

## **Lernen aus der Geschichte e.V.**

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Das mehrsprachige Webportal publiziert fortlaufend Informationen zur historisch-politischen Bildung in Schulen, Gedenkstätten und anderen Einrichtungen zur Geschichte des 20. Jahrhunderts. Schwerpunkte bilden der Nationalsozialismus, der Zweite Weltkrieg sowie die Folgegeschichte in den Ländern Europas bis zu den politischen Umbrüchen 1989.

Dabei nimmt es Bildungsangebote in den Fokus, die einen Gegenwartsbezug der Geschichte herausstellen und bietet einen Erfahrungsaustausch über historisch-politische Bildung in Europa an.

### **Helena Cwener, born 1928**

They brought us to Zamość, to shack no. 14. We stayed there for a couple of days. One night in the beginning of December, they called us and loaded us into cattle wagons. We were taken to Berlin to a labour camp. There we were deloused. We had to strip naked. A girl, maybe 13 or 14 years old, did not want to take off her clothes. Then one of the gendarmes beat her with a rubber truncheon. [...]

My parents and I were taken to a munitions factory. [...] I worked at a turning lathe, dad worked at a drilling machine and mother made small metal boxes. The first shift lasted 13 hours, from 6 o' clock in the morning until 7 o' clock in the evening; the second shift lasted from 7 o' clock in the evening until 6 o' clock in the morning. During each shift, there were two breaks of 15 minutes.

Our food consisted of bitter malt coffee and two slices of bread, thinly smeared with margarine or jam. There was coffee and a soup made from white radish for lunch, and on Sundays we got potatoes boiled in their skins, which were often rotten. Sometimes there was onion sauce with it. On Good Friday we got potato soup, a piece of sausage and even a biscuit; for them Good Friday was the only holiday.

We were paid a few Pfennig for our labour, but all we could buy for the money was a small head of red cabbage; everything else was only available on food ration cards. We were allowed to go into the town in our free time, but we had to be careful to hide the "P[ole]" sign. If you did not hide it, nasty things could happen to you. There were "scouts" running about dressed in green shorts, so-called Hitler-Youths. They would spit you in the face and call you "Polish pig". [...]

When we returned to Skierbieszów, we found all our buildings in ashes. We started again from scratch. We built a house, which is still there now. All that is left from my stay in Germany is a pot of 1942, in which we used to receive our black coffee.

