



EDWARD MOSBERG

Born: January 6, 1926 (Krakow, Poland)

Interview Date: October 2016

TESTIMONY EXCERPT

"My name is Edward Mosberg. I was born January 6, 1926 in Krakow, Poland. I had two sisters, one older, one younger. My parents had a department store. We had a happy family.

When the war started, I went with my father towards the east. Away from the Germans. We went to Lwów first; there were a lot of people running away. We were hiding in the haystacks in the field near Stanislawów. Then my mother sent somebody to pick me up and bring me back to Krakow.

In 1941, they formed a ghetto. I was happy that I was with my family, my aunt, my grandparents, my sisters, my mother. All in one apartment. And then everything broke. I remember to remain in the ghetto, you needed to get a stamp, so I went to find one. The Gestapo look at me and give me a stamp. I took my mother's ID, the Gestapo again looked at me and gave me the stamp. Then I got my aunt's ID. The Gestapo head grabbed me by my neck and pushed me against the wall. At one point the Jewish police came in and took me to the jail. I knew some of them, the Jewish police. They helped me and in the end I



Edward with interviewer Stephen Smith, the Finci-Viterbi Executive Director of the USC Shoah Foundation.

ran away. The next day, whoever did not have an ID was taken to Belzec, to be murdered there.

At the end of 1942, I went to work in Wieliczka. On March 13, 1943 they told us that we had to take whatever we had and bring it to the street. At that time I recognized Amon Goeth; that was the first time I saw



him. Running around like maniac, with a gun, shooting, beating people. I was working in the office at Plaszow at that time, but I used to go back to the ghetto after work.

Now we all got to Plaszow. I saw Amon Goeth every day. I saw him do horrible things. I saw him after the war too. I went to the trial. And I went to jail to see him. I was still afraid of him.

In May 1944, they took my mother from Plaszow to Auschwitz. I remember I went into the barrack, I lay down and I cried the whole night. But I had to go to

work. So I went to work. Then in August, they rounded up people in the assembly place and there was a long row of people. Six thousand women. My sister was there. I could not get to them. If I interfered, maybe they could have survived. I feel guilty for so many years because of my failure to save them. The next day, or two days later, I went to Mauthausen.

I ended up in a concentration camp at Linz. One day I got caught by four men, and they were beating me. I will never forget it, I feel it till this day how they are beating me. At that point somebody passed by, a prisoner policeman. He was a Polish guy. He opened the door just as they wanted to drown me in a barrel of water. And he pulled me out from there. There was blood all over me. Back in the barrack I heard one of the guys say: "He is dying." And the next day I had to go to work.

I survived. I had tuberculosis of bones and lungs. I didn't have a bar mitzvah because the war started. But I had it here in the United States in 1993. My grandson, Barry, was born on my birthday, so we had it together, the bar mitzvah.



Edward with his family during the interview: his two grandsons (far left and right), his daughter and son-in-law (middle).

Now I like to go [to Krakow] because whenever I walk, I remember. Here I was going with my father, here was I with my mother, playing here with my sisters. It's painful, but I remember."