

Kraków Correspondence

by Matt DeVigiliis

Dear Abram,

It is Monday and I am a bit tired, so I apologize for the brief letter. I recently built a barracks at Plaszów — forced by the Labor Office — and my hands and arms are still sore. I probably shouldn't complain.

The SS and Gestapo began rounding us up, at least those who aren't registered, those without yellow cards, today. Rumor has it they got at least 1,000 and took them to the camp, to the barracks. I tried not to watch and only listened, only heard some of the shouts and shots and cries.

Now some poor man is sleeping in the bunk I constructed. I hope he sleeps well, dreams, and is soothed by the warm breeze blowing tonight. The breeze is comforting. A blanket. It is hard to notice the breeze most times. Other times, it's all I want to notice.

This bed I built, that holds my neighbor this warm night, I have a feeling I may be lying in it myself soon. Yellow cards only carry so much weight.

Goodnight, Abram. I hope you sleep well, too.

Your cousin,

Chaim

1 June 1942

Podgorze, Kraków

