PAULA DASH REMEMBERS.

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My name is Paula Dash, I'm a survivor of
the Holocaust. I was born in Lodz, Poland. Lodz is
the second largest city next to Warsaw, which is the
capital of Poland. There was a population of 700,000
in our city, one-third of whom were Jews. The war
started on a Friday, September 1, 1939. I remember
that morning very well. The Polish radio announced,
and I remember the exact words, of course in Polish,
and it said "Attention, attention. Today at 5:00
o'clock A.M. our eternal enemy trespassed our
borders." We all jumped out of the beds and we looked
frightened at each other and it didn't take much to
realize there is a war, a war by Nazis against Jews.

Our city was located fairly close to the German border so in a few days they were there. I remember seeing them coming in on motorcycles, on tanks, jeeps in green, black and brown uniforms. The Nazis picked the tallest, like six footers and over, to occupy a city to make it look more scary. And of course they didn't waste one minute of their time and right away they started up rounding up Jews on the streets in large numbers, send them away, and they never saw their families again and their families

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never knew what happened to them. Those who returned home were severely beaten, bleeding from their eyes, mouth, ears, swollen faces beyond recognition. There was a great fear in the air and we knew what lays ahead for us, namely, the Nazis are going to carry out their master plan and that is exterminate the Jews.

They burst into Jewish homes without warning, took out some members of the families and shot them right there to death on the spot. That was only, you might say, the first few days since they came in. Little did we know that we are in for this hell for several more years to come. Every day they had new laws for us like now we couldn't use public transportation anymore, we were not allowed to walk on the sidewalks, men had to tip their hats if they saw a Nazi passing by. That was if the Nazi didn't shoot the men first. We had to turn in our valuables like furs, jewelry, radios and so on. If they suspected somebody that didn't turn it in, he was called to the CRIPO, which was short for criminal police, and was tortured there for days. Sometimes he never returned home. His clothes then were sent to the families with a letter that he committed

suicide. We knew that wasn't so. The people were tortured there to death. Now we had to wear a yellow Star of David like in the front and in the back with the word "JUDE" in big black letters. There is one Star of David displayed in the JCC, those of you who want to view it. Probably somebody smuggled it out of the ghetto.

everything went quick, quick, quick, quick -- that we will have to leave our homes and move into a ghetto which is being prepared for us. For this the Nazis picked the slummiest area of broken windows and broken doors and in a short time we had to go to the ghetto. Our family consisted of six people and we were assigned a room 12 by 14. We could only take the most important things like a little clothes, a few blankets and a few pots and pans and that was all.

In a short time the Nazis closed the ghetto. That was, they put barbed wire around it, and that wasn't enough for them yet so they had armed guards around the ghetto with German Shepherd dogs on the outside. The conditions in the ghetto were very, very, very bad, horrible. We had no running water.

For a bucket of water we had to walk about four or five blocks and there we had to stay in line for it because there were hundreds and hundreds of people for water. Now they took away food from us and gave us a ration every 10 days. It consisted of an eighth of a loaf of bread — there were round breads in the ghetto, this was cut in four and then in eighths — A little piece, little bit of yellow sugar, two or three potatoes and a little salt and that was it. The piece of bread people ate up as soon as they came home with it and we had to go on for nine more days until the next ration came out. Naturally a big high percentage of starvation set in and people from hunger just swell up and fell on the streets dead.

faces, bags under their eyes and this was called the ghetto sickness. People first swell up to their ankles and the swelling went up higher and higher so that they couldn't stand on their feet so quite naturally they had to stay in bed, and I want you to know whoever went sick in bed in the ghetto never, never got up alive, just stayed there until the swelling advanced to the heart and that was the end of it.

My father was a victim of this horrible sickness, he died of starvation, a man who was never sick a day in his life, he died at the age of 52. That was already the year of 1942. Families kept on decreasing now. Shortly after my dad's death my sister was caught on the street and deported to Treblinka death camp where she was put in crematorium at the age of 17. Shortly after, my brother, age 18, was caught and deported to Auschwitz, later to Buchenwald where he was shot on the death march two days before the liberation. Now we are three people left in the family. The population in the ghetto has gotten very, very small now. There was not one family now where members were not missing.

There was a hospital in the ghetto. One day the Nazis burst in there and took the sick people out of their beds and threw them out of the windows. Yes, they threw them out of the windows. It was raining, raining with people. And what do you think happened to them? They landed on the sidewalk dead and there was a sea of blood for a long time until Mother Nature washed it away, the rain.

After that they caught some people and hung them in the streets so everybody could view it. They

were hanging there for weeks. It was winter now of 1943, bitter, bitter cold. People were dying from cold and hunger now. The rations became smaller and smaller. The Nazis took away the two or three potatoes from us and we had to eat potato peels and in a short time the peels too stopped (UNCLEAR WORD). Under those horrible inhuman conditions we were living in the ghetto and every day that passed by, it was a miracle that we were still alive because every day there were deportations and deportations.

In the meantime though we found out what happened to all those deported people. As these people arrived in the cattle wagons to their destination, and there were hundreds and hundreds of people there to be killed, the ones who were still in the wagons saw what's happening to those way in the front of them so they jotted a few words — they had a pencil and a piece of paper. And they saw that all people are being killed, shot in the back of their head and thrown in the pit that was dug for them prior to their arrival by other Jews and so they wrote "Do not go. They are killing us one by one." The notes then, several of them, were stuffed in the cracks of the wagons and as the wagons returned to

the ghetto, the people who cleaned them found the notes and actually word has gotten around and this way we knew what happened to them, although we knew it but this way we were sure of it.

Moreover, as the people were shot, there were special squads of people who have to take off their clothes of the corpses and the clothes were sent back into the ghetto to sort the clothes. Many people recognized dresses, pants and shoes of the ones of their loved ones and some of the clothes were drenched, still drenched in blood. The place where these atrocities happened is called Chelmno, C H E L M N O. It is about 60 kilometers north of Lodz and about 25 to 30 kilometers south of Gdansk.

Then one day they decided to deport children and they called it "Kinder Accion" which means children's action. They went to each yard -- in our city we had big apartment houses, six, seven, eight and nine stories and over. In the courtyard -- there was a big, big courtyard in each house -- they went in about 8 or 10 in different color uniforms and demanded the children. Mothers and fathers came out of their apartments and handed the children over to those murderers. In front of the building on the

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street there were trucks waiting, big, big, trucks covered with canvas. The children were loaded on the trucks, they were packed full, full, full to capacity and driven away. The Germans said that the bullet is too expensive for a Jewish child so they found another solution. They burned them alive.

The Nazis now almost completed their master plan and it was the year of 1944 and and new announcements were posted on the walls in the ghetto and it said that they are working towards dissolving the ghetto. Dissolve, we knew what it meant in German language, it meant kill, exterminate. one day in August 1944 we, that is, the three in the family, my mother, my youngest brother and I, were taken to a train station, stuffed in cattle wagons and destination unknown. The conditions in these cattle wagons were just indescribable. It was stuffy, full of people, children were crying, some people were fainting, some people were dying. no food, no water. After a day and a night going like this we arrived at 2:00 o'clock A.M. in a place known as Auschwitz. Here another tragedy started. As the doors opened the Nazis were waiting for us and shouted "Alla rous" which means everybody out. Right

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there women were separated from men, children were yanked out of their mother's arms and given to older women. Nobody could ask nor say anything about anything. About 100 feet ahead of us was the very, very big gate, the entrance to the big death factory called Auschwitz. We proceeded toward it very, very, very slowly. As we came through, there were a bunch of very, very husky Nazis, you might have heard of Mengele between them, they were standing like this from one end to another, looked us over -- as I mentioned before, it was the middle of the night -with big flashlights, sent my mother to the left, sent me to the right, and now I'm only one of six people because left meant the gas chamber. At the time I didn't know it yet. We were standing there all night and in the morning we were taken to We had to walk around naked in front of showers. hundreds of Gestapo Nazis. After the shower they shaved our hair. We were just numb. We didn't even think what's happening to us. One thing was clear to us. We are not going to survive that.

After they shaved our hair we couldn't recognize one another. We stopped looking like human beings. From now on even our name was taken away and

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we were given a number. Since it was already late in 1944 and the Germans kept on losing the war on the Russian front, they didn't want to lose time of tattooing us because everybody that was in Auschwitz was tattood. Heinrich Himmler said to work swiftly and get the hell rid of us and swiftly they were. Wе then were given clothes, if you can call it that. The clothes were from dead people and just one layer, just a dress, no shoes, nothing. Now we had to run to the barracks. We had to run, not walk, barefoot, on the gravel to the barracks. In the barracks were hundreds and hundreds of bunk beds, three rows, three tiers, we had no blankets, just on the raw board with plenty of splinters in them, 14 girls in one bunk bed. You can imagine that no one could get to sleep In the morning we found girls next to us dead and in the process of dying. They were taken a away by special squad people who were working day and night at this particular job.

If one had to go to the bathroom, one couldn't just go like that. We had to wait until they had about 100 people or so. Then they marched us to the bathrooms. There were several hundred people waiting there already. There were Nazis, all

of them, lots of them had wooden sticks and hit us over the head, shoulders, feet. It was a real, real hell which indicated more and more that soon we are going to be finished off. The gas chambers were working without letup day and night. So after a few days of this torture our turn came. One afternoon we were taken to the front of the ovens and we had to disrobe and we were sitting on a big, big field all afternoon and all night waiting to be gassed in the morning. We saw the smoke coming out without a letup. Our brains did not work at all.

In addition to that, the Nazi women who were our guards kept on reminding us that tomorrow morning we will be smoking out of this chimney. It was the beginning of September and the nights in Europe are quite cold and so we were sitting very close to each other so one could keep warm. Nothing went through our heads.

The morning came and with it a miracle came along. Somewhere in a labor camp they needed 300 girls for work, hard labor work. They then had to pick 7- or 800 to make a selection again. Now they weren't looking for old. Here everybody was young. But they were looking for something else, namely for

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a little scratch, a little mark, a little pimple, whatever, and again they looked us over in the nude. Everybody had to open even their mouths to see if we had all our teeth or I don't know what they were looking for, but I was among 300 to be sent to a labor camp and not to be gassed. And again they gave us clothes again from dead people, just one layer of it, and again to cattle wagons and destination unknown.

We were driving a day and a night, arrived to a city named Bremen. There we were assigned to barracks with two in one bunk bed. There were 15 such bunk beds in a room, if you call it a room. There was sand on the floor. We worked as hard laborers in the street carrying heavy loads of bricks, poles, digging ditches and so on. We were beaten by the Nazis mercilessly. There were orders to kill several of us every day and so they did exactly that.

Every day less girls came back from work than went in the morning. We had to wake up at 4:00 in the morning. We were picked up by big trucks and brought us back at night. At night we get a little water with soup and a little piece of bread and that

was all until the next night, nothing in the morning going to work. Many of our girls lost their life there. Under those horrible conditions we were there until February, and since Bremen is located in the northwestern part of Germany and the Allied Forces were coming closer and closer from the west, the Nazis had orders to evacuate us and again from Himmler. And the order came and it said, and I'm almost quoting his words, and it said "Surrender is out of question. The camp has to be evacuated immediately. No prisoner is to be given alive in the hands of the enemy," meaning the Allies. And so the Nazis evacuated the camp and took us more east away from the western border. This was called the Death March.

Two weeks under heavy bombardment and many, many dead who fell on the way from hunger and thirst, we arrived to a big death camp and the name was Bergen-Belsen. We also arrived there at night. It was the end of march. As the gate of this death camp opened and as we looked around, around the Nazi guards that brought us all of a sudden disappeared evidently just they let us go in there and they went off somewhere forever. But we were under other

murderers and for us it didn't make any difference one way or the other. It was a very, very dark night and there was no light whatsoever, not in the barracks and not anyplace. The heavy bombardment went on and on and we could only see light when it lit up in the sky from the bombardment. The Nazis pushed us in the barracks in the dark. They didn't even talk. They whispered and pushed us into a barrack already full, full, full of people. So we just stopped and stepped on the people and it was a The Nazis then closed the door and there were several hundred people stuffed together where it was pitch dark and stuffy. Quite naturally there were screams and yells and it is impossible to describe what was going on in there. Some people were lying on the floor and couldn't get up. The ones who were standing were standing on one leg because there were no place for the other leg to put down.

As the cries and chaos went on and the Nazis wanted us to be quiet so they opened the doors and spilled several hundred of boiling water on us and indeed it quieted down because almost half of the people died instantly.

Well, the night passed on this way and in

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the morning as we went outside, oh, my God, what we saw, mountains and mountains and mountains of dead bodies, many of them so deteriorated with green pus coming out of the bodies, some of them without eyes, thousands upon thousands of young bodies. There were girls sitting out there next to the dead bodies but since they were moving, we realized that those were still alive. So we talked to them, some of them from our city and from our neighborhood that we had missed for a long time. We asked them how long are you here and how long are you here. One said three months and one said two months. They were also sent from other camps. But it is coming to an end they said. "Don't you see, " pointing out to the mountains of dead, "do you know who this one is and that one with her arm hanging down and this one? A few days ago they were alive just like you and I. This here is Bergen-Belsen, here everybody gets poisoned by being with the dead people and you get the disease called typhus and that's that. Here you do not work hard labor, here you die."

The mountains of dead people were lying all over the camp, people fell dead just walking. The Nazis almost completed their plan. Lice beseiged us,

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the stench from the dead people constantly in our throats. Every morning lots of dead people were pulled out of the barracks. Everybody was waiting for their next, next. We all were dying slowly and surely. Transports of people kept on arriving every day and every night. The air was poisoned from the dead. There were thousands, tens of thousands of We got no food there, no water, no bath, no them. place to sleep. We were just walking around looking 100 percent inhuman in rags, no shoes, no hair. We didn't look like normal people at all. Then one day we noticed the Nazis are wearing white bands on their sleeves. Of course we didn't know what it meant. For us every change meant our death, our end. Little did we know that the days for them were numbered as the Allied Forces were moving in with full force.

Now what to do with the thousands of corpses that are around us all over. Naturally the Nazis wanted to leave no trace of their atrocities so they brought in men from other sections, rounded up a great number of our girls and made us dig a huge hole — also they brought in bulldozers too for that purpose — and I don't know how long the digging took but in no time there was a huge, huge hole like you

can see they are digging here for the Metro. This is now the mass grave in Bergen-Belsen for these young beautiful people and I was an eyewitness and I saw it being dug from scratch. Now they needed people to throw the corpses in and to fill the grave. This view was the most terrible, horrible view one could ever, ever imagine. They, the Nazis, gave the men little strings, pieces of rags, so they could tie it around an arm, neck or leg of the corpse so they could drag them from each place to the big grave and throw them in, untie the string and go again and again for other corpses, drag them to the grave and so on and so on.

might say living dead people, dragging dead dead people. There was not much difference between them. This view I also personally eyewitnessed and I'm sure that as much as I'm trying to explain and make myself clear, I don't think that anybody who wasn't there could ever imagine that this took place in the 20th Century. I saw it and so did many of us, how men who dragged the dead people and who were almost dead themselves opened the corpse with just a little slit in the front, took out some of the insides and ate

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it. I saw it. He then was kicked and beaten by the Nazis to death and it didn't take much to kill him and he then was dragged to the grave and thrown in there.

There were many of those that were thrown in the grave still being warm that could be saved. can say it with a full heart, I saw it with my own As this was going on I started to feel sick, having pains in my stomach, vomiting and dizziness. I couldn't stand on my feet anymore which meant that I was stricken with the disease. I went to a pit on the other section that was dug by the Nazis because they were still building new barracks for the oncoming people. I put myself in there wanting and waiting to die. My friends, the girls, noticed my disappearance and came to me and pulled me out of there by force because I didn't and I didn't want and I couldn't get up. I also was running a high temperature. The girls succeeded and managed to pull me out of there, four of them. That was April 14, The next day, April 15, we were liberated by 1945. the British armed forces. I was still very ill and wouldn't believe it. I believed that the Nazis are pulling another trick on us but when I heard an

announcements on the microphone in Yiddish and English and it said "Ir vate fry" which means you are free, I believed it then.

I could stay here for years and years and tell you facts and facts and facts after facts and I don't think that I would ever finish and I thank you very much for listening.

Dorothy, I want to show you, this is what i have when I walked in the Nazi to Bremen.

SPEAKER: You mean in Lodz?

DASH: No, in the camps. I held it here in my bosom. This was my towel. This was my everything.

SPEAKER: You brought it from home?

DASH: Something that I brought from the camps, from the concentration camp. We were frisked every day, they never found this. Then when we were working in Bremen on the streets on bombed out houses, we were cleaning it, we went into one of the basements and this was a curtain there that the Nazis had left, the people had left and they ran away, they were scared of the bombings. I pulled it down and folded it, full of holes. This is probably 45 years old and I folded it. During the day it was in my

bosom. In the morning it was a towel because with coffee we washed our eyes, just our eyes because we stood up, we got up at 4:00 o'clock in the morning. They frisked us every day and they never found this. After the liberation we were living in camps and in the soldiers quarters and so this was a table cloth for me. This was all I had, the table cloth, and I'm carrying this around and mending it every, wherever it is torn and this is what goes with me.

DASH: No. Still the OBERSCHAFFER (ph.), the MAG (ph.), gave me a piece of soap (YIDDISH PHRASE) made out of Jewish fat. This and this I'm carrying around with me all the time.

SPEAKER: You will never give it up?

(TEXT ON SCREEN) Paula Dash, (maiden name Paula Garfinkle) was born in Lodz, Poland on December 3, 1920. She was confined in the Lodz ghetto from from early 1940 to August 1944, after which she was transported to the Auschwitz Birkenau concentration camp at the age of 23. Later, she was selected for forced labor in Bremen. The death march brought her to Bergen-Belsen in march 1945. Paula was liberated by the British army on April 15, 1945. She came to the United States on June 1, 1951 and has been a