

Juta Bergman
March 20, 2005

The yellow badge was kind of a stamp. A stamp that distinguished me ...from the rest of the population. We were similar, no not similar, we were exactly the same, but anyone could approach me, tell me, do to me whatever they wanted. Jutta Bergman

We studied as if everything: history, geography, science, but what was additional, at the order of Rumkowski we had Yiddish. We had had to learn Yiddish, Hebrew as well, and German, German in the gothic script...the times were so difficult and there was such chaos that the studies became mostly a framework. We came, we saw each other, and we were off the streets. Jutta Bergman

In reality what was important about the school was the soup. I remember that we received half a portion of soup as an addition. It was very important for me. There were different kinds of children from different kinds of homes...there were families in the ghetto whose standard of living increased from before the war. So these children didn't even want to eat the soup or even to smell it. And they sold their soups. If from time to time I was able to purchase the portion of soup, this was something fantastic, it is difficult even to imagine. Jutta Bergman

We met after school and played. We didn't notice the ghetto problems. That was the beginning of the hunger and we escaped from it...we repressed it, we ran away from it as much as possible. After school we played tag and when we were very tired we returned home and at that time we still had a slice of bread. Jutta Bergman

After four or five hours of work the children stayed in the workshop, transferred to another room and that is where we learned Yiddish and a little bit of math. That was it, but we didn't want to learn. A teacher came, an elderly man, serious. He came with his own lunch pail, tired, hardly moving his legs and we screamed and shouted, you know children. We didn't want this Yiddish first of all, it was foreign. And for what? What will we use it for? I remember that the teacher said, "What do you think that if not this portion of soup, this water that I get, would I come here? Never, but the soup. This bit of this water that is called soup." Jutta Bergman

We had a friend that taught us the Bible. We were charmed by it. There were girls and boys. There were loves and disappointments. We even talked about sex. There was an older friend who taught us about sex. We talked about geography with maps. We talked about psychology, psychology of Jung and Freud. Jutta Bergman.

It was forbidden to gather more than three or five people. It was punishable by death if more people gathered, but we were sometimes even fifteen, teenagers, not that quiet and we were then in Palestine for this hour with the organization, this was land of Israel, we were not in the ghetto. These were marvelous hours. I never had such marvelous hours. These were unforgettable hours...I ran to my organization and there I forgot, forgot,

forgot my mother. It's not nice, but I really forgot. I forgot my brother...the life was different there. There I saw the blue sky with stars. The sky of the land of Israel. Jutta Bergman

From the moment I became a member of the organization, I distanced myself from home. If I was at home, I was much more realistic than my mother. It was freezing this winter and we had chairs so I decided that we should start with one chair. We should break it down and use it as kindling and my mother didn't allow it. This led to the distance between us. My mother claimed, "I am a single woman. The war will end tomorrow, the day after tomorrow. How will I get such a chair again?" She understood that after one chair another chair would go. I did not care. So there won't be a chair...but now for just a little bit, it will be little warmer and this caused conflicts. As time passed there was no money at home. There was nothing to sell. My mother really dimmed. I was aware of only one thing that my mother is not as powerful as she was before the war. Before the war this woman could do anything. Jutta Bergman

Rumkowski gathered everybody in the big square and gave his famous speech. I went, but I didn't stay until the end. There were crowds of people, but my attitude toward him was from the organization. I felt disdain. What does it mean to listen to him? What does it mean to look at him? Who is he? Who is he? Jutta Bergman

I come home. I get closer and then my brother. I saw my brother in front of the house. A neighbor patted me on the head. I hate that so I knew something terrible had happened. I approached my brother and he said, "Jutta they took grandma, they took mom, but mother said that you should not cry that she will return." ...I am nothing without my mother. What could I do to save my mother? Jutta Bergman

A day or two passed and the ghettos, the police hour, ended. And we knew that if mother was stricken from the list and they took her out of the transport then she has to cross the bridge and we stood there for days with my brother and my brother said all the time, "No, Jutta, no. What is happening?" and we just watched the bridge. People passed the bridge, but where is my mom. One of these days mother appeared, broken down walking down the stairs with difficulty. She escaped. Jutta Bergman