

**Fraulein**  
DJ Kane

It was as far back as 1941 and onward in Europe, the railroad had been used to transport European Jews to Concentration Camps in Poland, and beyond as the “Final Solution” had been implemented, under the disguise called, “Relocation Settlements.”

This story takes place at the Auschwitz-Birkenau, in Poland. In 1942, a train filled with deportees from the Wausau Ghettos, entered the site of Auschwitz and as the train stopped Nazi soldiers brandishing weapons shouted in German, “Everyone out, leave those inside who can’t come out remain, immediately!” After a few minutes, a few soldiers entered the train with handkerchiefs being held on their noses, and the slaughter on the train had begun. The soldiers had ordered, “Jude get up, out, or you die here!” The slaughter continued until the soldiers were satisfied and had exited, after which the train had pulled away, and out of site, where labor prisoner’s disposed of the bodies, and filth left behind.

This story revolves around Marsha Zeidenberg a Warsaw Ghetto young deportee and a young German Officer who worked at the camp. The Zeidenberg family had just exited the train, belongings in hand, trying to remain unnoticed by the soldiers who were literally separating the living from the dead. “Everyone put your belongings on the pile at my left and stand on my right for processing, Hurry, hurry, I don’t have all day!” A sergeant had ordered. The line moved slowly, but methodically. There were many people, some of which vainly refused to be separated, and those who seemed totally in disbelief. As the Zeidenberg’s reached their turn, they were separated, the soldiers sent Marsha to one line and her parents to another. Marsha hugged, kissing her parents, all with tears flowing, but remain defiant in their own way. They moved to their respective lines, with neither fully understanding the consequence, allocated to each line, nor fully believing the gravity of the situation.

Marsha’s line was directed first, to receive the black and white prison uniform, handed her by an inmate, as she was led to have her beautiful long, shiny, blond, hair removed, and identification numbers tattooed on her arm. Marsha trembled, as she moved closer to the barber, as few prison guards were eyeing the women and soon commented on her long golden hair and beauty, and what they wanted to do to her later. The guards laughed commenting on who would be first, and what they would do. A handsome Captain entered the room, and silence prevailed. He motioned for Marsha to leave the uniform there, and to follow him saying, “Follow me fraulein,” she followed him to his car and entered. “To my home,” he instructed the driver. Telling Marsha, “When we reach my home, you will be responsible for all household duties fraulein.”

Marsha responded immediately, “I’m not your fraulein, I’m a Polish Jew from the Warsaw ghetto!”

The captain answered her "I'm Erick, fraulein, oh, I mean Jude-Frauen, Do I call you Jude-Frauen all the time, or do you have a name?" Marsha just sat quiet and defiant till they reached their destination.

It took about an hour, when they reached Erick's house. It was a small home, white in color, and as they entered Erick told his driver to go back. Erick showed Marsha the house, especially pointing out her own bedroom, telling her he did not expect anything from her, only that she perform household duties. He told her she would be safe in his home, and he would supply her with normal women's attire.

Marsha immediately thought about her Mom and Dad when Erick mentioned safe. Marsha asked, "Erick, would you find out about my Mom and Dad, I'm so worried?" He replied, "Tomorrow, first thing." And she replied, "Thank you, their names are Hilda and Mark Zeidenberg

"I know," he immediately replied "And your name is Marsha"

Tomorrow was a sad day indeed, when Erick returned with the information Marsha was seeking. Instead of the horrible truth Erick told her, "It seems your Dad and Mom were moved to a Work Camp, they were spared. Marsha didn't know how to respond, they were too old, and couldn't survive a Work Camp. She returned to her bedroom and wept.

Reality had shown its evil head.

It had been three years, Marsha had taken care of Erick's home, and for three years they had a mutual respect for each other, and never had crossed the line.

One day in 1945, Erick received orders to report to the Russian Front, and he had to report immediately. He told Marsha to "Stay in the house, and wait for my return," and he packed. When he was about the leave, they came together, so close, but neither touching, but wanting too. As Erick entered his car, he pulled down the window and said to Marsha, only she and he could hear, "Auf Wiedersehen fraulein Marsha" and she said "Auf Wiedersehen Erick," he then instructed his his driver to move on, as he looked back for a few seconds.

A few months later there was a loud, heavy, continuous pounding on the door. "Fraulein open this door!" As she opened the door, an elderly officer, who she later learned was an SS General, accompanied by two SS soldiers pushed through the door. "Get dressed fraulein, don't ask any questions, and pack some clothes, we've got to go, don't ask any questions!" Marsha was scared out of her mind, packed a suitcase, and was escorted to a waiting vehicle. They all packed in and nothing was said as till they reached their destination, "All out!" the General ordered, let the fraulein go first, and pointed to the two SS soldiers, "Stay outside". Upon knocking, the door swiftly opened, and a women-speaking German informed Marsha that this was a halfway house to freedom. She had to pose for headshots, for her new passport. She was handed food, water, and was informed, she was about to travel over the boarder to safety. When Marsha was about leave, the General took her aside, for a few words before she left. Explaining,

“This is from my son, Erick. The Fuhrer may have taken my son’s life, but you Marsha, have taken his heart”

Auf Wiedersehen, Fraulein.