious. We obeyed and ripped up our Polish papers and threw them in the fire. Each one of us printed our names on the walls, our address, date of birth and what our future is going to be. In the evening the gendarmes came for us and we went to the station. The train left Poznan at 6:30. We were all in one compartment and the girls in the next. While leaving the station one of the gendarmes started to talk to us. He said that he is sorry for what is awaiting us, and that he can not help us. “Today it is you, and tomorrow will be us.” Don't think that us is awaiting a better lot. Each one of us thought what good is that to us when we will not be around to witness your end. When we were near Gniezno the watchmen changed. I still had an half of a cigarette on me, so I went over to the new watchman and asked him for a light. Not so much for a light but to check out if he was armed. In reply he yelled at me: Jew, how do you dare to ask me for a light, and he hit me in the face. But in the meantime I noticed that his belt was loose and he had no weapon on him. Shortly before we reached Gniezno our gendarme left our compartment and went to the one where the girls were to flirt with

them. They were beautiful girls, each one of them. When he was no longer at our door I said to my cousin, here is the last chance to save ourselves. If you want to give me that “thing” will be fine, if not I will manage. When he heard this he gave me the gold watch set with diamonds,, as I was lowering the window ready to jump. A few boys grabbed me and would not let me jump saying what good will that do for us if you save yourself? We will be punished for letting you escape. Szymek Grojnowski and Alek Markowski were holding on to me, I got so enrage that I didn’t even know what I was doing or where I was biting them. Alex said to me: if you do not calm down we will call the gendarme. When I heard this I completely lost my senses, I hit him hard in the face and he fell onto the bench with a loud noise.

The gendarme heard this and came over. He counted us, my luck was that the others had closed the window. He asked what that noise was. Are you plotting something? He remained for a while and then left again. I was still enraged, so my cousin spoke up. Please, let him go, so at least one of us will survive and be able to tell about everything. They all got mad at him, and accused him that he has an interest in this, but they did not want to suffer. Then I suggested that anyone should save his life, and I am not afraid to suffer, as long as one of us survives. And on the other hand, why should just one escape, as many as possible should try. And maybe at some time we will all manage to escape. They reasoned, that if they jump from an speeding train they will either get killed or become crippled, so what good is that? After that Klingbooum came over to me, stroked my head and kissed me, and asked me to sit down next to him. He said that he has a better way, because he too wants to escape. He told me that first I have to calm down. Then he pointed to the door to the lavatory. We can silently enter and we both could jump out. After I heard this I did not waste a second, I was right in the lavatory and he after me. I reached for the window but could not open it, it seemed to be on some kind of spring. Finally I touched some button and the window slid down. I jumped out and landed on a pile of stones. But to this day I do not know what happened to Kllingbaultm. When I landed on the rocks I hit my head and my right side and I was ullnconscious. After a long while I felt someone near me, searching me, and trying to lift me up. I asked him to take [me]to some house because I am unconscious, he told me to stay here, that he will soon take me away. He left and I drifted off and had a very pleasant dream. I was cradling the stones like they were the softest bed linen. I woke up after some time and felt blood oozing from my eye. Then I fell asleep again. After a long time I felt that someone is trying to lift me. When I was lifted up I fell down again. Then they lifted me up and supported me. One of them said, come with us. I told them that I can not walk on my own, but if they supported me part of the way. They helped me for a while and in the meantime I gained my consciousness. I head that they speak German. I thought, Oh God where am I. I escaped from the fire and fell into the water and am caught again. Though I was conscious I was walking like a drunkard. I overheard one telling the other: he must be drunk and fell off the train.. When I heard this I pretended that I am drunk and said things only a drunk would say. They shouted at me:

“You Polish swine” Stop cursing: I pretended that I do not hear. And they again repeated that I must be drunk. After walking for some time I asked what is the name of this place, they told me Warsaw, anyway you will soon find out. After I heard this I felt like

running away, but I was too weak. Among them was a young civilian, the other was a little older and the railroad employee who had searched me. We went in to a courtyard and then knocked at a window. The Polish railroad person left. The door opened and a gendarme came out to ask: Who is that? They told him that they caught me but do not know who I was. We went inside and I thought: that is the end. I was covered all over with blood. The gendarme asked who I was. They told him that I did not have any documents, and that I did not have any when the railroad man searched me, therefore he informed us about this. The commander took over and started to write a report. He asked me in German and I answered something else in Polish and kept swaying in all directions. He called the civilian to translate. First he asked how did you get on the tracks, where from are you, where were you, and where is your personal document? I told him I am from Inowroclaw and work for a farmer in Kruszwicy area. It is a long time since I visited my fiancée in Gniezno, so my boss let me go and even gave me a written permit. While visiting my fiancée, my friends convinced me to have a few drinks. We drank a denatured alcohol. Since then I do not know what is going on with me, and I do not know how I got here, but I am hurting all over. But I do have my personal document and started looking in all the pockets, while they were watching me. After a long while I started to wonder what happened to that document, I also had several letters. They wrote all this down. Then they asked me where I got the alcohol, the addresses of my friends and my fiancée. I gave them some addresses that I made up and told them that the alcohol the friends provided, because I do not know anyone in Gniezno. I still pretended to be drunk. I did not shave for two weeks, my hair was long. After writing up the report he asked me the name of my boss. I told him Maks Teper, I happen to know that name. The civilian interpreter told the gendarme: I don't like him, he is suspicious. And the gendarme replied: I do not see anything suspicious about him and asked me, what time did the train leave Gniezno? I told him at 8 o'clock. He said that everything fits. He asked many more questions! And after a while he asked if I would like to leave my present boss and work in this area for an other boss. You would have it good here because there is not boss. I told him I could not leave that boss because I have there very well. The only way I could be transferred is if the Arbeitsamt would transfer me. I did not know if I gave the right answer. After a while I asked the interpreter when they will let me go back to my boss. I thought that they were taken this case lightly. But when the interpreter repeated my question to the gendarme he said: We let him go when we will get in touch with the police where he belongs, and if everything checks out then we will let him go. But the interpreter told me: tomorrow 10 o'clock in the morning leave a train for Inowroclaw, so you will get a permit from the gendarmes and you will be able to go back. I no longer listened to the interpreter but the gendarmes words were on my mind. After the interpreter left, I asked the gendarme for some water to clean my wound. He brought me water, soap and a towel. Later he told me to go to sleep and he locked me up in a cell. I did not close any eye all night, beside I was hurting all over. I was thinking what will happen if they call the police in Kruszwice and will find out that no such person was there.

I was pacing the cell thinking how I could get out of here. I tried the door, it was locked, the windows had bars. I was thinking how I jumped from the train only to be back in confinement. When they will find out that I am a Jew they will probably send me back to

the Gestapo in Inowroclaw. And then they will torture me. After a long night at 8:00 in the morning, I knocked on the door to let me go to the toilet. While one of the gendarmes let me out the commander came in and asked me the name of the village where I work. I told him Waldersmark (Polonowice) because I knew the area. But I realized that he will call to Kruszwice. I did not go to the toilet, but I asked the gendarme what is the name of the station I was going to leave. I talked to him for a while in order to hear the commander's conversation to the police. He said that last night we caught ..... I did not listen any longer and asked where the toilet was. It seems he trusted me and gave me directions instead of coming with me. When I reached the toilet I did not enter but continued to the other side close to the fence. He was standing in the doorway and did not notice me. The fence was not high, so with the whole strength I jumped over and ran as fast as I could. After about 1 Km I reached a small grove. I was not safe here, I knew that they will be looking for me here, so I went further. I reached a small village and noticed a cemetery. I entered, and was looking for a place to hide, some cavern. I found one. I went in and opened one of the caskets, there were only bones in there. I put them next to the casket and I went in and closed the lid. I intended to remain here two days. In the evening I went out because I was very hungry. I went to the first household, and during the meal the owner asked me: did not one stop you on the way? I told him that I came here through the fields and I am trying to avoid the main roads. Why do you ask? He said that all day long whoever went by was asked for identity papers, he said he did not know why. After I ate I asked them how to get to Strzelna to avoid Magilno. They explained to me, but I was somewhat familiar with the area, so I went only through the fields. I walked all night and arrived about 2 Km from Strzelno. I was weak and exhausted, but the hope of freedom gave me energy. It was still dark when I arrived. I rested for a while and continued in the directions of Pruszwico[?]. After a few Km I arrived in the village Stodolna, I knew this place from before the war, and I recognized one of the boys I spoke with him for some time and before leaving I asked him about a side road to Kruszwica. He asked what will you do in Kruszwica? I told him I know many people there. So maybe they will help me, if not, I will continue. He asked: do you want a way to save your life? I said, that is what I am hoping for. He told me if you manage to reach the Wroclawski forest, you could join a group of partisans, and you could have a good life. That was what I was hoping for, that was the only way out. I knew that many of them are in the area of Kielce and Ostrowiec, because some of the boys in our camp were telling about those bands, but I did not know about the Wroclawski forest. He told me that this brother passed through that forest and the partisans stopped him and asked him to join their unit. He begged them to let him go and even gave them some tobacco. He seemed sincere. So I was glad that they are so close by, and that it is easy to join them. I thanked him for the information and went to Kruszwica. I went to see some acquaintances. They were surprised to see me because they knew that I was in Germany.

They asked what I was going to do since there are no more Jews around. I told them even if there were Jews in camps I would not join them, because no one will survive. Later I told them that I would like to join the partisans, and maybe have a chance to survive. I asked them if they know about the band in the Wroclawski forest. They said that they know about such bands, but it is the first time they hear about Wroclawski

forest. They have heard of bands in the Tucholski forest and in the Protectorat. I ate and went to Lojew. It was evening when I arrived I went to some people to find out how it was when they liquidated the camp and if any Jews are still around. I was told that during the evacuation M. A. Grojewski was shot. Patyk and Grochowina were arrested for making your Polish passports to Germany. They did not want me to stay long because the Gendarmes often look for Jews here, so I went to the fields. At midnight I went in the direction of Radziejow. On the way I was thinking about why nobody knew about the Wloclawski forest. I decided to go to Plowek to Bogacz, he is my good acquaintance, so maybe he will hide me. He had a barn, he could give me food and I would give that valuable 'thing', maybe he will agree. Bogacz asked where I am coming from, I told him everything, including the proposition of hiding me. He agreed. He told me to see Pawlak, and that he will come after dinner to talk everything over. I went to Pawlak and told him that I am to meet Bogacz here. They asked who I am and what I am doing here. I told them that I am related to Bogacz and that I escaped from Germany because my boss was hitting me and wanted to send me to camp. In the meantime I shaved and ate dinner, then Bogacz came in. He spoke to Pawlak's wife, he told her who I am, and added we have to save him. She said that she will do whatever she can, and will always provide food for him. I took out my watch and put it on the table as payment for saving me. The woman was very impressed by the shining diamonds, but Bogacz said: put this away for the time being. I can not hide you today, too many people have seen you here. Come back in a few days, making sure that nobody will see you, then I will take you in. They gave me some bread. I told them, today is Wednesday, I will be back on Friday. In the meantime I was hiding in a haystack in the same village until Friday. When I arrived Bogacz told me that he still can not let me in because they are working in the barn. Tomorrow at ten, be in the canal under the barn and I will open the door. I went back to my hiding place, but on the way I was wondering if anything will come of this. If not, I will have to get to the partisans, because I could not continue to live in the haystack. I spend the night in the haystack. and in the morning went to the canal. Around 10 o'clock Bogacz came and told me to run away because the Germans know about me.

I realized that he made this up, he had changed his mind, but I could not force him. I told myself "It is God's will" whatever will be, but I thanked him for his kind heart. Again I went back to the haystack and intended to stay there till evening, but after a while a wagon pulled up to get some straw. I was on top. I did not know who they were. If Germans, then I must run at once or this will be the end of me. They were already taking the straw next to me, they even put a pitch fork through my sleeve, but I did not cry out. But when he removed the straw from me he seemed horrified: somebody is lying here! I jumped off, ready to escape when I noticed Ignasiak who I knew and there was an other Pole with him. I greet them, but I was so scared, I was shaking. They told me to calm down, that I can be sage with them. I told them where I came from and that I intend to join the partisans. They said that if I manage to get to them I will be sage, otherwise it will be hard to survive, they caught one Frankenberg. I asked them if they have heard about the partisans in the Wloclawski forest, they said, no, but heard about partisans in the Protectorate. I started out in the directions of Radziejow, I went along the canal because they told me that this was the safest way. After walking some distance, I

thought it is not wise to enter the town in daylight for everybody to see me. I decided to go to Broneewo and spend some time with each acquaintance, and in the evening go to town. I arrived at Broniewo, I came out from behind a building and encounter two gendarmes. If they had looked closer at my face they would have known that I am not a free man. Regardless of the gendarmes I went to Kaminski to get some good. During the meal Kaminski came in yelling: Run away Levil, the gendarmes are on their way here. I left before he finished the sentence – I went to Wybranka to Wawrzyniak, first I ate, then I asked them if I could spend the rest of the day in the barn till evening. They refused saying that the gendarmes often stop by, they were even there this morning. I was sitting for a while and went anyway to the barn. I buried myself in the straw and stayed there till evening. I went to town. My first stop was at Prusinowski. I decided to ask them to hide me. They already knew about our arrest but were wondering how I got here. I told them everything. They were wondering if they were involved in this case. I assured them that nothing happened so far they can relax. They mentioned that they had sent New Year's cards to me and the cousins and wondered if this will have some effect. When I departed from my co-worker Bolek, I told him if any mail arrives for me, to destroy it. At last I asked them about hiding me. They told me there is no possibility. I told them that I will give them something very valuable, but they not want to hear about it. They told me the only way to survive is for me to get to the Protectorate and join the partisans, because nobody will hide you. You have an expensive item, sell it, and use the money for the trip. After this I realized that my only way out is to get to the Protectorate and join the partisans. I asked them who would buy that item from me, they suggested I should see Rubiak. I went there. After a while I told them that I have a proposition. They asked what it was. I took out the watch and showed it to them. He said that he would not buy it, but he has somebody that would buy it. He said I should leave the watch and come back the next day for an answer. And how much do I ask for it. I told them that the watch is worth more than 5000 mark, but I do not need money for the future, all I need is money for the trip. I asked for 1000 mark, not less. I stayed a while longer, I told them all about my latest experience, and what I intend to do with the money. They told me that I must take a chance because there is no other way out for me.

I left their place and went to the haystack. I made a hole and lie down. The next evening I went back to Rubiak for an answer. He started making excused that the person he showed it too didn't really like it because it had no mechanism. He even sent to ask Siwinski how much this is worth, he told him if this had the mechanism it would be worth a few thousand mark, but without, it is not worth much. I tried to tell him that no one buys today such things to wear, it is for after the war, in normal times such a mechanism cost only a few zlotys. He said he will give me 500 mark, and if I agree he will go to get the money. I realized that knowing my situation he tried to get if for as little as possible. But I needed the money to be able to cross the border. I agree and Marjan brought the money. I said good-bye to them and went back to the haystack. The next evening January 31, 1944 I went to the Chelm station hoping to get on the freight train which passes through Klobuck. Several trains went by but did not stop nor slow down. I was thinking to catch the speeding train, but my heart was against the decision to die such a tragic death. It was almost daylight so I went back to the haystack. The next

evening I went to Prusinowski to get some food. I told them that I was at the station and was unable to get on a freight train, and to walk to the Protectorate, I will never make it.

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He was sure that I still have my Polish papers. When I told him that I no longer have them and how I got rid of them. He said, in that case I can not help you, just a receipt will not do. Too bad, I wanted to save your life. I was very upset that I made such a mistake, and considering his offer to save my life. Later he said he has an other way out. He asked if I heard about the partisans. **Part of page torn off---246**

I told him that the freight trains did not stop. He told me to go to Zaryn. Every train stops over there to get water. There is 20 km to Zaryn. Then he said, you do not need to get to the Protectorate, there are also partisans in the Katowitz forests. The train goes to Herbow. As soon [as] you get off the train there is the forest. He knows the area, so explained to me how to get around. And I was not a stranger in those parts, because during my first escape from Germany I spend the night in those woods. He told me to go at once because in the evening the trains stop often.

They gave me bread for the road and wished me to succeed. I went to Chelm. When I got to the station I lied down near the sluice gate waiting for a train to stop. The trains kept going by without stopping. In the meantime it started to rain and I got drenched but I still kept waiting for a train to stop. I was waiting for a long time and finally gave up my aspiration to join the partisans. I thought maybe that is for the best that the trains do not stop. After all, the entire Frankenberg family as well as many other live in the haystacks for a long time already, so I also will live like this. For me it is only the beginning. Walking to the nearest haystack a train arrived and started to slow down. When the train stopped so did I. Several times I went in the direction of the train and turned back. I felt like someone was telling me not to join the partisans. I decided to return to the haystack. I stayed there till the next evening and went to Radzicjow. My clothing was wet, I had no one to wash my underwear, I had no place to wash up, so everything became lice infested. I could not sleep. Life became so miserable that again I started to think of joining the partisans. For some time I could not decide what to do. I decided, if I could, to get into Witebski's barn, I knew that the owner was not there, and the boys who worked there were my acquaintances. In case of I could not remain in the barn I would definitely try to get to the partisans. Without difficulty I entered the barn in the evening, and spend the night on the straw. At day break I made for myself a hiding place. As soon as I entered the barn I felt that my lot is improving. During the day I could takeoff my shirt and try to get rid of the lice, during the dinner time I could walk around a bit and in the evening I went out through the barn door to get some food. I spent four days in the barn and I felt like the most fortunate person in the world. At that moment Josef Boguika and Tadensz Sandecki entered the barn to cut some straw. While I was eating bread and sugar. I did not realize that crunching the sugar made a noise. Jozef said to Tadensz; Yesterday and today I had the feeling that something is moving in the straw, go over there and check it out. Tadeusz was laughing and said: I am afraid maybe there is a ghost there. After a while he added, I have a feeling who this can be, Jozel replied that he also has the same feeling and asked who do you think it could be? Neither of them wanted to

say who they thought it was. I was listening to this in my hiding hole and my heart was pounding. Not so much that they will harm me, but that I will have to leave this place. After arguing for a long time Tadeusz took a pitch fork and came to my hiding place and in a whisper said: Azryko get our from that hole. We know that you are here, and we will not harm you. Hesitating, I did get out. I greeted them and they told me I do not need to fear them, and I can stay here because they are in charge here. You need not stay in that hole all day. You can walk around inside, but you must make sure that no one else sees you. After I heard this I was so happy. I had tears in my eyes. I took out the money and offered it to them, but they did not want to accept it. They said, you keep it, you will need it to buy food. I lived from day to day in the barn, life was not so lonely, during the day I could exchange a few words with an other human being, and whenever I asked for water to wash it was never refused. However, during my stay in the haystack my feet got frost-bitten and caused me a lot of pain. At one point I had to leave my hole to remove my shoes. I was walking with great pain. I was often thinking if I am faced with some unlucky event I will not be able to defend myself. Since I have decided on this life style I also decided never to be caught alive. Even if the barbarians will be only a step away from me I will run away, so they should shoot me. Because if they catch me only the gallows will await me, and in the meantime they will torture me to tell who was helping me. I have heard about the death of Jakob Frankenbeg. In several homes I asked if I could warm my feet with kerosene at their ovens, but everyone refused. They were afraid that somebody may notice me. I didn't know what to do. I thought if I go to Przemystka, I had acquaintances there maybe they would allow me. I went from house to house, they all refused. At last I went to Krakus to ask for some food. After I ate I suggested to them what was most important [to] me. They agreed but they told me that they do not have kerosene. If it is only a question of kerosene, I thought I could get some. Then I asked if they would do my laundry. The woman told me to leave it with her. It was Monday, I told her that I will bring it on Wednesday and she agreed. I returned to the barn, on Wednesday I got undressed and took the laundry to them. They were glad that in the evening I came to them and told me I can come anytime for some food. I was happy to realize that they are decent people, and it was safer in the village than in the city.

She told me to come back on Saturday for the laundry. The laundry was ready and I asked if I could change in their house. They hesitated at first, but they agreed. When I was completely undressed, I heard the loud voice: Escape! A German is looking for you in all the houses with a gun in his hand. I lost consciousness, I did not know what to do, and outside was a storm and freezing. Being terrified I grabbed some thin underwear and ran to the canal at the end of the village. I stayed there for some time, then realized if I remain there I will freeze completely, and my frozen feet were without socks. I noticed someone coming out from the house with a lantern and heading toward the farm. I went to the back of the house and was waiting for someone to come out. Soon after a young boy was passing by, I asked him if the German had already left, and also asked him to bring me my clothing that I had left at Krakus, and that I will wait here. In a sentimental tone to said to me: Jew, hide under the building, I will bring you your things. He brought everything except two pair of woolen socks. I started to dress and sent him back to get the two pairs of socks.

**\*revised pages**

After a while he comes and tells me that they are not there, that I must have them. I looked everywhere, but no sign of them. I was very sorry that such good woolen socks got lost, and what will I do without them? I was not with bare feet. I, myself went in to them and begged them to look again, they must be here, but , they told me that they looked everywhere. I was about to leave without the socks when an old woman approached me, gave me the socks and told me to hide them so no one will them ( To this day I do not know what those words meant.) After a few days I found out. ---that the squire is looking for me. The next day I told Jozef and F ---about the evening encounter where I could have lost my life. We agreed that from now on if I will leave in the evening to get some food, I will hide my wallet with the money in the barn, in an agreed upon place, I told them in case if I must depart from this world they can

have the money. And that was what I did. After some time in the barn the boys started bringing me hot coffee, and sometimes a piece of bread. Every two weeks Mrs. Bognicka (?) washed my laundry, and I was going there often to eat. She often bought for me ½ kilo\_\_\_\_\_? I gave her money for that. Once, returning from town I entered the barn few minutes was still ---and before entering the hole I said a prayer-....

**(There is no period after the prayer -. In my opinion [translator's] this is not the end.**