

I SURVIVED THE GERMAN HOLOCAUST AGAINST ALL ODDS

A unique and unforgettable story of a struggle for life

By Jack Glotzer

Compiled and Edited
by:

Alexander Walzer and
Beatrice Glotzer

IN MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MOTHER
TOBA GLOTZER, MY BROTHERS SAMUEL
AND MOSHE-EMANUEL AND MY RELATIVES
WHO WERE BRUTALLY MURDERED IN THE
GERMAN HOLOCAUST.

I SHALL NOT FORGIVE AND I SHALL
NOT FORGET YOU.

Jack Glotzer

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Preface	1
Introductory Epigraphs	3
Text	4
Early childhood years (until the outbreak of World War II Sep. 1, 1939..)	5
Life under Soviet occupation, 1939 - June 1941	9
Under German occupation-Life in Rohatyn ghetto, end 1941-March 20, 1942.	12
March 20, 1942 1st Aktion (Akcja 1)	14
Death of my grandmother Leah Barban	19
2nd Aktion (Akcja 2) - Yom Kippur day 1942	20
3rd Aktion (Akcja 3) - December 1942	22
The Liquidation of Rohatyn Ghetto - June 6, 1943	24
Hiding Out After The Liquidation of Rohatyn Ghetto 1943	
A. Initial hiding attempts	27
B. Hiding out in the Lupuszna and Cześniki woods	31
C. Hiding out in the woods of Podwysokie, end of July 1943	33
D. Hiding out again in the woods of Lupuszna	35
E. Tragedy in our hiding place in the woods of Lupuszna, March 1944 Return to the woods, April 1944..	37
The Soviet army arrival to the village of Lupuszna, June 6, 1944	39
Returning to Rohatyn - end of June 1944	41
Service in the Russian Army, July 1944 - March 1946.....	44
Return to Rohatyn from the Army	47
Departure from Rohatyn in May 1946 to Poland and Germany	49
Summer 1947 - June 1949 in Bayreuth, Bavaria (Germany)	50
Tragic Discovery - My Early Years in USA	52
Epilogue	54
Concluding Epigraph	55
Appendix	56
Glossary (by page)	57
Jack Glotzer Family Tree	62
Page of Remembrance of Jack Glotzer's Family	63
Addendum to the Page of Remembrance of Jack Glotzer's Family Translation of Hebrew words	64
Map of Rohatyn and surrounding areas	65
Map of partition of Poland - September 1939	66
Map of pre-war and post-war Poland	67
Map of post-war Germany	68
EIL MALEI RAHAMIM	69

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Preface	1
Introductory Epigraphs	33A
Text	4
Early childhood years (until the outbreak of World War II Sep. 1, 1939) ..	5
Life under Soviet occupation, 1939 - June 1941	9
Under German occupation-Life in Rohatyn ghetto, end 1941-March 20, 1942 ..	12
March 20, 1942, 1st Aktion (Akcja 1)	14
Death of my grandmother Leah Barban	19
2nd Aktion (Akcja 2) - Yom Kippur day 1942	20
3rd Aktion (Akcja 3) - December 1942	22
The Liquidation of Rohatyn Ghetto - June 6, 1943	24
Hiding Out After The Liquidation of Rohatyn Ghetto 1943	
A. Initial hiding attempts	27
B. Hiding out in the Lupuszna and Czesniki woods	31
C. Hiding out in the woods of Podwysokie, end of July 1943	33
D. Hiding out again in the woods of Lupuszna	35
E. Tragedy in our hiding place in the woods of Lupuszna, March 1944	
Return to the woods, April 1944 ..	37
The Soviet army arrival to the village of Lupuszna, June 6, 1944	39
Returning to Rohatyn - end of June 1944	41
Service in the Russian Army, July 1944 - March 1946	44
Return to Rohatyn from the Army	47
Departure from Rohatyn in May 1946 to Poland and Germany	49
Summer 1947 - June 1949 in Bayreuth, Bavaria (Germany)	50
Tragic Discovery - My Early Years in USA	52
Epilogue	54
Concluding Epigraph	55
Appendix	56
Glossary (by page)	57
Jack Glotzer Family Tree	62
Pages of Remembrance of Jack Glotzer's Family	63
Addendum to the Page of Remembrance of Jack Glotzer's Family	
Translation of Hebrew words	64
Map of Rohatyn and surrounding areas	65
Map of partition of Poland - September 1939	66
Map of pre-war and post-war Poland	67
Map of post-war Germany	68
Outline map of Rohatyn and surrounding areas relevant to the story	69
EIL MALEI RAHAMIM	70

P R E F A C E

This is the story of a Holocaust survivor, Jack Glotzer, my brother-in-law (husband of my sister Beatrice Glotzer) which was narrated by him to my sister in several segments. This is the most gruesome story that I have ever heard; the events are so horrendous that they shall remain buried deep in my memory.

So, the question arises why do we have to dwell in the past and to rehash Jack's life experiences which happened over fifty years ago? why do we have to subject him to painful and tearful recollections?

Perhaps it would be better for Jack to keep his past life experiences only in his memory and certainly never to forget them, but not to ask him to narrate his story and to put it in writing which undoubtedly causes him much pain and aggravation.

THE ANSWER IS A RESOUNDING NO.

We must preserve Jack's story (and stories of other survivors) so that his children, grandchildren, their children and so on will learn what happened to their father, grandfather and their ancestor in the middle of twentieth century. They must learn about the Germans, once one of the most cultural and civilized people in the world, who blindly following a barbaric and animalistic leader Adolf Hitler (Yimah Shemo - May his name be wiped out), tortured and annihilated 6 million Jews (with collaboration of Ukrainians, Lithuanians and others) using unheard of barbaric methods. The Germans "believed in God" - on their belt buckles they had an insignia "Gott mit uns" - God with us. Perhaps they believed in God that advocates torturing and killing innocent people.

And the world stood by doing nothing to help to save the Jews. All countries including USA (with the exception and Denmark and Bulgaria) were not only indifferent to the predicament of the Jews, but many times undermined feasible endeavors to save the Jews. The allied governments did not even issue an authoritative denunciation of the German atrocities against the Jews. It is doubtful whether the Jewish leaders in USA and the American Jewry, not being united, made a concerted effort to persuade the US government not to abandon the Jews in Europe.

By their inaction and indifference, the USA and other countries bear a partial responsibility for the annihilation of 6 million Jews. It must be understood that because of their inactivity and silence, they actually

helped to inflame and to exacerbate the German Holocaust. Perhaps these statements are harsh but they are factual statements. We shall not forget these shameful pages of the US and their allies' history.

This particular story stands out as an example of Jack's resourcefulness and resilience and above all his strong will to survive against overwhelming odds. I would be amiss if I did not state that Jack is blessed with a phenomenal memory. His recollection of events in minute details, which occurred over fifty years ago, is truly remarkable.

I wish to gratefully acknowledge the assistance in preparation of this work, by my sister, Beatrice Glotzer. I am fully cognizant of her hard and painful task of eliciting Jack's story and writing it down for me. Without her assistance this work could not have been accomplished.

I also want to thank my wife, Belle for helping me with the editing of the text.

The future generations must learn from such stories so that another Holocaust will not be allowed to happen in the future; we therefore must preserve Holocaust stories so that the German Holocaust is not forgotten or denied.

Alexander Walzer

Brooklyn, N.Y.
July 2000

לְמַעַן יֵדְעוּ דוֹר אַחֲרָיוֹן
בְּנֵי יוֹלְדוֹ
יִקְמוּ וְיִסְפְּרוּ לְבְנֵיהֶם:

SO THAT THE LAST GENERATION MAY KNOW
SONS YET TO BE BORN -
THEY WILL ARISE AND TELL THEIR OWN SONS:

TEHILLIM 78,6

2 שְׁמַעוּ-זאת הַזְקֵנִים
 וְהַאֲזִינוּ כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי הָאָרֶץ
 הֲהִיְתָה זֹאת בְּיָמֵיכֶם
 וְאִם בְּיָמֵי אֲבוֹתֵיכֶם:
 3 עֲלֵיהֶם לְבָנֵיכֶם סִפְרוּ
 וּבְנֵיכֶם לְבָנֵיהֶם
 וּבְנֵיהֶם לְדוֹר אַחֵר:

יאלא א: ק, ג

2 Hear this, ye old men,
 And give ear, all ye inhabitants of
 the land.
 Hath this been in your days,
 Or in the days of your fathers?
 Tell ye your children of it,
 And let your children tell their
 children,
 And their children another genera-
 tion.

JOEL 1: 2,3

T E X T

Early Childhood Years (until the outbreak of World War II Sept. 1, 1939)

I was born in the town Rohatyn (Poland before World War II, now Ukraine) on January 12, 1925. Rohatyn is situated on Lwów-Stanisławów highway, approximately 70 km (43 miles) southeast of Lwów. Before the war the total population of Rohatyn was 9,000; one third (3,000) were Jews.

I was the oldest son of Mayer and Toba Glotzer (nee Barban). I was named after my mother's father Jacob Barban, who was called Yankel. My nickname was Kuba because the Ukrainian anti-Semites made fun of my name Yankel; Kuba sounded more like an Ukrainian name.

We lived in our house on the outskirts of Rohatyn on Cerkwiezna street No. 20. We had several horses, cows and a barn for them. Adjacent to our house was a big garden. The house was surrounded by orchards of fruit trees, currant bushes and lots of greeneries. The scenery was magnificent. Close to our house was a river "Gniła Lipa" (rotten linden) where I learned to swim. My father owned a butcher store in the "rynek" (market place).

I had two brothers: Samuel (Shmul) who was a year younger than I. My youngest brother Moshe Emanuel was born in April 1930. I adored my little brother; He used to follow me everywhere which was somewhat bothersome. However, in as much as I loved him very much, I did not object to his following me.

One incident stays in my memory. At one time when my little brother was following me, we had to cross railroad tracks. The crossing gate was down and my brother ran across the tracks; the train was approaching, but he made it in time. I was in a shock and hardly made it back home. After this episode I had nightmares.

My grandfather Kalmen Glotzer built our house exclusively for his children. My father's sister^{*} Malkah Altman and her three sons, my grandfather's son Iser Glotzer with his wife and two sons and our family (my parents, I and my two brothers) lived in this house. Because we lived so close together, I played with my cousins very often and I enjoyed it very much. My father had another four sisters who lived in USA and a brother Jacob who lived in Bielsko (Poland) with his wife and three daughters: Tonia (Tosia), Clara and Adela. Tosia was a big disappointment to the whole family. She converted to Catholicism and married (in church) a Polish man, Joseph Czekay. Tosia was very talented;

* Her husband Max Altman went to USA before the war with the intention to bring over his family to USA.

she finished music conservatory and became an accomplished pianist. Tosia's father sat Shiva for her; nobody in the family was allowed to mention her name. Jacob and his family used to come to us during vacation time; but, since this episode they stopped coming to us which made me very unhappy.

My father's cousin Shíye Glotzer had also a butcher store in the "rynek"; his wife's name was Malkah. They had three daughters: Lusía, Rózia and Gittl. We were very close to them.

I had many friends with whom I played and spent a lot of time. Since the river "Gniła Lipa" was so close to our house, I learned to swim early. As I think now, we gave our parents much aggravation by going alone to the river. My best friends were Shlomo Laufer (he lived with his family very close to us), Buszko Kleinwaks and Izie Huber. Having had so many cousins nearby and friends, I was never lonely. I enjoyed my life as a youngster.

My mother's mother Leah Barban and my grandfather Yankel Barban were very loving grandparents. My mother's side of the family were considered more aristocratic than my father's. My grandfather was a mailman; it was unusual for a Jew to have a government position. My grandmother Leah was a midwife; she delivered almost every baby in Rohatyn. She was very respected, even by the gentiles. They always took off their hats when greeting my grandmother. She was very generous to us. Every Passover, we, the three boys used to receive from her new suits and shoes.

My mother had a sister Zissl. Zissl emigrated to USA long before the war. She married Joseph Loew (who was Rosette Faust Halpern's uncle). They lived in the Bronx.

My mother had also a brother, Zev Barban. Zev was a very talented actor. He left for Israel (Palestine at that time) and became a famous actor in Tel-Aviv theater Ohel. He married Dvora Kostelanetz who was an actress and sang professionally. He used to come to Rohatyn with his troupe and performed there.

My mother had also another brother Morris Barban who was a lawyer.

My mother was a beautiful woman. She was very talented with her hands. She used to make beautiful needlepoints and to crochet curtains. She sent some of her needlework to USA which is now in my possession. I remember her always doing something and singing. She was a very

DEVOTED MOTHER

I attended a grammar school named "Marszałka Piłsudskiego" (after a Polish Marshal Józef Piłsudski). We called it "Czerwona Szkoła" (Red School) because of the brick trimming. I did not enjoy my school years; we, the Jewish students constantly fought with the anti-Semitic boys. The Jewish boys were always blamed for starting the fights. My favorite school subjects were history and geography. I hated to memorize poems. I was more preoccupied going along with our workers in the wagon pulled by our horse. I finished seven years of elementary school. My grades were average; I never had a failing grade.

As was the custom, when I reached my 13th birthday, I became Bar Mitzvah. I did not like to study with the Rebbies (Jewish teachers) because they used to beat me and other Jewish children. (It is to be noted that Jewish boys who attended Hebrew schools, private or public, were often subjected to bodily abuse at teacher's discretion).

My life changed considerably in 1937 when my father left for USA. The reason for his decision to go to USA was the refusal by the local government to permit ritual slaughtering of cows and calves. This regulation was called "obrót rytualny" (ritual turn). Our business started to deteriorate because of this situation. My father had four sisters in the United States: Chane Kuperman, Rose Altman, Jeni Hecht and Charne Schwartz. They sent proper documents to my father so that he could go to USA. My father went to USA with the expectation that he will bring over his family when he establishes himself in USA. My life changed considerably when my father left. I became the head of the family. My mother's family helped us financially. My mother was depressed and was suffering very much. I still have in my possession post cards written by my mother and my brothers to my father.

We had very active Zionist organizations in our town. Among them was Hanoar Haivri and Hashomer Hatzair. These organizations prepared their members for the emigration to Palestine (today Israel) using spiritual and physical (Hahshara) methods. I was too young to be actively involved in any particular organization. I and my friends used to attend their meetings where we met the prettiest girls. My favorite organization was Gordonia because the prettiest girls were members there.

Rohatyn was famous for its young Jewish people. There were two gimnazjums in Rohatyn. Jewish people were not admitted to pursue higher education; they had to go to Italy or other countries to continue

We had a famous soccer team named Maccabi.

The situation before the outbreak of the war was tense. We were aware of Hitler's activities in Germany. We were still hoping that my father will be able to send us the documents for our emigration to USA.

My brother Shmul was very bright. He was working for my mother's brother Morris Barban who was lawyer; this helped us financially. Life was very difficult; My mother developed arthritis; she had extreme headaches. She did her best under very difficult circumstances to be a good mother to us. She kept a very clean house and we were always well dressed. Our lives were "put in limbo". We missed our father and waited for his letters which were scarce. This made my mother very depressed.

I remember a Jewish doctor from our town, Dr. Leventer and his wife. They left for New York in 1939 before the outbreak of the war to visit the world exhibition there. Dr. Leventer promised that he will speak to our father. He left his only son Marcel with his family in Rohatyn. Dr. and Mrs. Leventer could not return to Rohatyn because the war broke out. They never saw their son again.

We envied everyone who was leaving for USA. We were hoping every day to receive the letter from my father and the visas which would have permitted us to emigrate to USA. My father was very disappointed in USA: he missed us very much. I always had a feeling that his sisters in USA were not too eager for my father to bring over another four persons to USA. My father was talking about returning to Rohatyn. I really do not know exactly the whole story. The visas from my father never came.

Life under Soviet occupation, September 1939 - June 1941

I remember that the weather during the summer of 1939 was the nicest we ever had. There were many Jewish people from nearby big towns vacationing in Rohatyn. The markets were filled with abundance of fruits and vegetables. People were preoccupied with the political situation at that time: Hitler demanded "Lebensraum" (room to live) and the first land that he wanted was the "Polish Corridor" (narrow strip of land between Germany and Prussia) and the free city of Danzig which was at that time an international port (today this city, Gdansk belongs to Poland).

Our hopes to emigrate to United States were fading with each day. We were depressed reading the newspapers; Hitler claimed that the Jews were responsible for the deplorable economic situation in Germany. When Czechoslovakia and Austria were invaded by Germans (1938) we knew that Hitler's threats had to be taken seriously. Some of the wealthy Jewish people were thinking of escaping to Palestine (today Israel) but by then the roads to Palestine were closed and it was impossible to obtain a passport. Unrest grew from day to day. The Poles were very hopeful; they believed that the Polish army was strong and will defeat Hitler. The Ukrainians were expecting the Germans with great joy; they believed that the Germans will defeat Poland which will result in the formation of an independent Ukrainian government. In the meantime the whole town was in a panic; we did not know what to expect. In the middle of September 1939 the situation in town became critical; there was an anarchy. The Polish government officials and the Polish army ran away. The neighboring peasants realizing this, began to massively flow to the town.

Then suddenly something unexpected happened. On September 17, 1939 instead of the German army, the town was occupied by the Soviet army (Red Army). Apparently, most of the people were not aware of the German-Soviet pact whereby Poland was to be divided; Soviets were to occupy the eastern part of Poland and the Germans were to occupy the western part of Poland. Thus Rohatyn found itself under Soviet occupation. The Jews believed that they were saved (from German destruction). The Poles looked at the Red Army as invaders; they would have preferred the Germans (they believed that they could defeat the Germans). The Ukrainians were devastated; their hope for an independent Ukrainian government was shattered. The Ukrainian property owners escaped to

Lwów; they were afraid of the Russians. Their property was confiscated. The property of the Jewish merchants was also confiscated except for the merchants who were in the food business; they had to stay in their stores to supply food for the Red Army. 10

I finished my elementary education (7 classes) before the Red Army marched into Rohatyn. My younger brother, Samuel worked in a bar as a waiter. My youngest brother, Edmund (Moshe Emanuel) went to school. It was very difficult to get a job. I helped my uncle (my father's brother, Isidore) in his butcher store. He was helping us financially and supplied us with meat. It was extremely hard for my mother; she was a very proud person and now she had to depend on the family to support her and her children. I remember, she was in tears very often. I learned how to do some electrical work, but I did not get paid for it. However, in retrospect the work with electrical equipment helped me a great deal during the German occupation.

First, we were happy that the Red Army occupied our town instead of the Germans; but later we were very disillusioned with the Soviet system. I do not remember being hungry because as I mentioned before, the relatives helped us. We were receiving post cards from our father, but we gave up all hopes to emigrate to United States. The anti-semitism decreased during the Russian occupation of Rohatyn; the anti-semites were themselves oppressed by the Russians. The Russians decided to demolish some empty stores in the "rynek" (market place) and to build there a park with the statue of Stalin and Lenin. They took all young men to dig for this park. I had to work there twice a week without any pay. My hands were full of blisters and calluses. When I came home after this work, I noticed that my mother was looking at my hands; she was crying.

I remember one big event in town during the Russian occupation. The family Grad were very prominent citizens of our town. They owned a very successful textile business. They were very charitable to Jewish and other organizations. When the Russians occupied our town they confiscated all merchandise from the wealthy business people. Somebody reported to the Russian authority that the Grads were hiding merchandise in their home. The Grads were arrested and a very lengthy public trial took place. The public attended the court proceedings every day. This trial was a big sensation in the town. In the end, the Grads were found guilty and they were deported to Siberia. The irony of life is that they survived the war because of this event.

During the Russian occupation the Jewish population in Rohatyn almost doubled. Large number of Jewish refugees from German occupied towns settled in Rohatyn. We felt sorry for them because they lived in total poverty; we were, after all, living in our homes.

Under German Occupation - Life In Rohatyn Ghetto: end of 1941 -
March 20, 1942

On Wednesday, July 6, 1941 at six o'clock in the evening, the Soviet Army left Rohatyn without firing a shot. The German army marched in their place. The Soviet army left behind at the railroad station heavy ammunition and miscellaneous bullets.

The non-Jewish population went to the streets to welcome the long-awaited German army. Of course no Jews were to be seen. The first thing what the Germans did, was to take a bath in the municipal bath house (being such "clean people"). Since our house was located not far from the municipal bath house (łaźnia), we could hear in our house the whole night their drunken shouting and laughter. We were very scared as there was no adult male in our house. The four of us huddled in my mother's bed clinging to each other and shaking. This is how we spent the first night under the German occupation.

The next day it quieted down but the fear did not leave us. On Saturday, July 9, 1941 (first black Saturday) the Christian youth began to gather in the market place; from there they went to the new parts of market place where most of the Jews lived. Terrible shouts and cries were heard when the attackers pulled the Jews from their homes. Everybody was panic-stricken. There was no place to escape to, as most of the roads were closed. The Jewish males were forcibly taken by the Germans to the synagogue (Beis Hamidrash). The plan was to put the synagogue on fire (with the Jewish people in it) after taking all their valuables. The plan did not materialize at this time. Many rumors circulated as to the reason for aborting this plan by the Germans. Some people speculated that a refugee from Cracow accidentally met a colleague from a German university who was now a doctor in the German army in Rohatyn. This doctor, upon prodding and begging by his colleague (the refugee from Cracow), intervened with the Germans on behalf of the Jews - so this plan did not materialize. I heard another rumor that a beautiful local woman went to the Germans and sold her body in exchange for the freedom for the imprisoned Jews.

We started to suffer from hunger. The Germans confiscated food for their army. Even the local peasants had to give them their cattles. The Germans were catching Jews on the streets and ordered them to clean government buildings. Since we were young, they did not bother us. Nevertheless, they took me and some other Jewish boys to the rail-

10

road station to gather all that heavy ammunition (which the Russian army left behind, as I mentioned before). This work was very hard and dangerous in as much as there was some live ammunition. In addition to the fact that we were very hungry, this work was also very tiresome.

By the end of 1941, a ghetto was established in Rohatyn with prominent Jewish citizens of Rohatyn appointed to the Judenrat (Jewish Council). Only the head of the Judenrat (Shlomo Amarant) had a direct contact with the Germans. For instance, when the Germans needed workers, they notified the head of the Judenrat to supply the people who were ordered to report immediately to the Germans. The members of the Judenrat believed that they and their families will be spared when the Jews will be sent to concentration camps. The ghetto area started at the market place and extended to the river "Gniła Lipa". Our house was within the ghetto area, so we did not have to move. The entrance to the ghetto was closed with gates, guarded by Jewish policemen. The Jewish policemen had armbands on their left sleeves with the insignia "Jewish Auxilliary Policeman". The ghetto was crowded; some houses had several families living together in one room. (Jews who lived outside of the boundary of the ghetto, were brought to live inside of the ghetto area). Jews suffered from hunger in the ghetto starting from the first month. The Germans forbade the peasants to supply food to the Jews in the ghetto. You could see on the streets in the ghetto people swollen from hunger. People with money somehow managed to get some food from daring peasants. In the months September and October 1941, the Germans brought some heavy equipment and digged ditches for defense purposes, as we thought (but these ditches were for graves, as we found later). In the early spring and during harvest time 1942, more food was available in the ghetto; the peasants found ways to bring food to the ghetto in exchange for clothing, jewelry and money.

March 20, 1942 - 1st *Aktion (akcja 1)

On March 19, 1942, my cousin Chaim Blaustein, who was a butcher, asked me to come to his house early next day. He acquired some meat which he wanted me to distribute to his good paying customers; as a reward for my efforts he would also give me some meat. On the 20th of March 1942, I came to my cousin at 6:00 A.M. His house was located across the street where butcher stores used to be. He gave me the packages of meat and told me where to deliver them. By that time it was 7:00 o'clock A.M. As I came out of the house, I glanced to my left, which was facing the Ukrainian church (cerkwia). All of a sudden I noticed approximately 5 Gestapo men (normally Gestapo men did not come into the ghetto; they were stationed in Stanisławów); they were taking rifles from their shoulders and started to shoot people around them. It was still early in the morning so there no too many people on the streets. I ran back into the Blaustein's house. In their building there was a passage which led to another street. I thought that from this street I would be able to make it to my house and inform my family what was going on. But when I came to the other end of the passage, I saw Gestapo men also in this vicinity shooting people as well. I realized that I could not run any further because I would get shot. I ran into the closest house. The people in this house were still asleep; I knocked hard on their door. The name of the people who lived in that house was Cytryn. Finally they opened the door; when I told them what was happening, they did not believe me, they ignored me. They did not believe that something like this could happen. But when they looked out of the window, they realized that what I told them was true. By that time the Gestapo men were approaching their house. We locked the door. The Gestapo men started to scream "Verfluchte Juden, Raus!" (Damned Jews, Out!). They ripped the door open and barged into the house. They started to take out 5 or 6 people out of the house, lining them against the fence and shooting them. There were approximately 30 people in that house; there were small children, old people and pregnant women. I still hear their screams, when I cannot sleep at night. Somehow I managed to be the last in the line to be dragged out. Finally I noticed that I am next in line. When I saw that they are coming closer to me, I noticed a closet (wardrobe) near-by. I crawled and jumped into this closet. (When I think

*Expulsion or annihilation of Jews in ghettos or other concentration points by Germans.