

THE VENGEANCE

by Shmuel LARON (FALC), Tel-Aviv.

translated from the Hebrew by Thia Persoff z"l

The British four-engine bomber was moving ponderously in the sky. In addition to the crew, it carried about four tons of bombs. The further we got from the airport, so did the plane's speed increase. Leaving England's southern seashores behind us – and already the shape of the European continent was spread before us. Here we are in Holland's sky, but this is not the land of our destination. We turned towards the cursed land of Germany; there we will dump our bombs on its cities and factories.

This is not my first flight as a pilot in the British Air Force. Even before now my squadron took part in some important undertakes in the skies over the lands conquered by the Nazis. But now we are flying to Germany, to the nest of the murderers.

My ruminations take me back to the days in September of 1939, when I sat with all my family in Kutno, the town where I was born and grew up. Already the German air force was bombing the helpless town's people quit frequently. The German murderers-by-air did not spare even the refugees on the roads, who escaped Kutno, and shot them with machine-guns. And after Poland fell, and Kutno was conquered by the Nazi army, the job of annihilating our nation had started. In my mind's eyes are passing the pictures of the Germans torturing children, women, and old people. With sadistic pleasure, lacking any iota of humanitarian feeling, they tortured and murdered our brothers and sisters! When I saw their atrocity and myself being a victim of their sadistic brutality, the idea of being a pilot and taking revenge at the German animals, had been born in my young mind.

But as my excitement for this idea grew, so did I realize how unreal it was; the possibility that when the Nazi soldiers in their boots soled with nails were wandering in Kutno's streets – will a wounded Jewish boy dream of flying in a warplane, dropping bombs on the heads of Germans...

After the wounds had been scarred over, about a month later I left Kutno. There is no way to describe the experience I had while I was wandering hungry and beaten during the difficult years of the war. However, my dream was fulfilled, and now in 1943, I am an English pilot, one of the squadron's pilots of bombers with the mission of dropping its load on the German land. Seating in the plane, I am full of satisfaction and Happiness, as finally I will pay the murderers, in a practical way, for their destruction of countries, cities, and nations. Moreover, topping it all, the feeling of revenge I have is pulsating in me for the pure Jewish blood that was spilled.

Through the thick darkness of the night, we notice a few faint lights. The German city – the goal of our attack, burning in some areas – a souvenir from previous attacks on it. The nearer we get the stronger gets the fire of their anti-air defense cannons. Around us are explosions in the air, moments of fear and anxiety.

Just a little longer – and we will reach our destination. I felt better. Finally, I push the bomb-release button. The exit portal opened and British bombs are dropped on the head of the Germans via a Jewish pilot. The hour of revenge is here!

This was my first flight for bombing Germany – but not the last. I had the opportunity to enjoy and get satisfaction by dropping bombs on the land of Germany. In the light of the flames rising to heights, my heart calmed a bit after the catastrophe that befell our nation. My heart exalted when remembering that I am a young Jew from Kutno downing mortal blows on the heads of the Germans,



The author Sh. Laron – with fellows, in captivity.

by my "drop-in-the-bucket" revenge for their atrocious deeds, and unprecedented murderousness.

However, not for long could I satisfy my need for revenge. A year after the happenings I told before, my plane was downed by the Germans' Zenith cannons, indeed, I was lucky, as I managed to parachute out of my burning plane, but I was captured and taken a prisoner. Lucky for me, the Germans did not discover my Jewish origin, so I enjoyed all the privileges that were given to the British officers.

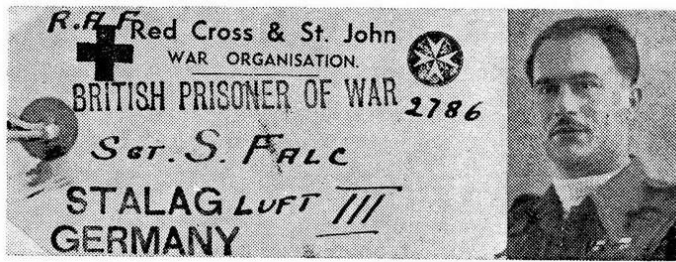
A few words about the downing of my plane:

When in August of 1944 the uprising started in the Polish capital – in Warsaw – under the leadership of general Bór-Komorowski against the German conquerors, The British air force command center had transferred few squadrons to Brindisi, Italy, so that they would be closer to the front of the fighting Warsaw. Indeed, often had our planes visited the Polish capital to parachute down weapons, ammunition, food, and medicines. These were complicated, most difficult flight operation, as we had to parachute the supplies that we flew in, at certain streets that were partially in German hands, and part in the hands of the rebelling Polish. The load that I had to drop was for Grzybowska-Królewska plaza, near the stock exchange, and that is where my plane was downed.

When I was in captivity, I kept thinking about why the Allies did not give any help to the Jewish ghetto who

fought for its life. They did not send even one airplane! Did not parachute even one gun to the ghetto heroes, not one loaf of bread! Moreover, not any kind of medicine! How different could the face of the battlefield be, and the unequal struggle between a handful of fighting Jews, and their German oppressors, if London, Moscow, and New York would have given to the authority of the ghetto's heroes even a minute

As yet, I have not received an answer to this piercing question...



portion of what they supplied the general Bór-Komorowski?!
Document of war prisoner Sh. Laron (Falc)



The author in a prisoners' camp