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SUBJECT: *Teofila Silberring and Janusz Korczak. Living in the Cracow and Warsaw Ghetto.*

Before the lesson: *Tell your students about CENTROPA's website and ask them to read the biography of Teofila Silberring from Cracow as homework.*

Level of education: Post-gymnasium school

Subject: Polish, history

General objective: The class participants learn about the situation of people in the Warsaw and Cracow Ghetto with a particular emphasis on the figures of Janusz Korczak and Teofila Silberring.

Detailed objectives:

Workshop participants:

- analyse the source texts and the photographic material,
- reconstruct the everyday life in the Warsaw and Cracow Ghetto (hunger, diseases, smuggling, work, etc.),
- analyse the human relations and dependence on the historical situation,
- learn about important people connected with the ghetto and of their biographies: I. Kancenelson, J. Korczak, J. Bauman née Lewinson, A. Blady-Szwajgier, W. Szpilman, M. Edelman, J. Sendler,
- describe the fate of Jewish children during the extermination,
- analyse the cultural and spiritual life and the aspect of education, i.e. the attempt to lead a normal life in extreme situations,
- define the ambiguity of the word "ghetto", taking into account different aspects.

Methods:

Lecture; working with source material, literary texts and photographs; discussion; mind map (spidergram).

Forms of work:

individual, collective, in groups

Auxiliary materials:

Passages from the following books (see below):

Bauman Janina, *Winter in the Morning: A Young Girl's Life in the Warsaw Ghetto*, Cracow, 2009.

Blady-Szwajgier Adina, *And that is all I remember*, Warsaw 2009.

Czerniaków Adam, *Adam Czerniaków's Diary of the Warsaw Ghetto*, ed. Marian Fuchs, Warsaw 1983.

Dauzenroth Erich, *Janusz Korczak, a Life for Children*, Cracow 2005.

Korczak Janusz, *Selected Works, vol. IV*, Warsaw 1984

Olczak-Ronikier Joanna, *Korczak. An attempt of biography*, Warsaw 2011

Selected Source Texts for Teaching about the Holocaust on Occupied Polish Territory, ed. Alina Skibińska and Robert Szuchta, Warsaw, 2010.

Centropa's Website-biography of Teofila Silberring, photos of this family,(optional: family tree)

Power Point Presentation

4 Bristol boards or white paper sheets for flip board, marker pens in different colours, projector, computer, Internet

Lesson duration: 90 minutes

Suggestion of subject implementation:

Introduction:

1. Tell the students that during this lesson they will supplement their knowledge about the Warsaw and Cracow Ghetto (lesson may be taught during the Polish language class after the analysis of *To Outwit God* by Hanna Krall). Ask the students what they know about the Warsaw Ghetto and Cracow Ghetto.
2. Give them a short lecture about the Warsaw Ghetto, for instance on the basis of the Power Point presentation entitled: "There were crowds of us on Miła Street. And what happened? No one was left." Janusz Korczak and others. Living in the Warsaw Ghetto." (optional)

Body of the lesson:

3. Divide the participants **into four groups** and give each group an envelope with passages from Korczak's diary, passages from historical and literary sources or possibly photographs. Each group should read bullet points about Teofila Silberring (or you should choose some excerpts from the bio of Teofila Silberring and give them to your students).
4. Inform the students that they should read the texts carefully and analyse them in detail. Then they should discuss a given aspect related to the Warsaw and Cracow Ghetto and make a presentation for class in the form of a mind map on the Bristol board. They may quote from the source texts. They have about 25 minutes to do so.

The teacher does not participate in the group work, but should pay attention to the culture of discussion to ensure that the decisions of a group are based on substantial, matter-of-fact arguments.

GROUP 1 – Everyday life in the Warsaw Ghetto and Cracow Ghetto (hunger, diseases, healthcare service, work, everyday existence, smuggling, mutual aid, Judenrat, activities of the Jewish Community).

GROUP 2 – On the fringes of normality / touching normality (theatre, concerts, role of literature, education, self-education, etc.)

GROUP 3 – Human relations in the Warsaw and Cracow Ghetto / Change of relations due to historical situation.

GROUP 4 – Children and the youth in the Warsaw and Cracow Ghetto.

5. Ask the students to present the results of their work in class, on the basis of quotes from the texts.
6. Discussion

Conclusion:

7. Ask the student to create a definition for the word **GHETTO**. Emphasize that they should draw on their earlier work and take into account different aspects: historical, sociological, cultural, etc. Tell them that they should write a definition and write it on the board or flipchart (they may use the spidergram).
8. Suggest that each students writes down the reflections encouraged by this lesson for 10 minutes. You may ask volunteers to present their work.

AUXILIARY MATERIAL FOR GROUP 1

On the basis of source texts and photographs, reconstruct **the everyday existence** in the Warsaw Ghetto in the form of a mind map.

a) *The situation in the Warsaw Ghetto basically did not change until July 22, 1942, when the deportations to Treblinka and regular mass murder of Jews started.*

On July 20, there arrived Reinhard Heydrich's SS companies from the Lublin troops under the command of Obersturmführer SS Tumann. On July 22, the Ukrainian SS unit surrounded the Ghetto walls (...). The office of the civil commissioner was dissolved and replaced with the SS displacement staff (SS-Aussiedlungstab) commanded by Untersturmführer SS Brandt who had his seat at 103 Żelazna Street in the ghetto (...). Adolf Rudnicki in his story 'Road to Ghetto' describes a clerk for Jewish issues in the Warsaw Gestapo (...), Karl Georg Brandt, as a short man in his forties, with thin hair and bloated face (...). Before the war, he worked somewhere in Germany as a police commissioner. He was an ardent fascist, children sang about him in their songs, adults dreamt about him at nights. On those days, he sent – every day – six, seven or, as some claim, ten thousand people to crematoria in Treblinka. (...) Shortly before his own deportation and deportation of his children, Doctor Korczak wrote:

The appearance of the district changes from day to day. 1. A Prison. 2. A plague-stricken area. 3. A mating ground. 4. A lunatic asylum. 5. A casino. Monaco. The stake - your head (...) I'm watering the flowers. Bald head in the window - a splendid target. He has a rifle. Why is he standing and looking on calmly? He has no orders. Perhaps he was a village teacher, or a notary, a street sweeper in Leipzig, a waiter in Cologne? What would he do if I nodded to him? Waved my hand in a friendly gesture? Perhaps he doesn't even know that things are as they are? He may have arrived only yesterday from far away.

Dauzenroth Erich, Janusz Korczak, *Life for Children*, Cracow 2005.

b) *The summer in 1941 witnessed the outbreak of typhoid epidemic, preceded with some numerous yet sporadic cases, and it lasted with unchanged intensity almost a year, till spring 1942. It swept several dozen victims every day, and at its peak in October, November, December and January, it killed 200 a day. The death records provide for 6000 registered deaths in each of those months."*

Selected Source Texts for Teaching about the Holocaust on Occupied Polish Territory, ed. Alina Skibińska and Robert Szuchta, Warsaw, 2010, p. 143.

c) *On those May days (1942), a German camera crew tyrannized the ghetto streets. They did the propaganda materials to show the world that no harm was done to the Warsaw Jews. On the contrary, they behaved in a morally reprehensible way, which justified their isolation."*

Olczak-Ronikier Joanna, *Korczak. An attempt of biography*, Warsaw 2011, p. 400.

TEOFILA SILBERRING - excerpts from biography

1. We were all from Cracow, all of us: my grandparents and theirs before them. We had family houses, passed down from father to son. I know that Father's parents lived at 8 Długosza Street in Podgorze [a district of Cracow on the right bank of the Vistula, until 1915 a separate town], and Mother's parents at 32 Kalwaryjska Street, also in Podgorze. All my family was assimilated; everyone spoke Polish.

2. We lived in Kazimierz [1], at 21 Miodowa Street, with Grandmother, Father's mother. It was her house: a huge, three-story house on the corner of the street. Later, when Grandmother died, she left the house to Father. She was called the same as me – Tauba Nussbaum. I am Teofila after Grandmother, Tauba in Yiddish. When I was born, in 1925, Grandfather Hirsh had already died.

3. We had a very nice apartment, eight rooms on the second floor. My brother had his own room, I had mine. The children's maid had her own room. We were well off, though not potentates. Father loved everything modern. I didn't know that he borrowed money; it was only after the war that it transpired how many debts the house was burdened with.

4. I went to a state elementary school; that school is still there – on Starowislna Street, on the corner of Miodowa Street, this big, red school. Not to the end; somewhere around the 5th grade Father transferred me.

Because at that school we had to go to religious studies classes and Father was afraid that I would have complexes. [The religious studies classes in Polish schools were Catholic, and Jewish children used to go out of the classroom while these lessons were in progress.]

5. After that I became a pupil at the Dr. Hilfstein Hebrew Gymnasium; Dr. Hilfstein was its founder. That was a beautiful school, on Podbrzezie Street, apparently a very high standard, with state entitlements. All the subjects were in Polish, and there was also Hebrew. There were only Jewish children, but well-off ones, because the fees were about 50 zloty.

6. Lusia Helzel – that's her maiden name, of course – is in Israel too. Her father was a friend of my father's. They had a large shop with radios on the Main Square, near St. Mary's Church. I remember that just before the war he brought Father a radio with a magic eye. That was still a novelty. He always brought us the gramophones and records. Lusia was in the camps. Which ones, I don't know. But straight after the war I met her. We lived together for two years or so, and she left.

7. Mom was shot in 1939, at home, by Germans who were taking away the furniture. She tried to stop them and they shot her. I don't know where she's buried. We weren't allowed to have funerals. They took her to somewhere in Podgorze and there, I don't know, whether in a mass grave...

8. We still had our things when we went into the **[Podgorze] ghetto [5]**, and there they allocated one room to three to four families, divided by wardrobes. I slept behind one wardrobe, along with Father and my brother, another family slept behind another wardrobe, and well, that's how we lived. In the ghetto Father worked in the hospital. I don't know what he did there – he had had nothing to do with medicine, of course, but they took him, because he was wise. He went to work in the mornings. I stayed at home; my brother worked too. He used to go somewhere with Father; I don't even remember where.

Later on Father managed to have some papers done that made me two years older. He bought these high-heeled clogs to make me taller, and I worked. It was a carbide factory, a Jewish factory, in fact, that had been taken over by the Germans, opposite the ghetto, on 2 Lwowska Street; we used to go past the wire and it was out on the Aryan side. And there I worked with the father of Polanski Romek, that's how I know him. [Polanski, Roman (1933): Polish-born American film director. He escaped from the Cracow ghetto on the day it was liquidated, 13th March 1943, and survived, in hiding with a peasant family.] We worked on three shifts. So sometimes I would come home and Father wasn't there; we would miss each other. And when I had a night shift I would sleep during the day.

There, in the ghetto, I was hungry all the time. Then I would have eaten anything, but there was nothing. They didn't pay us, of course. We worked for nothing, you see [but nevertheless everyone wanted to be employed, because that was protection from being deported from the ghetto]. Father used to procure the food from somewhere. I don't know whether he still had money or sold things; he didn't let me in on the secret. In any case he would bring soup from the hospital. Well, sometimes he would bring it, and sometimes evidently they wouldn't give him any. We all had jaundice there. I think it was mechanical, without a fever, and apparently you had to eat something sweet. Father procured some beet jam, I don't know where from. But at the time you couldn't bear the sight of sweet things. Although I was hungry I felt sick. Even in the ghetto Father was still learning Spanish. I remember the lady who came to Father and taught him was called Gusta Borghen. I listened in a little, but nothing came of it.

Later, when the ghetto was liquidated [13th March 1943], they ordered us to gather on the square, where the pharmacy was, now a museum [Apteka pod Orlem, the Museum of National Remembrance, at 18 Bohaterow Getta Square, formerly Zgody Square. This pharmacy, the only one in the ghetto, was run by a Pole, Tadeusz Pankiewicz, honored with distinctions including the 'Righteous among the Nations' medal]. You were allowed to take with you as much as you could carry. So poor Father, he dressed me up like an onion, literally [in layers], because how much could I carry?! And I had a rucksack with books, this satchel, and the rest in a little case. Father had a case as well. There were trucks standing on Zgody Square and the Germans very politely told us to write our names on our suitcases and load them onto the trucks. They said that we would get everything in Plaszow [6]. That was perfidious; it was meant so that we wouldn't shout, so that we would be good. Rubbish, they never brought any of it. Later it turned out that we were naked and barefoot there in Plaszow. We went on foot from Zgody Square; they took us along Wielicka Street to the

camp, to Plaszow. Children went separately, men separately, women separately. They put me with the children...

9. In Plaszow I was in a barrack, and Father and my brother were in a different one, and I lost touch with them and didn't know where they were. You weren't allowed to walk between the huts. I didn't know anything: when they had taken them, where they had taken them. Nothing, nothing at all. I wasn't in Plaszow for long, because I was taken to Schindler's [7], to the Emailwarenfabrik in Zablocie [the Oskar Schindler Enamelware Factory (Deutsche Emailwarenfabrik) in the Cracow district of Zablocie, at 4 Lipowa Street, a branch of the Plaszow camp]. I stayed there until the end, until they liquidated Plaszow [October 1944], and I went to Auschwitz from Schindler's factory.

I had it very good at Schindler's, because he made the effort that we should have food.

AUXILIARY MATERIAL FOR GROUP 2

Touching normality ... (or on the fringes of normality)

Read the texts and prepare a mind map showing different aspects (attempts) of preserving normality. Take into account the people's occupation, their feelings and emotions.

a) Władysław Szpilman gives a lot of attention to Janusz Korczak in his memoirs. In the building at 8 Jaktorowska Street (former Krochmalna Street), there was *Dom Sierot*, the orphanage where Janusz Korczak – Henryk Goldszmit was the director. He had been managing this place since 1912. In November 1940, the building of the Orphanage was outside the ghetto walls and soon the Old Doctor and his children were forced to move to 33 Chłodna Street, and then in October 1941 – after the change of the ghetto limits – *Dom Sierot* was moved again to 16 Sienna Street. From there, the Old Doctor started their final journey to Umschlagplatz with his children.

“...He told the orphans they were going out in to the country, so they ought to be cheerful. At last they would be able to exchange the horrible suffocating city walls for meadows of flowers. [...] He told them to wear their best clothes, and so they came out into the yard, two by two, nicely dressed and in a happy mood. [...] When I met them in Gęsia Street, the smiling children were singing in chorus [...], and Korczak was carrying two of the smallest infants, who were beaming too, and telling them some amusing story. I am sure that even in the gas chamber, as the gas was stifling childish throats and striking terror instead of hope into the orphans' hearts, the Old Doctor must have whispered with one last effort, 'it's all right, children, it will be all right...’”

b) *“We settled a bit and led the existence, living from one day to the next. At first nobody from the household went to work. For the second year running we were living on what was left from before the war. Getting food, though it was not the kind we were used to, was not a problem for those who had money. One could not possibly survive on the ration allowed. It was the black market, thriving in the ghetto despite its borders and heavily guarded gates that kept us alive. Stefan and Henryk were in charge of finding food and fuel for the 'goat', while the women ran the house. Keeping it tidy, free of bugs and lice, was Jadwiga's job. Mother was the cook. Totally inexperienced in matters of cookery, embarrassed by the necessity of economising, she was at first miserable.(...) The children of house – Sophie and I – were exempted from major daily tasks. We were expected to continue our studies instead. This we did. There were many good teachers trapped in the ghetto, and plenty of children wanting to learn. I found a few of my old friends now living close to me, we got in touch with some teachers from a good prewar grammar school for boys called “Spójnia” ('Bond') and within a couple of days we had begun our third year of secondary education. I had only to cross the Leszno Street or walk for no longer than fifteen minutes to find myself in one of my friends shabby flats where we gathered daily to study; or they would all come over to my place and, sitting with the teacher around our table, we would translate Horace from Latin or toil over the theorem of Pythagoras.”*

Bauman Janina, *Winter in the Morning*, Cracow, 2009.

c) 29 April 1941

"We sat in Teresa's tiny little room sipping ersatz tea and talking about all manner of things: what we're going to do after the war, which of us will marry, which won't, and so on. Teresa who, to be frank, isn't the brightest person in the world, said that she was going to be a famous writer, and Hanka, she said, a great scientist. Here I must agree. Zula, said Teresa, will become a courtesan of the high-class sort; and I, a devoted wife and mother, apart from anything else I do".

23 June 1941

"What a day! Eight long hours of hard physical work under the blue sky. Can't imagine anything better. There are fifteen of us including the ones we don't know, ten girls and five boys altogether. The instructor from the Jewish Council called Tadek is a strict, matter-of-fact fellow in his early twenties. Handsome, too, though not very tall; blond and sunburnt. A perfect organiser: we didn't waste a single moment. The girls, standing in two rows, picked up and passed the bricks to the barrows, the boys wheeled the barrows to the far end of the grounds and emptied them."

3 August 1941

"After three days of heavy rain, warm sunny weather again. Oh, how it is all growing! The frail pale-green plumes of carrot leaves sway in the breeze, the tiny baby cucumbers are creeping along the narrow trenches we have dug for them".

Passages from the original diary by Janina Bauman, then 15-year old Janina Lewinson, included in *Winter in the Morning*.

d) *"In Leszno Street, not far from my house, prewar 'Femina' cinema was turned into a concert hall that winter. There were enough prominent musicians who happened to be Jews to set up a first-rate symphony orchestra in the ghetto; it was conducted by Szymon Pulman. I knew nothing about classical music. I had never in my life been to the concert. The orchestra played Tchaikovsky's 'Pathetique' symphony. Everyone in the dark auditorium sat still, profoundly moved. Then an eighteen-year-old girl sang 'Ave Maria' by Schubert. She had a strong, clear voice that seemed to burst through the walls of the hall and rise high above our world with all its daily troubles. The audience cried and I cried myself. The name of the young singer was Maria Eisenstadt. She did not survive the war. Neither did the conductor. As far as I know, they both died in Treblinka in the summer of 1942. After that first concert, I could hardly wait for the next, and never missed any until they came to an end. The orchestra was eventually banned by the Nazis for performing works by German composers, something that was strictly forbidden to Jews."*

Bauman Janina, *Winter in the Morning*, Cracow, 2009.

AUXILIARY MATERIAL FOR GROUP 3

In the form of a mind map, present **the human relations** in the Warsaw and Cracow Ghetto (how people treated one another). What influenced human relations? What emotions did people have? Use the passages from the source texts.

Note: It is impossible to analyse all human relations in the Warsaw Ghetto; therefore, the issue will be treated in a sketchy manner. However, special attention should be paid to the figure of Janusz Korczak, his attitude towards children and other people he met in the ghetto. It is worth considering the way Korczak was viewed by others. Another important text for this analysis is a passage from the book by Adina Blady-Szwajgier *And that is all I remember* where the author describes her experience with the hospital for children in Leszno Street.

a) Janusz Korczak wrote to Felicja Czerniakow, a pedagogue and member of the Centos board, the wife of Adam Czerniakow who was the Chairman of the Jewish Council:

Dear Madam,

[...] I am accused of being gruff, disagreeable and brutal. That's correct [...] social work is dirty work, the necessity of seemingly harmonious cooperation with dirty people, appealing to their contemptible and

undecent features. What is happening now in relation to children is a mirror of unfair, harmful and noisy trading on the stock exchange in the bull market. A child – its deprivation and sheer misery – is an instrument that you may gain on. The brokers' clutches, like those of greedy predators, their parasitic nozzles – they suck whatever there is to suck, as much as can be sucked, and however can be sucked."

Janusz Korczak's letter to Felicja Czerniakow, undated, in: *Janusz Korczak in the ghetto*. Nowe źródła, works cited, p. 96.

b) In his letter to Anna, his sister, Janusz Korczak wrote:

My dear Anka...

[...] I don't make social calls. I go to beg for money, foodstuffs, an item of information, a lead. If you call that social calls – they are arduous, degrading work. Must play the clown, too. People don't like gloomy faces".

Korczak Janusz, *Diary in: Janusz Korczak, Selected Works, Warsaw 1958, vol. 4*

c) Ludwik Hirszfeld, an immunologist and bacteriologist of worldwide renown who was in the ghetto, recalled:

"Doctor Janusz Korczak's Dom Sierot. This is the name known and worshiped by each Polish pedagogue. I often visited that house since I was overwhelmed there with the feeling of a better world. Korczak didn't even have his own place there [...] He wrote his hymns to children on a small bedside table. He taught them justice, kindness and decent behaviour. He didn't want to let them to the streets, which was much discussed during the meetings. For he didn't want to save only human bodies. He wished to shape souls. He succeeded in it even in that hell since the children from the Orphanage were known in the district as the embodiment of nobleness. His brave and committed companion was Ms. Wilczyńska. The house hosted concerts and lectures. [...] It was also visited by Grossman, a manufacturer, a philosopher by avocation. He told the children about the Greek philosophy. He told me that those had been the only happy hours in that hell when he could talk with small Jews about the Dionysian ecstasy of beauty. I was told that those children had understood him, had been glad when he dropped in, when thinking about Plato – had forgotten about their situation.

Olczak-Ronikier Joanna, *Korczak. An attempt of biography, Warsaw 2011, pp. 373-374.*

d) 'Sing, Fajgele.'

'Have you lost your minds? At night?'

'Maybe tomorrow?'

'Maybe.'

'Then let's tell stories.'

'Well, when my sister died, my mum took her out. She didn't have the strength to beg and she was lying there and crying a bit. I also didn't have the strength to go out so my mum died too but I wanted to live so much. So I was praying as my dad did. Before they killed him, he said 'Shema Yisrael'. And I also started it and they came for the corpses. And they saw that I was alive and brought me here. And I am going to live.'

– So maybe we say 'Shema Yisrael' too?'

I didn't hear more because I dropped the files with the cards and the children stopped talking.

The next day, when the older children went to see the smaller ones playing at keeping the house, I asked: 'Fajgele, sing something?' "Why me?" "For you look like you can sing." And Fajgele sang a lullaby. And then we started talking. We were talking on equal terms. That all of us felt the same fear, that we also didn't have much to eat but if we wanted to survive, we had to stay human because they wanted to make us animals. I told her that we learnt English on Śliska Street and then that they were young and should survive and should never forget that they could laugh in the past. Finally, we decided to organize a concert for Easter.

We organized it. Marysia wrote some fairy tale for staging, I don't remember what it was about. And I

staged with them a song, 'Oif dem prieczok' – Fajgele was a rabbi and she was singing and told the children 'to follow her' and she showed them how to dance. The youngest group, dressed up as boys from cheder, danced the Hasidic dance. And there was also a kind of cookies from carrot, rutabaga and artificial honey.

The children were playing and laughing. Fajgele – lovely and with the voice like a skylark, had positive Pirquet reaction – so it was a matter of weeks. Yet, I was laughing so 'cheerfully' that there were tears in my eyes, and the children were shouting: 'The mistress has cried with laughter.'

It was the last Easter of 1942.

The same day, I also was on duty at the gate – at the information desk. I was sitting there in the evening and different sorts of doctors' wives received 'parcels' and I had the information from the wards and informed the families about the patients – how they felt and whether they lived – because those shabby and louse-infested people could not be admitted to ward.

On that day, there came six-year-old Ryfka whose father was still at home, and her elder brother and three-year-old sister were at hospital. She hadn't had her mother already. I remember that this three-year-old sister died. I said: 'Ryfka, take back this parcel for your sister because she died.' And Ryfka raised those her bottomless black eyes and said:

'For when a MAN has to wash and tidy up, and cook – there is no time left. And I didn't look properly after the child.' And this ragged 'man' turned and shambled like an old man.

Blady-Szwajgier Adina, *And that is all I remember*, Warsaw 2009, pp. 79-83.

e) Kraków GHETTO

[www.http://www.sztetl.org.pl/en/article/krakow/13,places-of-martyrology/3796,plac-bohaterow-getta-dawny-plac-zgody/](http://www.sztetl.org.pl/en/article/krakow/13,places-of-martyrology/3796,plac-bohaterow-getta-dawny-plac-zgody/)

In the building at 18 Plac Zgody a famous drugstore, "Apteka pod Orłem", operated. It was run by Tadeusz Pankiewicz, who was mentioned above. Tadeusz Pankiewicz was the only inhabitant of the ghetto who was not Jewish. Together with his employees, Helena Krywaniuk, Aurelia Danek-Czortowa and Irena Drożdżikowska, they helped a great number of people of Jewish descent during the Holocaust, despite the threat of death penalty. They provided medicines for free, issued false documents and gave shelter to people who were threatened to be deported. The drugstore was also an unofficial "salon", where representatives of the Jewish elite gathered: artists, doctors, scientists and writers. Tadeusz Pankiewicz wrote down his memories in a book entitled "Apteka w getcie krakowskim" [The Drugstore in the Ghetto of Kraków], depicting a shocking image of the **gehenna** of the Jewish population during the Holocaust. After WWII in the premises of the drugstore Muzeum Pamięci Narodowej [Museum of the National Remembrance] was opened there.

AUXILIARY MATERIAL FOR GROUP 4

In the form of a mind map, present the **situation of children and youths** in the Warsaw and Cracow Ghetto. Use the distributed materials.

a) Stanisław Rogalski (...) recollects:

"I was there for the last time when the orphans from the orphanage at 92 Krochmalna Street were resettled to the ghetto. The children were allowed to take only what they could put on themselves. They went two by two like small barrels. The march was headed with white and red banner and closed with the star of Zion. They were loudly signing the melody and lyrics which the Nazis knew: 'Though the storm roars around us.' The Germans wised up. They snatched the Old Doctor from the march and arrested him for two days. Shoved, dragging his feet, slumped – that was the image of Korczak that was my last memory of him.

The house that Korczak occupied with his children within the ghetto was the former building of the Trading

Association. Michał Żylberberg, Korczak's friend and a companion in misery, wrote in his *Warsaw Diary 1939-1945* that after arrival in the ghetto, the highest priority for Korczak was to wall in the main entrance to the orphanage from Chłodna 33 Street. The house inhabitants thought that it was odd. Yet, Korczak wanted to separate from the Nazis as much as possible. (...)

In the circumstances of permanent terror (Newerly), Korczak attempted to guarantee his children at least the remains of careless life. Therefore, he begged for support, was ready to 'gave a merry hell to obtain a barrel of cabbage, a bag of flour.' Each time, when Korczak went to beg (went on 'rounds'), he came back totally devastated.

Dauzenroth Erich, *Janusz Korczak, Life for Children, Cracow 2005.*

b) August 1941, Warsaw. Account by Symcha Binem Motyl, one of the smugglers in the Warsaw Ghetto, about food smuggling.

I got out of the ghetto. It was in August [1941], at Saturday/Sunday night. [...] I went to a merchant that I knew, a smuggler who had his hideout at the corner of Sosnowa and Żłota Streets.

In this place, Sosnowa Street was walled in and that corner house No. 10 belonged to the ghetto area, and the houses on Żłota Street were on the Aryan side. He usually received goods at night. [...] It looked like in some detective film. The whole 'staff' of the hideout, and I, went to the attic and waited for the signal in that silent and dark night. At the agreed time, we heard the footsteps on the roof and quiet creaking when the flap in the roof, near the chimney, was lifted. Someone shone the torch and some figure (in socks) sneaked in. [...] It was the liaison from the Aryan side. [...]

The ladder was immediately put up and that time – instead of a human figure – there was a sack of some grain. It was quickly snatched by a carrier standing by the ladder and passed [...] to another one. In a minute, the sack disappeared somewhere in the darkness of the attic. Few moments later, there was the second sack, and the third one, the fourth, the tenth, and then baskets with meat, poultry, quarters of a cow, of a pig, boxes with eggs, packets of butter, some bottles, and finally big sacks of vegetables and potatoes. It lasted about an hour.

***Selected Source Texts for Teaching about the Holocaust on Occupied Polish Territory*, ed. Alina Skibińska and Robert Szuchta, Warsaw, 2010, p. 144.**

c) This is the verbatim account by Nahum Remba:

On that day, I was overwhelmed with bottomless despair. There was a blockade of the 'Small Ghetto' (...) I seated the children from the dormitory at the far end of the square, against the wall. I believed that I would be able to save them that afternoon, keep them until the next day. I urged Korczak that we should go to the Judenrat and hope that it would intervene with the Nazis. Korczak refused. He didn't want to leave the children even for a moment. The loading of the railway cars began then. I stood next to a column of ghetto policemen who were transferring the victims to the train and watched the proceedings with a pounding heart, hoping that my plan would succeed. The people were loaded all the time but there hadn't been the required quota yet. A dense crowd of human beings went there, pushed and shoved with leather whips. Suddenly, Mr. Schmerling ordered to lead the children from dormitories. The march was headed by Korczak. [I shall never forget this scene as long as I live. This was no march to the train cars but rather a mute protest against thus murderous regime... a procession the like of which no human eye had ever witnessed]. The children went along in fours. Korczak at the head of it. With his head held high. He led two children by the hands and headed the march. The second group was led by Wilczyńska, the third one by Broniatowska (her children had blue backpacks), the fourth one by Szternfeld from the dormitory on Twarda street. Tears rolled down my cheeks. I hid my face in my hands. I felt severe pain that we were helpless, that I couldn't do anything – just helplessly observe the murder.

Dauzenroth Erich, Janusz Korczak, Life for Children, Cracow 2005.

d) [www.http://www.sztetl.org.pl/en/article/krakow/13,places-of-martyrology/3796,plac-bohaterow-getta-dawny-plac-zgody/](http://www.sztetl.org.pl/en/article/krakow/13,places-of-martyrology/3796,plac-bohaterow-getta-dawny-plac-zgody/)

”The Nazis and Jewish policemen treated people gathered there in a very brutal way. A lot of executions

were carried out in the yard adjacent to the square. For example, on March 14, 1943, dozens of people, enfeebled and unemployed adults, as well as children, were shot dead there.

Tadeusz Pankiewicz, who was the owner of "Apteka pod Orłem", a drugstore, during WW II, described those tragic events in the following way: *"Plac Zgody resembled a battlefield with those thousands of packs and items of baggage scattered around. Here and there there was a small child playing on the asphalt surface soaked with blood. SS soldiers were taking the children. Sometimes a soldier was leading a few children holding one another's hands. He led them to this macabre yard. Others were pushing baby carriages where a baby was sleeping. They disappeared and then, each time, a volley of guns could be heard. In order to save ammunition, a few children were shot dead with one bullet. Bigger children were put in a row and one bullet took away a few human lives. Several babies were placed into a carriage and they were all killed also with one bullet."*

On June 4, 1942, during one of the displacement campaigns, a famous artist, poet and singer, Mordechaj Gebirtig, was murdered at Plac Zgody."