

GOLDA SCHARFF TESTIMONY- below testimony taken from a letter written to the Claims Conference Hardship Fund to justify reparations from Germany.

This is my testimony written to respond to your letter request dated July 30, 1986:

I, Golda Scharff, maiden name Golda Solitar, was born in Sokal, Poland, July 18, 1922. I was from a very wealthy family in Sokal. We owned a tailor shop and designed scarves and clothing. I was the middle sister of two older sisters, Lea and Adela and two younger sisters, Pesia and Zelda. My three brothers were named Jekatuel, my twin, Herschel and Joseph. We were an orthodox Jewish family. The Nazis created a ghetto in Sokal in 1941 and took over my parent's business. From 1941 to 1943 my family was removed from our home and forced to live in the Sokal Ghetto. I was forced to work at the Gestapo headquarters which was located at a Catholic convent converted as a headquarters for the German Gestapo. My father, Moshe Solitar was killed by the Gestapo chief, Oswald Haduk, in the Sokal in 1941 and my mother, Sheindala Katz Solitar was killed with my older sister Lea during the Juden Frei (Free from Jews) assault by the Gestapo in the Sokal Ghetto in 1944. During the time in the Ghetto there were frequent beatings and German rulings or "actions" that applied to Ghetto life. After each such "action", I always lost a sister or brother. I was very lucky to survive a bullet to the head at the headquarters one day. Instead, another man was killed at my side after a German Gestapo officer determined that he stole the food instead of me and all of the Jewish workers at the convent were required to bury him by the south fence of the convent to bear witness to what would happen if any of us were disobedient. During the last 1944 assault in the Ghetto, I was taken by train in a cattle car with my oldest sister Adela and her 6 month old baby. We were the last family members to leave Sokal. The train was going to Treblinka. There was a small window in the cattle car and together my sister and I broke the glass and she pushed me out of the train. I landed on the railroad tracks and injured my legs and knees severely. I still suffer pain to my knees and legs from this jump. I went back to the convent and hid. I then traveled to Krakow. In Krakow, I was caught by a German police officer (not Gestapo) and told them I was Catholic. They put me in a German labor camp called Plaszow. I escaped that camp during a march to a work site and I hid again. I met a woman and told her I was Catholic and I was escaping the Nazis. Her name was Martha. She knew other people who would hide me, so she put me with this family to be their maid who also thought I was Catholic. All the time, she suspected I was Jewish, and she told this belief to her boyfriend, a German police officer stationed at the Montelupi prison. This boyfriend, whose name was Ludwig Eineder, came to arrest me. Instead of arresting me, he hid me in his apartment which was a special building for German police in Krakow. Her obtained a document from the Catholic Church that verified that I was his illegitimate daughter and he sent me to Munich, Germany to his parents and wife in 1944. He traveled there with me. When I arrived in Munich, Mrs. Eineder, Helen, picked us up. She took me to work in the countryside with a farm family at a Catholic monastery. She suspected that I was not her husband's daughter. After Mr. Eineder left to go back to Poland, Helen, tried to kill me by attempting to poison me. I sensed she was not happy with me and suspected that the milk she gave me one day at the monastery was laced with poison. I decided to feed the milk to the birds at the window ledge first and they dropped dead. The farmer family that I worked for helped me by moving me from

the monastery to another village called Burghausen in Bavaria. In January 1945, the German police in Burghausen arrested me at the Mildorf Inn. I remained in prison until March 1945. The American troops that liberated Burghausen, did not believe my identification and that I was Jewish. I was taken to an old age home where there were Jews and I had to read Hebrew prayers to them so they could verify to the soldiers that I was Jewish.

If I would try to describe my agony, suffering and assault... what I did endure to be able to stay alive, I know this would be accounted to be one of the greatest miracles of divine providence. I will carry the greatest and deepest wounds with me to my grave.

Golda Scharff ;August 19,1986