

Krinik in Khurbn Pages 230 - 242 (beginning)



Drawing courtesy of Zdzislaw Nitka

אַנהויב פון נאצי-צוואמענברוך

Beginning of Nazi Collapse

in lager hot men zikh dervust, az di natsis laydn groyse mapoles oyf ale frontn. der front bay Vitebsk iz gebrokh. di rusishe armyen geyen mit rizn-trit foroys. der mayrev-front iz gebrokh. di daytshn farlozn Frankreykh, Holand, Belgye. in lager hobn mir gevust, az undzer leben iz itst nokh mer in gefar. yede minut ken kumen a bafel „reyn“ tsu makhn dem lager, dos heyst umbrengen ale gefangene.

dervayl iz ober gekumen a bafel tsu evakuirn dem lager keyn Daytshland. di natsis hobn zikh gegeneytikt in arbets-hent un derfar hobn zey ongehoybn aroystsufirn toyznter heftlinge in andere lagern. yedn tog hot men aroysgeshikt transportn. men hot likvidirt a sakh komandes. oykh in froyen-lager iz fargekumen an evakuatsye.

di transportn fun Lodzh zaynen geven di tsu letst ongekumene keyn Oyshvits. mitn letstn transport hot men gebrakht dem „kenig fun geto“-Khayim Rumkovski (1) un men hot im tsuzamen mit alemen arayngevorfn in gaz-kamer/ in der ershter ray hot men evakuirt di Lozsher yidn. shpeter- di ungarishe.

in oktober iz gekumen a bafel tsu evakuirn di alte heftlinge. dem 17-tn oktober hot keyner nit aroysmarshirt tsu der arbet. men hot ayngeshtelt transportn tsu tsvey toyznt mentshn. dem 15tn oktober bin ikh avek in efektn-lager un zikh gezegnt mit Rochelen, velkhe hot dort gearbet bay der zelber arbet vi in kanada.

In the camp, people knew that the Germans were suffering great defeats on all fronts. The front at Vitebsk was broken. The Russian armies went ahead with giant strides. The Western Front was broken. The Germans were leaving France, Holland and Belgium. We in the camp knew that our lives were now even more in danger. Any minute, there could be an order to make the camp "cleansed", which meant killing all the prisoners.

Meanwhile, an order came to evacuate the camp towards Germany. The Nazis needed manpower and therefore began to transfer thousands of prisoners to other camps. Every day, they sent out transports, liquidating many squads. There was also an evacuation in the women's camp.

The transports from Lodz were the last to arrive in Auschwitz. With the last transport, they brought the "King of the Ghetto", Chaim Rumkowski (1), and threw him together with all the others into the gas chamber. The first to be evacuated were the Jews of Lodz, later the Hungarian ones.

In October, the order came to evacuate the old prisoners. On October 17, no one marched out to work. Transports of 2000 people each were assembled. On October 15, I went to the "Effektenlager" in order to say goodbye to Rochele, who was doing the same work there as in "Canada".

dem 17tn hot men undzer gantsn barak opgeshikt tsu a tsveytn lager in Daytshland. baym farlozn Birkenoy hot men undz ibergeton in tsivile kleyder. yeder hot bakumen a langn mantl groyse holts-shikh, naye, keylekhdikey hitlen. eyner hot dem tsveytn nisht derkent. gefirt hot men undz tsu ersht in ban arayn. dortn

On the 17th, our whole barracks was sent to another camp in Germany. When we left Birkenau, they dressed us in civilian clothes. Everyone was given a long coat, large wooden shoes and new, round hats. We did not recognize each other. First we were led to the train. There,

(1) Chaim Rumkowski was the „Judenrat“ in the Ghetto Lodz, see also page 231

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iz yeder adurkh di zelbe kontrol, vi er volt ersht nekhtn ongekumen in lager. mer vi eyn lefl iz geven farbotn mittsunemen. men hot undz gefirt, shtreng geshlosn un bavakht, tsu der ban. dort hot yeder bakumen a halb broyt, a portsye margarin fun hundert gram, a shtekn als tsulog un men hot undz ongepakvet tsu zekhtsik mentshn in a vagon.

everyone went through the same check as if they had arrived at the camp only yesterday. It was forbidden, to take more than one spoon. We were led to the train, strictly closed and guarded. There, everyone was given half a loaf of bread, a portion of margarine of 100 grams, a cane blow as a surcharge, and then we were packed sixty people into a wagon.

di vagones zaynen geven shtark farmakht, on a shpare. leben yedn vagon zaynen shteyn geblibn drey SS. mir varfn dem letstn blik oyfn lager, oyf di elektrishe drot. fun veldl kukn aroys fir hoykhe koymens, velkhe zaynen arumgenumen mit ayznt, zey zoln nisht tsefaln. a hel roykhl shlenglt zikh tsum himl aroyf. es brenen nokh di reshtlekh Lodzsher yidn tsuzamen mitn „kenig fun geto“, Khayim Rumkovski, velkher hot farnart mit gute reyde di zibetsik toyznt yidn tsu der arbet in Oyshvits. (1)

The wagons were very tightly closed, without any gap. Next to each wagon remained three SS. We took the last look at the camp and the electric wire. From the grove, the tall chimneys, which were wrapped with iron to not fall apart, peeked out. A bright smoke curled up to the sky. Still, the remaining Lodz Jews were burning, together with the "King of the Ghetto", Chaim Rumkowski, who, with his good speeches, had enticed the 70,000 Jews to work in Auschwitz. (1)

shteyndik oyf der ban-statsye kumt alts oys vi in a kholem. epes hengt in der shtilkeyt a farneplter troyer. di oytos mit kleyder forn farbay, lozn iber a gedikhtn vaysn shtoyb hinter zikh. a vintl veyet iber di vareme kleyder, velkhe zaynen mit eynike minut frier nokh gelegn oyf mentshlekhe kerpers. di andere heftlingen velkhe blaybn nokh in lager, shteynen baym drot un gezegenen zikh mit undz, bavegdik mit di hent.

Standing on the train station, everything seems like a dream. Something like foggy sadness lingers in the silence. Trucks, loaded with clothes, are passing by, leaving behind them dense white dust. A wind is blowing over the warm clothes that, just a few minutes ago, had been on human bodies. The other prisoners who remained in the camp stand at the fence and say goodbye to us, waving their hands.

es hert zikh a vilder, khayisher geshray fun lager-komendant, Kramer: ales aynshteygn!

We hear the wild, animalistic yell of the camp commander, Kramer, "All aboard!"

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| <p>es vet a shtuperay. es faln kolbes iber di kep. in etlekhe minut arum zaynen mir shoyn ale in vagon. mit mir forn ale khaveyrim mayne, mit velkhe ikh hob tsuzamen gefirt dem tog-teglikhn kamf farn morgn. mayne „bay-shlefer“, <i>Arke Krantsman</i>, <i>un Itshe Suroski</i> rufn mir tsu zikh, mir zoln shteyn in eyn vinkl. der vagon iz kleyn. faran zeyer vaynik plats.</p> <p>di SS farnemen dem gantsn mitn bay der tir. far zey trogt men arayn shtroy. mir hobn nisht keyn plats tsum shteyn. drey por groye, merderishe oygn kukn tsu undz un shtekhndurkh. eyner shrayt: donerveter nokhamol, vos far a luft iz do! ir shtinkt, farflukhte! un shpayt oys mit a fuln moyl oyf eynem fun undzere. es hert zikh an opgehakter fayf tsuzamen mit a geshray: ales aynshteygn! di vagones gibn a</p> | <p>A scramble begins. Rifle butts fall over our heads. After several minutes, we are all in the train car. All my comrades, with whom I have led the day-to-day struggle for "tomorrow", are riding together with me. My "bed-fellows", <i>Arke Krantsman and Itshe Suroski</i>, are calling me over, to stand together in a corner. The wagon is small and there is little space.</p> <p>The SS - men take up the whole center by the door. Litter (straw) is carried in for them. There's no place for us to stand. Three pairs of large, murderous eyes are looking at us, piercing us with their gazes. One of them shouts, "Golly, what's that air! You stink, you curs!" And with his mouth full, he spits on one of us. We hear a choppy whistle, along with a shout: "All aboard!" The wagons give a...</p> |
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- (1) Rumkowski is said to have announced that the ghetto Lodz was merely being "transferred"; in reality, it was a matter of deportation to Auschwitz. As for his cremation, some sources report that it was the Sonderkommando staff who killed him at the gate of the crematorium, after the arriving Jews from Lodz had told them about the crimes he had committed against the Jews in his capacity as Judenrat.

A photograph with Chaim Rumkowski and Hans Biebow in the Litzmannstadt (Lodz) Ghetto can be seen here:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chaim_Rumkowski

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| <p>klap eyns in andere. di mentshn-mase git zikh a treysl. eyner falt tsu tsum tsveytn mitn gantsn kerper. di vagones rirn fun ort. di tir iz ofn. der lager flit farbay. ot zeen zikh nokh di fir koymens. fun tsvey kayklt zikh a shvartser roykh. fun di andere tsvey shlengt zikh a din roykhele, velkhes tsefalt shnel in der luft, nit iberlozndik keyn tsaykhn hinter zikh...</p> | <p>start; one is bumping into the other. The crowd is shaken up, falling against each other with their whole bodies. The wagons start moving. The door is open. The camp flies by. There, we can still see the chimneys; black smoke is billowing from two of them. From the other two, a thin smoke is curling, quickly dissipating in the air, leaving no traces...</p> |
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di tsveyike elektrishe drotn loyfn shnel farbay. yeder shteyn vos ligt do, shrayt aroys a toytn-yomern, yeder zamdele iz ayngetonken in a sod fun a mentshns leben.

s'klapn zikh di reder tsum takt. fun minut tsu minut alts shtarker. men firt a transport- nit keyn holts un nit keyn koyln- a transport fun lebedike mentshn, velkhe viln leben un derlebn di sho fun nekome ibern soyne. a kil harbst-vintl blozt arayn durkh der ofener tir, velkhe iz farshfelt fun drey grine shineln.

oyf zey hengt a pas mit an oyfshrift „got mit undz“.

in der linker zayt-a revolver, in di hent, a biks leben di fis.

groyse ongeshtopte ruk-zek, fun velkhe es zet zikh aroys a shpits fun a vays broyt. undzere alemens blikn faln dafke oyfn broyt. yeder iz farnumen bay zikh in gedank mitn broyt. vos volt geven ven eyner hot itst dos broyt bay zikh in hant? fun velkher zayt volt er ongehoyn tsu baysn?

di reder klapn. mir forn tsvishn grine felder. Oyshvits iz geblibn hinter undz. keyner vayst nisht vuhin der tsug firt undz. undzer vinkl bashlist tsu shteln a vidershtand oyb men vet undz firn tsu a tsveytn krematoryum. ikh hob durkhgeshmugt a shabes-koydesh-meser un halt es greyt. di andere veln zikh farteydikn mit di lefl. dos hentl fun lefl iz farsharft un dint oykh vi a meser.

di nakht iz tsugefaln. ba alemen klepn zikh di oygn. di fis brekhn zikh. s'iz nishto keyn plats vu tsu zitsn. eyner iz ongeleynt in a tsveytn un azoy drimlen mir. di SS-reykhern eyn tsigaret nokhn tsveytn, shpayen un shilt, nor mir entfern nisht keyn vort, vi nisht undz meynt man. mir flien farbay derfer un shtetlekh. di nakht tsit on a sof. yeder khapt a laykhtn driml un khapt zikh oyf.

The double-row electric fence runs by quickly. Every stone that lies there screams out a dirge; every grain of sand is steeped in the mystery of a human life.

The wheels are pounding in time, even stronger by the minute. A transport is being transferred, but not wood and coals, but a transport of living people who want to live and experience the hour of reckoning with the enemy. A cool autumn wind blows in through the open door, which is blocked by three green cloaks. A belt is dangling on them, with the inscription "God with us". On the left side - a revolver, in the hands, next to the legs, a rifle.

In addition, large, stuffed backpacks, from which the tip of a white bread peeks out. All our eyes fall straight on the bread. Everyone's thoughts are occupied with the bread: What would happen if someone had the bread in his hand now? In which side would he take his first bite?

The wheels are pounding. We are riding between green fields. Auschwitz is left behind us. Nobody knows where the train will take us. We in our corner decide, to resist in case they take us to another crematorium. I have smuggled through a "holy Sabbath knife" which I keep ready. The others are willing to defend themselves with their spoons; their handles are sharply ground, also serving as a knife.

Night has fallen. We cannot keep our eyes open anymore. Our legs buckle. There is no place to sit down. We are leaning against the other, slumbering. The SS are smoking one cigarette after another, spitting and cursing. But we do not respond to a single word and pretend that we are not meant at all. We fly past villages and towns. There is no end to the night. Everyone falls into a light sleep, only to wake up again.



Tracks near Auschwitz-Birkenau concentration camp, photo courtesy of Tomek Wisniewski

di kni gibn a treysl un der driml iz ibergerisn. eyner shtoyst dem tsveytn mit di fis. ven eyner zetst zikh- vert a geshray:

„Oy, man fus!“

dervayl nutsn dos oys di SS: zey faln tsu mit kolbes un shlogn iber di kep. azoy zaynen mir opgeshtanen di gantse nakht. a kalt frimorgndik vintl hot undz gebrakht abisl frishkeyt. der tsug iz geblibn shteyn. mir leyenen iber an oyfshrift mit groyse, shvartse oysyes:

„Gleyvits“.

itst vaysn mir shoyn, az mir forn keyn Daytshland. di SS shpringen arop, klapn a fus on a fus, raybn di oygn. eyner putst dem tsveytn. ale drey marshirn leben der tir. der transport-firer loyft fun vagon tsu vagon mit a papir in hant. yeder SS-man shtelt zikh far im glaykh, di hent aroyzgelozt, shrayt oyz:

„ales shtimt!“

azoy loyft der transport-firer fun vagon tsu vagon, bizn letsn.

mir kukn aroys durkh der ofener tir. farhavete (pre-occupied) ban-arbeter loyfn hin un tsurik. yeder varft a blik tsu der tir un loyft vayter. dos eyntsike vos mir betn, iz broyt. a shtikl broyt- dos iz undzer farlang. keyner varft undz ober nisht tsu keyn broyt. yeder geyt farbay vi nisht im meynt men.

in Gleyvits zaynen mir opgeshtanen biz 12 azeyger batog. der tsug hot vider gerirt fun ort. di SS zaynen vider tsuzamen mit undz in vagon. itst

Our knees give a jerk and the slumber cuts off. One is pushing the other with his feet. When one of us sits down, there is a shout:

"Ow, my foot!"

Meanwhile, the SS-men are taking advantage of this situation, attacking us with rifle butts and hitting over our heads. In this way, we were standing all night. A cold morning wind has brought us a little freshness. The train has stopped. We are reading an inscription with big black letters: "Gleiwitz" (Gliwice).

Now, we already know that we are going to Germany. The SS men jump down, tapping their feet together and rubbing their eyes. One wipes the second. All three march next to the door. The transport leader walks from wagon to wagon with a note in his hand. Each SS man stands upright in front of him, hands stretched tightly down, shouting out: "Everything all right!"

In this way, the transport leader runs from wagon to wagon, until the last one.

We look out through the open door. Preoccupied railroad workers run back and forth. Everyone glances at the door and keeps walking. The only thing we ask for is bread. A piece of bread - that's what we require. But no one throws bread to us. Everyone passes by, pretending that it is not him, who is meant.

In Gliwice, we have stood until 12 noon. Then, the train is starting, again with the SS men together with us in the wagon. Now, they are having

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| <p>esn zey mitik. yeder nemt aroys a langn, trukenem, festn vursht mit vays broyt un di kinbakn bavegn zikh aroyf un arop. a shnit fun vursht, a shnit fun broyt un a bis. azoy langzam, eyns nokhn tsveytn.</p> <p>mir shteyen shtil. alemens oygn zaynen itst gevendet gor tsum meser, vos shnaydt fun vursht un broyt. bay yedn glantsn di oygn vi bay a kats, velkhe shteyt tsugebundn un fun vaytn shpringt a fet meyzl. dos broyt vos mir hobn nekhtn bakumen baym aroysforn fun Oyshvits, hot yeder glaykh oyfgegesn, moyre-hobndik, az men zol es nisht tsuganvenen eyner dem tsveytn. ven mir veln bakumen broyt- vaysn mir nisht. mir zitsn farshpart in vagon tsvishn fir blinde vent un vaysn gor nisht vos mit undz darf geshen.</p> <p>punkt vi mir voltn dortn nisht geven.</p> | <p>lunch. Everyone unpacks a long, dry, firm sausage and white bread, and their chins move up and down. Once they cut off the sausage, once the bread, then they bite into it. Slowly, one after the other.</p> <p>We are standing there, silently. All our eyes are now on the knife that cuts the sausage and bread, shining like those of a cat, standing there tied up while a fat mouse jumps around in the distance. All of us had immediately eaten our bread that we received yesterday before leaving Auschwitz, being afraid that one might steal it from the other. We do not know when we will get bread. We are locked in the wagon between four walls without a view, and do not know at all what is planned for us.</p> <p>It's just as if we weren't even there.</p> |
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| <p>s'falt vider tsu di nakht. der hunger vakst fun minut tsu minut alts shtarker. mir shrayen eyner tsum tsveytn, azoy az di SS zoln hern: „brot, varum gibt men undz keyn brot?“</p> <p>di SS shrayen: rue, ir shveynen! ir vet bakumen broyt morgn. -varum morgn? mir hobn haynt hunger!- shrayt der gantser vagon in eyn kol.</p> <p>nor s'hot nisht geholfn dos shrayen. mir hobn keyn broyt nisht bakumen.</p> <p>azoy zaynen mir opgeforn di tsveyte nakht. di merhayt in vagon hot shoyt nisht keyn koyekh tsu shteyn.-andere afile nisht tsum redn. der hunger hot yedn bahersht. oyb emitser hot nokh getrakht vegn antloyfn, iz itst gevorn an umzin. keyner hot nisht keyn koyekh dertsu. dem dritn tog zaynen mit shteyn geblibn oyf a kleyner ban-statsye leben Dantsig. di SS meldn undz, az vayter forn mir nisht. do vet men undz oyslodn in a lager. vi der lager heyst-veyst keyner nisht. mir lign eyner</p> | <p>Night falls again. With every minute, the hunger grows even more. We shout at each other, so that the SS should hear, "Bread, why don't they give us bread?"</p> <p>The SS shout, "Quiet, you pigs! You will get bread tomorrow".</p> <p>"Why tomorrow? We are hungry today!" the whole wagon shouts in unison.</p> <p>But shouting didn't help; we didn't get any bread.</p> <p>So, we drove through the second night. The majority in the wagon had no strength to stand any longer; others not even to talk. Hunger dominated everyone. If someone had still thought of escape - now it was nonsensical, because no one had any strength left.</p> <p>On the third day, we stopped at a small railroad station near Gdansk. The SS told us that we would not go on, but would be dumped in a camp.</p> |
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| <p>ongeshpart in tsveytn un vartn oyfn vayterdikn goyrl. tsvey grikhishe yidn zaynen geshtorbn haynt inderfri. zey lign tsuzamen mit undz. di luft in vagon iz oyf dershtikt tsu vern.</p> <p>di SS shpayen un sheltn mit di ergste shmutsikste verter. di gantse shuldike zaynen nor mir. zey zaynen got di neshome shuldik. (1)</p> <p>biz itst flegt zikh nokh hern a shvakhe shtime: hunger, broyt, ober itst zaynen ale shtil, vayl der mindester geshray vert farshtikt mit di kolbes fun di SS. a yeder hot moyre farn letsn klap fun a kolbe. in etlekhe sho arum zaynen gekumen etlekhe ofitsirn tsum transport. zey hobn batrakht di „skhoyre“ vos men hot zey gebrakht. bay undz in vagon zaynen shoyfn faran tsvey toyte un di iberike- halb-toyt.</p> | <p>Nobody knows the name of the camp. We lay there, leaning against each other, waiting for our fate. Two Greek Jews died this morning. They are lying with us. The air in the wagon is suffocating.</p> <p>The SS men are spitting and cursing with the worst and dirtiest words; it would be us, who are guilty of everything. They were innocent, free from suspicion. (1).</p> <p>Until now, a faint voice could be heard, "Hunger, bread," but henceforth, everyone is silent, because the slightest shout is stifled with the rifle butts of the SS. Everyone is afraid of the last blow with a butt....</p> <p>After several hours, a few officers came to our transport. They looked at the "goods" that were brought to them. In our wagon, there were already two dead, and the rest were half dead.</p> |
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(1) "zey zaynen Got di neshome shuldik" is not to be translated literally in this case

please scoll...

Stutthof

שטוטהאָף



Gate to the Stutthof camp (ca. 1978), photo courtesy of Volker Mall, source/author: Marga Griesbach

KL.: Konzentrationslager Stutthof

Jude

Häftl.-Nr.:

073

Häftlings-Personal-Karte

Fam.-Name: S o f e r
 Vorname: Aleks
 Geb. am: 5.5.21 in: Krynki
 Stand: ledig Kinder: _____
 Wohnort: W.O.
 Strasse: Pionierstr 16
 Religion: mos Staatsang.: Pole
 Wohnort d. Angehörigen: Mutter
Brocha Schuster
unbekannt
 Eingewiesen am: 28.10.44
 durch: K.L. Auschwitz
 in KL.: Stutthof
 Grund: unbekannt
 Vorstrafen: keine

am: 17.11.1944 an KL. Natzweiler
 am: _____ an KL. _____
 am: _____ an KL. _____

Entlassung:
 am: _____ durch KL.;

Personen-Beschreibung:
 Grösse: _____ cm
 Gestalt: _____
 Gesicht: _____
 Augen: _____
 Nase: _____
 Mund: _____
 Ohren: _____
 Zähne: _____
 Haare: _____
 Sprache: _____

Bes. Kennzeichen: Li. Usarm
tätow. 93 886

Charakt.-Eigenschaften: _____
 Sicherheit b. Einsatz: _____

Körperliche Verfassung: _____

Strafen im Lager:

| Grund: | Art: | Bemerkung: |
|--------|------|------------|
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KL-G - 44 889.000

Personal card of Abraham Soifer, who later called himself Alex Sofer, "Natzweiler"= The "subcamp of Natzweiler", namely Hailfingen.
 courtesy of Archiv Stutthof/Archiv KZ Gedenkstätte Hailfingen/Tailfingen

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men hot undz aroysgetribn fun di vagones un oysgeshtelt tsu finf in a ray. itst hot zikh ongehoybn a tseyln kedey tsu zen tsi keyner iz nisht antlofn oyfn veg.

di toyte hot men aroysgeshlept fun vagon un oykh avekgeleygt untn, tsum zseyln. fun yeder vagon hot men aroysgeshlept eynem oder tsvey toyte. andere hobn shoyn glat nit gehot keyn koyekh zikh tsu haltn oyf di fis/ dos eyntsike tsu vos yeder hot itst geshtrebt it geven- a shtikl broyt un shpeter zol zikh shoyn zayn vos es vil zikh.

der hunger peynikt undz alemen un tsit undz tsu der erd. bay a yedn zaynen di lipn fartruknt un bloy.

di merderishe ofitsirn fu SS hobn tsayt. zey shteyen gemitlekh fun der vaytns un shpetn fun undz. vayzn mit di finger oyf di korbones, velkhe shteyen oyf di kni, mit di kep aropgezunken tif tsu der erd.

di luft iz do shmekndik. mir gefinen zikh in a vald tsvishn hoykhe nodl-beymer. der himl iber undz iz ongefult mit a faykhtkeyt. di nakht iz tsugefaln. mir shteyen nokh oyfn leben plats. di SS-ofitsirn lakhn hoykh oyfn kol, oysherndik di barikhtn fun di, velkhe zaynen gekumen mit undz.

plutsung derhert zikh a vilder farshikerter geshray:
foroys, marsh!

eyner nemt dem tsveytn untern orem un di toyte leygt men oyf a vegele. mir marshirn iber gele nodlen in der tifkeyt fun vald nisht-visndik vuhin. mit mir in der ray marshirn mayne „bayshlefer“. yeder fun undz iz antshlosn zikh tsu farteydikn oyb men vet undz oyssteln tsum shisn. dervayl marshirn mir mit kurtse trit in der fintsternish. yeder fun undz iz zikher, az do iz undzer sof, do vet men undz shoyn oysshisn. mir bashlisn, az glaykh vi mir veln zen di SS dervaytern zikh fun undz, zoln mir zikh varfn oyf zey un mit di tseyen zey iberraysn di heldzer.

We were herded out of the wagons and lined up five to a row. Now, a counting began to control, if no one had escaped on the way.

The dead were dragged out of the wagon and laid down below to be also counted. From each wagon, they hauled out 2 or 3 dead. Others simply no longer had the strength to stay on their feet. The only thing everyone wanted now was a piece of bread, and later, come what may.

Hunger plagues us all and pulls us down to earth. Everyone has withered, blue lips.

The murderous officers take their time. They stand comfortably in the distance, sneering at us, pointing their fingers at the victims, who have gone down on their knees, with their heads lowered to the earth.

The air is fragrant; we are in a forest among tall conifers. The sky above us is saturated with moisture. The night has fallen. We are still standing in the side yard. The SS officers burst into loud laughter, hearing the reports of those who came with us.

Suddenly we hear a wild, drunken shouting:
"Ahead, march!"

One is linking arm with the other, and the dead are placed on a cart. We march over yellow needles in the deep forest- not even knowing where to. Marching with me in line are my "bedfellows." Each of us is determined to defend ourselves if we are lined up to be shot. Meanwhile, we march with short steps in the darkness. Each of us is sure that this is our end and we will be shot here. We decide that as soon as we see the SS moving away from us, we will throw ourselves at them and tear their necks open with our teeth.

di merhayt fun gantsn transport iz shoyn ober mer nit feik tsu shteln a vidershtand. gor a kleyner protsent iz nokh dertsu feik, oyb di koyl vet nisht kumen frier.

tsu antloyfn-iz umeglekh. bay yedn meter geyen fun bayde zaytn SS mit oysgeshtrekte biksn. greyt tsu shisn yede minut.

The majority of the whole transport is no longer capable of resistance. Only a tiny percentage is still able to do so, if the bullet does not come even earlier.

Escaping is impossible. After each meter, SS men are walking on both sides with guns held out, ready to shoot.



Stutthof freight car (ca. 1978), photo courtesy of Volker Mall, source/author: Marga Griesbach



Stutthof camp, watchtower and fence, courtesy of Volker Mall, author/source: Marga Griesbach

hinter undz hert zikh a shos un a krekhts. dos hot men geshosn eynem velkher hot vayter nisht gekent geyn. oyb mir veln vayter azoy geyn, veln ale faln in veg. keyner veyst nisht vuhin mir marshirn un biz ven mir veln azoy darfn geyn. a yeder iz zikher az dos iz undzer letster marsh... zol es shoy shneler geshen. dos vos darf geshen. dos iz der vuntsh fun a yedn.

es hert zikh vider a shos. oysgemisht mit a langn „oy!“ vider eynem geshosn. dos vegele iz shoy iberfild mit toyte. es hert zikh vilde geshrayen: foroys! shnel, ir shmutsike hint!

arum iz khoyshekh. der veg iz a blotiker. plutsung derzeen mir fun vaytn kleyne fayerlekh dernentern zikh tsu undz. ot zaynen mir shoy leben a shmoln feld. do blaybn mir shteyn. di fayerlekh kumen nont tsu undz. itst zeen mir daytlekh a lokomotiv, fun velkhn es shpart a gedikhter, shvartser roykh. hintern lokomotiv zaynen tsugetshepet kleyne, ofene vagonetkes. mir blaybn shteyn leben di vagonetkes. men tseylt undz vider. di toyte fun vegele tseylt men oykh mit.

leben yeder vagonetke shteln zikh fuftsik mentshn. es kumt a bafel: aynshteygn!

keyner fun undz hot mer nisht keyn koyekh dertsu. bald kumen tsu loyfn di vilde SS mit di kolbes in di hent. zey shturkhen un shlogn oyf ale zaytn. es vert a shtoyzenish, a loyfenish fun eyn vagonetke tsu der tsveyter. eyner vil zikh oysbahalt n hintern tsveytn. di SS nutsn dos oys un shlogn iber alemens kep un rukns.

s'hert zikh a krekhtsn fun mentshn, velkhe zaynen gefaln oyf der erd. di andere tretn oyf zey. di velkhe hobn zikh arayngekhapt in di vagonetkes hobn

Behind us, we hear a gunshot and a groan. They have shot someone who could not go any further. If we keep going like this, everyone will fall down. No one knows, where we will march and how long we will have to walk like this. Everyone is sure that this is our last march; may what has to happen anyway, just go faster. This is the wish of all of us.

Again a shot is fired, accompanied by a long "oi!". Once again, they shot someone. The wagon is already overflowing with the dead. Wild screams can be heard: "Ahead! Quick, you dirty dogs!"

Around us it is dark; the path is swampy. Suddenly, we see small fires approaching us from afar. Now, we are already next to a narrow field; and we stop. The fires come close to us. We can clearly see a locomotive with dense black smoke coming out of it. To the locomotive are attached small open wagons. We stop next to these wagons and are counted again. The dead on the wagon are also counted.

Fifty people stand next to each wagon. An order comes: "Board!"

None of us has any strength left. Immediately, the wild SS men come running with the butts in their hands, bumping and hitting from all sides. There is a scramble, a rush from one wagon to the next. One wants to hide behind the other. The SS men take advantage of the situation, beating everyone over their heads and backs.

There is a groaning of people, who have fallen down to the earth. The others are stepping on them. Those, who have already managed to hastily get into

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| <p>shoyn keyn klep nisht bakumen. di erd iz baleygt mit mentshn. yeder krekhtst un shrayt mit di letste koykhes: shist mikh, shist mikh, merder!</p> <p>ikh gefin zikh in a vagonetke. eyn hant iz mir geshvoln fun a klap. itst ken zayn vos es vil zikh. keyner fun undz iz shoyn mer nisht feik tsum shteln a vidershtand. di tsheshlogene un toyte hot men tsuzamen arayngeleygt in di letste vagonetkes. itst hobn mir gegloybt, az men firt undz in krematoryum.</p> | <p>the wagons have not received any blows. The ground is covered with people. Each of them croaks and shouts with his last strength: "Shoot me, shoot me, you murderers!"</p> <p>I am in the wagon. My hand is swollen from a blow. Now, what will can come. None of us is capable of resistance anymore. The broken and the dead have been placed together in the last wagon. Now we are believing that we are being led to the crematorium.</p> |
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| <p>eyns hobn mir gevolt- es zol shoyn zayn nokh alemen. der hunger, di klep-hobn in undz ale tsebrokhn di kraft tsu shteln a vidershtand.</p> <p>der lokomotiv hot gerirt fun ort. bay yeder vagonetke zitsn fir SS-mener mit geve- greyte tsu shisn. mir forn in der fintsternish fun vald. es hert zikh a krekhtsn un a yomern, velkhe dergeyt fun di letste vagonetkes. es klapn di reder. es hert zikh a fayf fun lokomotiv. azoy zaynen mir geforn mer vi a sho.</p> <p>der lokomotiv iz shteyn geblibn leben a groyse lager, velkher hot gelaykhtn fun vaytns mit zayn balaykhtung. mir zaynen arop fun di vagonetkes. zikh vider ayngeshtelt tsu finf. a teyl zaynen geblibn lign in di vagonetkes, farkhaleshte. men hot opgetseylt di lebedike, halb-toyte un toyte. der transport shtimt: ale 1200 mentshn zaynen faran.</p> <p>mir marshirn tsum toyer fun lager. ibern toyer hengt an oygshrift, velkhe iz baloykhtn mit elektrishe lompn: „vald-lager Shtuthof“. (1)</p> | <p>Only one thing we wanted - might it already be over! The hunger and the beatings have broken in all of us the strength to resist</p> <p>The locomotive starts moving. In each wagon, four SS men are sitting, with rifles at the ready. We drive into the the forest's darkness. From the last wagons, we hear a moaning and wailing. The wheels are pounding, the locomotive is whistling. So, we were driving for more than one hour.</p> <p>The locomotive has stopped next to a large warehouse, the lighting of which could be seen from afar. We have left the wagons again, lining up in rows of five. Some of us were lying unconscious in the wagons. The living, half-dead and dead have been counted. The transport is in order: all 1200 people are present.</p> <p>We marched to the gate of the camp. Above the gate is hanging an inscription, illuminated by electric lamps: "Wald-Lager Stutthof". (1)</p> |
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| <p>baym toyer shteln zikh fun bayde zaytn SS un tseyln vider baym araymarshirn in lager. di toyte un halb-toyte hot men arayngfirt in lager un gelozt lign oyf der gas, leben a vant fun a barak. undz hot men arayngfirt in a leydikn barak on betn un on a parloge. yeder iz gefaln a toyt-mider oyf der naketer, naser erd. azoy zaynen mir opgelegn biz fartog. ale hobn gekrekhtst un ge(h)oyket.</p> <p>fir azeyger zaynen arayngelofn tsvey SS mit shtekns un geshrien: Tseyl-Apel! Tseyl-Apel! Ales raus, raus, ir farflukhte hint!" bald zaynen mir geshtanen eyner hintern tsveytn, tsu tsen in a ray. zeks azeyger iz gekumen a blok-firer un hot undz tsvey mol getseylt. nokhn apel hot men undz gefirt in bod. dortn hot zikh ongehoybn alts fun dos nay. vider hobn mir zikh gedarf't oyston naket. di kleyder hot men arayngegebn in antlozungs-kamer. dos alts iz tsugegangen mit der bagleytung fun shtekns.</p> | <p>At the gate, SS men line up on both sides, counting us again as we march in. The dead and half-dead are brought into the camp and left on the street, next to the wall of a barrack. We are taken to an empty barrack with no beds and no floor. All of us have fallen to the bare, wet ground, being dead tired. So we have been lying there until dawn, with everyone groaning and gasping.</p> <p>At four o'clock, two SS men came in with sticks in their hands and shouted: " Roll call! Roll call! Everybody out, out, you cursed dogs!" Soon, we were standing one behind the other, ten to a row. At six o'clock, a block leader came and counted us twice. After roll call, we were led to the bathroom. There, everything started all over again. Once again, we had to strip naked. The clothes were put into the delousing chamber. All this took place with the accompaniment of caning.</p> |
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(1) „Wood Camp Stutthof“

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| <p>am ergstn iz geven der kalter tush. in droysn hot gefayft a kalter, naser harbst-vint. in bod zaynen di fentster geven tsebrokhn. a tsugluft hot geyogt iber di oysgemogerte kerpers. yeder hot zikh getreyslt un zikh getulyet tsu a tsveytn.</p> <p>nokhn oysbodn zikh hot men undz aroysgeyogt in a tsveytn groysn zal. dort hot yeder bakumen zayne kleyder. itst, nokhn adurkhgeyn di bod, hot men undz gefirt in lager oyf di blokn „tsvey“ un „drey“. dos zaynen geven tsvey blokn nor far yidn, mit a spetsyeler distsiplin un spetsyele manhigim. mir hobn gedarf't lenger vi ale shteyn tsum tseyl-apel. dos shlofn iz geven nokh erger vi in Oyshvits, oyf a shmoln, militerishn betl, zaynen mir geshlofn tsu fir perzon. tsvey tsufusns un tsvey tsu kopns.</p> | <p>The cold showers were the worst. Outside, a cold, wet autumn wind whistled. The windows in the bathroom were broken, and the draft chased over our emaciated bodies. All of us shivered and snuggled up to one another.</p> <p>After we took our bath, we were herded into another large hall, where everyone was given their clothes. Now, after the bath procedure, we were led to blocks "two" and "three" in the camp. These were two blocks for Jews only, with special discipline and special leaders. We had to wait out the roll call longer than anyone else. Sleeping was even worse than in Auschwitz, on a narrow military bed, where four of us had to sleep: Two at the foot side and two at the head side.</p> |
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glaykh vi mir hobn shoyn derlebt di minut zikh oystsutsien oyf di betlekh, hobn zikh di merste tsebrokhn un eyner iz gefaln oyfn tsveytn. di betlekh zaynen geven dreygorndike. ven dos oybershte hot zikh tsebrokhn zaynen ale fir aropgefaln oyf mitlstn. fun klap hot zikh dos mitlste oykh ayngemborkhn un ale akht zaynen aroyfgefaln oyfn untershtn betl, velkhes hot zikh avade ayngemborkhn.

vegn dem lager „Shtuthof“ hobn mir keyner gornit gevust un gornit gehat gehert. itst shpirn mir oyf undzer rukn dem shtrengn lager, velkher ken zikh onrufn „toytn-lager“/ oykh do zaynen faran froyen, velkhe arbetn baym reynikh di kleyder fun gefangene soldatn. der froyen-lager iz opgeteylt fun mener-lager mit a hoykhn elektrishn drot. es iz zeyer shtreng farbotn tsu shteyn leben drot un reydn mit velkher nisht iz froy.

oykh iz do geven a krematoryum, nor nisht in aza groysn format vi in Oyshvits. a geveynlekh gemoyert hoyz mit a hoykhn koymen arumgenumen mit ayzerne rayfn, es zol nisht tsefaln vern fun der hits. der krematoryum iz do hoykh arumgetsoymt mit a hoykhn blindn ployt. a veg oysgeflastert mit tsigl firt biz tsu der tir. do arbetn nisht azoyfil mentshn vi in Oyshvits, bloyz tsvantsik mentshn- gemisht fun ale natsyonalitetn.

fargazevet hotmen oyshlislekh yidn, di andere natsyonalitetn flegt men farbrenen ven zey flegn shoyn zayn toyt. in lager zaynen geven a merhayt polyakn, fun Bialystoker gegnt. oykh hob

Immediately, when we tried to stretch out on the beds, most of them broke apart and one fell on top of the other. The beds were three-tiered. When the top tier broke, all four fell down to the middle tier. However, from the impact, the middle tier also bent, and so all eight people fell onto the bottom bed, which of course as a result also collapsed.

No one had known or heard anything about the "Stutthof" camp before. But now, we felt the rigor of the camp, which could well be called "camp of the dead" on our backs. Here, too, there were women who worked at cleaning the clothes of the captured soldiers. The women's camp was separated from the men's camp by a high electric fence. It was very strictly forbidden **for women** to stand next to the fence and talk to men.

There was a crematorium here as well, just not on such a huge format as in Auschwitz. **Rather**, it was an ordinary stone house with a tall chimney, wrapped with iron hoops, to keep it from falling apart from the heat. The crematorium was enclosed by a high, opaque fence. A brick-paved path led to the door. There were not as many people working here as in Auschwitz, just twenty, but all with different nationalities.

Only the Jews were gassed; people of other nationalities were burned, when they were already dead. The majority in the camp were Poles, from the Bialystok area. I **even...**



*Accommodation for prisoners in Stutthof, author: Hans Weingartz - <http://www.pass-weingartz.de/hw.htm> - own work (Originaltext: eigene Aufnahme), This file is licensed under the [Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike 2.0 Germany license](https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/KZ_Stutthof). **no changes made.** • File:KZ STUTT4.jpg, created: . July 2007, https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/KZ_Stutthof*

ikh getrofn a polyak fun mayn shtetl, Krinik, a gevezener gehilfs-politsyant fun di daytshn. ven mir hobn zikh getrofn un ikh hob im gezogt: Edzhik Tsarnyetski du bist oykh do in lager?
hot er aropgelozt dem kop un gefregt:
„Yeshtshe zhyesh?“ - du lebst nokh?...

fun dem polyakn hob ikh opgenumen a grus fun mayn shtetl Krinkik. er hot mir dertseylt vos es iz geshen mit di velkhe zaynen antlofn in vald arayn un vegn di arumike poyerim.
di velkhe hobn zikh bahaltn in kesl fun bod- hot er mir dertseylt- hot men gekhapt un alemen dershoshn oyfn mitn mark.
oykh hot men geshoshn etlekhe poyerim.
vegn zikh hot er mir dertseylt folgdikes:

ven undzer shtetl Krinik, iz shoyn gevorn yidn-reyn (1), hot der gevezener geto-komisar oyfgezamlt alts vos di yidn hobn ibergelozt in di letste tsvey lagern. di kleyder un vesh hot er oyfgezamlt in groysn Bes-Medresh. dos hobn gehit di poylishe gehilfs-politsyantn. eynmol, ven er iz aleyn geshtanen oyf der vakh, iz er arayn ineveynik un aroysgenumen farshidene kleyder. ba der doziker „arbet“ iz er gekhapt gevorn fun geto-komisar. derfar hot men im gebrakht in vald-lager Shtuthof.

di arbet fun di arestirte in vald-lager iz bashtanen in arbetn in etlekhe militerishe fabrikn vi shikh-un gevef-fabrik. do hobn gearbet etlekhe hundert mentshn. der lager hot getseylt zeks toyznt mener un fir toyznt froyen. oykh flegn andere arbetn baym oplodn di shifn, velkhe flegn kumen fun port Dantsig.
der vald-lager hot zikh gefunen dreysik kilometer fun Gdinye, un di velkhe flegn arbetn in port flegn yedn tog aroysforn finf azeyger inderfri un tsutikkumen akht azeyger in ovnt. yedn tog flegt men mitbrengen toyte un farvundete fun der shverer arbet, velkhe iz bashtanen in aroplodn shteyner un tsement.

met a Pole from my shtetl Krinik (Krynki), a former assistant policeman of the Germans. When we met and I asked him, "Edzhik Tsarnyetski (**Czarnietzki**), you are also here in the camp?" he lowered his head and asked:
"Jeszcze żyjesz? - you are still alive?"

The Pole furnished me with greetings from my shtetl Krinik. He told me, what had happened to those, who had fled into the forest, and about the surrounding peasants.
Those, who had hidden in the boiler of the bath at that time, he said, had been caught and shot in the middle of the market.
Several peasants were also shot.
About himself, he told me the following:

After our shtetl had already become "judenrein" (1), the former ghetto commissar collected everything that the Jews had left behind in the last "two camps". He collected the clothes and linen in the large "Bes-Medresh" (2). The Polish assistant policemen **had to** take care of it. But once, when he had been standing guard alone, he went inside and took out various clothes. During this "work", however, he was caught by the ghetto commissar, and, **as a punishment**, he was taken to the forest camp at Stutthof.

The work of the prisoners in the forest camp took place in several military factories, such as shoes and weapons factories. Several hundred people worked there. The camp numbered 6000 men and 4000 women. Other prisoners worked unloading ships coming from the port of Gdansk.

The forest camp was located 30 km from Gdynia, and those, who worked in the harbor, usually left every day at 5 o'clock in the morning and returned at 8 o'clock in the evening. Every day, they brought back dead and wounded from the hard work, which consisted of unloading stones and cement.

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| <p>di yidn velkhe hobn zikh gefunen in dem lager zaynen di merste geven fun Vilne un Kovne. mir zaynen geven di ershte velkhe zaynen gekumen fun toyt-n-lager Oyshvits. di merhayt fun undzer transport</p> | <p>The Jews in our camp were mostly from Vilnius and Kaunas. We were the first, to arrive from the Auschwitz death camp. Most people of our transport</p> |
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- (1) cleansed of Jews
- (2) Beit Midrash, house of study, explanation see pages 15-21

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| <p>zaynen geven mentshn, velkhe zaynen shoyn geven tsu tsvey yor in Oyshvits. derfar hobn mir shoyn take mer gevust vi zikh aroystsudreyen fun a klap un fun shvere arbet.</p> <p>spetsyel hobn zikh oysgetsaykhnt tsvey lager-politsyantn, velkhe flegn arumgeyn ibern lager mit groyse velf-hint un oyf vemen zey flegn onreytsn di khayes, der hot shoyn gevust, az keyn leberdiker vet er shoyn nit aroys. di velkhe flegn tsebism vern in etlekhe erter vi in fus tsi a hant un flegn nokh leben, flegt men avekfirm in krematoryum, zey fargazeven un farbrenen. in krematoryum flegt men yedn tog firm korbones/ tsu der doziker arbet iz ekstra gemakht gevorn a vogn mit hoykhe fir reder.</p> <p>dem vogn flegn shlepn tsen mentshn. in der zayt flegt nokh geyn der Kapo mit a shtekn un untertraybn. yedn tog flegt men aroysnemen fun froyen- revir hunderter kranke un avekfirm in krematoryum. dos flegt geton vern oykh dan ven es zaynen keyn kranke nit geven. dos iz geven a bafel fun lager- komendant, az yedn tog darfn farbrent vern hundert froyen un ale kranke mentshn.</p> <p>fun undzer transport velkher hot getseylt 1.200 mentshn, hobn yedn tog gefelt tsendliker. di kelt, di nase, shnaydike vintn, velkhe flegn kumen fun yam, der hunger---dos alts hot yedn tog fun undz tsebrokhn dos iberike bisl gezunt. yeder hot nor gehat eyn hofenung: di bafreyung klapt shoyn in tir!</p> <p>mir hobn gevust, az di natsis zaynen shoyn bay der gsise un itst hot yeder fun undz nokh mer gevolt leben. shoyn azoy lang oysgehalt n ale shvere,</p> | <p>had already been in Auschwitz for up to two years. Therefore, we already knew better how to wriggle out of both blows and hard work.</p> <p>In particular, two camp policemen distinguished themselves by walking through the camp with large wolf dogs. And the person on whom they set the dogs, knew only too well that he would not survive. Those who still managed to survive the bite wounds in their arms or legs, among others, were taken to the crematorium, where they were gassed and burned. Every day, victims were usually brought to the crematorium. For this purpose, a special cart with four large wheels had been constructed.</p> <p>This cart was pulled by ten people, driven by the sticks of the kapos, who walked alongside. Every day, hundreds of sick people were taken from the women's precinct and led to the crematorium. Burns were performed even when there were no sick people. Because according to the order of the camp commander, 100 women and all sick people had to be burned every day.</p> <p>Of our transport, which numbered 1,200 people, dozens were missing every day. The cold, the wet, cutting winds from the sea, the hunger - all that was breaking the remaining bit of our health every day. All of us had only one hope: The liberation was already knocking at the door!</p> <p>Knowing, that the Nazis were already perishing now, each of us wanted to live all the more. For so long, we had endured all the heavy, terrible torment,</p> |
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| <p>shreklekhe peynikungen un itst, ven mir zaynen shoyn baym rand fun der bafreyung, zol men khotsh nit muzn shtarbn!</p> <p>yeder fun undz hot nor gehat eyn farlang: derlebn dem tog fun bafreyung un dan zol shoyn zayn, vos es vil zikh!</p> <p>ober es iz undz zeyer shver tsu kemfn kegn der natur, kegn di baysike vintn un regns, velkhe peynikn undz akhtsn sho in mes-lekh. in dem lager zaynen mir vider gevorn rekrutn. oykh do hot men undz gegebn a vokh kvarantin un dos iz nokh fil erger vi geyn tsu der arbet.</p> | <p>and now that we were already on the threshold of liberation, we did not want to die, after all!</p> <p>Each of us had only one desire: To experience the day of liberation - and then it should be what will.</p> <p>But it was very difficult for us to fight against nature, against the biting winds and rains that tormented us 18 hours a day. In the camp, we became recruits again. There, too, we were quarantined for a week, which was much worse than going to work.</p> |
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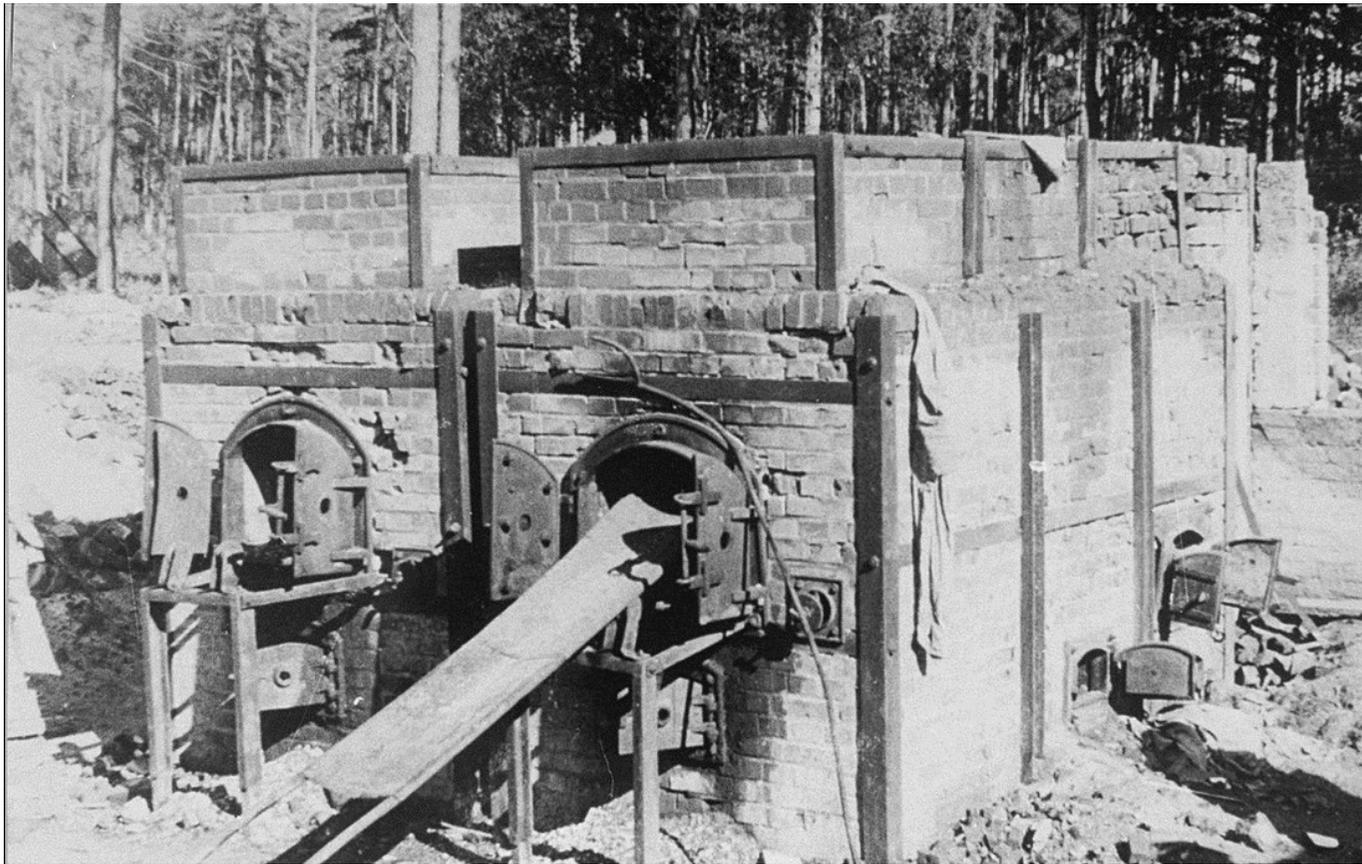
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| <p>men hot yedn farteylet tsu arbet. farshteyt zikh, az tsu der shvester arbet hot men genumen yidn un spetsyel undz-di frish-gekumene. ikh bin avek arbetn baym port, oplodn zamd fun a shif. di arbet iz geven zeyer a shvere un bagleyt fun shtekns. tsu un fun der arbet flegn mir forn. dos hobn zey nit geton kedey undz tsu makhn laykhter, nor kedey mir zoln mer sho'n arbetn.</p> <p>ikh hob bashlosn avektsuforn. oyf a transport in a tsveytn lager, efsher vet dort zayn beser. transportn flegn do oft forkumen. yeder kleyner arbet-lager, vu es feln oys mentshn, ken koyfn in Shtuthofer vald-lager far zeyer bilike prayzn.</p> <p>oykh tsivile firmen, vi Krup, Miler un Keyzer (1), kenen oykh koyfn mentshn far bilike prayzn. ven eyner aza farshteyer kumt arop in lager tsu koyfn hundert, tsi tsvey hundert shklafn, dan beser oder erger- dos iz shoyn a shpeterdike dayge. dervayl iz der iker- avek fun vintn un regns. un oykh ikh hob bashlosn avektsugeyn in a tsveytn lager. efsher vel ikh fun a tsveytn lager kenen antloyfn, vayl do iz es nisht meglekh un in a por vokhn arum vel ikh shoyn nisht hobn keyn koyekh dertsu!</p> <p>yeder tog vos geyt farbay in lager iz vi a yor. yeder fun undz, shteyendik bay der shverer arbet a mider un tsebrokhener, veyst vos im dervart nokh der</p> | <p>Then, everyone was assigned to specific work. It goes without saying that Jews were called in to do the heaviest work, but especially ourselves, who had just joined the group. I had to go to the harbor and unload sand from the ship. This work - under sticks - was very hard. We were driven to and from work. But they didn't do that for our relief, but to make us work more hours.</p> <p>I decided to leave, on a transport to another camp. Maybe it would be better there. Transports were frequent, because any small labor camp that lacked workers, could buy them at the Stutthof forest camp for very cheap money.</p> <p>Civilian companies, such as Krupp, Müller and Kaiser (1) can also buy people at low prices. If a leader of such a company comes to the camp to buy 100 or 200 slaves, then things can get better-or worse. But we'll worry about that later. For now, the main thing is to get away from the wind and rain. And I, too, am determined to leave for another camp. Maybe I can even escape from there, because here, it is absolutely not possible, and after a few weeks, I will have no more strength to do so.</p> <p>Every day that passes in the camp, is like a whole year. Each of us, standing tired and broken by the hard work, knows what awaits him after work, when</p> |
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| <p>arbet, ven er kumt mit di letste koykhes in lager arayn. dan heybt zikh ersht on alts onhoyb. di SS, di blokfirer-zey interesirt nisht tsi men hot dem tog gearbet tsi nisht, zeyers muzn zey batsoln.</p> <p>in ovnt, baym tseyl-apel, az mir flegn araynkumen in lager, flegn mir opshteyn fun zibn biz neyn azeyger. dos tseyln iz forgekumen oyf zeyer a langvaylikn oyfn. 9 azeyger flegt men undz oyssteln in a „gendzn-ray“. do flegn forkumen shtoyserayen un di merders flegn dos oysnutsn. yeder hot dokh gevolt zayn der ershter baym araynkumen in blok, vayl baym arayngang flegt yeder bakumen zayn portsye broyt mit a shmirt marmelad, velkhe men flegt merstnteyl gebn iber der noz.</p> <p>oykh do, vi in Oyshvits, iz ongevendet gevorn di zelbe taktik baym farteyle dos broyt. di korbones flegn zayn di kranke un shvakhe,</p> | <p>returning with his last strength to the camp. Then, everything starts all over again. The SS, the block leaders - they don't care whether we worked all day or not, since it would be us who had to pay for our "debt". (2)</p> <p>In the evening, at roll call, after returning to the camp, we usually stand from 7 - 9 o'clock. The count dragged on for a very long time. At 9 o'clock we were then lined up in a "goose line". There were shoving matches and the murderers usually took advantage of this. After all, everyone wanted to be the first to return to the block in order to get their portion of bread with jam spread at the entrance, whereby the latter was usually smeared on the nose.</p> <p>When distributing bread, the same tactics were used as in Auschwitz: The victims were the sick and weak,</p> |
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- (1) List of companies where forced labor took place during National Socialism, see https://ns-in-ka.de/wp-content/uploads/2017/06/Liste_Unternehmen.pdf
- (2) free interpretation of a very shortened sentence.

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| <p>velkhe flegn shoyt nisht kenen shteyn oyf di fis. zey flegn shoyt di portsyes broyt nisht bakumen.</p> <p>nokh drey vokhn opzayn in Shtutthof, iz gekumen a tsivil-mayster, velkher hot farlangt 1200 yidn tsu der arbet. ikh bin arayngefaln tsvishn zey. kimat ale velkhe zaynen gekumen fun Oyshvits, zaynen itst ayngefaln in dem transport. vuhin der transport firt- veyst keyner nit. di 1200 hot men tseteylt in tsvey grupes, tsu 600 mentshn. vider hot men undz gefirt in bod. yeder hot bakumen naye kleyder: lange, shvartse mantlen mit royte pasn oyf der pleytse.</p> <p>dem 15-ten oktober, 1944, hobn mir farlozt dem vald-lager Shtutthof.</p> | <p>who could no longer stand on their feet. They were not given any more portions of bread.</p> <p>After a three weeks' stay at Stutthof, a civilian master came to demand 1200 Jews to work. I was one of them. Almost all of those, who had come from Auschwitz, were selected for this transport that no one knew where it would take us. The 1200 people were divided into two groups, 600 each. Again, we were led to the bathroom. Everyone was given new clothes: black coats with red stripes on the shoulder.</p> <p>On October 15, 1944, we left the Stutthof forest camp.</p> |
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*View of two ovens of the crematorium at the Stutthof concentration camp after the liberation, , unknown author <https://collections.ushmm.org/search/catalog/pa1041869>
<https://collections.ushmm.org/search/catalog/pa1047048> <https://collections.ushmm.org/search/catalog/pa1047028> public domain, created after May 1945, file: Crematoria of Stutthof,
photographed after liberation.jpg, source https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stutthof_concentration_camp#/media/File:Crematoria_of_Stutthof,_photographed_after_liberation.jpg and
<https://collections.ushmm.org/search/catalog/pa1047048>,*



Camp Stutthof, shoes. Courtesy of Volker Mall, source/author: Marga Griesbach