MARYLA KORN - TODDLING THROUGH EUROPE FROM CRACOW

TO BUCHAREST, A BABY STEP AHEAD OF THE GESTAPO.

Maryla Korn was an infant in arms when Germany occupied Poland in 1939 and a very wise 6 year old in 1944 when she reassured her mother while they hid not 10 feet away from German army personnel in Hungary that they had made it so far and would make it to their goal. By that time they had zig-zagged through more than 1,000 miles mostly on foot through some of the roughest territory in Eastern Europe often not even a step ahead of the pursuing Gestapo agents with their directives to eliminate European Jews.

The young mother and child traveled the underground railroad, an escape route that the Joint Distribution Committee, an organization dedicated to helping Jewish refugees in occupied Europe, secretly financed and operated with the help of local people willing to take the risks involved in smuggling humans across heavily guarded borders.

Mrs. Korn, married and the mother of two grown children, now an executive at Washington's Georgetown University, tells the story from memory and from the incidents that her mother and older

friends have told her. END OF SCREEN TEXT.

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I was born in June of '38 in Cracow Poland. A year later war came. My father was one of six children. He had three sisters, two brothers. My father was the oldest and the youngest child was 7 years older than I was. He was a little boy. war came my grandfather on my father's side and my father went towards what later was invaded, the part of Poland that later was invaded by the Russians, with the mentality at the time that nothing would happen to women and children as it had in 1914, 1918, but to the men. So my father who was at the time 32 years old left with his father and they went to one of my aunts who had just gotten married and who lived closer to the Russian border. My grandmother with two daughters, one was in high school, the other one was -- one was 18, one was 17, and the 8 year old child at the time remained in KOLBUSHOVA. I stayed with my mother and my maternal grandparents in Cracow where my parents lived.

1940 it started getting a little hot around Cracow when it came to the Germans and my mother went with me to VELICHKA Which is maybe half an hour away from Cracow. When it became impossible there, she

joined her parents who by that time had gone to a city which had a very large Jewish population,
BUCHNA, which now takes 35, 45 minutes by car but at the time I guess it took a lot longer. Buchna was a large city by polish standards and it had a very strong Jewish community, a lot of Rabbis, a lot of schools of learning, there was something going on there. They went there because they assumed that it would be safer in a smaller town than Cracow or Warsaw, one of the very large cities.

We lived outside of the city in a small house, a matchbox. Main entrance door, one room was a kitchen on one side and we lived on the other, and at that time no bathroom facilities, no running water, etc. This was done on the out there which later became part of where we hid, bathroom outside, the little one house out. We stayed there until 1941 but during that time that I was there was my mother, my grandparents and my mother's younger brother —he was taken away in 1941 among the first young Jewish men, he was 21 years old, and they were killed.

Many times during that time that we were still outside of the ghetto I was shipped to Cracow.

Whenever they heard that there would be an accion (ph.) to come and take out the children or young people, they would somehow send me away and one time the Germans came and they started looking for children and they had one of these huge German Shepherd dogs with them and so they decided -- I don't know what occurred to them but that the only place to hide me so the dog couldn't smell out a person was to put me straight up into that cherry tree, and so supposedly I was sitting there for a couple of hours. This was 1941. I was 3 years old. They just put me up there and left me there for a quite a while until the dog stopped sniffing and I was allowed to come down.

The second episode which she told me -- and she said to my husband this is what is survival when somebody has a survival streak in them -- they decided to send me to Cracow back to a young man who had been working for my grandfather to hide me because again they were coming for children. And so she took me to the railroad station and I was there with her and suddenly somebody started yelling there was a Jewish child and a train was coming, they had heard already the sounds of the train arriving but it

wasn't yet at the railroad station, and when they started yelling this is a Jewish child, supposedly I took off and started running among the people and nobody could catch me and when the train arrived I jumped on the train.

Anyway, in 1942 we went into the ghetto.

Now Buchna had a Jewish ghetto but it was an open

Jewish ghetto with no walls. We were put into an

apartment. All I remember my grandmother, my mother

-- and again, you are all very young and you can

imagine, my mother was 27 years old when the war

started. This was a baby and there she was without a

husband and at that point not really knowing what on

earth was happening, although I must admit she was a

lot smarter than some others who were thinking

nothing would happen and she had this instinct in her

of wanting to go away.

which at that point was the Jewish part where always Jews lived but suddenly there was this enclosure. There was a Jewish military organization running the ghetto like anybody else's and we were at that point my grandfather, my grandmother, my grandfather's sister who had joined us with her daughter, and my

mother and myself. I really don't remember either hunger or sickness and I did ask my mother were we ever hungry at that point and she said no, it was just a very different diet. People had money. They managed to get food from the outside. All I do remember is that every morning my mother would leave with a group of women who were going outside of the ghetto to work and then were brought back in the evening, and I also remember that a couple of times when again there were these rumors that they were coming for children, my mother managed to smuggle me out with her. All I remember is walking with her and walking out through the gate and then in the evening coming back.

My grandfather on my mother's side,
although he had been a small businessman before the
war -- this was almost a crazy story, but his store
was taken over by the young man who worked for him
when he was 14, 15, 16 years old helping in the
store. During the war instead of being taken by the
Germans, this young man became the owner and he used
to bring, and I this I do remember, he used to bring
every week, every two weeks little suitcases full of
money into the ghetto, which is of course why we were

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never hungry because then if my mother smuggled out a little bit of money outside, somebody managed to bring in some food and this is how we had it. is also the money that finally in the long run saved us because in 1943 on my birthday, it was a week before, I managed to get whooping cough and my mother -- my uncle one was there, as I told you my mother's younger brother, my mother's older brother had just escaped through the Carpathian mountains into Czechoslovakia and then went on to Hungary. That route was quite used for escape but if you were caught on any one of the borders, you didn't make it terribly far. Anybody who was caught on the Polish-Czech border either was sent to Czechoslovakia and was shot or sent back to Poland and shot. I mean it didn't make much of a difference from where the bullet came. Or they were not -- not only were they found by the patrol on the borders but they were also given by the people that were being paid to take over the border.

Anyway, in 1943 in June my mother decided enough is enough. At that point we had been separated from my grandfather, because the street that we lived on was a narrow one so when we were

together, it didn't matter, men, women, whatever, everybody was together. When they separated the men from the women, my grandfather was left alone on one side and we were on the other one and at that point anybody who had some desire to know what was happening knew perfectly well that at this point already concentration camps did exist and that this is what was happening. It wasn't happening yet in the masses that happened then in '42 -- I mean '43 and '44, but I mean this was it, it was going full speed and nobody was coming back. I must also tell you one day I understand my grandmother asked my mother if they take her, what do you do, and my mother said I'm going with her.

Anyway, '43 June, my birthday is on the 10th and I know I had my birthday in the mountains, I had these beautiful whooping coughs and this is when we were going through the mountains. Now these were 15 people going together. Nobody wanted a child. I mean my mother said I'm not going without a little one and everybody said "Are you kidding? With whooping coughs, that's all we need." So they found somebody who said don't worry, once you get into the mountains, the height, the whooping coughs somehow

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disappear. And it did, whether it was magic or whatever. The funny story is that I was a much better walker than they were because we were walking up and down, up and down, and I understand, my mother tells always the story, she says they were saying they couldn't make it. I was on the top of the mountain and they were still at the bottom and I would come down to pick them up to drag them up.

We walked at night and we hid during the day. We were caught on the Czech side and my mother was with me, so two women. No way of proving, which was very easy in Europe, who is Jewish and who is not but there was not a man with us. Let's say a husband was with us and the wife had gone ahead a week earlier or so and everybody met in the jail of KOSHISETS. We were caught in KOSHETZKA and because they couldn't prove that we were Jewish, we were put first of all separated from the rest of the group. My mother, myself put into one cell and that's where we saw -- this is one thing that I do remember -- you see when they were separating the husbands and wives, it was done on purpose. If one doesn't survive, at least the other one will. So if there was a husband, wife and two children, let's say the father would

take the son and the mother would take the daughter and that's how pretty much they went.

In that prison in the main courtyard -- I will never forget it -- there was a group that went before us. There was a wife and a son, one of our friends who was with us, they put them on one side and they put our group on the other and the other group we never saw them. For some strange reason -- again, miracles did happen -- our group was sent to Hungary -- no, we were let go, excuse me, no, we were let go in Koshetzka and the other group was taken back to the border and was shot.

The Joint, which at that point was in Koshetzka, took care of us and proceeded to send us on our way to Hungary. When I say proceeded to send us, we were walking. I mean we walked through Europe, walked from Poland to Czechoslovakia, then took a little bit of a train trip closer to the border, went through the border,

Czechoslovakia-Hungary, and was our luck we were caught again. We were caught on the Hungarian side. At that point Hungary wasn't yet as dangerous as it became a while later and we were sent again to the main prison of Budapest and we were put with the

women, so that the first memory I have of this is on Sundays the nuns would come with cake and milk, and also we were with all the Gypsies and because I was a child, we were -- my mother was in better condition because of that because at least we were in an open like, could run around on the balconies and be there. After a short while one of the fathers, a gentleman who was with us, was a superb counterfeiter and he counterfeited some papers that the whole group was supposed to be released and anyway, we were released.

We ended up in Budapest. We stayed for a very short time. I must tell you when my mother left Buchna, she had sewn in her I guess in the top of her skirt, whatever, the way she was given by my grandfather quite large diamonds and we left with one pair of shoes -- nobody was going to carry suitcases over the mountains -- and he said to her, "Look, when you get to Hungary with this type of things that you carry with you, you will be living in super luxury so just don't take anything, just take those." To make a long story short, those diamonds were very nicely taken away in Czechoslovakia which means that we were totally destitute but the Joint was there and I must

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tell you, I don't think that a lot of European Jews, the one that went our route, would have survived without the Joint being there. It was absolutely the lifesaver, there was no question. There were the ones that provided food, they were the ones that provided shelter, they were the ones that helped continue.

Anyway, we were in Budapest. My uncle was also caught in Hungary, he made it as far as Hungary, he was caught there and was let go also. We went to a small town in Hungary which is called KALOCHA and at that point the Hungarian Jewry was still in place. My mother came as a Catholic, I was told prayers and my mother was kosher with all of this and the only food available in that little town were It does really the trick. We were there a group of Polish Jews, all of them of the same background and all of them knowing each other very well but trying to avoid each other as much as possible in order not to point. I mean if there were men there, they were trying to make sure that the women like my mother were alone, that at least they were not in danger. And one day my mother was going on Friday night, she wanted to hear somebody sing a

Kiddish. I mean I find it almost hilarious because on one side she tried to pass for being a Christian and on the other side she did absolutely everything possible to point to herself. I mean it really almost sounds incredible. She wanted to hear the sounds of the Kiddish being said so she stood behind the house of the Shochat and from inside she heard him say to his wife "And what are those Shiksas doing outside?" I understand it didn't take them terribly long to realize that all of this group of Poles were really not Poles, that they were Jews, and that that's what it was there.

Anyway, we stayed there for quite a while and my mother tells me that they told the Hungarian Jews what was happening in Poland and they said no way, it just did not register. By that time the Polish Jewry was gone because already when my mother had arrived in Czechoslovakia, was left out from the prison, we were already then told my grandparents had died two weeks earlier, that the whole Buchna had been liquidated. So by the time they came to Hungary, the Polish Jews were very knowledgeable about what was happening, there was no excuse but they were saying and the others reacted as if this

was just a story.

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Beginning 1944 all the Jews were rounded up including the Polish Jews that were there, excluding my mother and myself. My mother still played the role of this Catholic lady, by the way, sending me to church every Sunday morning while lighting candles Friday night. I mean when you think about it, nothing made terribly sense but there it was. I mean this is the way they proceeded. They were all taken to a farm, kept there for two, three days on the way definitely to Auschwitz. There was no discussion, they were going. And my mother, again using definitely no judgment but at that point I don't think it was a question of judgment or just absolutely from the guts, to put it mildly, were bringing them food. Now there she tried to avoid being taken with them to Auschwitz and at the same time did it. Anyway, it didn't take much time. Knock on the door and together you go.

So we went with them on a truck to the next main town from where the trains were leaving this whole group of Polish Jews, I think 30, 40, 50 maybe, everybody together. Again, don't ask me. The truck on which they had put us to go to the railroad

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station broke down and everybody went. Our truck was left in the back and when they missed the train or whatever the story is, we were brought back to our little village for the next time the trip was taken care of. Well, my mother at that point decided no more little trips to railroad stations, and all the close friends were still together. At night she put on the clothing of a cleaning lady, went into the mayor's office, and all that we needed were stamps on pieces of paper that we could leave that place. always tells the story there was this round, this thing where you hang all the stamps on. There were hundreds of them. Somehow she found the right one, stamped the papers for the whole group, went out, distributed this to all our friends.

The next day we were on a little boat that was going on the Danube, because this was on the Danube, and we went to Budapest back away from the fire of the small town. Once we arrived there, the Joint sent us -- asked what my mother wanted to do and my mother's reaction was I'm not staying here. Budapest at that time wasn't a haven but it wasn't as dangerous as it became a little bit later. She decided she's going forward. No way is she staying,

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no way is she going backward, she's just going forward, although some people did go back as far as Czechoslovakia because at that point there was nobody there and the Jews that were coming back I understand weren't -- nobody was looking for them because there weren't supposed to be any Jews left over there.

We proceeded to walk to Romania, at that point my mother and myself, just the two of us. 1944, at this point I'm the mature age of 6. walked over the border into Romania and from the border then once we were on the Romanian side -- by the way, all of this was organized by Joint, these steps, I mean they had the contacts that would take people from one place to another. One was really amazing. We were going to take a night train and the guide that brought us to the train put us in bushes and closed up these bushes, and this is on the railroad station with all the Germans and everybody else parading in front of us, and it was a very bushy bush, I remember that one, and she put us down there and my mother started getting panicky and at that point, that I do remember, I started calming her I say "Look, we have made it that far, we are going to make it further." She calmed down and

somehow we got there.

When we got to the train, they took me -- I wasn't exactly small -- took me and wrapped me like a mummy in wrapping paper with string and the whole package and put me on the rack on the top because they knew that at some point the control would come through and my mother would then be taken care of somehow but definitely not a child. Well, the way my mother was taken care of was that when they saw the police coming to check the paper, they put her outside the train hanging while the train was going on, which -- and then when it was over they brought brought her back in and they unwrapped me at some point and sat me down when we were in Romania.

Anyway we made it to Romania. It was heaven, we had a very lovely room renting from somebody. The food was -- every lunch hour we would go to the Jewish Community Center which was a house where there was a kitchen and everybody was being fed and friends met that came from Lodz from the other side. They would come and my mother suddenly met her best girl friend with her husband and son that had just come over from that part of Poland that had survived and everybody was going to Palestine. Well,

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not exactly. Three times in a row we ended up in Constanza or in Sofia and the three times we were sent back. One time, and I don't remember the name of the ship -- I always mess it up, this one -- but we were the last one who were supposed to board the ship and the man pushed my mother down and at that point it was a question of saying either I get on that ship or I die. We knew that the Germans were not that far behind us and he pushed her down and he said, Don't be desperate, this boat will never make it to Israel -- to Palestine, this is an empty barrel and it's too many people on this. Well, sure enough, this was the one that was torpedoed off the coast of Turkey. I think there are two survivors of the entire boat and that's the one we were supposed to go on.

Anyway, we never made it to Palestine but we did live out until the end of the war and we were liberated by the Russians, who were throwing down fruit and cookies and candies from the planes, and if you can imagine for people who had never seen it, especially me -- the children wanted to have something -- we were forbidden to touch it because we didn't know whether it was poison or wasn't poison or

what the whole thing was. Anyway, we survived in Romania, stayed there after that for about six months, went back to Hungary where we stayed a year to basically find out who survived, and the sad fact was that except for my father who, thank God, had survived in Russia, nobody had survived.

END OF TAPE.