

IX · ENTERTAINMENT

1

The commander of a camp, among his amusements, as in other camps had a large dog and at the cry of "Jude," that is, "Jew," the dog would attack the man and tear off pieces of flesh. In another camp, the Jews who had just come kept seeing a dog—the dog belonged to the S.S. man in charge of "the showers," that is, the gas chambers; the S.S. man would call the dog "Mensch," that is, "man": and whenever he set the dog on a Jew would say, "Man, get that dog!"

2

In one camp the officers, for their amusement, if they saw a group of Jews at a distance, would draw their revolvers and shoot in that direction; but they must have shot into the air because no one was ever hit. Throwing stones at the group was another matter: some would be hurt—in the face, hands, or legs. But, in another camp, the two commanders began a game: they would stand at their windows and, while those carrying stones were passing, the two would shoot at them, aiming at the tip of a nose or a finger; and in the evening would pick out those who had been hit and were no longer any good for work and have them shot. And in still another camp the officers played "the spinning top": they would place a stick in the ground—stand it up quite low—and the man to be tortured would have to keep touching it with his right hand,

"Children," section 3

Each room was then in darkness,
except for one bulb painted blue by blackout instructions.
The children would wake at night
calling for their mothers
and would then wake each other,
and sometimes all in the room would start crying out
and even wake the children in other rooms.

A visitor once stopped one of the children:
a boy of seven or eight, handsome, alert and gay.
He had only one shoe and the other foot was bare,
and his coat of good quality had no buttons.
The visitor asked him for his name
and then what his parents were doing;
and he said, "Father is working in the office
and Mother is playing the piano."
Then he asked the visitor if he would be joining his parents soon—
they always told the children they would be leaving soon to rejoin
their parents—

and the visitor answered, "Certainly. In a day or two."
At that the child took out of his pocket
half an army biscuit he had been given in camp
and said, "I am keeping this half for Mother";
and then the child who had been so gay
burst into tears.

4
Other children, also separated from their parents,
arrived in buses,
and were put down in the courtyard of the camp—
a courtyard surrounded by barbed wire
and guarded by gendarmes.
On the day of leaving for the death camp
they were awakened at five in the morning.