

Khurbn Bialistok The Holocaust in Bialystok

Srolke Kot

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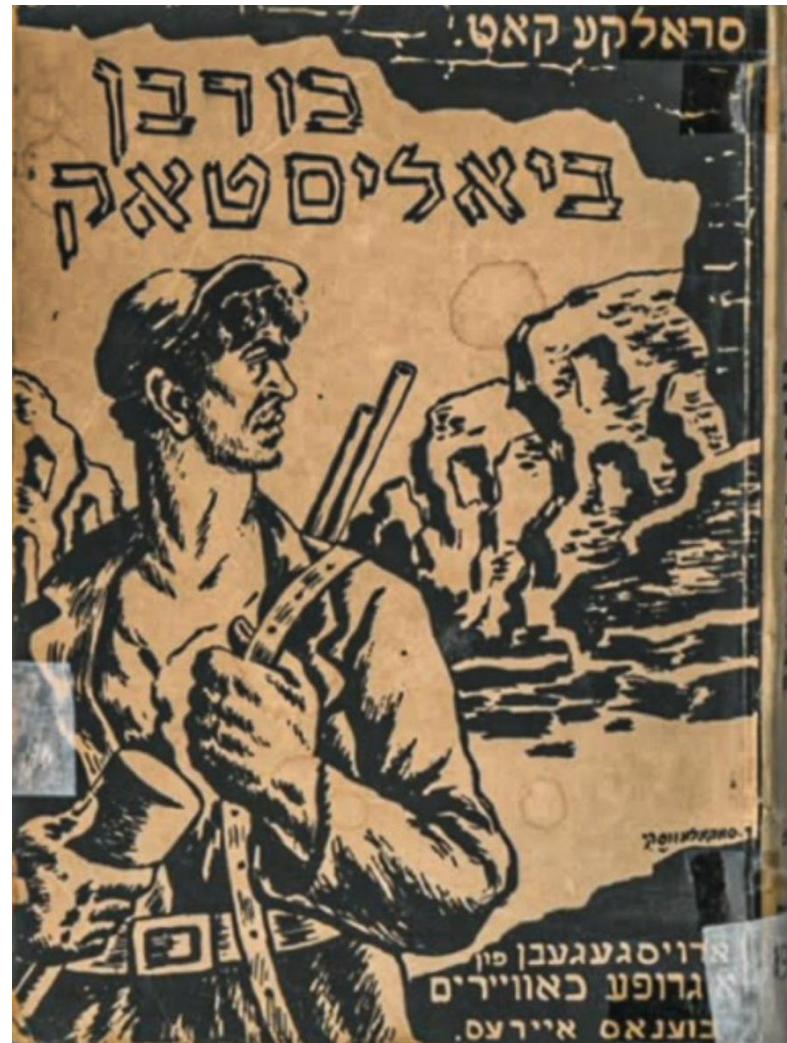
Romanization and Translation from Yiddish to English: Beate Schützmann-Krebs



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[Cover of the original book, courtesy of Dr. Tomek Wisniewski]

Khurbn un Bialystok

mitn aroysgebn dos bukh „Khurbn Bialystok“, derfilt der komitet nit nor a gezeshaftlekhn khoiv tsu der shtot Bialystok, vos hot zikh azoy heroish farteydikt kegn dem soyne fun idishn folk, vemens zin es hobn in di shverste badingungen ongehalt'n di moral fun mut un kamf un aroysgevirn aza tife mentshlekhe solidaritet, tsu di mitleyndike un bagegnt heldish dem umglaykhn kamf in geto, ven der geto iz gevorn arumgeringlt.

Bialystok iz nit keyn nomen fun a shtot in geveynlekhn zin fun vort, Bialystok iz geven a groyser kultur-tsenter, vos hot nit nor gegeben der idisher velt inteligents nor oykh di arbeter mase hot farmogt di shenste traditsyes fun kamf far frayhayt un gerekhtikeyt. deriber hot di martirshtot Bialystok, di farpeynikte un tsetrotene fun di daytshishe merder, bavizn in azelkhe far undz umfarshtendlekhe badingungen tsu shteln a vidershtand, tsu onhoybn dem geto-oyfshtand, tsu farteydikn di erd fun idishn folk, nit gekukt af dem vos der kamf iz fun foroys geven farmishpet af a zikhern toyt.

der mekhaber fun bukh „Khurbn Bialystok“- Strolke Kot. vos hot di leydn fun geto un shpeter dem kamf in vald durkhgetrogn af zayne pleytses, vos iz aleyn der leyndiker, der eydes un der bashuldiker kegn di vos hobn farurzakht dem groyzamen farbrekhn, iz nit oysn geven mit zayn bukh tsu onshraybn a literarishe verk, nor aroysbrenge dem naketn emes vi er iz geven un dos vos es iz im nit geven meglekhn tsu aroysbrenge filt der leyener, in

Bialystok and its Destruction

By publishing the book "Khurbn Bialystok" the committee fulfills not only a social obligation to the city of Bialystok, which heroically defended itself against the enemy of the Jewish people and whose sons maintained courage and fighting spirit under the most difficult conditions. Those sons were characterized by such deep human solidarity with the fellow sufferer and acted heroically in the unequal struggle in the ghetto when the ghetto was surrounded.

Bialystok - this was not a name of a city in the usual sense of the word. Bialystok was a great cultural center, which not only provided the Jewish world with intelligence, but also, through the mass of its workers, held the finest traditions of the struggle for freedom and justice. Moreover, the martyred city of Bialystok, tormented and trampled by the German murderers, resisted in such conditions that we cannot even imagine, rose to the ghetto uprising and defended the soil of the Jewish people, unaffected by the fact that the struggle was doomed from the outset to certain death.

The author of the book "Khurbn Bialystok", Srolke Kot, who endured the hardships of the ghetto and later bore the struggle in the forest on his own shoulders, is himself a sufferer, a witness and accuser against the perpetrators of the cruel crime. It was not his intention to write a literary work, but to bring to light the naked truth about what happened; and that about which he could not write is felt by the reader.

<p>di poshete, eynfakhe verter fun dem partizanen- Kot, der soldat fun idishn folk.</p> <p>mit aroysgebn dem dozikn bukh, hobn mir tsugetrogn nokh a dokument tsu der geshikhte fun undzer martirologye, tsu der geshikhte fun der heroisher Bialystok, vemens mut un bayshpil vet dinen vi a likhtiker zeyl far di kumendike doynes.</p> <p>B. Ayres, April 1947 di aroysgeber</p>	<p>in the humble, simple words of the partisan "Kot", a soldier of the Jewish people</p> <p>With the publication of this book we provide another document to the history of our martyrdom, to the history of heroic Bialystok, whose courage and example serves as a light pillar for future generations.</p> <p>Buenos Aires, April 1947, the editors</p>
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<p>der oysbrukh fun krig</p> <p>a vokh farn oysbrukh fun krig hot Bialystok gornit gefilt di ongeshtrengte lage. di badingungen fun leben zaynen geven normale. yeder eyner hot gearbet, a teyl mener fun ale yorgeng zaynen avek in der royter armye. di vos zaynen geblibn in shtot hobn gut farbrakht. di shtot hot zikh fanandergeblit afn sovetishn shteyger: groyse magazin, farveylungs erter a.a.v. men hot zikh farveylt un gornit gegloybt, az in a vokh arum vet Bialystok shoy n zayn un ter der okupatsye fun daytsh.</p> <p>es dermont zikh der letster shabes..ikh bin arayn mit khaveyrim in a restoran trinken vayn un, azoy vi shtendik, nokh dem avek shpatsirn</p>	<p>The Outbreak of the War</p> <p>Even a week before the outbreak of the war, the tense situation was not felt in Bialystok. Living conditions were normal; everyone went to work. A part of men of all ages had left with the Red Army. Those who stayed in the city had a pleasant time. The city was flourishing in the Soviet way: There were big stores, places that provided diversion and entertainment, and other things. People enjoyed themselves and would never have believed that Bialystok would be taken by the Germans in just a week.</p> <p>I still remember the last Shabbat. I go to a restaurant with my friends for a glass of wine, and then as usual I go for a walk with</p>
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<p>in vald. mir hobn farbrakht biz eyms azeyger nokh halbe nakht. kumendik in shtub nokh shpeter hot di mame mir geefnt di tir un gezogt: „morgn darfstu oyfshteyn tsu der arbet.“ ikh tu zikh oys un leyg zikh shlofn. ikh bavayz nokh nit ayntsudrimlen, vi es vekt mikh oyf a shtarker zets fun a bombe, vos iz gefaln noent. kh'tu zikh on, loyf aroys afn gas un ze vintsik mentshn. eyner fregt bam andern: „vos iz?“ entfert men „mistome manevres“. m'ken geyn shlofn.keynem iz nit ayngefaln, az z'iz shoy n krig.</p> <p>shteyendik a bisl, zeen mir vi es loyft shoy n a mentsh bandazhirt un shreyt:“ s'iz gefaln a bombe, s'zaynen do gehargete, s'iz krig! eyner gloybt dem tsveytn nit. ikh loyf avek zen. ikh kum tsu tsu der tsveyter gas, af Nayvelt. dos gesl Pyotrovovski</p>	<p>them in the forest. There we lingered until one o'clock in the morning, and later, when I get home, Mom opens the door for me and says: "Tomorrow you have to get up and go to work!" I get undressed and go to sleep, but I can't fall really asleep yet. That's when I'm jolted awake by a loud impact of a bomb that has fallen nearby. I get dressed, run out into the street and see a few people asking each other: "What happened?" The answer, "probably maneuvers!" So people can go back to sleep; no one expects that there is already war.</p> <p>We stop for a bit and see a bandaged person running, shouting: "A bomb has fallen! There are dead people there! It's war!" We don't believe it. I run to check it out. I reach the second street on Nayvelt [New World, Nowy Świat]. The small Pyotrovovski Street</p>
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<p>ligt shoy n a helft ayngeleygt in gruz ikh loyf arayn in an ayngefalenem moyer un tret shoy n af a naketer froy, velkher ikh hob koym derkent, tsi s'iz a mentsh, vayl di froy iz gelegn oysgemisht mit tsi gl un badekt mit shtoyb. mentshn loyfn mit ridlen oyfgrobn di farshotene mentshn fun etlekhe moyern. men zet farvundete, af der gantser gas zaynen oysgehakt di shoybn fun di moyern. dakhloze mentshn trogn zikh fartsveyflte mit pek in a gortn af nayvelt. men zitst in gortn mit di pek, farshlofn un tserudert, nervez. daytshishe aeroplanen dreyen zikh shoy n arum, men loyft in di kustes yede por minut zikh bahaltn.</p>	<p>is already half in ruins. I run into the collapsed houses and step on a naked woman, whom I can barely recognize as a human being because she is lying between a pile of bricks and is covered with dust. People are running with shovels to dig out the buried people in several houses. Wounded people can be seen. The window panes of all the buildings on the street are cracked. Homeless people drag themselves desperately with their luggage to a garden on Nayvelt [Nowy Świat]. With their belongings, sleepy, confused and nervous, they are sitting in the garden. German planes are already circling, every few minutes people run to the bushes to hide there.</p>
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fartog iz oykh gefaln a bombe in garnizon leben vald un geharget a sakh royt-armeyer velkhe zaynen geshlofn, zikh af gornit rikhtndik. in di tsivile heyzer fun yenem kant zaynen fil korbones geven. men trogt shoyt tsetlen zikh tsushteln in voyenkomat (1) far di militerishe flikhtnde.

men kumt zikh tsushteln un men treft shoyt keynem nit, alts geshlosn. partey mentshn mit biksn haltn ordenung in gas. men filt shoyt dem krig.

es vert aroysgehangen molotovs rede in velkher er meldet, az der daytsh iz barbarish ongefaln un mir muzn zikh farteydikn. s'iz shoyt far alemen klor, az s'iz geven an umgerikhter onfal fun hitler-daytshland. di yugnt un eltere bashlisn avektsugeyn mit der royter army.

oytos fun otganzatsyes un fabrikn nehmen mit arbeter vos viln mitforn tifer in ratnfarband.

di shtimung iz a gedrikte. eyner fregt bam tsveytn: vos vet zayn? di royte army geyt avek! di idn fin Bialystok hobn far der vokh vos der daytsh iz geven in 1939 shoyt gefilt vos es heyst hitler-daytshland. shoyt denstmol zaynen dermordet gevorn af bestyalishn oyfn idn in magistrat afn hoyf un halb lebedike bagrobn gevorn. far der vokh hobn zey

At dawn, a bomb had already hit the garrison by the forest, killing many Red Army soldiers who had been sleeping there unsuspectingly. In the civilian houses in the area there are many victims. Leaflets are already being distributed to register for military service at the Voenkomat (1).

One goes there to register, but meets no one, everything is closed. Party members with rifles keep order in the street. The war can already be felt now.

Molotov's speech is posted outside, in which he reports that the Germans have attacked us barbarically and we must defend ourselves. It is already clear to everyone that this is an illegal invasion by Hitler's Germany. The youth and the elders decide to leave with the Red Army.

Trucks from organizations and factories take the workers who want to go deeper into the Soviet Union.

The mood is depressed. One asks the other, what will happen? The Red Army is leaving us! During the one-week German occupation in 1939, the Jews of Bialystok had already felt what Hitler's Germany meant. Even then, Jews from the municipal office had been murdered in a bestial manner in the courtyard, and those who had been mortally wounded had been buried while still alive. During this week,

(1) author's note: military command

oykh rabirt in di ovntn, ven s'iz geven politsey shtunde, di idishe gesheftn. ale geyen derfar arum mit fregndike blikn un aropgelozte kep.

Mir antloyfn fun di natsis

ikh loyf tsum ban-hoyf. banen zaynen ibergefult mit froyen un kinder. ale forn, antloyfn, men vil nit zen dem daytsh. ikh kum in shtub un leyg for di eltern tsu forn- di brider zaynen nit geven in der heym. zitsndik un batrakhtndik di lage shteln mir zikh tren in di oygn, vayl kumendik fun der poylish-daytsher krig hob ikh shoyng evust vos dos heyst itst krig.

in dem loyft arayn der ingerer bruder, Nyome, zet vi ikh zits fartroyert un zogt: du bist shoyng geven in a krig un zitst azoy ibergenumen? kum mirn antloyfn tifer in ratnfarband. entfer ikh im: yo. nem mayn rover un for avek, ikh vel zikh gikher an eytse gebn tsu fus, du bist shvakher. Nyome nemt mayn rover un zegnt zikh mit alemen. mer hobn mir im shoyng nit gezen.

der tsveyter bruder Beybe (Leybl) iz avekgeforn mit an oyto fun a fabrik. ikh zegnt zikh oykh in shtub un farzikher: fun yener krig bin ikh tsurikgekumen veln mir nokh fun der oykh zikh zen. ikh krig a rover un tsuzamen mit nokh toyznter yugntlekhe un eltere, ver es hot nor koyekh gehat iz avek tifer in ratnfarband tsu helfn baykumen dem hitler-daytshland.

mir lozn zikh mitn shosey fun Volkovisk tsu Minsk, alts tifer keyn Rusland. vos vayter mir geyen tsien zikh alts mer toyznter mener mit froyen un kinder. a teyl iz shoyng gegangen af tsurik zogndik, az s'iz umeglekh tsu geyn, vayl men bombardirt dem shosey un s'iz do fil gehargete fun bombes. undz shrekt dos nit op. mir geyen vayter

they had also looted the Jewish stores in the evenings during closing time. Therefore, everyone walks around with questioning looks and bowed heads.

We Flee from the Nazis

I run to the train station. The trains are crowded with women and children. Everyone is leaving to escape and not to see the Germans. I come home and suggest to my parents to leave; my brothers are not at home. As I sit and think, tears come to my eyes. As a returnee from the "Polish-German war," I know what war means.

Then my younger brother, Nyome, comes in. He sees me sitting there depressed and says, "You've already been to war, and you're still sitting there in such a daze? Come on, let's escape deeper into the Soviet Union!" I answer him, "Yes, take my bicycle and go! I will be able to walk better than you, because you are weaker!" Nyome takes my bicycle and says goodbye to everyone. We have not seen him again.

My second brother, Beybe (Leybl) has left from a factory in a truck. I say goodbye at home and assure [them]: "I have returned from the last war, so this time we will also meet again!" I receive a bicycle and together with other thousands of young people and elders, with all who can muster the strength, I ride deeper into the Soviet Union to help defeat Hitler's Germany.

On the Highway, we are going from Volokovysk towards Minsk, deeper and deeper into Russia. The further we go, the more we meet thousands of men, with women and children, moving along. A part is already on the way back, with the statement that it is impossible to go on, because the highway is bombed and there are already

<p>un filn shoyn vi aeroplanen daytshishe lozn zikh arop biz tsu di kep fun di mentshn, shisn in der tsiviler bafelkerung fun koyln-</p>	<p>many fatalities there. We are not deterred by this. We go on walking, already sensing the German planes, incoming low, literally as low as man's height, firing their machine guns into the civilian population.</p>
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<p>varfer un af di erter vu mentshn bahaltn zikh oys, in di roves un in korn, lign toyte un farvundete. nokh aza shiseray loyft tsu tsu mir a khaver un shrayt oys:“ mayn froy un kind zaynen geblibn in korn, toyt!“ in a rov ligt a toyte froy. af ir krikht a kind fun a yor anderhalb un shrayt mit a geveyn: Mame“. fun korn shrayt aroys a veynende shtime „Tovorishtshi spasaytye!“ (ratevet khaveyrim).</p> <p>es rayst bam hartsn. mir geyen tsu, es ligt a sheyne yunge meydil mit a durkhgesehenem fus. zi bet zikh men zol ir nehmen in a shpital. laykht ranirte mener hinken un shlepn zikh foroys. poyerishe furlekh firn halb farkhaleshte farvundete mentshn. azoy hot undz bagleyt af ale shoseyen der daytshisher luft-flot iberlozndik nokh yeder bombardirung azoyne bilder. mir bashlisen tsu geyn mit zaytike vegn, vayl mitn shosey iz umeglekh tsu geyn. ober oykh dort lozn nit leben di aeroplanen. men bombardirt azoy shtark, az ligndik beeyn a bombardirung in a veldl hot di gantse erd unter undz zikh gevigt. mir hoybn on vayter geyn mitn shosey. umetum valgern zikh toyte. a bokher fun 30 yor ligt mit a durkhgesehenem fus, es rint fun im blut. er bet mikh m'zol im rateven, ober nito ver, ale loyfn tsetrogn. afn shosey lign ibergekerte tankes un oytos un alts blaybt shteyn af kilometers biz men makht fray dem veg.</p>	<p>Where people are hiding, in the trenches and in the rye field, there are dead and wounded. After such a shelling, a comrade comes running to me and shouts, "My wife and child are lying in the field; dead!" A woman lies in a ditch. A child of one and a half years crawls on her and screams crying: "Mama!". From the cornfield a crying voice yells, "Tovorishtshi spasaytye!" ("Save me, comrades!")</p> <p>It tears the heart. We approach a beautiful young girl lying there with a leg shot. She asks to be taken to the hospital. Lightly wounded men limp and drag themselves forward. Farmers' carts carry nearly unconscious, wounded people. This is how the German air fleet accompanied us on all highways, leaving such pictures after each bombing. We decide to continue on side roads, because it is no longer possible to go on the highway. But even there the planes do not let us live. They bomb us so violently that during a bombardment in the forest the whole earth shakes under us lying on the ground. We continue on the highway again. Dead bodies are lying everywhere. A 30-year-old boy is lying there with a bullet through his leg, he is bleeding. He begs me to save him. But no one comes, everyone just walks forward absent-minded. On the highway, overturned tanks and trucks block the way, everything stops and jams for miles until the way is cleared.</p>
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<p>di royt-armeyer vilt vos shneler kumen keyn Minsk, kedey dort tsu shteln a vidershtand. dos iz di psikhik fun di royt-armeyer. es valgern zikh afn shosey a sakh mantlen, di beste futervarg, naye shtivl. keyner leygt af dem nit keyn akht. ale hobn eyn tsil, zikh dershlogn vos gikher in ratnfarband un helfn zikh kegnshkeln.</p> <p>mir geyen durkh Volkovisk. di shtot Brent. in shtot kemfn nokh di royt-armeyer. es hern zikh di shiserayen un oyfraysn, mer hert men gornit. es falt tsu di nakht. mir betn di royt-armeyer undz arayftsunemen af zeyere oytos, mir forn tsuzamen.</p> <p>plutsung,</p>	<p>The Red Army soldiers want to get to Minsk as soon as possible in order to resist there. The Red Army men are completely absorbed by this thought. On the highway there are many coats, the best skins, new boots. Nobody pays attention to them. All of them have only one goal; to make their way as quickly as possible to the Soviet Union and help with the resistance there.</p> <p>We go through Volkovysk . The city is on fire. The Red Army soldiers are still fighting in the city. We hear the shots and impacts. That's all that can be heard. The night falls. We ask the Red Army men to take us on their trucks; we are going with them together, now.</p> <p>Suddenly-</p>
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<p>a noente shiseray af undz fun di shtiber arum shosey. di oytos shteln zikh op, ale geyen arop fun di oytos un di royt-armeyer tseleygn zikh af tsu kemfn. men git undz oykh biksn. mir zeen vi es loyfn raketn arum undz, men ringlt undz arum. mir efenen a shiseray un es gelingt undz zikh adurkhtsuraysn un forn vayter, ober der veg iz farshtelt fun farbrente oytos, tanken un ale mashinen geve.</p> <p>ale lozn zikh tsufus, tsivile un militerlayt. men leygt shoynt nit keyn akht af toyte un farvundete. mir trefn bakante khaveyrim, men grist zikh, a freg a vort un gelofn vayter. mir geyen vider arop af zaytike vegn. esn nehmen mir fun di tsevorffene pek vos valgern zikh afn shosey. ikh nem biskvit un konservn. dervayl tref ikh zikh mit tsvey rusn fun Gomel vos hobn letstns gearbet in Bialystok. mir</p>	<p>from the nearby houses on the highway they shoot at us! The trucks stop, everyone gets off them and the Red Army soldiers position themselves to fight. We also receive rifles. We see searchlights circling around us, we are surrounded. We open fire and manage to break through and continue, but the way is blocked by burned trucks, tanks and all kinds of automatic weapons.</p> <p>Everyone, civilians and military, continues to walk. We no longer pay attention to the dead and wounded. We meet familiar comrades, a greeting, a question, an answer, and we walk on. We leave the highway and walk again on side paths. We take edibles from the dropped packets lying on the highway. I take some cookies and canned food. Meanwhile, I meet two Russians from Gomel who last worked in Bialystok. We become friends and walk together, but the</p>
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bafrayndn zikh un geyen tsuzamen, ober di bombardirungen lozn nit tsu ru. mid fun alemen, zetsn mir zikh avek esn.

di rusn nehmen aroys shnaps. eyn rus zetst zikh nit avek nor zukht epes. freg ikh im: „vos zukhstu un zetst zikh nit esn?“
entfert er mir, az in 1918 iz er geven af dem zelbn ort un oykh getrunken shnaps, hot er dan ibergelozt a gloz, zukht er ir itst, vayl fun fleshl zalbefert iz shver tsu trinken.

er gedenkt ober nit genoy dem kust, azoy lang shoyn, hot er fargesn dem simen...mir lakhn un zetsn zikh trinken fun fleshl un esn konservn.

Mitn Veg tsu Slonim

nokhn esn geyen mir vayter. es falt tsu di nakht. mir lozn zikh mitn shosey, banakht iz ruiker. der shosey iz keseyder farpakt farshtopt mit militer fun ale formatsyes. men nemt undz aroyf. mir forn. di velder arum brenen nokh fun di batogike bombardirungen un fun di kamfn vos mir firn mit desanten vos di daytshn lozn arop.

mir forn a gantse nakht tsu Slonim durkh farshidene vegn. azoy vi es hoybt on groyen leben a dorf efnt men af undz vayter

bombings do not allow us any rest. We are tired from all that and sit down to eat something.

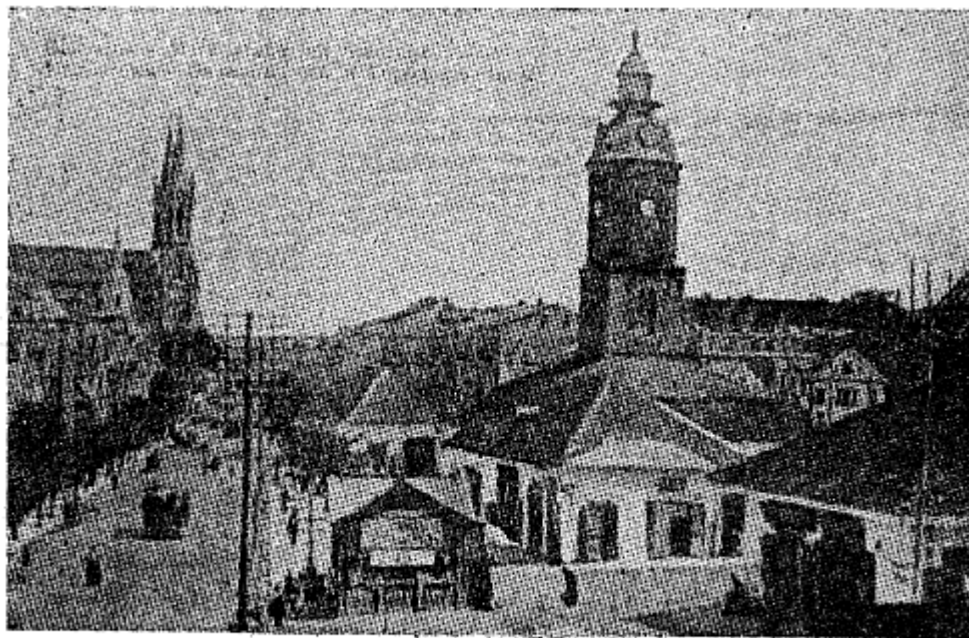
The Russians are unpacking schnapps. One Russian does not sit down, but is looking for something. I ask him, "What are you looking for, why don't you sit down to eat?" He answers me that in 1928 he was exactly at this place and also drank schnapps. He left a glass behind at that time, which he is now looking for, because it is difficult to drink from a bottle with four people.

But he can't remember exactly the shrub, it's been too long, he has forgotten the external features...we laugh, sit down, drink from the bottle and eat canned food.

On the Way to Slonim

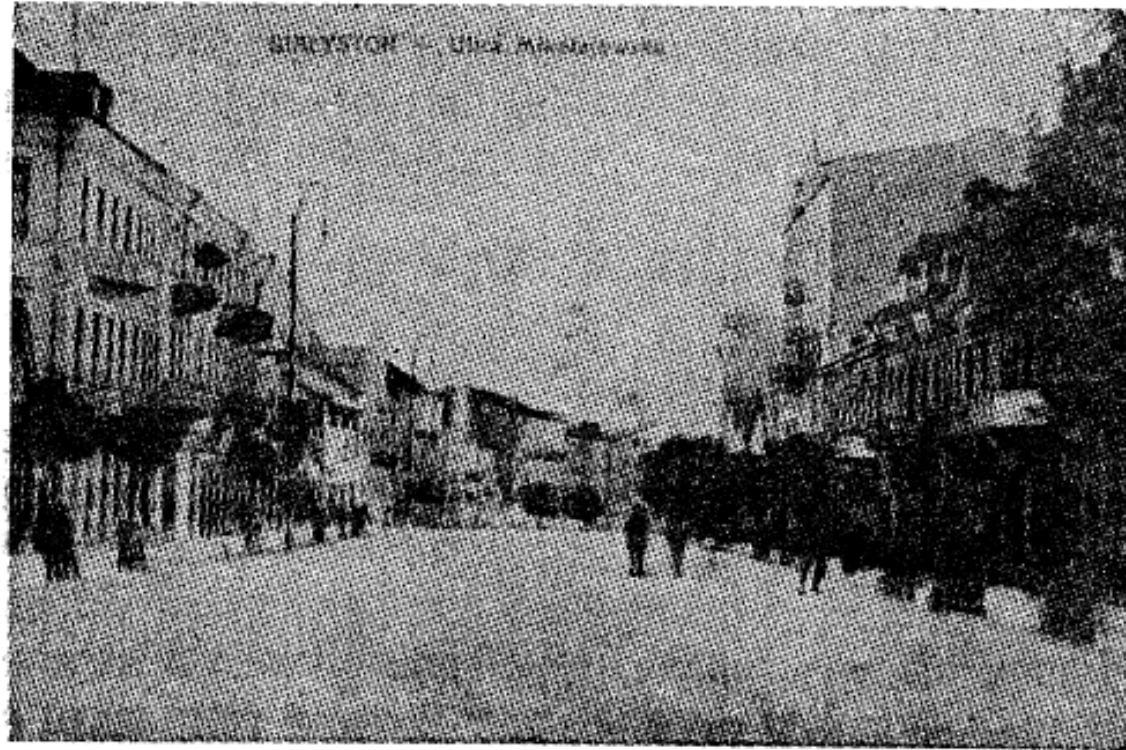
After dinner we move on. Night falls. We head for the highway, it is quieter at night. The highway is continuously packed and clogged with military of all formations. We are taken on a vehicle. We drive. The forests of the area are still burning from the bombardments during the day and from the battles we fought against the enemy incursions of the Germans above us.

We drive a whole night in the direction of Slonim on different ways. As soon as it gets lighter near a village, they open



באזארנע גאס, דער שטאָט־זייגער, מיט די קרעמלעך, דער
פּוילישער קאַשטאַל און דער וועג צו דער דייטשישער גאס

Bazarna [Market] Street, the town clock and the little stores, the Polish Church and the way to the German Street



די צענטראלע וואשילקאווער גאס (מיצקעוויטש)

The central Vashlikover [Wasilkow] Street (Mitskevitch)

[translator's note: The Michieicza Street was on a different place, this is a mistake]

The Devastated Bialystok



דער אלטער „העגדעש“ אף סיסוראזער גאס; אין דער
מוישאוו זקיינים, די פאלקס־קיך און לייען־זאל

The old "Hegdesh" [asylum for poor and sick Jews] on Sisurazer [Surasker] Street; in the Moyshev-Skeynim [home for the elderly], the People's Kitchen and the Reading Room.

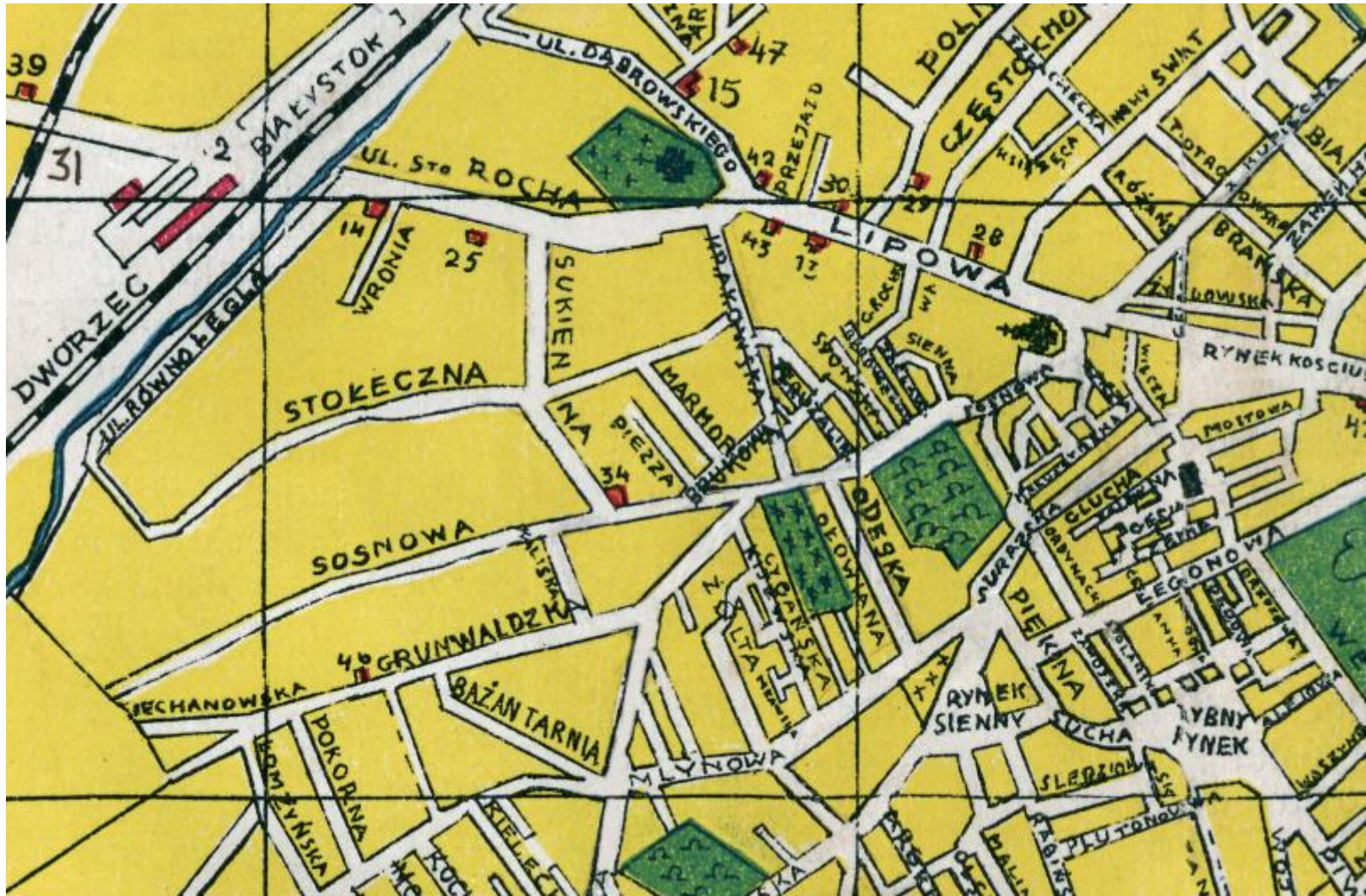


photo courtesy of Dr. Tomek Wisniewski

a shiseray, di koyln loyfn tsu di oytos mit velkhe mir forn. mir fadreyen zikh in noentn vald. do iz geven a daytshisher desant velkher hot undz farmakht dem veg. ven mir hobn zikh kontsentriert in vald hot er gegeben a tsaykhn un es hot zikh genumen shitn afn vald a hogl mit bombes fun aeroplanen. der vald brent shoyfn. mir tseleygn zikh tsu kemfn. mid fun veg un fun kamf, zog ikh tsu mayn khaver: „ikh leyg zikh shlofn, zol mir khotsh di koyl oder bombe trefn shlofndikerhayt“. un vayz im on dem ort vu ikh leyg zikh shlofn.

oyfshteyendik fartog tref ikh in vald farbrente oytos, es lign mentshn tsivile un a sakh zelner. ikh kuk zikh arum-nito keyner fun di bakante, geblibn eyner aleyn.

ikh loyf zukhn ze ikh ligndik kupes mentshn. keynem ken ikh nit. es ligt a kapitan fun der royter armey un etlekhe zelner, bet ikh im er zol mir mitnemen afn front, entfert er:

„brenge a kompas veln mir geyn tsuzamen“.

ikh loyf zukhn kompas ober keyner hot nit. ikh zikh in vald- keyne bakante.

inmitn her ikh a shtim fun a froy: „vaser!“

ikh gib a kuk un ze ligndik a froy fun Bialystok, halb farkhalesht, vos loyft oykh mit der royter armey. ikh nem ir untern orem un fir ir koyim tsu tsu a bisl vaser fun a kaluzhe.

zi trinkt zikh on un dankt mir, ikh hob ir dos leben geratevet.

zi bet ikh zol geyn mit ir tsuzamen, zi geyt oys fun di koykhes.

ikh ze, az alts iz farshpilt, men muz zikh lozn vayter in veg. der vald iz arumgeringlt fun daytshn, men ken nit aroys. fun der vaytn ze ikh shines fun a ban. ikh shtel ayn un pamelekh afn boykh ruk ikh zikh tsu di shines, efsher ken men aroysgeyn fun der

fire on us. The bullets fly in the direction of the trucks on which we ride. We turn into the nearby forest. But there a German outpost is positioned, blocking our way. As soon as we regroup in the forest, he gives a signal and a hail of bombs pours out of the planes. The forest is already on fire. We are positioning ourselves for battle. Tired of the road and the battle, I say to my comrade, "I'm going to sleep; let the bullet or the bomb hit me while I'm sleeping!" And I show him the place where I am going to sleep.

When I get up at dawn, I find burned trucks in the forest; civilians and many soldiers are camped there. I look around - none of my acquaintances is among them, I am left alone. I walk around searching and see groups of people camped there, but I don't know anyone. A captain of the Red Army and several soldiers laager there, I ask him to take me to the front. He replies:

"Bring a compass and we will go together!"

I run to look for a compass, but no one has one. I continue searching in the forest, no acquaintances here.

In between, I hear a woman's voice: "Water!"

I look and see a woman from Bialystok lying, half fainted, also going along with the Red Army. I hook her under and lead her to just a little water in a puddle. She drinks her fill and thanks me for saving her life. She asks to be allowed to walk with me. Her strength is fading.

I see that everything is desperate here, you have to go on. But the forest is surrounded by Germans, you can't get out. In the distance I see railroad tracks. I take a chance and slowly slide on my stomach to the rails, maybe it is possible to break out of the encirclement. As

<p>arumringlung. tsukumendik, derze ikh a bombardirt ibergekerte ban. bam zayt etlekhe toyte mener un froyen, un af eyn vagon lign etlekhe rovern.</p> <p>ikh nem eyn rover un loz zikh tsu a derfl, zikh dervisn vu ikh gefin zikh do. ikh kum arayn in derfl geyt aroys antkegn a poyerte. dos ershte bet ikh esn. zi git mir a krug zoyer milkh velkhn ikh trink oys mit eyn tsi, un freg ir vu ikh gefin</p>	<p>I approach, I see a bombed, overturned train. On the side several dead men and women and on a wagon lie some bicycles.</p> <p>I take a bicycle and go to a village to find out where I am. As I enter the village, a farmer's wife comes to meet me. The first thing I do is ask her for food. She gives me a jug of sour milk, which I drink in one go, and ask her where I am.</p>
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<p>zikh. zi entfert az arum zaynen shoyn do daytshn un az s'iz 5 kilometer fun Slonim. es vert mir troyerik afn hartsn. fun a bergl ze ikh vi es geyen fun der vaytn mentshn in shvartse zakhn un farshtey az dos zaynen daytshn. ikh bashlis geyn durkh velder un felder kedey zey oysmeydn un zikh durkhshlogn tifer in ratnfarband. aroysgeyendik fun derfl un opgeyendik a hundert meter, her ikh fun a kust:</p> <p>„Stoy!“ - ikh kuk zikh um un ze vi a mayor fun der royter armey un tsvey soldatn lign bahaltn. zey fregn mir vos ikh hob geton in dorf un ikh dertseyl zey.</p> <p>zey kontrolirn mir di dokumentn un shteln zikh op af dem vos es shteyt in dokument „Yevrey“ (a id) zaynen zey zikher, az s'iz nit keyn shpion un bafrayen mir.</p> <p>ikh freg zey dem veg tsum ratnfarband, vos zey vayzn mir on. ikh ze ober, az s'iz umeglekh tsu geyn vayter. in di kustes kenen lign daytshn un nokhshishn. shteyendik fartsveyflt eyner aley, on keynem, kler ikh vos men tut. dem rover leyg ikh shoyn avek un gey pamelekh. in dem geyen on tsvey idn fun Slonim. zey leygn mir for tsu geyn mit zey keyn Slonim.</p>	<p>She answers that there are already Germans in the area and that we are 5 kilometers away from Slonim. My heart sinks. From a hill I see in the distance people walking in black clothes and I realize that they are Germans. I decide to walk through forests and fields to avoid them and make my way deeper into the Soviet Union. When I have left the village and walked 100 meters, I hear from a bush:</p> <p>"Stoy! [Stop]!" I look around and see a major from the Red Army and two soldiers hiding there. They ask me what I did in the village and I tell them. They check my documents and see that my document says "Yevrey" (Jew); they are sure that I am not a spy and release me.</p> <p>I ask them for the way to the Soviet Union, they show it to me. But I see that it is impossible to go further. Germans are lying in the bushes and shooting from ambush. As I stand there completely alone and desperate, I think about what to do now. I put the bicycle aside and walk slowly on. There I meet two Jews from Slonim. They suggest I go with them to Slonim.</p>
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<p>ikh derkler zey, az in Slonim zaynen shoyen faran di daytshn un zey veln undz dokh shisn als idn, lomir beser geyn durkh velder un felder tsum ratnfarband. zey redn lang un viln mir ibertseygn, az di daytshn tshepen nit, men ken arayngeyn in shtot. nit hobndik keyn breyre, az esn un andere zakhn, hob ikh keyn ander oysveg un muz geyn mit zey keyn Slonim, vos iz shoyen bazetst fun daytshn.</p> <p>Mayn ershte trefung mit di daytshn</p> <p>geyendik mit zey pruv ikh nokh reydn vegn zikh durkh raysn tsum ratnfarband, ober es lozt zikh nit. opgeyendik a por kilometer, zet men shoyen Slonim un vi di daytshn geyen arum. es vert umetik un derdikht. a heyser tog, di zun brent un es dorsht zikh. di felder zaynen grin, ober onshtat tvue lign tsezeyt farbrente oytos</p>	<p>I explain to them that the Germans are already in Slonim and they will shoot us as Jews; we had better go through forests and fields to the Soviet Union. They talk at me for a long time and try to convince me that the Germans are not doing anything there, one can go into the city. For lack of food and other things I have no other way out and have to go with them to Slonim, which is already occupied by the Germans.</p> <p>My First Encounter with the Germans</p> <p>While walking with them, I still try to convince them to make their way to the Soviet Union, but it is not possible. After a few kilometers you can already see Slonim and the Germans walking around there. It becomes melancholy and depressed. A hot day, the sun is burning and all thirsts [for water]. The fields are green, but instead of grain there are burnt trucks</p>
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<p>un tanken. ikh varf avek dem mantl vos ikh trog mit zikh un gey tsum shtot. fundervaytn hern mir: "Halt!" „Hente hoykh!“ ikh ze vi men nemt aroys blanke revolvern un men shtelt on af undz.</p> <p>„Shteyn blaybn!“ mir blaybn shteyn. kukn zikh iber on verter. ikh shpir a toyt shtimung. men bazukht undz un mit di hent in der hoykh firt men undz aroyf af a hoyf.</p> <p>do fregt men undz glaykh:</p> <p>„Yudn? vern glaykh geshosn!“ un lakht sadistish. mir entfern gornit.</p> <p>„Yudn?“ git men af undz nokhamol a geshray. zey zogn- Yudn.</p>	<p>and tanks. I throw away the coat I am carrying and go to the city. From afar we hear, "Halt! Hände hoch!" ["Stop! Hands up!"] I see shiny revolvers being drawn and pointed at us. "Stehen bleiben!" ["Freeze!"]</p> <p>We stop; looking over wordlessly. I sense death. We are searched and led to a yard with our hands raised.</p> <p>There they ask us immediately: "Jews? They're about to be shot!" and laugh sadistically. We do not answer. "Jews?" they shout at us again. The other two say- Jews. I know</p>
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<p>ikh ze mit vos es shmeckt, entfer ikh: polyak un makh zikh, az ikh ken nisht keyn daytsh.</p> <p>tsu zey nemt men zikh bald. men shtelt zey mitn ponim tsum vant un m'zogt zey, az bald vern zey dershoshn. zey betn zikh, veynen, men zol zey lozn leben.zey tsitern ungantsn fun shrek. di daytshn reydn tsvishn zikh af vos far an oyfn tsu dermordn di idn.</p> <p>ikh makh zikh vayter, az ikh ken nit keyn daytsh. zey rufn tsu a dolmetsher. ikh reydn poylish un der dolmetsher iberzetst af daytsh. zey reydn lang. di ershte zakh tseshlogn zey mir biz blut un zogn, az mikh veln zey oykh dershishn. ikh bin ingantsn glaykhgiltik. ikh hob zikh dokh af dem gerikht, un hob kharote vos ikh hob zikh gelozt durkh zey onredn.</p> <p>aza sheyner veter, aza velt, nokh gornit genosn fun ir un bald vet alts zayn geendikt...</p> <p>opzayendik azoy a tsayt in toyt shrek un klerenishn, hoybt on der daytsh nokhamol zikh tshepen mit farshidene sadistische gelekhtern un klep, nokh velkhe er heyst mir geyn glaykh un vayzn mir on a rikhtung. pamelekh, azoy vi ikh ver nit iberasht fun dem, hoyb ikh on tsu geyn un kuk zikh um af hintn tsi er shist nit, vayl merstnteyl flegn zey heysn geyn un nokhdem fun hintn shishn.</p> <p>opgeyendik a tsvey hundert meter in der rikhtung tsu Slonim mit a langer gas, her ikh a shos, nit vayt fun mir falt a roy-armeyer, velkher bavayzt nokh oystsushrayen „Voda!“ ikh gey vayter tsum shtot, nem aroys dem sovetishn pasport un militerishn bikhl un tserays, kedey ikh zol</p>	<p>what's coming and answer: Poles, and pretend that I don't understand German.</p> <p>Immediately the Jews are "taken care of". They are placed facing the wall and told that they are about to be shot. They plead, cry, that they should be allowed to live. They tremble with fear all over their bodies. The Germans discuss how they will murder the Jews.</p> <p>I continue to pretend that I don't understand German. They call in an interpreter. I speak in Polish and the interpreter translates into German. They talk for a long time. The first thing they do is beat me until I bleed and say that they will also shoot me. I remain completely indifferent. After all, I have prepared myself for this and I already regret that I let them talk to me.</p> <p>Such beautiful weather, such a world, I haven't been able to enjoy it at all, and soon it will all be over....</p> <p>While I remain in mortal fear and brooding for a while, the German begins to inflict various sadistic taunts and blows on me once again. After that he tells me to leave and shows me the direction. Slowly, as if not surprised by this, I begin to walk and look around to the rear to see if there is no shooting, because usually they order to walk and then shoot from behind.</p> <p>After walking two hundred meters on a long road in the direction of Slonim, I hear a shot. Not far from me falls a Red Army soldier who manages to still shout "Voda!" ["Water!"]. I continue walking towards the city, take out my Soviet passport and my military book and tear it up so that I can continue walking</p>
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kenen ongeyn far a polyak on dokumentn. ikh hob nit gevust, az fun hintn kukt mir nokh der daytsh vos hot mir geheysn geyn. zeendik, az ikh hob epes tserisn, shrayt er fun der vaytn „halt! shteyn blaybn!“ ikh blayb shteyn. er loyft tsu mir mitn blankn revolver un fregt mir vos ikh hob tserisn. ikh makh zikh vayter az ikh farshtey nit.

er shlogt mir iberanays un firt mir arayn in a hoyf vu es zitsn a sakh tsivile, firt mir tsu tsu an ofitsir un dertseylt im alts vos iz geshen.

der ofitsir fregt mir vos ikh hob tserisn. ikh makh zikh vayter nisht farshteyn. er heyst zikh mir zetsn bazunder un dem soldat avekgeyn. es vert mir shoy n laykhter, efsher vet er fargesn durkh der tsayt vos mir tsu fregn.

zitsndik afn hoyz ze ikh vi men brengt a royt-armeyer. der ofitsir heyst im dershishn. a daytsh firt im avek, m'hert a shos un nokh a shos...

tsurikumendik dertseylt der daytsh mit a gelekhter vi er hot im dershoshn. der ofitsir klapt dem daytshn tsufridn in der pleytse. afn hoyf peynikt men andere tsivile, men firt zey avek un men shist zey, on oysfregn. ikh ze, az ikh bin mies arayngefaln.

tsu nakht tsu geyt aroys a froy vos ken a sakh shprokhn un fregt oys di lebngelibene. zi kukt yedn eynem af di hent tsi er iz an arbeter. a teyl bafrayt zi, andere heyst zi opfirm, dos iz shoy n tsum toyt. zi kumt tsu mir un fregt mir oys. ikh entfer in poylish, az ikh gey fun der arbet, geven farshikt in Rusland un gey aheym tsurik fun Minsk keyn Bialystok. zi kukt mir af di hent, velkhe zaynen shmutsik, di

as a Pole without documents. I did not suspect that from behind I was still being watched by the German who ordered me to leave. When he sees that I am tearing something, he yells from afar "Stop! Freeze!" I stop. He runs to me with his shiny revolver and asks me what I tore. I continue to pretend I don't understand him.

He hits me again and takes me to a house where many civilians are sitting. He brings me to an officer and tells him everything that happened.

The officer asks me what I tore up. I pretend not to understand. He orders me to sit apart and tells the soldier to go away. I am a little relieved, maybe with time he will forget what he was going to ask me.

While sitting in the house, I see a Red Army soldier being brought in. The officer orders him to be shot. A German leads him away. A shot is heard, then another....

When he returns, the German laughingly reports how he shot him. The officer pats the German on the back with satisfaction. In the courtyard other civilians are tormented, they are led away and shot without questioning them. I realize the misery I am in.

When night falls, a woman who knows many languages goes around and interrogates those who have survived. She examines the hands of each one to see if he is a worker. Some she releases, others she lets lead away, which means their death. She comes to me and questions me. I answer in Polish that I am coming from work, was sent to Russia and am on my way home from Minsk to Bialystok. She looks at my hands, they are dirty, all this time they were not

<p>gantse tsayt nit gevashn, un bashtimt, az ikh zog emes un lozt mir op banakht in Slonim.</p> <p>s'iz fintster, ikh veys nit vu zikh tsu kern. inmitn ze ikh a idishn oygshrift af a tir. ikh gey arayn in a koridor, klap on in a tir un bet mir araynlozn. fregt men mir fun yener zayt tir: „a dokument hot ir?“ entfer ikh: „neyn“. hobn zey moyre arayntsulozn. ikh leyg zikh shlofn in koridor, untern tir, untergeshpert di hant tsukopns. fartog vekt mir a id, fregt mir oys. zey zaynen</p>	<p>washed. She determines that I am telling the truth and lets me go to Slonim that night.</p> <p>It is dark. I don't know where to go. Then I see Jewish writing on a door. I go into the corridor, knock on the door and ask to be let in. From the other side of the door I am asked, "Do you have a document?" I answer, "no." They are afraid to let me in. I go to sleep in the corridor, at the foot of the door, my head rests on my hand. At dawn, a Jew wakes me up and questions me. They are</p>
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<p>ale tshetrokn, on a pasport hobn zey moyre arayntsulozn, men git mir optsuesn. a gantsn tog bahalt n zikh di di shkheynim afn boydem. durkh di shpares zeen mir vi men shlogt afn gas idn, velkhe men khapt nor, biz khaloshes. geshrayen fun daytshn un betndike shtimen fun shutsloze idn. dos iz di lage fun Slonim in di ershte teg fun daytsh. di shtot iz 60 protsent farbrent.</p> <p>ikh shlof a por teg in hoyz, men trogt mir aroys a betl. idn biz 30 yor, farordnt men shlofn in shul. fun dortn nemt men aroys a teyl velkhe kumen tsheshlogn un andere kumen ingantsn nit mer. der hunger iz groys, ale kratsn zikh fun shmuts. ikh dervis zikh, az m'git reyze-shaynen tsu geyn aheym un ikh bashlis zikh umkern keyn Bialystok. altseyens iz umetum der daytsh.</p> <p>Ikh ker zikh um keyn Bialystok</p> <p>ikh kum in magistrat, afn hoyf iz ful mit mentshn. ba tishlekh teylt men tsetlen un m'farshraybt aheym tsu geyn. di daytshn gisn oys</p>	<p>all scared, they are afraid to let anyone in without a passport. They give me food. All day long, the neighbors hide in the attic. Through the cracks we see how Jews who are picked up on the street are beaten until they faint. Screams from Germans and pleading voices from defenseless Jews.</p> <p>This is the situation of Slonim in the first days under the Germans. The town has 60 percent Jews.</p> <p>I sleep in the house for a few days, they bring me a bed. It is decreed that until 30 years Jews must sleep in the Synagogue. When some of them are taken out, some come wounded by blows and some do not come back at all. I learn that one can get "travel papers" to go home and decide to turn back to Bialystok. The German is everywhere anyway.</p> <p>I Return to Bialystok</p> <p>I arrive at the municipal office, the courtyard there is full of people. Papers are handed out at tables and people enter that they are on</p>
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<p>nokhn esn fun di monashkes dos ibergeblibene af der erd. vi vilde khayes varfn mir zikh af der erd un esn oyf mit di zamd oysgemisht. ikh shtey op tsvey teg un bakum a tsetl. mentshn khaleshn fun hunger.</p> <p>a Bialystoker bokher iz gevorn blind fun 7 teg nisht esn. krigndik a bisl esn kumt er tsu zikh. in Slonim brengt men fun arum toyte mentshlekhe kerpers mit shoyn foylnde glider. m'bashit zey mit florek un m'baerdikt zey in groyse briderlekhe kvorim. ikh gey kukn, efsher amol iz tsvishn zey mayner a bruder fun veg. men derkent ober nisht keyn ponim. men firt oykh masnvayz gefangene royt-armeyer fun di shlakht felder un velder. tsvishn zey zaynen do farvundete un azoyne vos konen nisht geyn fun shvakhkeyt. zey haltn zikh eyner in tsveytn. di shtimung iz a gedrikte, di daytshn gibn shoyn afile reyze-shaynen keyn Moskve (zey hobn zikh, vayzt oys abisl tsugeaylt...).</p>	<p>their way home. The Germans dump the leftovers on the ground after the meal they received from nuns. Like wild animals, we throw ourselves on the ground and eat them, mixed with sand. I have to stand and wait for two days and receive a paper. People faint from hunger.</p> <p>A lad from Bialystok has gone blind after not being given food for 7 days. After he is given some food, he comes to. Human corpses with already rotten limbs are brought to Slonim. They are covered with flowers and buried in large "fraternal graves". I go to see if perhaps among them is my traveling companion. But there is no face to be recognized. In masses Red Army soldiers are led from the battlefields and forests. Among them are wounded and weak who can hardly walk. They support each other. The mood is depressed. The Germans are even giving travel papers to Moscow (it seems that they have hurried a bit...).</p>
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<p>ot ba azoyne badingungen farloz ikh Slonim, tsuzamen mit nokh etlekhe Bialystoker.</p> <p>in di heyste teg fun yor, on esn, ingantsn tsebrokhn un derdrikt, bashlism mir geyn tsufus nokh Bialystok, eyner fun Volkovisk un a khaver fun Bialystok, Feyvl Yoskulka. di hits brent vi fayer. hungerik un dorshtik geyen mir mitn shosey.es lign nokh nit keyn obgeroynte toyte, tsebrokhene un farbrente oytos, tanken af yede tsvey meter.</p> <p>es geyen a sakh partyes mit mentshn.yeder eyner in a tsveytn ort. der gantser shosey iz iberfult mit daytshish militer fun farshidene</p>	<p>Under these conditions I leave Slonim together with several more Bialystokers.</p> <p>On these hottest days of the year, without food, completely broken and depressed, we, one from Volkovisk and a comrade from Bialystok, Feyvl Yoskulka, decide to return to Bialystok on foot. The heat burns like fire. Hungry and thirsty we walk on the highway. Every two meters there are dead bodies not yet cleared away, broken and burned vehicles and tanks.</p> <p>Many groups of people go there, each of them somewhere else. The whole Highway is crowded with German military of different</p>
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formatsyes. adurkhgeyendik un zeendik undz, shrayen zey fun der shure aroys:

„Yuden!“ yeder daytsh reyst zikh vi a hunt afn keyt un vayzt mit di hent tsum haldz vi azoy er vil dershtikn un shisn idn. mir geyen dershlogn un klern, az yede minut dervart undz der toyt fun ot di khayes.

neyn, zey zaynen nokh erger vi khayes, vayl a zate khaye tshepet keynem nit. af di vegn shtelt men keseyder op. eynike shist men, andere tsvingt men tsu baerdikn di toyte un nokher tseharget men un men lozt op. dos iz nokh a „guter daytsh“.

afn gantsn veg zaynen di derfer farbrent, andere ingantsn un andere teylvayz, es shteyen nokh koymens un vu nit vu geyt aroys a hun oder a blondzhener kats, velkhe hot nokh nit fargesn dem ort vu zi hot amol gehat a shtub. esn nehmen mir fun di kelern vu di poyerim haltn kartofl. mir nehmen a bisl roye kartofl-keyn sakh nit, vayl s'iz nito keyn koyekh zey tsu trogn-un geyen vayter.

fun der vaytns zeen mir vi daytshn shteln op grupes mentshn, revidirn zey, firn op in a zayt un shisn zey far gornit, bloyz derfar vayl zey zaynen idn, oder, ven zey hobn kurts opgeshorn di hor, vayl zey zaynen royt-armeyer. mir bahaltn zikh un ven di daytshn geyen ariber, geyen mir aroys fun bahaltenish un geyen vayter. mir zeen vi es lign frish tsheshosene idn un royt-armeyer. mit a minut

formations. When they see us pass, they shout from the line,

"Jews!" Each of the Germans pulls himself up like a dog on a chain, pointing his hands to his neck, as if to strangle and shoot Jews. We walk depressed, thinking that every minute we are threatened with death by these wild animals.

No, they are even worse than animals, because a satiated animal does no harm to anyone. People are stopped all the time. Some are shot, others are forced to bury the dead and then murdered as well, then people are let go. These are still "good Germans".

All along the way, the villages are burned, some completely and some partially; only chimneys remain and here and there a chicken or a wandering cat walks out, which has not yet forgotten where its home once used to be. We take food from the cellars where the farmers keep potatoes. We take a few raw potatoes, not many, because we don't have the strength to carry them, and go on.

From a distance we see the Germans stopping a group of people, checking them, taking them away and shooting them on the side; for no reason, just because they are Jews; or else, if they have short-cropped hair, because they are Red Army soldiers. We hide and when the Germans have passed, we crawl out of our hiding place and go on. We see the Jews and Red Army men who have just been shot. One minute

frier hobn zey nokh gelebt un fantazirt, itst vartn di eltern umzist af a briv fun zun...

mir makhn dem tog 35 kilometer. s'falt tsu di nakht, es vert politsey-shtunde. mir dershlepn zikh tsu etlekhe heyzer vu es voynen idn. dos iz Zelve. amol geven a groys shtetl, mit a sakh idn, itst blonken arum eyntselne ful mit shrek. mir shlofn iber un fartog lozn mir zikh vayter, tsu Volkovisk. afn shosey forn oytos mit gefangene. fun di oytos fregt men undz:

„Kuda nas vzyat?“

mir hobn moyre tsu entfernen, vayl di daytshn kenen dershishn farn bloyzn reydn mit a gefangenem. men firt tsufus gefangene roytarmeyer. arum forn daytshn af rovern un dershishn yedn gefangenem vos ken nit geyn oder geyt shvakh un shteyt a bisl op. nokh dem vi m'hot zey gegeben a kurtsn opru inmitn veg un men heyst zey zikh tsurikshteln shishn di daytshn on a farvos in di gefangene. andere zeendik dos, bahalt n zikh oys in di ibergekerte oytos un tanken, shist men in zey dort arayn.

biz Bialystok veln fun di tsendliker toyznter gefangene koym blaybn getseylte...

mir geyen arayn in a dorf un betn esn. di poyerim zogn, az zey hobn nit, azoy fil mentshn geyen durkh un ale darf men gebn. ober, vu nit vu bakumen mir a shtikl broyt. zey dertseyln undz, az di daytshn hargenen oys ale idn in di shtetlekh un in a sakh shtetlekh helfn dos ton di polyakn. mir geyen vayter un kumen on farnakht keyn Volkovisk, velkhe iz ingantsn farbrent. der khaver fun Volkovisk firt undz arayn tsu zayne eltern velkhe voynen in der opgebrenter bod, vayl keyn dires zaynen nito. zayn muter kokht op af tsigl in a

earlier they were alive and dreaming, now their parents are waiting in vain for a letter from their sons...

We manage 35 kilometers on this day. Night falls, it's approaching closing time. We drag ourselves to a few houses where Jews live. This is Zelve [Zelva]. Once a large shtetl with many Jews, now only a few wander around in fear. We go to sleep and at dawn continue on our way to Volkovisk. On the highway are driving trucks with prisoners. From the trucks we are asked:

"Kuda nas vzyat?" ["Where are they taking us?"] (1)

We are afraid to answer because the Germans might shoot us just for talking to prisoners. Red Army prisoners are led on foot, Germans pass them on bicycles and shoot any prisoner who cannot or barely walk and falls back a little. The Germans first give the prisoners a short break in the middle of the road, then order them to get back in line, and finally shoot into their group for no reason. Others, observing this, hide in the overturned trucks and tanks, but they are shot into.

By the time we reach Bialystok, hardly a few of the tens of thousands of prisoners will remain...

We go to a village and ask for food. The farmers say that they have nothing, because so many people pass through and they have to give something to everyone. But here and there we get a piece of bread. They tell us that the Germans are killing all the Jews in the shtetlekh and in many shtetlekh the Poles are helping to do it. We go on and towards evening we arrive in Volkovisk, which is completely burned. The comrade from Volkovisk takes us to his parents, who live in the burned bathhouse, because there are no apartments left. His mother cooks some food on a brick in a piece of

<p>blekhl a bisl esn un bet undz oys af der erd tsum shlofn. tsu morgns gezegeben mir zikh mit zey un farlozn Volkovisk.</p> <p>in Horodok zet men fun der vaytns dem farbrentn tartak. ikh derfreg zikh af der familye Khayot, undzere bakante. zey dertseyln , az do iz geven undzer bruder Nyome un tsugeredt der yugnt</p>	<p>tin and asks us to sleep on the ground. In the morning we say goodbye to them and leave Volkovisk.</p> <p>In Horodok we see in the distance the burnt sawmill. I inquire with the Khayot family, our acquaintances. They tell me that my brother Nyome was there and persuaded the youth</p>
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(1) translator's note, literally "Where are they calling us?"

<p>tsu antloyfn mit der royter army. oykh iz geven ba zey Beybe, shoyn tsurikgeyendik, mit a durkhgheshosenem hitl. keyner hot zikh nit gekent durkh raysn in ratnfarband tsulib der shneler arumringlung. es feln mir bloyz 40 kilometer biz Bialystok. ikh shlof iber un loz zikh videramol in veg.</p> <p>vos di daytshn hobn oyfgeton vi nor zey zaynen arayn in Bialystok</p> <p>tsukumendik fir kilometer far Bialystok, zet men shoyn dem shpits fun koshtshol. es vert freylekher, fundestvegn, nokh aza veg endlekh zayn in shtot. di fis hoybn zikh mit mer mut un es geyt zikh shoyn gikher. araynkumendik fun Varshavske gas zet men shoyn dem magistrat farbrent, eyntselne tsivile mentshn, idn ingantsn nit.</p> <p>di gasn zaynen ful mit daytshish militer. durkh di hinter-geslekh khap ikh zikh tsu in shtub. ersht tsvey vokhn vi der daytsh iz do in shtot, un shoyn aza groyser khurbn. bald af morgn vi der daytsh iz arayn, hot er arumgeringlt dem gantsn shul-hoyf un di gasn Surazer,</p>	<p>to flee with the Red Army. Beybe was also with them, already on the way back, with his hat shot through. Because of the rapid encirclement, no one had been able to make it to the Soviet Union. I am only 40 kilometers short of Bialystok. I sleep through the night and then set off once again.</p> <p>What the Germans Did Shortly after They Entered Bialystok</p> <p>Four kilometers before Bialystok we can already see the church spire. We feel happier to finally be in the city after such a walk. Our feet are lifting with more courage and we are already going faster. When we turn from Varshavske [Warszawska] Street, we already see the burnt municipal office, a few civilians, but no Jews.</p> <p>The streets are full of German military. I hurry through the side streets to our house. Only two weeks "the German" is here, and already such a great destruction! The very next day, after the Germans entered the city, they surrounded the entire Synagogue</p>
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<p>Legyonova, Pyaskes bizn vald mit militer, velkhe zaynen gegangen farkatshtet di arbl, mit gever in di hent, arumgenumen mit granatn bam pas.</p> <p>zey hobn zikh arayngerisn in di geslekh Zalevne, Genshe, Pivne un andere kleyne geslekh velkhe lign arum, gegangen in ale shtiber vu idn voynen, aroysgetribn di mener un ongefilt mit zey di shil un ir untergetsundn mit di lebndike idn. ba toyznt zaynen umgekumen. velkhe idn zey hobn getrofn in gas hobn zey dershosn. andere arayngevorfn in der brenendiker shil, lebedikerhayt. eyn daytsh hot ongekapt farn kop, a tsveyter far di fis, a hoyde geton un der id ligt shoyn in di flamen fayer fun shil un ranglt zikh in yesurim. in shil hobn andere, nit velndik farbrent vern, zikh oyfgehongen af di paskes fun di hoyzn. a krist hot zikh</p>	<p>courtyard and Surazka, Legyonova [Legonowa] and Pyaske [Piezza] Street all the way to the woods, with troops walking around with their sleeves rolled up, weapons in their hands and grenades in their belts.</p> <p>They entered the small Zalevne [Zalewna Street], Genshe [Gesia] and Pivne Street and other surrounding alleys, invaded all the houses where Jews live, drove the men out and filled the [Great] Synagogue with them, which they set on fire with the living Jews inside. About a thousand people perished. Jews they encountered in the streets were shot.</p> <p>Some of them they threw alive into the burning Synagogue; one German grabbed the head, another the legs, they took a momentum, and the Jew was already lying in the flames of the Synagogue, writhing in pain. Some in the Synagogue who did not want to be burned hanged themselves by their trouser belts. A Christian sneaked along</p>
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<p>untergeganvet un oyfgeefnt di zaytike tir fun shil. 30 idn hobn zikh aroysgeratevet un dertseylt vos ineveynik iz forgekumen. dos hot geton der strozh fun der shil. andere hobn, ober, afile ongevizn di daytshn vu idn voynen.</p> <p>mit dem endikt zikh nokh nit. di daytshn geyen in ale geslekh arum shil, varfn tsind-granatn in di shtiber, shisn di froyen un di kinder nehmen zey af di bagnetn in di oygn fun di muters.fil idn zaynen dershosn gevorn bam ariberkrikhn ploytn zikh velndik rateven.dos</p>	<p>and opened the side door of the Synagogue. Thirty Jews escaped outside and told what was happening inside. It was the "strozh" [janitor] of the Synagogue who had done this. But there were also people who even showed the Germans where Jews lived.</p> <p>But that is not all. The Germans go into all the alleys around the Synagogue, throwing detonation grenades into the houses, shooting the women, and impaling the children on their bayonets in front of their mothers. Many Jews are shot as they try to crawl over fences</p>
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hot gedoyert a gantsn tog. ale geslekh arum shil un di shil hot gebrent, di shiserayen un geshrayen hobn zikh tsuzamengemisht.

genoy vifl idn es zaynen umgekumen veys men nisht. fil firm mit farkoylte oder halb farbrente mentshn zaynen aroysgefirt gevorn. di idn in di iberike gasn, zaynen gelegn farbahaltn un yenem tog iz zey gornisht geshen. ober ba yedn eynem hot shoyn ver gefelt fun der mishpokhe. fun di geratevete zaynen a sakh aroys nor mit dem vos zey hobn getrogn af zikh.

a por teg shpeter zaynen di daytshn gegangen in di iberike gasn fun shtub tsu shtub, aroysgeshlept di mener, oysgeshtelt zey in a ray un gefregt: „vos bistu, an arbeter tsi an intelligenter arbeter (a geystiker arbeter)? di mener hobn nit gevust vos tsu entfernen. zogn, a geytiker arbeter?- toyg nit- bistu a gelernter, a komunist. azelkhe shist men. zogn a proster arbeter? - bizt avade a komunist, kumt oykh shisn. zaynen zey geven in a farlegnhayt. yeder eyner hot gezogt dos vos er iz nit geven, un gemeynt zikh tsu rateven af aza oyfn. ober, alts eyns, vos men hot nit gezogt, hot men zey tsugenumen, gefirt ibern gas, geheysn zingen idishe lider un tantsn mit farshidene kuntsn.

vu zey zaynen ahingekumen, veyst men nit. zey zaynen fareybikt gevorn untern nomen fun Donershtik, vayl Donershtik iz dos geshen. di froy vos hot farloyrn dem man oder zun yenem tog, hot geheysn

to save themselves. This lasted for a whole day. All the small streets around the Synagogue burned.. The atmosphere is mingled with gunshots and screams.

Exactly how many Jews perished is not known. Many are carrying charred or half-burned people who were brought out. The Jews in the other streets who were in hiding were not harmed, but each of them had a missing family member. Many of the rescued come out with only what they had on their bodies.

A few days later, the Germans went house to house in the remaining streets, pulled out the men, lined them up, and asked, "What are you, a worker or an intellectual worker?" The men didn't know what to answer. Should they say an 'intellectual worker'? That was no good, because as a 'scholar' you were [with them] a communist whom they would shoot. Should they say an 'ordinary worker'? Then you would clearly be a communist and would also be shot. They were at a loss. Everyone stated exactly what they were not, hoping to save themselves. But, it came to the same thing; whatever they said, they were arrested, led through the streets. They were ordered to sing Jewish songs and dance, with various tricks.

We do not know where they were taken. They were immortalized under the name of Thursday because this happened on Thursday. The woman who lost her husband or son that day was now called

„di Donershtike“ .ven eyne hot gezogt, az zi iz fun „di Donershtike“ hot men shoyn gevust vos dos meynt. ale teg hot men gekhapt idn af arbet. az men flegt kumen fun der arbet nit tsheshlogn iz geven der grester glik. batsoln far der arbet iz keyn reyde nit geven. in andere erter hot men for a gantsn tog arbet gekrogn a bisl zup optsuesn un mittsunemen in shtub. oyb es iz geblibn, oder oyb es hot zikh ayngegebn nehmen a tsveytn mol. dos flegt men avektrogn far der froy un kind. a sakh idn fun shul-hoyf un arumike geslekh, vos hobn zikh geratevet hoyle naket, hobn ongehoynbn zukhn arbet kedey epes optsuesn.

ober dos iz nokh far di daytshn vintsik. un dem tsveytn shabes vern opgetsamt di gas nun men nemt tsu ale mener vos geyen arbetn. oyserdem geyt men fun shtub tsu shtub un men nemt aroys vu a man, yung, alt- on untershid. men treybt alemen oyf in „zveyzshinyets“, in vald, vu der sport plats far futbol iz. men shlogt zey, men mutshet mit umentshlekhe mitlen. zeyere geshrayen hert men vayt in vald un in shtot.

far der tsayt hot zikh shoyn gehat geshafn der „yuden-rat“, in moyshev skeynim hoyz, af Kupyetske 34. m'loyft betn bam yudn-rat er zol zikh mishtadl zayn, az m'zol oplozn di idn vos m'hot tsugenumen. der yuden-rat shikt a forshteyershaft tsum damolsdikn hoypt fun der shtot. heyst er untershraybn frier an akt, az di rusn hobn farn optretn fun shtot untergetsundn dem idishn kvartal mit der shil. zey, di daytshn, hobn nor gelosht dem fayer. unter der droung fun geve, shraybt dr. Rozman, der rabiner, unter dem akt. mit dem endikt zikh ober nit. der henker fodert a kontribursye fun

"di Donershtike" [The Thursday's]. If one told that she was one of the "Thursday's", one knew what that meant.

Every day Jews were seized at work. It was considered the greatest luck if one came home from work and had not been beaten. There was no more talk of getting paid for the work. In some places one was given a bit of soup to eat for a whole day's work, and if there was anything left over, and if it happened that one was allowed to take something for the second time, one brought some of it home for one's wife and child. Many Jews from the Synagogue courtyard, who had only been able to save their bare skin, began to look for work in order to have something to eat.

But for the Germans, this is still nothing. On the second Shabbat, the streets are cordoned off and all men who went to work were arrested. In addition, they go from house to house and take out all the men, without distinction whether young or old. They are all driven to the "zawierzyniec", to the park in the forest, where the football field is. They are beaten and tortured in an inhuman way. Their screams can be heard far into the forest and in the city.

Before that time the "Judenrat" had already been formed [with its seat] in the house of the old people's home, Kupyetske [Kupiecka] Street 34. One runs to the Judenrat and asks to mediate so that the arrested Jews are released. The Judenrat sends principals to the then head of the city. The latter orders them to sign a document stating that the Russians, before leaving the city, had set fire to the Jewish quarter with the Great Synagogue. They, the Germans, had only extinguished the fire. At gunpoint, the rabbi, Dr. Roz[en]man, signs the document. But that's not all. "The Executioner" demands

<p>etlekhe kilo zilber un a por milyon rubl. dan meldet er, vet er bafrayen di idn.</p>	<p>tributes of several kilos of silver and a few million rubles. Then, he announces, he will release the Jews.</p>
<p>nit hobndik keyn breyre, farefntlekht dos der yudn-rat. froyen geyen arum ibern shtot veynen un betn: „nit gold, zilber un gelt vet men rateven undzere mener un zin“. men</p>	<p>Having no other choice, the demand is published by the Judenrat. Women go about the city, crying and pleading: "They don't want gold, [only] silver and money, save our husbands and sons!"</p>

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<p>trogt in yudn-rat fingerlekh, zilberne laykhter, vos nor eyner farmogt. afn tir fun yudn-rat hengt a groyser plakat: „ale farvalters fun magazin en un institutsyes oder direktorn fun fabrikn vos zaynen geblibn mit regirungs gelt fun der soventmakht, darfn dos arayntrogn in yudn-rat far der kontributsye, az nit veln zey arayngeleygt vern in kheyrem. etlekhe teg nokhanand trogn ale vos zey hobn abi nor tsu rateven di mentshn, men zamlt nokh afile mer vi der daytsh hot gefodert. men trogt dos avek un der entfer klingt: „morgn lozt men ale aroys.“ ober di daytshn hobn zey shoy n gehat farnikhtet un m'vart nokh alts afn morgn...</p>	<p>Rings, silver candlesticks and everything that can be given are brought to the Judenrat. On the door of the Judenrat there is a large poster: "All administrators of stores and institutions or directors of factories who still have 'government money' from the time of Soviet rule must bring it as a tribute to the Judenrat, otherwise they will be expelled from the Jewish community". Several days in a row, everything they have is brought in to save the people, even more is collected than "the German" asked for. They bring it in, and the answer is: "Tomorrow they will all be released!" But the Germans have already killed them, and until today one still waits for the "tomorrow".</p>
<p>shpeter hot men zikh dervust, az men hot zey avekgefirt untern shtot afn veg fun Vashilkove un Pyetrashe un tshosn. keyn eyner fun zey iz nisht tsurikgekumen biz haytikn tog fun di 3000 idn, yung un alt. di froyen vemens mener un kinder zaynen tsugenumen gevorn yenem shabes, zaynen fareybikt gevorn mitn nomen „di Shabesdike“ fun undzer familye zaynen tsvishn di shabesdike arayngefaln Khlavnes vaybs bruder, Genyes bruder un Khayim</p>	<p>Later we learned that they were taken outside the city to the road between Vashilkove [Wasilków] and Pyetrashe [Pietrasze Forest] and shot there. Not one of the 3000 Jews, young and old, came back until today. The women whose husbands and children were arrested on that Shabbat were immortalized with the name "Shabesdike" [The Shabbat's]. From our family, among the "Shabbat's" were the brother of Khlavne's wife, the brother of Genye and Khayim Velvel,</p>

Velvel, Feyge Bayles bruder. mer gedenk ikh nit. mir un Beyben hot zikh ayngengebn ligndik dem tog bahaltn afn boydem nit tsu zayn tsvishn zey.

der ershter Partizan

bam gamtsn geruml fun mentshn vos shteyen leben yudn-rat dershlogn, shveygdik, kukndik eyner afn andern mit fregndike blikn „vos tut men?“ iz tsugegangen a khaver, Epshteyn, un tsugeklept a kleyn tsetele afn tir fun yudn-rat, az men zol nit trogn keyn kedushn-fingerlekh un zilberne laykhter far kontributsye, vayl alts eyns kumt farnikhtung, nor entfernen mit a vidershtand. men leyent dos tsetele vos iz koym bamerkt tsugeklept leben groysn plakat fun kheyrem un m'zogt:“ vidershtand“ nokh aza klap vi m'hot bakumen, ven di rusn tsien zikh tsurik af ale frontn, vi kenen mir idn

the brother of Feyge Bayle. That's all I remember. I and Beybe managed to lie hidden in the attic that day and not get between them.

The First Partisan

In all the commotion of people standing next to the Judenrat, shocked, silent, looking at each other with questioning looks as to what to do, a comrade joins them, Epshteyn. He sticks a small note on the door of the Judenrat that one should not bring consecrated rings and silver candlesticks as contribution, because it will come to extermination anyway, unless one offers resistance. They read the little note, which is barely visible next to the big poster with the "Exclusion" and they say: " Resistance ". That's another blow, like the one people got when the Russians withdrew on all fronts, "how can we Jews offer

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shteln a vidershtand?...

der khaver Epshteyn iz shpeter umgekumen zayendik mit mir als partizan in vald, in 1943, in kamf mit di daytshn, dos iz Feygls a fraynt, Khaye der Grobers a zun vos hot gehat a krom in breml. di gezetsn kegn idn endikn zikh nokh alts nit. men farvert idn tsu geyn afn trutuar; ale idn muzn geyn afn bruk, noent fun rinshtok oder in rinshtok, der trotuar iz nor far daytshn un andere natsyes ...

idn geyen vintsik in gas- men khapt af arbet un men shlogt. der gantser zaml punkt iz bam yudn-rat. der matsev iz

resistance?"...

Comrade Epshteyn later perished in the battle with the Germans, when he was with me as a partisan in the forest in 1943. He was Feygl's friend, the son of Khaye the Grober's [digger], who had a store at the city gate [?]. The new legal decisions against the Jews do not come to an end yet. Jews are forbidden to walk on the sidewalk, all Jews must walk on the pavement, near the gutter or in the gutter. The sidewalk is only for the Germans and other nations.... Very few Jews are on the streets; at work they are grabbed and beaten.

The gathering point for all is at the Judenrat. The situation is



ניאָמע קאָט, אומגעקומען אין געפאנגען־לאגער

Nyome Kot, perished in detention camp

zeyer a shlekhter, ver es hot ongegreyt esn eyder di rusn zaynen
opgetrotn, der est. di vos zaynen aroys fun der shil gegnt
opgebrente un alts farlorn, geyen arum hungerike un esn ba bakante
oder fraynt. s'iz do a por gute arbet pletser vu m'git far der arbet a
bisl shpayz, kumen toyzenter idn fartog af dem ort, ba

very bad. Those who put down a stash of food before the Russians
left can eat; but those from the area around the Synagogue are
victims of fire and have lost everything. They go around hungry and
eat at acquaintances' or friends' houses. There are still a few good
workplaces where you can get a little food for your work; at dawn
thousands of Jews come

Shteynen (1) un Batshnitse. men nemt ober nor a por hundert, di andere vern tsheshlogn farn shtupn zikh. keyn broyt iz ingantsn nito. mentshn baytn zikh, eyner hot mel un darf kashe, a tsveyter hot kartofl un darf milkh far a kleyn kind. der vos port oyf di tsvey vos viln makhn a bayt, fardint epes derfar.

kumendik in shtub fun veg, hob ikh zikh gemuzt araynleygn in bet. geyendik hob ikh nisht geshpirt dem veytik in di fis. s'iz zikh gegangen mit impet, ober azoy vi ikh hob nor ibergetrotn di shvel fun der heym, azoy hob ikh mer keyn trot nit gekent ton un gemuzt lign. in der heym hob ikh getrofn di eltern, Leyblen un dos shvesterl. Nyome iz fun veg nit tsurikgekumen. ikh dervis zikh fun maynem a khaver vos iz tsurikgegangen mit im aheym, az a froy, a shkheyne, vos zey hobn getrofn in veg, hot gebetn Nyomen helfn ir untertrogn dem pekl zakhn vos zi trogt.

in dem pekl zakhn vos Nyome hot genumen hot zi gehat arayngeleygt a militerishe bluzke fun velkhe s'hobn zikh gevalgert a sakh afn shosey, daytshn hobn zey shpeter opgeshtelt, revidirt un dem bruder, Nyomen, tsulib der bluzke ongenumen far an ibergetoenem royt-armeyer un tsugenumen in gefangenschaft. mayn khaver hot im farhgeleygt tsu antloyfn, ober Nyome iz geven dershept, gehat geshvolene fis fun veg un nit gekent antloyfn.

Nyome iz geblibn in gefangen lager, der khaver iz antloyfn. mer keyn yedies hob ikh fun im nisht gehat. tsulib der narishkeyt fun a froy vos hot gehat groyse oygn in aza tsayt, iz Nyome arayngefaln in gefangen lager un mitgemakht dem goyrl fun ale gefangene royt-armeyer fun velkhe 99 protsent zaynen tsheshosn gevorn oder umgekumen fun hunger. mit dem hot zikh geendikt Nyomes leben in Yuli 1941.

to "Shteyn" (1) and "Batshnitse" [Bocznica]. But only a few hundred are taken, the others are beaten because they crowd. There is no bread at all. People trade with each other, one has flour and needs groats, the other has potatoes and needs milk for a small child. The person who arranges the barter also earns something for it.

When I came home from the walk, the first thing I had to do was lie down in bed. While walking I did not feel the pain in my feet. I had walked with impetuosity, but as soon as I crossed the threshold into our apartment, I could no longer take a step and had to lie down. At home I met my parents, Leyble and my sister. Nyome did not return from his walk. I learn from my comrade, who had gone home with him, that an old woman they met on the way had asked Nyome to help her carry a package of things.

In the package of things Nyome took from her, she had put in a military shirt, many of which were lying on the highway. The Germans later stopped [the small group] and searched them. Based on the shirt, they mistook Nyome for a Red Army soldier who had changed clothes and took him [and the comrade] into custody. My comrade suggested that he escape, but Nyome was very exhausted, had swollen feet from marching and could not run away.

Nyome stayed in the prison camp, the comrade fled. I did not receive any further news about him. Because of the stupidity and naivety of a woman at such a time, Nyome got into the prison camp and suffered the fate of all captured Red Army soldiers, 99 percent of whom were shot or starved to death. So this is how Nyome's life ended in July 1941.

in shtub iz keyn pitsl esn nit geven. iberlozndik di eltern un shvesterl aley n hobn zey gornit gekent ongreytn. ikh hob gemuzt glaykh, koym optuendik fun aza veg, nehmen zukhn arbet. ikh krig oystsuklepn a tsimer ba a daytsh un ganve arop a helft mel

There was not a bit of food at home. After we left our parents and sister alone, they could not stock up. I had to look for work as soon as I had finished that long walk. I get a job with a German, whose room I have to fit out, and I steal half of the flour,

(1) As for "Stein's Factory" watch this film <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5Gk6ClhJOTY>

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fun di vos er git mir af kley un nem in shtub. es vert a simkhe, mir hobn shoyn vos tsum esn. a por pletslekh onshtot broyt un mel farkokht af vaser, ot dos iz der esn in yener tsayt. yedn tog muz men aroysgeyn, zikh shtupn tsvishn toyznter vos viln krign arbet bloyz farn opesn. mir geyen aroys zalbe drit, ikh der tate un Beybe. amol krigt eyner fun undz arbet un amol keyner nisht. der vos krigt zikh arayn, est op un brengt in shtub di resht far di iberike.

Di gele late- di greste shand fun tsvantsikstn Yorhundert

leben yudn-rat hengt shoyn a nayer tsetl: „ale idn fun 14 yor bizn tifstn elter, mener un froyen, muzn trogn a geln mogndovid fun 10 sentimeter di breyt un di leng afn hartsn un af di pleytse. der id vos vet nit oneyen keyn geln mogndovid vert dershoshn.“

dos treft vayter alemen vi a bombe. eyner fun yudn-rat gezt aroys in gas vayzn vi azoy men darf trogn di gele late. ale zukhn oys gele layvns, m'farbt vays leyvns af gel, men shemt zikh ober aroysugeyn in gas. fil zitsn vokhn in shtub tsulib dem. ober es

he gives me for clay[making] and take it home. It will be a feast of joy, we already have something to eat! A few "cookies" instead of bread, and flour boiled in water, this is the food in those days. Every day you have to get out of the house, squeeze in between thousands who want to get work just for a meal. Three of us go outside, me, father and Beybe. Sometimes one of us gets a job, sometimes none. The one who makes it eats up and brings the leftovers home for the others.

The Yellow Patch- the Greatest Shame of the Twentieth Century

Next to the Judenrat there is already a new notice: "All Jews from the age of 14 up to the highest age, men and women, must wear a yellow Star of David 10 centimeters wide and long on their hearts and on their shoulders. Jews without a yellow Star of David will be shot!"

This again hits everyone like a bomb. One of the Judenrat goes out into the streets and shows how the yellow patch must be worn. Everyone looks for yellow linen, one dyes white linen yellow, but is ashamed to go out on the streets. Therefore, many just sit at home

<p>helft nit, aroysgeyendik muz men onton, oyb nit ken men batsoln mitn leben.</p> <p>di idn aley n muzn hitn, az ale zoln dos trogn. in yeder shtub tut eyner on, geyt aroys in gas un kumt bald tsurik. ikh ken mit dem nit geyn, s'iz shreklekh tsu zen, vi ale geyen mit di lates af der pleytse-fornt iz nokh a halbe tsore.</p> <p>men pruvt dos makhn sheyn, oneyen glaykh, ober es kumt gornit aroys- a late blaybt a late. sofkolsof gevoynt men zikh oykh tsu dem tsu, vayl s'iz shoyn do a gresere tsore: idn vern farshpart in a geto. do farshteyt men shoyn gornit vi m'vet leben, vos vet men esn, az shoyn itst zaynen do mentshn vos geyen oys fun hunger.</p>	<p>for weeks. But it all helps nothing, if you want to go out, you have to turn on [the patch], otherwise you can pay with your life.</p> <p>The Jews themselves have to make sure that everyone wears it. One from each house puts it on, goes out into the street, and comes back shortly after. I can't go out with it. It's terrible to see everyone walking with the patches on their shoulders, and in the front additionally sticks the other half of the pain. You try to make it beautiful, but nothing comes of it - a patch remains a patch. Gradually you get used to it, too, because there is already a bigger worry: Jews are being locked up in a ghetto! We absolutely do not know how we will live there, what we can eat, because already people are starving.</p>
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<p>di gantzse idishe bafelkerung iz itst farnumen mit eyn zakh: vu vet zayn di geto? vi vet men voynen? vifl gasn? ba vos vet men arbetn? un fun vos vet men leben? ober lang trakhtn lozt nisht der daytsh. es shitn zikh gzeyres eyne nokh der andere. men endikt nokh nit klern vi vet men leben mit eyn gzeyre un es loyft shoyn a tsveyte; keyn minut ru in fir yor daytsher hershaft!</p> <p>idn trogn shoyn fun ale ekn shtot betn, pek zakhn. alts tsit zikh tsu Kupyetske, Nayvelt, Tsheple un dem gantsn arum, nit der miester gegnt fun Bialystok. dos, zogt men, hot oysgepoyelt der yudn-rat, az es zol zayn in a sheynem gegnt fun shtot. vayter gelt gekost tsu unterkoyfn dem shtot komendant. men</p>	<p>The whole Jewish population is now occupied by one issue: Where will the ghetto be? How will people live there? How many streets? What will one work with? What will one live on? But "the German" doesn't leave much time for reflection. Unpleasant decrees are pouring in, one after the other. One is just still in the process of clarifying how one will live with the one decree, when the next one already comes. In the four years of German rule, there will not be a minute's peace!</p> <p>Jews carry beds and bundles of belongings from all corners of the city. All move to Kupiecka, Nowy Świat, Tsheple [Ciepła] Street and the whole surrounding area, which is not the ugliest of Bialystok. It is said that it was the Judenrat that enforced it should be in a nice area of the city. It cost money again to bribe the city</p>
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<p>boyt aleyn a groysn parkan in ale gasn fun tsvey mit a halbn meter di hoykh un fun oybn git men nokh tsu a halbn meter shtekhike drot. tsvey toyern vern gemakht tsu aroysgeyn, af Kupiecka eyner un af Yurovetske der tsveyter. a shtikl plats af beys-hakvoves af Zhabye gas, velkher vert, mit di oygn kukndik, fun tog tsu tog fuler.</p> <p>az emitser shtarbt in geto mit a normaln toyt- shtarbt tsulib di badingungen fun geto - heyst a „normaler toyt“- zogt men: „der id iz a khokhem...“</p> <p>ale polyakn un nit-idn muzn aroysgeyn fun di gasn vos zaynen bashtimt farn geto. zey bakumen dired in an ander teyl shtot. di idn, 60.000 in tsol, vern aribergetribn in dem kvartal. men tor nit farnemen mer vi 3 meter far a perzon, vintsiker- yo. in eyn tsimer geyen arayn 2 oder 3 familyes. men tsamt op inmitn mit a tur oder diktene ventlekh. ale bote medroshim, ale kremlekh, vu nor an ort, vern bazetst. s'iz nito keyn plats far der bafelkerung. shul-gebeydes vos faln arayn in geto, vern oykh bazetst- men darf zikh shoy'n nisht lernen...mebl vert aroyfgetrogn af di boydems- in tsimer iz far zey nito keyn plats-</p>	<p>commander. The Jews themselves build a large fence in all the streets of two and a half meters high, and half a meter of barbed wire is added on top. Two gates are built as an exit, one on Kupiecka and one on Yurovetske [Jurowiecka] Street. A small square on Zhabe [Żabia, Frog] Street serves as a cemetery, which, if you look, is getting more crowded with every passing day.</p> <p>When someone dies a "normal" death-that is, dies because of the conditions in the ghetto-they say, "that Jew is a wise man!"</p> <p>All Poles and non-Jews must leave the streets designated for the ghetto. They are given apartments in another part of the city. The 60,000 Jews are herded across to their neighborhood. They are not allowed to occupy more than 3 meters per person, but gladly less. Two or three families move into a single room. They are separated by a door or thick walls. All Bote Medroshim [Houses of Studies], all stores, where there is space, are occupied. There is no place for the population. School buildings, which are located in the ghetto, are also occupied - there is no need to study anymore... Furniture is carried to the attics - there is no place for it in the room -</p>
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<p>oder men lozt zey iber in di gevezene dired. di reykhre idn dingen furn far velkhe di polyakn nemen a pyane, di zakhn fun sheynem shlof-tsimer, alts eyns- zogn zey- darft ir dos shoy'n nit hobn.</p>	<p>or is left in the former apartment. The richer Jews rent carriages, for which the Poles take a piano or things from the beautiful bedroom. "It doesn't matter," they say, "you don't need it anymore." The burned-out Jews carry nothing with them; the poorer population</p>
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di opgebrente idn firm gornit; di oremere bafelkerung fun khandaykes, Pyaskes shlept fun yene geslekh af di pleytseyes oder af a hant vegele vos zey kenen.
in „geto“- shoyderlekh bild. alts shlept. yunge kinder, alte idn un idenes vos zaynen frier gelegn in bet un kenen koym vos geyn, muzn trogn betgevant, betn, geshir un holts. azoy doyert dos a por teg. in der zelber tsayt shteyen af di gasn tseshtelt daytshn mit aparatn un fotografirn. af ale hoyfn lign ongeleygt mebl, zakhn. men krigt zikh- es faln arayn nit keyn gevuntshene mentshn, vos muzn voynen tsuzamen,- di polyakn kumen shlogn, rabirn af di hoyfn, nito ver es zol zikh farteydikn. ober, men trogt alts ariber. es farendikt zikh dos ariberpeklen, der parkan vert arumgetsamt, mir zitsn shoyn farmakht mit a vakh fun daytshn arum, men ken mer nit aroysgeyn.

far der tsayt fun zikh aribertrogn, kumen polyakn brengen a bisl kartofl, grinsn un betn ontsugn, far 20 kilo kartofl. ikh aley n farkoyf an ontsug, vesh un shikh un krig derfar 25 kilo kartofl, 3 kilo arbes un a bisl mel. merstnteyl greyt men on af a por vokhn. vos men hot nor, git men avek af tsu krign a bisl shpayz. af vi lang men darf zikh fargreytn veyst men nit.

mer vi bizn parkan tor men shoy n nit geyn. nokh 9 azeyger in ovnt tor men shoy n bikhlal nit aroysgeyn afn gas. men kumt zikh oyf banakht un men shmuest vegn dem vi m'vet leben in azoyne badingungen. es kumen for gnayves, merstns fun shpayz. ale voynen tsuzamen, eyner zogt afn andern, men ken zikh nit, un es kumen for krigerayen un m'redt nit eyner tsum tsveytn in eyn shtub.

es shaft zikh a idische politsey, ver es vil ken zikh farshraybn. m'klert vos far an element vet itst vern a polizsyant, mistome

from Khanaykes [Chanajki] or Pyaskes [Piaski], carry as much as they can on their shoulders or on a handcart.

In the "ghetto" - a horrible picture. Everybody is dragging. Small children, old Jews and Jewish women, who were bedridden before and can hardly walk, have to carry bedding, beds, dishes and wood. That's how it goes for a few days. At the same time, Germans with cameras have positioned themselves in the streets and are taking pictures. All the courtyards are full of dumped furniture and things. There are fights, unwanted people come in and you have to live with them, Poles join in, beat and rob in the yards, and no one can defend themselves. But, everything is transported across. The towage comes to a halt, the fence is put up, we are already sitting there locked in, with a guard of Germans around us, and can no longer go out.

Before the time of the move, Poles come and bring a little potatoes, greens and ask for suits of clothes each for 20 kilos of potatoes. I myself sell a suit of clothes and shoes and get 25 kilos of potatoes, 3 kilos of peas and a little flour. Most of the time you stock up for a few weeks. What you have, you give away to get a little bit of food. We don't know how long we have to stock up for.

You are not allowed to go further than the fence. After 9 o'clock in the evening, you are not allowed to go out on the street at all. At night, people meet and talk about how they will live under such conditions. There are thefts, mostly of food. Everyone lives close together, one blames it on the other, one does not know each other and so it comes to arguments, until people no longer speak to each other in their apartments.

A Jewish police force is to be established. Anyone who wants to can register for it. It is rumored which elements want to become policemen now, probably

der ergster, fun der untermelt. ober, ven es bavayzt zikh di idishe politsey mit grine hitlen un ongeshribn af daytsh „ordenungs dinst“, vern ale iberasht: dafke fun di gelernte sfern, geendikte fun gymnazye un sokhrim, di vos men ruft „intelligents!“

in gerangl far a bisn broyt

a teyl mentshn geyen aroys arbetn inderfri oysern geto, mit tsetlen vos derloybn zey adurkhgeyn dem toyer. zey brengen tsurikgeyendik a bisl grins vos zey koyfn oder krign ba der arbet. bam toyer, fun ineveynik, shteyt di familye fun gliklekhn un vart op vos er vet zey haynt brengen fun der arbet. es shaft zikh a nayer sort orimelayt, azoyne vos betn epe fun dem vos brengt arayn.

inderfri kumen daytshn nemen idn tsu der arbet. merstns geyen meydlekh, mener hobn moyre, tomer kumt men shoyt nisht tsurik. di meydlekh zeen tsu gefeln vern.

-haynt hob ikh ongeton di bluzke hot mir der daytsh bald genumen un der anderer nit...ikh bin a blonde, nemt er mir shtendik...-dos zaynen di shmuesn vos m'ken hern in yener tsayt. in geto kost 3 doler a pud mel. broyt bakt men loyt der ray in di bekerayen vos faln arayn in geto. der vos bakt, nemt arop fun yedn gebeks a lebl broyt. bislekhvayz geyen aroys mer idn arbetn. in geto shafn zikh fabrikn tsu arbetn far di daytshn. ale muzn vern basheftikt, tsvangs arbet far kinder fun 14 yor biz eltere mener un

the worst, from the underworld. But, when the Jewish police, who call themselves by the German name "Ordnungsdienst", show up with their green hats, everyone is surprised: it is precisely the scholars, the graduates of high schools and merchants who are known as "intelligentsia".

Fighting for a Bite of Bread

Some of the people go to work outside the ghetto early in the morning, with slips of paper in their hands that allow them to pass through the gate. On the way back they bring some vegetables they bought or got at work. Inside, behind the gate, the family of the lucky person stands waiting to see what he will bring from work today. A new kind of poor emerges: Those who ask something from the one who brings something inside.

Early in the morning the Germans come and take Jews to work. At least girls go, men are afraid. Maybe one will not come back. The girls try to please.

"Today I put on the blouse, the German took me and not the other one"... "I am blond, he always chooses me"...These are the conversations you hear at that time. In the ghetto, a pood [16,38 kg] of flour costs \$3. Bread is baked sequentially in the bakeries that are located in the ghetto. The person who bakes takes a loaf of bread for himself from the baked goods. Gradually, more and more Jews go out to work. Factories are established in the ghetto where work is done for the Germans.

<p>froyen fun 70 yor. ale viln zikh aroyskrign oysern geto arbetn, vayl dort ba der arbet treft men zikh mit der bafelkerung vos bayt oys far leder un ontsugn shpayz, velkhe men trogt arayn. der vos hot mer farkoyft dem tsveytn un es hoybt zikh on bislekhvayz an handl tsvishn eynem un tsveytn. es faln dan di prayzn fun lebnsmitl.</p> <p>fun yudn-rat bakumt a id vos arbet 250 gram broyt af 2</p>	<p>Everyone has to work, there is forced labor for children from 14 years old and older men and women up to 70 years old. Everyone wants to get a job outside the ghetto, because there you meet with the population, which trades for leather and suits for food, which you carry in [to the ghetto]. One sells more to another, and gradually a trade begins between the people, which causes the price of food to fall.</p> <p>A Jew who goes to work is given 250 grams of bread for 2 days by the Judenrat.</p>
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<p>teg. mentshn mit vegelekh firn mel fun yudn-rat tsu di bekerayen un fardinen oykh epes. andere shteln ayn dem leben. kinder fun tsen yor ganvenen zikh aroys durkhn parkan in gas nun zey loyfn in dorf epes baytn far shpayz. farn aroysgeyn fun geto kumt toyt-shtrof, derfar geyen kinder velkhe ganvenen zikh laykhter aroys. der vos arbet nit in geto, farkoyft di zakhn zayne tsu dem vos geyt aroys arbetn un bayde fardinen.</p> <p>der krigt shpayz far di zakhn un der tsveyter nemt zikh epes farn arayntrogn di shpayz, farn durkhfirn di tranzaktsye. azoy, bislekhvayz, gevoynt men zikh tsu un es efnt zikh shoyn afile a kreml, vuhin di mentshn vos hobn tsufil trogn arayn zeyers un dos kreml farkoyft dos af eyntsl der bafelkerung. af Nayvelt (Prages gortn) shaft zikh a mark, vu es shteln zikh ayn iberkoyfers vos koyfn af hurt un shteln ayn a hoykhn prayz af eyntsl.</p> <p>ober, bislekhvayz, mitn aroysgeyn mer tsu der arbet un mitn mer araynbrenge, vern di produktn biliker. dos leben, ken men zogn, vert normalizirt, ven nitdi vayterdike gzeyres.</p>	<p>People with handcarts drive flour from the Judenrat to the bakeries and also earn something. Others risk their lives. Children as young as 10 sneak out through the fence onto the street and run into a village to exchange something for food. Leaving the ghetto is sentenced to death. That's why children go, because it's easier for them to sneak out. The one who doesn't work in the ghetto sells his stuff to the one who works outside, and so they both earn. One gets edibles for his stuff and the other gets something for carrying the edibles in and doing the transaction. In this way, one gradually gets used to it, and soon even a small store opens. Here people bring in surplus goods, and the store then sells everything individually to the population. On the "Nayvelt" [Nowy Świat], Prage's garden, a market is created where middlemen buy in large quantities what they then resell at high individual prices.</p> <p>However, as gradually more and more go out to work and bring more in, products become cheaper. Life, you can say, normalizes, provided that there are no more unpleasant dispositions.</p>
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Bam arayngang un aroysgang fun geto

inderfri, fun 6 azeyger, hoybn on aroysgeyn tsu der arbet di vos arbetn oysern geto, mit a tsetl af velkhn es iz ongetsaykhnt af velkher gas er arbet. bam toyer shteyen tsvey daytshn mit geveer un tsvey idishe politsyantn, on geveer, kontrolirn un batapn yedn eynem tsi er trogt gornit aroys tsum farkoyfn. mentshn tuen zikh on unter di shmutsike arbets-zakhn gute ontsgn. men bindt zikh arum mit leder oder tishtekher af oystsubaytn ba der arbet. ba zeyer fil gefint men di zakhn, velkhe m'nemt ba zey tsu un m'tseshlogt nokh; andere gelingt durkhtsutrogn. eyner fregt bam andern:
„a gute vakh? men ken aroystrogn?“
oyb yo, geyt men. oyb nit trogt men dem tog gornit durkh. amol shteyt eyner vos zukht nit un a tsvey-

At the Entrance and Exit of the Ghetto

Early in the morning at 6 o'clock, those who work outside the ghetto begin to go out. They have a piece of paper in their hands on which is written on which street they work. At the gate there are two Germans with rifles and two unarmed Jewish policemen, checking and feeling everyone to make sure they are not carrying anything out to sell. People used to put on good suits under their dirty work clothes or tie on pieces of leather or tablecloths to sell them at work. For many, the things are found, they are taken away from them and they are beaten for it, others manage to smuggle [things] through. One asks the other.
"[is today] a good watch? Can something be brought out?"
If yes, one goes off with it, if no, one carries nothing through that day. It happens that on one day one of the guards does not make a search, but the other one does very well,

ter vos zukht yo, shtupn zikh ale tsum gutn daytsh. men krigt derbay geshlogn farn shtupn zikh. shoyndurkh dem genem, muz men geyn af der gas vu es iz ongetsaykhnt tsu geyn. ven m'khapt af an ander gas, shlogt men un men revidirt. oyb men gefint epes trogdik, nemt men tsu. a gantsn tog shlepn zikh idn, kinder, froyen, afn bruk mit pek velkhe men trogt arayn mitik-tsayt, fun 12 biz 14, in geto. treft men a geshtapo agent, farhalt er un nemt tsu alts, afile gelt nehmen zey tsu. geyndik tsu der arbet tor men keyn gelt nit mitnemen, vayl tsu vos darf a id gelt, ven koyfn iz nisht derloybt un funvanen hot a id gelt, ven far der arbet tsolt men nit?

then everyone crowds to the "good German", getting punches for shoving. After going through hell, you have to walk on the road where the corresponding markers are. In case you are caught on another road, you will be beaten and searched. If something is found on a person, he is arrested. For a whole day, Jews, children and women, drag themselves along the pavement with bundles, which they carry into the ghetto at lunchtime, from 12 to 2 pm. When you meet a Gestapo agent, you are stopped and everything is taken from you, even money. When you go to work, you are not allowed to take any money with you, because "what does a Jew need money for, when

afn gas dreyen zikh arum patruln, daytshn un polyakn. ven zey zeen eynem afn bruk mit a geler late, rufn zey tsu un fregn shoyn, vos tustu af der gas ven du arbetst af a tsveyter?

ven er nemt ba dir bloyz tsu dos gelt un dos zekl vos du trogst, iz er a guter daytsh, vayl an anderer firt dir avek in gestapo vu men git dir 20 shmits afn hoyln hintn. m'ken monatn lang nisht zitsn, ober dos halt nit op- men muz ba azoyne badingungen vayter geyn koyfn.

koym ayngkoyft a bisl shpayz, muz men opkoyfn dem daytsh ba der arbet mit etlekhe mark, er zol dos nit tsunemen un lozn aheymtrogn nokh der arbet. fets bahalt men arum zikh, unter di zakhn, ober di daytshn bam toyer tapn durkh fun kop biz di fis un derbay gibn zey klep farn nit glaykh shteyn. leben toyer lign zek mit kartofl, kiloen puter, flesher boyml, hiner.

ober andere trogn tsurik un bahaltn di zakhn in di khurves af morgn, efsher vet zayn a beserer vakh, khotsh zelt n ven dos geshet. di daytshn firt avek gantse furn mit shpayz un farkoyfn dos ergets andersh. iz ober eynem shoyn gelungen epes durkhtsutrogn, dan kumt unter eyner fun der idisher politsey un bet a teyl fun dem vos men hot durkhgetrogn- er darf oykh leben- oyb nit vayzt er a tsveytn mol on der vakh un m'nemt alts tsu. dos iz zeyer parnose...

he is forbidden to buy anything, and where does he get the money from, when he is not paid at work"?

Patrols of Germans and Poles move along the street. When they see you with a yellow patch on the asphalt of the street, they call you over and ask, "what are you doing here when you work on a different street?"

If they only take your money and the bundle you carry, they are good Germans, because others take you to the Gestapo, where you get 20 lashes on your bare bottom. After that you can not sit for months, but that does not stop anyone; under such conditions you have to continue to make purchases.

No sooner have you bought a bit to eat than you have to bribe your German employer with a few marks so that he doesn't take it away and let you carry it home after work. Fats are carried on your body, under your clothes, but the Germans at the gate pat you down from head to toe and administer blows if you don't stop immediately. Next to the gate are sacks of potatoes, kilos of butter, bottles of cooking oil, chickens.

Others carry their goods back and hide them in ruins for the next day. Perhaps there will be a better guard tomorrow, although that is rarely the case. The Germans take away whole carloads of food and sell that somewhere. But if someone managed to smuggle something through, one of the Jewish police comes and demands a part of it, after all, he also has to live. If you don't give him anything, he sends you back to the guard and everything is taken away. This is their income...

<p>di hekhre politsey, di azoy gerufene komandirn, vos shteyen nit bam toyer, farnemen dir mit gresere aferes. s'hot zikh geshafn a finftel fun eynem zelikovitsh, kvater, fin un nokh tsvey, velkhe flegn arestirn mentshn in yudn-rat, in keler- dortn iz geven der arest. di turme, velkhe men hot gerufn „Sing-Sing“, iz geven dort vu m'flegt amol shekhtn oyfes af yatke gas.</p> <p>zey flegn kumen banakht un zogn, az men ruft fun gestapo. fun dort hot men gevust kumt men shoyn nit tsurik. dan flegt kumen eyner fun di finf un zogn, az ven men git im a por hundert dolar vet er unterkoyfn di daytshn un m'vet nit firn in gestapo. oft hobn zey arestirt komunistn un gefodert a sakh gelt. ven di gestapo flegt virklekh heysn arestirn, dan iz geven farfaln.</p> <p>nor zey flegn dos ton af eygener hant kedey oystsupresn gelt. aza mentsh vos hot zikh ba zey oysgekoyft hot zikh shoyn gemuzt oysbahaltn di gantse tsayt, vayl zeyer umfarshemtkeyt hot dergreykht bizn arestirn tsvey un drey mol.</p> <p>Zelikovitshn mit der bande iz ober dos alts geven vintsik.zayendik der farmitler fun geto mit der geshtapo, flegt Zelikovitsh a sakh fun di zakhn vos der yudn-rat hot gemuzt tsushteln di daytshn- futers un zaydns- nehmen tsu zikh a heym un glaykhtsaytik fodern af eygener hant, vos im flegt zikh glustn. er iz shoyn dergangen tsu aza madreyge in yener tsayt, az di daytshn hobn im oysgeklibn farn bestn yude un im derloybt geyn on der geler late.</p>	<p>The higher [Jewish] police, the so-called commanders, who are not at the gate, arrest you and make a bigger deal out of it. A group of five people was formed from Zelikovitsh, Kvater, Fin and two others, who usually arrest people in the basement of the Judenrat building. There was the prison that they called "Sing-Sing". It was where they used to slaughter poultry, on Yatke [Butcher Shop] Street.</p> <p>[The group] would usually come at night, claiming that the Gestapo was calling for you. From there, we knew, one never came back. One of the five used to claim that if you gave him a hundred dollars, he would bribe the Germans and they wouldn't need to lead you to the Gestapo. They often arrested communists and demanded a lot of money. If the Gestapo actually demanded an arrest, then it was all for nothing.</p> <p>The point was that they acted on their own initiative to extort money. A person who bought his freedom from them had to hide all the time, because in their impudence they would otherwise arrest him two or three times.</p> <p>As for Zelikovitsh, however, these were still minor offenses. As an intermediary between the ghetto and the Gestapo, Zelikovitsh helped himself to a lot of the things that the Judenrat had to deliver to the Germans. He took home skins and silk fabric, but at the same time demanded on his own initiative whatever he wanted. He reached such a status in those days that the Germans chose him as the best Jew and allowed him to go without the yellow patch.</p>
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<p>ober, di aferes hobn zikh fargresert fun mol tsu mol, biz es hot geplatst. er iz durkhgefaln ba dem demoltikn shtot prezident dem daytsh Shimanski, velkher hot im, eynmol ven er iz gekumen tsu im, im tsheshlogn un ongemalevet a gele late fun fornt un hintn un durkhgefirt a revizye ba im in shtub, vu er hot gefunen a sakh gold, zaydns un tukh in di vent. er iz arestirt gevorn un geshtorbn in turme. di iberike fir khaveyrim zayne, zaynen avekgeshikt gevorn in a kontsentratsye-lager fun</p>	<p>However, his business affairs grew larger and larger until they burst. He fell out of favor with Shimanski, who was the city president at the time, and on the occasion of his visit he gave him a beating and painted a yellow patch on his front and back. He conducted an audit [of Zelikovitsh] and found in his apartment, hidden in the walls, a lot of gold, silk and cloth goods. He was arrested and died in prison. The other four comrades were sent to a concentration camp.</p>
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<p>velkhn es gelingt zey fundestvegn zikh tsu bafrayen mit der hilf fun gelt. azoyne mentshn-oysvurfn fun folk, vos zaynen gezesn afn kark ba di genug shvere, poshet umentshlekhe badingungen in geto, iz geven nit veynik. di klenere politsey flegt zikh oykh farnemen mitn khapn mentshn, vos arbetn kloymersht nit, tsu shikn af shvere arbet. azoyne khapungen flegn forkumen tog-teglekh. un azoy vi di mer farmeglekhe flegn zikh oyskoyfn, flegn zey tsunemen di vos hobn yo gearbet. afile zuntik flegt men derfar nit kenen geyn in gas, hobndik moyre farn khapn af arbet. merstns flegt kostn gelt zikh tsu bafrayen fun zey. dos iz geven di parnose fun der idisher politsey.</p> <p>der yudn-rat</p> <p>der yudn-rat hot zikh tsunoyfgeshtelt merstns fun di frierdike kehile- mentshn, vos zaynen geblihn nokh di ale brenenishn un khapungen fun di daytshn: dr. rabiner Rozman, indzhenyer Barash, Subotnik, Goldberg, Vishnyevski un andere. fun Barashn hot men</p>	<p>However, they managed to free themselves with the help of money.</p> <p>Such people - the scum of their own people, who, in view of the already hard, simply inhuman conditions in the ghetto, made life even more difficult for others, were not few in number. The lower-ranking [Jewish] police also used to arrest people, claiming that they were not working and would therefore be put to hard labor. Every day this happened. Now, since the wealthier ones usually bought their way out, they arrested those who did have work. One could not even go out on the street on Sunday for fear of being arrested at work. Most of the time it cost money to get free. This was the income of the Jewish police.</p> <p>The Judenrat</p> <p>The Judenrat was composed essentially of the former functionaries of the Jewish community who remained after all the arsons and arrests of the Germans: The Rabbi, Dr. Roz[en]man, Engineer</p>
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<p>gevolt shafn dem mentshn dem reter fun di Bialystoker idn un fun grester farnikhtung. ober nokh dem vi er hot aroysgegebn mentshn tsu shisn, iz er gevorn shtark komprometirt un zayn oytoritet iz shtark gefaln.</p> <p>di arbet fun yudn-rat iz bashtanen in nokhgebn di daytshn als vos zey hobn gefodert, afile farkoyfn eyn teyl idn farn preyz fun lozn leben den tsveytn teyl, vos zey hobn gemeynt, az dos vet zey zikh aynggebn. zey hobn far yedn prayz gevolt gevinen tsayt biz der bafrayung fun dem geto durkh der royter armey. zey hobn nit gegloybt dem daytsh velkher hot gezogt, az „oyb mir veln farshpiln 12 azeyger, veln mir 5 minut far 12 oysmordn biz eyn id“.</p> <p>der yudn-rat hot geshafn in geto fabrikn, tsugenumen ba</p>	<p>Barash, Subotnik, Goldberg, Vishnyevski [Wisniewski] and others. Barash was to be glorified as a man who became the savior of the Bialystok Jews from greatest extermination. But after he delivered people to be shot, he became very compromised and lost a lot of his authority.</p> <p>The work of the Judenrat consisted of giving in to the Germans in everything they demanded; even in "selling" a part of the Jews for the price that another part of the Jews remained alive. And they [actually] believed that this would succeed. They wanted to gain time at all costs until the liberation of the ghetto by the Red Army. They did not believe the German who said, "in case we lose at 12 o'clock, we will murder all but one Jew 5 minutes to 12!" The Judenrat established factories in the ghetto, implemented</p>
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<p>ale di nay mashinen un geshafn rizike shnayderayen far der daytshisher vermakht, tus neyen mundirn, shusterayen velkhe hobn geneyt shtivl, rimerayen, vesherayen velkhe hobn gevashn daytshishe vesh fun front. di greste tragedye fun di arbeter, iz geven ven es iz nokher ongekumen tsuvashn idishe zakhn fun Treblinka, velkhe m'hot derkent nokh di dokumentn.</p> <p>der geto iz farvandlt gevorn in eyn fabrik vu m'hot gemuzt arbetn far 250 gram broyt af tsvey teg, oyb m'hot gemakht di ayngeshtelte norme, ven nit hot men dos oykh nisht bakumen. far farshpetikn ba der arbet flegt men antzogn un dos hot geheysn-vi zey flegn aynreydn- toyt far dem vos arbet nit.</p>	<p>all the new machines and created huge tailor shops to sew uniforms for the German Wehrmacht, plus shoemaker shops that sewed boots. There were also belt factories and laundries that washed German linen from the front. The greatest tragedy for the workers was when later Jewish clothes from Treblinka arrived for washing, in which the documents could still be seen.</p> <p>The ghetto was turned into a factory where one had to work for 250 grams of bread for two days. However, one did not even get this, if one did not meet the estimated standard. If you were too slow at work, your ration was taken away and it was said, as we were told, "death to him who does not work!"</p>
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<p>afile eltere froyen, skeynim un kinder fun 14 yor zaynen gezesn mit shpizlen un gemakht far zey hentshkes un shkarpetn af vinter. m'hot gearbet in drey smenes (turnes) un di vos hobn nit gehat keyn plats in fabrik flegn muzn nehmen arbet in shtub. azoy hot undzer kleyn shvesterl Raytsele fun 14 yor gemuzt shtrikn hentshkes far di daytshn gantse tsen sho a tog.</p>	<p>Even older women, old men and 14-year-old children sat with knitting needles and made gloves and socks for them for the winter. Work was done in three rotations, and those who just didn't have a place in the factory had to work at home. So our little sister Raytsele, at the age of 14, had to knit gloves for the Germans, a whole ten hours a day.</p>
<p>di norme iz geven azoy oysgerekhnt, az m'hot dos nit gekent makhn in veyniker tsayt. nokher hot men gemuzt trogn in fabrik tsu der brigadirshe vayzn s'iz gut gemakht. ven shlekht, hostu gemuzt farikhtn af eygener tsayt un nit bakumen di portsye broyt. oykh private daytshn hobn ayngeshtelt in geto fabrikn, oysnutsndik di umziste idische arbets-hent. mer nit vos zey hobn gegebn a bisl kashe farn melokhe prayz un derfar hot dos geheysn der bester plats af arbet, vu m'hot gedarft hobn protektsye zikh arayntsukrign.</p>	<p>The standard was calculated in such a way that you could not fulfill it with less time. Afterwards you had to take [the product] to the factory and show the department manager that you had made it well. If it was bad, you had to improve it in your "free time" and did not get a portion of bread. German private individuals also set up factories in the ghetto, they took advantage of the free Jewish labor hands. Giving a little porridge for work was enough, and they were already considered the best workplaces.</p>
<p>in algemeyn hobn in geto dos rov gearbet di reykhare mentsn, vayl fun dem vos m'flegt gebn far der arbet hot men nit gekent leben. di oreme teyl hot gemuzt arbetn oysern geto ba shvere, ibermentshlekhe arbetn un dertsu nokh bakumen klep. der plus iz geven nor der, vos es flegt zikh aynggebn epes tsu koyfn un araynbrenge in geto un derbay epes fardinen. ober, azoy vi</p>	<p>In general, it was mainly the richer people who worked in the ghetto, because one could not live on what one got for the work. The poorer part had to work outside the ghetto, doing superhumanly heavy jobs, plus receiving beatings. The one positive aspect was that you could usually buy something and smuggle it into the ghetto, thereby earning a bit. However, since on the</p>

<p>durkhn glaykhn veg flegt men tsunemen, flegt men untergrobn dem parkan in gevise erter, vu s'iz geven shvakh bavakht un opreydn mit di kinder zey zoln opvartn un aribernemen di zakhn.</p>	<p>way the goods were usually confiscated, the fence was undermined in certain places, which were only little guarded. It was agreed with the children that they would wait there and smuggle the things over.</p>
<p>men flegt oykh araynfirn groyse skhumen shpayz mit di furn fun mist oder mit di tinef-feslekh, velkhe m'flegt oysvashn nokhn oysgish dem shmuts un araynleygn fleysh, mel, a.a.v. farshteyt zikh,</p>	<p>Large quantities of food were also brought in on carts of dung or in cesspools. After the dirt had been poured out and the containers washed out, meat, flour and other things were put in. Of course, the</p>

az m'hot gemuzt opkoyfn dem idishn politsyantn un dem daytsh bam toyer, kedey er zol dos durkhlozn. mitn onkum fun vinter iz gekumen a naye shverikeyt: m'hot gedarft hobn holts tsu opkokhn epes. ober oykh keyn holts hot men nit gelozt arayntrogn un afile fun di fabrikn hot men nit getort nehmen dos klenste bretl. di idishe politsey flegt arumtapn yedn arbeter bam aroysgeyn fun fabrik, zukhn afile in di keshenes un aroysvarfn dem, ba vemen m'hot gefunen a por shpendlekh. bloyz pilines un struzhkes hot men gekent nehmen. azoy hot zikh getsoygn dos leben bizn ershtn vinter 1941, biz 'iz gekumen a naye gzeyre.

di naye gzeyre „Pruzhene“ [Pruzhany]

Pruzhene iz a shtetl leben Bialovyezher velder, vayt fun Bialystok. dort hot der daytshisher gestapo firer Fridel bashtimt aroystshikh 12 toyznt idn: „tsufigo idn in geto.“, hot gezogt di gestapo, nokh ale shtadlonesn un nokh ale komisyes vos zaynen gekumen arumkukn dem geto.

gants oft flegn kumen tsum yudn-rat daytshn in taksis, dan flegt di idishe politsey heysn alemen zitsn in shtub, zikh nit varfn in di oygn, un Barash flegt in a drozhke aroysforn zey vayzn vi idn arbetn mit fleys in di fabrikn. far aynvegs flegt men zey bashenken mit podarkes, nemen mosn af shtivl un zakhn. ober, dos alts hot nit geholfn, der entfere iz kurts: „tsufigo idn in geto, m'muz aroysshikn di nit-produktive“.

Jewish policeman and the German at the gate had to be bribed to let the carts through. The arrival of winter brought a new problem: wood was needed to cook something. However, they did not let anyone bring in wood and even from the factories it was not allowed to take the smallest board. The Jewish police usually searched each worker as he left the factory, even looking in the pockets of his clothes, and threw out of the factory anyone they found with only a few [larger] shavings. Only sawdust and wood shavings were allowed. So life dragged on until the first winter of 1941, when a new unpleasant order [“gzeyre“] turned up.

The New Gzeyre "Pruzhene" [Pruzhany]

Pruzhany is a shtetl next to the Bialovyezher [Białowieża] forests, far from Bialystok, from where the German Gestapo leader Fridel, ordered that twelve thousand Jews be sent. After visits from all the commissions and mediators who had looked around the ghetto, the Gestapo said, "there are too many Jews in the ghetto!"

Very often Germans used to come to the Judenrat in taxis. On this occasion, the Jewish police ordered everyone to stay at home and not to be seen. Barash then usually drove out in a hackney cab and showed [the Germans] how diligently the Jews were working in the factories. When they [the Germans] came in, they would be given presents and measurements were taken for boots and clothing. But this did not help. Their answer was short: "Too many Jews in the ghetto, the non-productive ones must be deported!"

der yudn-rat nemt zikh tsu der arbet; men shaft a spetsyeln amt, vos registriert ale fakhmener. di gas leben yudn-rat iz shvarts fun mentshn, ale vern „fakhmener“. mitamol, a tsveyter klang, vos vert ibergegebn besod, ober glaykh vaysn im ale, az di vos arbetn oysern geto vet men nit aroysshikn. yogn zikh ale aroystsugeyn arbetn oysern geto. di fintstere elementn nutsn dos oys af tsu nehmen gelt farn krign aza tsetl.

es vert oykh klor far alemen, az di idische politsey vet men nit aroysfirn. iber nakht vaksn oys frische politseylayt, vi bitkes nokh a regn, men hot zey a nomen gegeben „di 50 Dolerdikn“, vayl bloyz far 50 dolar un dertsu nokh groyse protektsye, hot men gekrogn a grine politseyishe hitl...

di teg loyfn un es baytn zikh di klangen. es geyt aroys a klang, az eltere mentshn vos kenen nit arbetn ken men oprateven, zey tsushraybn tsu eynem vos arbet. mentshn loyfn arum on kep. di mume Shifre kumt tsu loyfn tsu undz ikh zol ir aroyfshraybn. ikh prubir ir oyfklern, az es helft nit dos aroyfshraybn. oyb men hot nit keyn protektsye oder gelt tsum batsoln di geherike mentshn, megstu hobn dos beste plats, vet men dir bashtimen tsum aroysshikn. ober in aza tsayt kenstu a mentshn nit ibertseygn, ven men trinkt zikh khapt men zikh on on a shtroy.

ikh gey mit ir in yudn-rat, shtey op a gantsn tog un shrayb ir aroyf af mayn tsetl.

es dernertert zikh di aroysshikung. politsey tsetrogn yedn farnakht tsetlen fun yudn-rat vegn zikh tsushteln fartog af Fabritshne gas, vu es iz gemakht gevorn a spetsyeler toyer. di tsetlen vern farteylt loytn

The Judenrat sets to work: a special office is created to register all skilled workers. The street next to the Judenrat is black with people; all become "skilled workers". Suddenly, a second rumor, exchanged under the seal of secrecy, but everyone knows about it immediately: those who work outside the ghetto will not be sent out.

Immediately, everyone is hunting for a job outside the ghetto. Sinister elements take advantage of this: They demand money for such a certificate.

It becomes clear to everyone that the Jewish police will not be led away. Overnight, fresh policemen grow out of the ground, like mushrooms ["bitkes"] after the rain. They already had a name, "the 50 Dolerdikn [Dollar's]", because only for 50 dollars and powerful patronage you got a green police hat.

The days go by and the rumors change. A rumor is going by that you can save elderly people who are unable to work, if you attribute them to a person who is working [outside]. People are rushing around headless, my aunt Shifre comes running, asking me to register her [together with my name]. I try to make her understand that this registration will not help unless you get protection or have money to "pay" the people in charge. You can have the best job, and yet you are sent out. But at such a time you can not convince people, when you are in danger of drowning, you hold on to the straw.

I take her to Judenrat, stand in line for a whole day, and then have her register on my work slip.

[The day of] deportation is approaching. Every evening policemen carry out notes from the Judenrat that one should line up at dawn on Fabritshne [Fabryczna] Street, where a special gate has been

<p>alef-beys un ale leben in dervartung. es dergeyt oykh tsu mayn os „K“- Kot.</p> <p>ikh kum fun der arbet vi shtendik fun oysern geto, nor ikh breng shoyn gornit, zol men khotsh bavayzn oyftsuesn vos s'iz do. araynkumendik fun toyer in geto klapt dos harts. ikh bin shoyn mid tsu entfernen alemen, velkhe zaynen mir miskane mit mayn arbet un fregn bloyz tsi ikh hob vemen farshribn.</p>	<p>erected. The notes are distributed according to the alphabet and everyone is now in expectation; also to my letter, "K" -Kot, a note arrives.</p> <p>I come back from work outside the ghetto as usual, but I don't bring more, we will at least be able to eat what is left. My heart is pounding as I enter the ghetto through the gate, I am already tired of answering everyone who envies me my work and asks me if I already have someone registered on my paper.</p>
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<p>arayngeyendik in shtub tref ikh alemen zitsn fartroyert, di zakhn tsevorfn vi nokh a pogrom. ikh farshtey shoyn un freg gornisht, kh'bet afile nit keyn esn. der tsetl fun yudn-rat ligt afn tish; di familye muz zikh tsushteln inderfri, 5 fartog. afile in Nyomen, vos iz shoyn nit geven in geto, hot der yudn-rat nit fargesn (vayzt oys genumen gelt ba an andern un onshtot yenem im arayngeshtelt).</p> <p>shkheynim un bakante kumen arayn, zogn afile keyn gut-ovnt nit, shteln zikh mit a troyeriker mine in a vinkl un men pruvt treystn: ir arbet dokh, vos vil der yudn-rat fun aykh?</p> <p>ikh loyf avek ahin vu ikh arbet betn di daytshn zey zoln untershraybn, az zey darfn mir hobn. ober ikh tref keynem nit. der tate af zayn arbets-plats treft yo dem daytsh un er git im</p>	<p>Coming home, everyone is sitting there dejectedly, their things thrown about like after a pogrom. Everything is clear to me and I don't even ask. I don't ask for food either. The paper from the Judenrat is on the table; the family has to line up at 5 o'clock the next morning. Even Nyome, who was no longer in the ghetto, was not forgotten by the Judenrat (apparently he had received money from someone for having Nyome entered in his place).</p> <p>Neighbors and acquaintances come in, don't even say good evening, stand in a corner with a sad face and try to comfort: You are working, what does the Judenrat want from you?</p> <p>I run away to my workplace to ask the Germans to sign that they need me. But I don't meet anyone. Father meets the German [employer] at his workplace, and the latter gives him</p>
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ד' ע ל ט ע 17

My parents

a tsetl. ikh loyf in yudn-rat, shray, az ikh arbet, bin a fakhman. ober, azoyfil mentshn, ale shrayen, yeder mit taynes. ale tsimern zaynen ful, idishe politsey lozt nit arayn, men shtupt zikh. es helft ober gornit. der entfere iz: afn ort vet men zen, men muz zikh tsushteln. ikh kum tsurik in shtub. m'git undz eytses zikh nit tsutsushteln.

a certificate. I run to the Judenrat, shouting that I work and am a professional, but there are so many people there, all shouting, each with good arguments. All the rooms are full, the Jewish police won't let anyone in, there is pushing. But it all doesn't help. The answer is: it will be decided on the spot; you have to join the line. I come back home, we receive advice not to go to line up.

ober, vi ken men dos, ven di familye vert shoyn oysgemekt fun ekzistents in geto un ven politsey khapt, zetst zi ayn un shtelt alts eyns tsu tsum transport. mir pakn ayn vos m'ken. a sakh zakhn muz men iberlozn, es iz afile nito vemen tsu farkoyfn in aza moment.

afn gas iz a shtarker frost un s'falt drobne shneyele. tsum letstn mol gut ayngheytst di shtub, altseysn darf men iberlozn dos holts. der tate zitst a shveygndiker leben oyvn un varent zikh, hust zeyer oft, vi shtendik, Raytsele, tsugetulyet tsu der mamen afn leydikn bet, on betgevant, kukt af mir, zukht a retung.

di mame dermont mir: „host arayngeleygt Nyomes ontsug?“ dos eyntsike vos iz ir geblibn fun Nyomen. in di shverste hunger teg hot zi mir im nit gelozt farkoyfn un flegt zogn: „ven er vet kumen, zol er khotsh hobn vos ontsuton...“

der zeyger klingt oys yede sho shtarker vi shtendik, vayl s'iz shtil in shtub. men kukt zikh nor iber. itst reydn di vent, azoy lang lang geven tsuzamen un itst...

der zeyger shlogt oys 5. s'iz nokh fintster afn gas. ale hoybn mir zikh oyf. di shkheynim gezegenendik zikh lozn a tren, men treyst undz dermit vos m'veyst nit ver geyt morgn. di vos firm undz tsu nehmen di peklekh un mir, oyfgedreyt, farbitert, farlozn di shtub. es blaybt dos mebl un fil zakhn. di bilder af di vent veln eydem zogn, az do hobn gevoynt mentshn...

afn gas geyen nor mentshn mit pek, men derkent nit ver, ale oyfgedreyt, krekhtsndik, es skripen nor di trit afn shney. mir kumen tsu tsu Fabritshne gas. es shteyen idishe politsey-layt vos lozn nor

But, how to do that, when the family's existence in the ghetto is already canceled, the police seize them, detain them and put them up for transport anyway. We pack as much as we can. We have to leave many things behind; at that moment, there is not even someone to whom we can sell them.

There is heavy frost on the road and fine snowflakes are falling. For the last time we heat the room well, we have to leave the wood anyway. Father sits silently next to the stove and warms himself. He coughs a lot, as usual. Raytsele, nestled on the empty bed against our mother, looks at me, looking for a rescue.

Mother reminds me, "Did you pack Nyome's suit, too?" It is the only thing she has left of Nyome. In the hardest days of hunger she did not let me sell it but said, "when he comes back, he should at least have something to wear..."

The clock gongs louder than usual after every hour, for it is quiet in the parlor. We only exchange glances. Now the walls are talking, we have been together so long, so long, and now...

The clock strikes 5. It is still dark on the street. We all get up, the neighbors we say goodbye to, shed a tear; they console us with the fact that nobody knows who will have to go next. Those who bring us there take the bundles from us and we, agitated and bitter, leave our home. The furniture and many things remain behind. The pictures on the walls will bear witness that people lived here.

On the streets only people with luggage walk, you don't recognize anyone, everyone is excited, groaning, only their footsteps creak in the snow. We reach Fabritshne [Fabryczna] Street. There are people

<p>arayn di vos m'hot gerufn, di andere traybn zey mit shtekes. a politsyant nemt ba undz tsu dem tsetl un vayzt undz dem ort vu mir darfn shteyn. di pek shteln mir af der erd. af gants Fabritshne zaynen oysgeshtelt mentshn farshotene mit shney, klapn a fus in a fus. alte mit groye berd, kranke, un oykh zoyg-kinder. m'hert</p>	<p>from the police who let through only those whom they have called. The others they drive away with sticks. A policeman takes the paper from us and directs us to the place where we have to wait. We put our luggage on the ground. All along Fabryczna Street there are snowed-in people, knocking one foot against the other; there are old people with gray beards, sick people and also babies. We hear</p>
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<p>krechtsereyen fun idenes, tilim-zogn fun alte idn un baruikndike tsertl-verter fun muters tsu kleyne kinder. dos vert alts oysgemisht mit di klep un geshrayen fun di daytshn.</p> <p>es efnt zikh der toyer un es forn arayn di oytos. m'zogt, az dos hot der yudn-rat oysgepoyelt, az men zol firm mit oytos un nit yogn tsu fus (di groyse toyve farvos m'hot batsolt mit fil gelt un gust!). di daytshn tsuzamen mit a forshteyer fun yudn-rat nehmen zikh kontrolirn di listes. mentshn betn zikh bam daytsh, vayzn tsetlen un untershriftn vu men arbet un, az men iz noytik ba der arbet. ober nor afn vunk fun dem yudn-rat mentsh lozt der daytsh op, di iberike varft men aroyf afn oyto.</p> <p>daytshn shlogn tsu beeyse mayse. on dem geyt keynmol nit!... men kumt tsu tsu mir. ikh mitn tatn mit Beyben shteyen; unter undz, af di pek, zitsn di mame un Raytsele. der tate vayzt zayn tsetl, bet zikh, ikh vayz maynem un reyde gornit. vi ken men den zikh betn ba a bandit?!</p> <p>di mame hoybt on veynen un kukndik af ir veynt Raytsele oykh. zeendik di stsene un dem mishmash vos iz do arum, vi do lozt men mentshn aheym un dort varft men zey in di oytos, khap ikh di pek zakhn un zog tsu Beyben: vart nit af dem bashlus fun daytsh, gib a nem di pek un loyf arop fun plats. antkegn hot gevoynt mayner a khaver, hob ikh tsu im arayngevorfn di zakhn un mit der familye</p>	<p>Jewish women groaning, old Jews reciting psalms and soothing words of endearment from mothers to their young children. All of this is intermixed with beating and shouting from the Germans.</p> <p>The gate opens and trucks drive in. We are told that the Judenrat had negotiated that we be transported by cars and not have to run on foot (a great boon paid for with much money and favors!). The Germans, along with a Judenrat foreman, start checking the lists. People beg the Germans, they show papers and signatures where they work and that they are needed at work. But, only at a hint from the person from the Judenrat, the Germans let go of someone. The rest are pushed on a truck.</p> <p>The Germans, meanwhile, deal out blows; never do they refrain!...Someone comes up to me. I, father and Beybe are standing, below us, on top of the luggage, are sitting Mom and Reitsele. Father shows his paper and begs, I show my paper and say nothing. How could I beg a bandit?</p> <p>Mom starts to cry and Raytsele, looking at her, also cries. Seeing the scene and the chaos all around, here letting people go home and there pushing them into cars, I grab the packed things and say to Beybe, "Don't wait for the German's decision, grab packs and run from the square!" Across the street lived my comrade. I threw all the things in to him and hurried home with the family through back</p>
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<p>durkh hintergeslekh un hoyfn avek aheym. ale frayen zikh; tsurik mit di fir vent, der tate bam oyvn, di andere- af di leydike betn, vos zaynen itst azoy lib...</p> <p>ale iberike idn, oyser kleyne oysnamen, vern aroyfgevorf n af di oytos un forn op afn veg keyn Pruzhene, iberlozndik a sakh pek. (Shifre mit der mumen zaynen oykh aroysgefirt gevorn). far Pruzhene geyt men durkh a kontrol. leben a kleyn shtibl shteln zikh op di oytos. m'heyst di idn aropgeyn un eyntsikvayz lozt men arayn in shtub. daytshn tuen oys muter naket, nehmen tsu</p>	<p>alleys and courtyards. Everyone rejoices; we are back in our four walls; father at the stove, the others on the empty beds, which are so dear to us now...</p> <p>All the other Jews, except for small exceptions, are hoisted onto the trucks and drive towards Pruzhany, leaving behind a lot of bundles. (Shifre with the aunt [sic!] were also taken away). Before Pruzhany they have to go through a checkpoint. The trucks stop in front of a small house. The Jews are ordered to get out and go into the house one by one. There the Germans order them to strip stark naked and take away</p>
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<p>vos es gefelt zey, men shlogt naketerhayt, oykh froyen, un men firt arayn keyn Pruzhene barabevet un tsheshlogene.</p> <p>in shtetl trefn zey vintsik idn, der poyerisher bavelkerung hot der daytsh ingantsn aroysgefirt, kedey di partizaner fun Bialovyezher vald zoln nit hobn funvanen tsu nehmen keyn dernerung. di idn farnemen di dozike dires, ober mit vos zikh tsu farnemen un fun vos tsu leben hobn zey nit, zukhn zey durkh farshidene vegn zikh tsurikern. a sakh fun zey khapt men un men arestirt. di vos derkrign zikh tsurik in geto fun Bialystok kumen mit opgefroyrene fis un andere eyvrim, zey hobn afile nit vu tsu voynen, vayl di dires zeyere zaynen shoy n farnumen.</p> <p>zey muzn zikh hitn nit tsu zogn, az zey kumen fun Pruzhene, baytn zey zeyere familjen nehmen un zogn, az zey kumen fun andere erter.</p>	<p>what they like. The naked people are beaten, including the women, and they are brought to Pruzhany, traumatized and deprived. In the shtetl they meet very few Jews. The entire peasant population was taken away by the Germans so that the partisans in the Białowieża forest would not encounter anyone from whom they could obtain food. The Jews occupy these homes but have neither employment nor anything to support themselves. They try to return through various routes. Many of them are seized and arrested. Those who make it back to the Bialystok ghetto arrive with frostbitten feet and other limbs. They do not even find a place to live, because their old apartments are already occupied.</p> <p>They have to avoid saying they are from Pruzhany, so they exchange their surnames and say they are from other places.</p>
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<p>dos aroysfirn keyn Pruzhene doyert drey vokhn un es vern aroysgeshikt ariber 8000 mentshn. tsum sof shaft zikh a shtarke demoralizatsye, men git zikh rekhnung, az der yudn-rat nemt nor mentshn fun der oremer bafelkerung un arbeter, vos hobn nit keyn gelt untertsukoyfn oder protektsye, hot men zikh oyfgehert tsutsushteln. biz in a sheynem frimorgn iz di aroysshikung opgeshtelt gevorn. gezogt hot men, az der yudn-rat hot untergekoyft, inder emesn iz dos geven a rezultat fun der demoralizatsye un, vayl m'hot shoyng gehat aroysgefirt a genugndike tsol.</p> <p>nokh der aroysshikung vert farklenert der geto, men nemt tsu etlekhe gasn (a helft Polne, a teyl Yatke-gas un a teyl Zhidovske), di idn zoln basvekhilile nit voynen tsu geroyim. es farshtarkt zikh vider der gedank, vos es farshprayt der yudn-rat, az men darf arbetn, vos mer arbetn, vet men zikh oprateven fun a nayer gzeyre.</p>	<p>The deportations to Pruzhany last for three weeks, and a total of over 8000 people are taken away. Towards the end, a great demoralization arises, because one realizes that the Judenrat selects only poor people and workers from the population, who have no bribe money and no protection. So people stop lining up until one fine early morning the transports are stopped. It is claimed this was achieved by the Judenrat through bribery. In reality, however, this is the result of demoralization, and because, moreover, a sufficient number had already been transported away.</p> <p>After the evacuations, the ghetto is reduced in size, several streets are excluded (half of Polne [Polna] and part of Zhidovske [Židovska] Street), the Jews, God forbid, should not live too spacious. The opinion spread by the Judenrat is solidifying again that one must work; if we worked more, it would save us from a new "gzeyre".</p>
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<p>di ershte arbet fun der untererdisher organizatsye</p> <p>S'iz ober do a kleynere teyl in geto, merstns di yugnt, vos iz dertsoygn gevorn in revolutsyonern geyst un vos zogt andersh:</p> <p><i>„geratevet ken men vern, ven mir veln zikh kegnshteln, ven mir veln geyn in vald kemfn tsuzamen mit ale andere vos kemfn kegn daytsh. dos iz a shverer veg, ober a bekovediker un mer zikherer, a mer mentshlekher, vos shtelt undz af eyn shtapl mit ale kemfendike felker.“</i></p>	<p>The First Activity of the Underground Organization</p> <p>However, a small part of the people in the ghetto, mostly the youth, have been brought up in a revolutionary spirit and make a different statement:</p> <p><i>"We can be saved if we resist, if we go to the forest to fight, unite with all the others who are fighting against the Germans, this is a hard way but an honorable, more safe and humane way that puts us on a par with all the fighting peoples."</i></p>
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<p>dos hot nor farshtanen di komunistishe yugnt un teyln fun Hashoymer Hatsoir [Hashomer Hatzair]. tsuzamen hobn zey zikh fareynikt in kritishstn moment farn folk, tsu kemfn kegn soyne; nit durkh arbet vos helft im nor tsu oysbetlen dos leben, nor mit gever in hant es farteydikn!</p> <p>es zaynen oykh geven mentshn fun andere rikhtungen, ober nit vi an organizatsye als gantse. zey zaynen gekumen privat, mit der rekomendatsye fun bakante velkhe hobn garantirt, az der mentsh vet nit faratn. ver es farat, der vert dershoshn durkh di eygene khaveyrim. fun onhoyb zaynen di khaveyrim vos hobn zikh ongeshlosn in der organzatsye geven militerish vintsik oysgeshult un fil nit gedinte in militer. dos iz di greste tragedye funem idishn folk, vos m'flegt shtendik kukn af militerisher oysshulung vi af a gzeyre; ver es hot zikh gekent oysdreyen fun geyn dinen, flegt dos ton.</p> <p>itst hobn dos di mentshn gefilt. derfar iz ober geven ba di khaveyrim a gezunter geyst un di ibertseygung, az keyn ander veg iz far undz nito.</p> <p>vu nemt men gever? un vu organizirt men dos? dos zaynen far undz geven di shverste fragen. arum Bialystok zaynen di velder kleyne, vegn partizaner hert men nit un keyn kontakt mit</p>	<p>This was understood only by the communist youth and parts of the Hashomer Hatzair. In the most critical moment of our people they united to fight against the enemy; not with work, which only helped people to beg for their lives, but with weapons in their hands to defend their lives!</p> <p>There also came people of other [political] directions, but not as a whole organization, but privately, with the recommendation of acquaintances who guaranteed us that this person is not a traitor. In case of betrayal, the rule was that one would be shot by one's own comrades. In the beginning, the comrades who joined the organization had very poor military training and hardly any had served in the military. This is the greatest tragedy of the Jewish people. People always looked at military service and its training as a kind of "gzeyre", and those who could avoid military service did so.</p> <p>Now we were feeling the effects. However, we comrades had a sound mind and the conviction that there was no other way for us.</p> <p>Where were we going to get weapons? How was that to be organized? These were the most difficult questions for us. Around Bialystok the forests were small, we heard nothing of partisans and</p>
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<p>zey ken men nit krign. bashlist di organizatsye shafn af eygener hant a partizanke un aroysshikn di ershte khaveyrim makhn a pruv. shtupnvayz fargresert zikh undzer tsol un mir tseteyln dem geto in</p>	<p>could not make any contact with them. Our organization decides to form a partisan group ourselves and to test sending out the first comrades. While we are mobilizing the people, our number increases and we divide the ghetto into districts, in each of which a</p>
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<p>rayonen un in yedn rayon vert geshafn a grupe, fun velkher nor a forshteyer treft zikh mit a forshteyer fun a tsveyter grupe.</p> <p>mir shafn a radyo un gibn iber af kleyne zitsungen di politishe naves. ober di daytshn geyen nokh alts foroys, keyn eyn shtral fun hofenung iz dervayl nito.</p> <p>es vern ongenumen di greste konspirative mitlen, tsulib moyre farn yudn-rat, velkher arestirt azoyne mentshn als azelkhe vos „brenge shodn di idn in geto“.</p> <p>afile Beybe (mayn bruder), vos hot oykh gehert tsu der organizatsye, hot mir gornit gezogt a shtik tsayt. ersht far mayn aroysgeyn in a partizanke hot er mir gezogt, az er veyst, az ikh darf ingikhn aroysgeyn. azoy shtark hot men zikh gedarft hitn.</p> <p>af yeder mitglied iz aroyfgeleygt gevorn di flikht optsuganvenen noytike teyln fun biksn fun plats vu er arbet. azoy ganve ikh op fun plats vu ikh arbet farshidene teyln fun biksn, bahalt es un bislekhvayz trog ikh es arayn in geto. un azoy ale khaveyrim loyt zeyere meglehkeytn (ven men khapt vemen fun undz bakumt er, natirlekh, toyt-shtrof).</p> <p>in geto vern di teyln tsuzamengeshtelt di vos arbetn in geto in der shloseray unter der onfirung fun khaver Farber, fun undzer organizatsye, makhn in geheym granatn un trogn aroys fun fabrik tsu der organizatsye. af aza oyfn vert alts tsugegreyt. mayner a khaver, Motl Tsheremashne, arbet in getapo; past er tsu a shlisl tsu der tir vu es shteyt dos gever, ganvet aroys tsvey biksn un durkh dem parkan git er es iber zayn froy mit vemen er hot shoyn fun frier gehat opgeredt. yeder mitglied shtelt ayn dos leben af ale hundert protsent di mindeste zakh tsu ton.ba azoyne badingungen arbet di yugnt, a kleyner teyl afile, nor di revolutsyonere yugnt. meydlekh helfn oykh tsu. meydlekh</p>	<p>group is formed, from which only one leader meets with the leader of another group.</p> <p>We set up a radio receiver and report on political news at small meetings. But still the Germans are getting ahead. There is no glimmer of hope.</p> <p>Given our fear of the Judenrat, which arrests those like us for allegedly "bringing harm to the Jews in the ghetto," we work in the utmost secrecy.</p> <p>Even Beybe (my brother), who also belonged to our organization, initially told me nothing about it. Only before I go out to a partisan group does he tell me that he already knows that I will have to go out shortly.</p> <p>Every member was given the duty to steal necessary parts for rifles from his workplace. And so I steal various parts of rifles from where I work, hide them and carry them to the ghetto bit by bit. Depending on the possibility, all the comrades do it (if one is caught, of course, he gets the death penalty).</p> <p>In the ghetto the parts are assembled. Those who work in the locksmith's shop in the ghetto, under the leadership of our comrade Farber, secretly produce grenades and smuggle them from the factory to our organization. In this way everything is prepared. My comrade, Motl Tsheremashne, works for the Gestapo; he makes a key to the entrance door to the weapons room, steals out two rifles and pushes them through the fence to his wife, with whom he had arranged this beforehand. Each member risks 100% of his life in the smallest thing he does. So on such conditions, only a small part of the youth, the revolutionary youth, is working. Girls also help. Girls,</p>
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vos arbetn ba daytshn ganvenen op bandazhn, refues. alts vert tsugegreyt ba di greste rizikes, zikh hitndik farn yudn-rat, far der idisher politsey un far idishe shpionen, vos hobn oykh nit gefelt.

undzer gedank iz nokh geven fremd far fil idn. gikher hot zikh zey geklept der gedank fun yudn-rat vegn arbetn un gevinen tsayt, khotsh men hot dokh basheymperlekh gezen vi men rayst lebedike shtiker fun geto un es feln shoy n toyznter idn fun Bialystok, vos men veyst afile nit vi zey kumen um. der yudn-rat redt alts ayn, az s'iz gornit, az s'vet iberkumen. zey, di mitglider fun yudn-rat, baroybn di idn fun geto, leben fun royb a gutn tog un es glust zikh zey nit tsu kemfn; zey klern mit yenems toyt tsu rateven zeyer leben.

ober di organizatsye dertsit di khaveyrim un makht bislekhvayz di propagande fun yudn-rat tsu nisht.

es kumen shoy n for di farnikhtungen un tseshisungen in Slonim, Baranovitsh, Volkovisk. idn kumen tsu loyfn fun griber vu men hot bagrobn lebedikerhayt gantse shtet (di daytshn hobn afile gezhalevet an iberike koyl far idn). mir gloybn di mentshn vos kumen un dertseyln, ober der yudn-rat kormet dem geto alts mit di zelbe mayses s'iz a lign, zogt er, mirn blaybn leben, m'darf nor arbetn, vos mer arbetn, di vos arbetn tshepet men nit.

tsu di „kleyne“ oysmordungen fun toyznter idn vos kumen for in Bialystok ken di organizatsye nokh gornit ton; zi iz nokh zeyer yung un hot nit keyn „pleytsey“ ba di firer, vos kenen zikh epe dervisn.

who work for Germans, steal bandages and medicines. Everything is prepared under the greatest risks, we have to beware of the Judenrat, the Jewish police and Jewish spies, who are not missing either.

For many Jews our point of view is still strange. They were quicker to follow the Judenrat's idea that time could be gained by working, although it is clear to see how "living pieces" were torn out of the ghetto and how thousands of the Jews of Bialystok were already missing; of whom it is not even known how they perished. The Judenrat tells everyone that it means nothing, that it will pass. They, the members of the Judenrat, are robbing the Jews of the ghetto, making a good day of it with the loot, and they don't feel comfortable fighting. They think that they can save their own lives by the death of others.

But the organization educates its comrades and manages to gradually break down the propaganda of the Judenrat.

There are exterminations and shootings in Slonim, Baranovitsh [Baranovichi], and Volkovisk. Jews come running from mass graves, where they buried whole shtetls alive (the Germans even economized their bullets for the Jews). We believe the people who arrive and report, but the Judenrat keeps feeding the ghetto the same fairy tales, that these are lies and "we stay alive, we just have to work, work some more. No harm is done to those who work".

On the occasion of the "few" murders of thousands of Jews that happen in Bialystok, the organization cannot yet act; it is simply still very young and does not yet have a "foot in the door" with leaders who can obtain information.

es vert arestirt undzerer a khaver, Yoshke, vemen mir helfn antloyfn fun kontsentratsye lager un, ven er dertseylt undz alts vos es kumt for, bashlisen mir tsu shteln a vidershtand ven es vet kumen tsu a tseshisung fun Bialystoker geto. tsu dem iz di gantse tsugreytung.

di hilf fun der poylisher gas iz a minimale, kimat vi gornit. di polyakn sotsyalistn shveygn, tuen gornit; di natsyonalistn zaynen

However, when our comrade Joschke is arrested, we help him escape from the concentration camp, and after he tells us everything that happened, we decide to resist when there is a shooting in the Bialystok ghetto. All preparations for this are already underway.

The help from the "Polish street" is minimal, almost non-existent. The Polish socialists are silent, doing nothing; the nationalists are

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kegn idn un helfn dem daytsh. di untershtitsung iz nor do fun di rusn vos zaynen geblibn afn ort, nit bavayzndik aribertsugeyn in ratnfarband un fun P.P.R. (Polska Partia Robotnitsha), dos iz di poylisher komunistishe partey.

ober ir tsol iz zeyer a kleyne un yeder eyner hot zikh gemuzt shtark hitn, vayl bloyz far trefn a idn ba a polyak, flegt men shisn dem idn un di gantse familye vu m'hot im getrofn.

Nay Yor in Geto

in geto geyt nit durkh keyn vokh, az es zol zayn ruik, on gevise khapungen. ober, biz der groyser farnikhtung, ven m'hot shoyngetrotn mit di eygene fis af elter, brider un shvester un m'hot zey mit eygene hent tsunoyfgeklibn fun di gasn in brider-kvorim, biz der tsayt heyst af der geto-shprakh, az dos leben geyt on „normal“ un es geshet gornit, afile ven der gestapo firer Fridel fodert oyftsuhengen drey idn.

against the Jews, helping the Germans. We get support only from the Russians who stayed in place after failing to get into the Soviet Union, and from the P.P.R. (Polska Partia Robotnitsha), the Polish Communist Party.

But their number is very small and everyone had to be extremely careful, because just for a meeting of a Jew with a Pole, they used to shoot the Jew and his whole family that they found with him.

New Year in Ghetto

In the ghetto, not a week goes by without certain arrests to "keep it quiet". However, until the great extermination, when one has already stepped on one's parents, brothers and sisters with one's own feet, and one has picked them up from the streets with one's own hands and placed them in mass graves, until this time, to express it in the ghetto language, everything runs "normally" and "nothing at all" happens. Not even when the Gestapo leader Friedel demands that three Jews be hanged.

<p>inderfri geyen ale tsu der arbet mit der eyntsiker zorg fun epes koyn un kenen arayntrogn tsurikgeyendik fun der arbet. ober, ven m'kumt tsurik shrekt zikh epes yederer: keyner iz nito bam toyer, keyner vart nit op, di daytshn bazukhn nit, nito keyn raye oysern toyer, vos ken dos zayn? vayter a naves, rikhtik tsu nay yor, tsu der silvester-nakht? shoyng lang shtil geven!</p> <p>arayngeyendik zet men keyn lebedikn idn nit, shtil afn gas, es falt on an eyne af der neshome, di luft shtikt. vos iz vayter geshen, freg ikh a idn vos ikh tref sofkolsof on geyendik fartroyert. men hengt haynt drey idn in geto- iz zayn entferr. ikh gey vayter un ze: yo, s'iz emes, men boyt shoyng a tlie antkegn dem yudn-rat, af Kupiecka gas. s'iz shtil in di gasn. men hert nor dos klappn fun di hamers, vos boyen di tlie. a guter onhoyn tsum nayen yor 1942!</p>	<p>Early in the morning we all go to work with the only concern of being able to buy something and bring it in on the way back from work, but, when we return today, each of us cringes: no one is standing by the gate, no one has to wait, the Germans do not search, there is no line in front of the gate. What's going on? Another news, fitting for New Year, New Year's Eve? It must have been quiet for too long!</p> <p>As we walk in, we don't see a single soul on the street, a consternation grips us, it chokes us. "What has happened," I ask a Jew I finally meet as I sadly walk on. "Today three Jews will be hanged in the ghetto," is his answer. Continuing, I see: Yes, it is the truth, a gallows is already being erected opposite the Judenrat, on Kupiecka Street. It is quiet on the streets. You only hear the banging of the hammers building the gallows. What a good beginning of the new year 1942!</p>
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<p>farvos hengt men di idn un velkhe idn hengt men? shtelt zikh mir di frage, af velkher ikh dervis zikh shpeter dem entferr. es zaynen geven a sakh arbets-pletser vu men flegt shtark shlogn dem tog vos men flegt dort arbetn. un dertsu hot men nokh gornit gekent koyn ba der arbet af arayntutrogn in geto, kedey men zol khotsh kenen fardinen af a shtikl broyt. af azoyne pletser hot a mentsh lang nit gekent arbetn. ober idn tsu der arbet muzn kumen un der yudn-rat muz yedn tog tsushteln di noytike tsol.</p> <p>flegt der arbet-amt bashtimen fun di mentshn vos arbetn in di fabrik fun geto tsu geyn arbetn eyn tog in vokh af aza plats. vayl di arbet in geto hot zikh farekht vi laykhtere arbet, zey hobn gearbet on der hashgokhe fun daytsh, nor fun idishe oyfzeer. ober di reykhare idn hobn afile eyn tog in vokh nit gevolt geyn arbetn bam daytsh oysern</p>	<p>Why are the Jews being hanged, and who will be hanged, I ask myself, and later learn the answer. There were many workplaces where you were severely beaten up on the day you were assigned to work there. Moreover, at these workplaces you could not buy anything to take to the ghetto for a piece of bread. One could not last long at these workplaces. But Jews had to come to these workplaces as well, and the Judenrat had to provide the necessary number of workers every day.</p> <p>So the Labor Office used to determine that the people who worked in a factory in the ghetto would go to such a [bad] job one day a week, because the work in the ghetto was considered easier work. People worked there without control by the Germans; there were only Jewish supervisors. The richer Jews, however, did not want to work for Germans outside the ghetto one day a week. They were</p>
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<p>geto. iz zey geven derloybt tsu dingen a mentsh af zayn nomen (aza mentsh hot men a nomen gegebn „a malekh“).</p> <p>aza malekh flegt kostn 5 oder 10 mark farn tog arbet, oysgerekhnt loyt der tsol klep vos er hot gedarft bakumen afn arbet-plats. far 5 mark flegt er bakumen a lebl broyt in geto. dos iz ober geven vintsik far a familye-mentsh, flegt men ba der arbet epes nehmen (ganvenen), oyb m'hot gekent. af aza plats, als „malekh“, zaynen avek arbetn di drey mentshn in der olearnye (boyml-fabrik), vos iz frier geven a idishe un itst a dayshe.</p> <p>rikhtik a por teg far nay-yor iz forgekumen a balans un s'hot gefelt gelt in fabrik. hot men gevolt arestirn dem daytshishn direktor. der direktor visndik, az di arbeter nehmen abisl yondres (kerlekh) in keshene ven zey geyen avek fun der arbet, vos s'hot virklekh nit keyn badeytung tsum defitsit, iz er gefaln af an eytse vi zikh aroystsudreyen, aroyfvarfndik di shuld funem defitsit af di idn. er hot gerufn di gestapo velkher er hot geheysn bazukhn di idn farn avekgeyn un, farshteyt zikh, az zey hobn gefunen ba yedn eynem in keshene etlekhe kerlekh. men hot zey</p>	<p>allowed to "hire" a person in their name (such a person was called "Malekh", [angel]).</p> <p>Such a "Malekh" used to cost 5 or 10 marks per working day, calculated according to the number of blows that awaited him at work. For 5 marks one usually got a loaf of bread in the ghetto. However, this was very little for a person with a family. Therefore, it was common to "take" (swipe) something at work if possible. The three people also worked as "Angels" at such a workplace, an edible oil factory that was formerly in Jewish and now in German hands.</p> <p>A few days before the New Year, a balance was taken and it was found that money was missing. The German director was to be arrested. However, the latter knew that the workers usually put nut kernels in their jacket pockets when they left the factory, but this had no relevance to the deficit. This, however, gave him an idea of how to wriggle out of the matter, namely by blaming the deficit on the Jews. He called the Gestapo and instructed them to search the Jews before they left the factory, and sure enough, they found a few nut kernels in everyone's pockets. They were</p>
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<p>bald arestirt, gebrakht in geto un bashuldikt, az zey hobn dos derfirt tsum defitsit in der fabrik.</p> <p>drey yunge bokherim hobn zey bashtimt tsu hengen rikhtik in silvester-nakht, a matone tsu nay-yor 1942, antkegn dem yudn-rat. di idishe politsey hot zey gedarft oyshengen. di iberike zibn idn vos hobn gearbet in der zelber fabrik hobn gedarft shteyn un tsukukn.</p>	<p>immediately arrested, taken to the ghetto and accused of being responsible for the deficit in the factory.</p> <p>Three young fellows were sentenced to be hanged directly on New Year's Eve, directly opposite the Judenrat, a present on New Year's Day 1942. The Jewish police had to carry out the hanging. The other seven Jews who had worked in the same factory had to stand</p>
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<p>zey hobn nisht gevust, az zey hengt men nit. zey hobn oykh gevart af dem.</p> <p>di yunge umshuldike korbones zaynen gehongen drey sho. keyner iz nit aroys fun shtub. di gas iz geven pust. ale zitsn un reydn vegn dem. di families fun di gefangene shtikn in zikh dem veytik. men tor nit shrayen un, tsu vemen shrayen?, ven bald af morgn, dem ershtn tog fun nay-yor iz shoyn di geto ayngelikht in a nayem troyer: an umshuldike yunge froy, nit lang nokh der khasene, iz dershosn gevorn fun a daytsh velkher hot tsu ir arayngeshosn durkhn fentster.</p> <p>eyns yogt dos tsveyte, nito keyn tsayt zikh arumtsukukn af eyn gesheinish vi es kumt shoyn unter a tsveyter un, vos vayter, alts greser in di tsol korbones.</p> <p>Gzeyre Volkovisk</p> <p>der gestapo firer Fridel, rut vayter nit. a kurtse tsayt nokh nay-yor fodert er aroystsugebn 300 froyen af shvere arbet in kontsentratsye lager fun Volkovisk. dos iz dos ershte mol vos men fodert spetsyel froyen af shvere arbet. frier flegt men zogn, az di froyen iz „gut“, vayl vu a khapung, vu a shisung zaynen alts geven mener, meydlekh flegn arbetn ba daytshn un oyshaltn di families. zey flegt men gikher durkhlozn bam toyer nit revidirndik. ober itst iz shoyn keyn umproduktive mentshn af aroystsushikn</p>	<p>by and watch. They did not know that they would not be hanged, but waited for it as well.</p> <p>The young innocent victims hung for three hours. No one left his house, the streets were empty, everyone sat and talked about the incident. The families of the prisoners stifle the pain inside, you can not cry out, and to whom? The very next day, the first day of the new year, the ghetto is already gripped by a new grief: An innocent young woman, not long after her wedding, has been killed by a German who shot through her window.</p> <p>One thing follows another, there is no time to stick to one event when the next one is already happening, especially, with an even greater number of victims.</p> <p>The "Gzeyre" Volkovisk</p> <p>Gestapo leader Friedel does not pause the slightest time. After New Year's Day he demands to hand over 300 women for hard labor in the concentration camp of Volkovisk. This is the first time that women are specifically demanded for hard labor. In the past, people used to say that "women are lucky" because wherever there were seizures and shootings, only men were involved. Girls used to work for Germans and support the families. They were more likely to be let through at the gate and not searched; but now there were no more "unproductive persons" to deport;</p>
<p>nit geven. aza terets hobn di daytshn shoyn nit gehat.hobn zey zikh genumen tsu di froyen.</p>	<p>the Germans no longer had such an excuse as justification, so now they turned to women.</p>

der yudn-rat, vi di teve iz, zet tsu derfiln dem bafel. men bashtimt aroystsugebn fun yeder fabrik tsen protsent meydlekh oder froyen vos hobn nit keyn kinder. men makht a goyrl, ober farshteyt zikh, der goyrl vert gemakht azoy, az es faln bloyz arayn di vos hobn nit keyn gelt tsu gebn di mentshn vos makhn gesheftn mit idish blut in di troyerikste teg fun geto.

di bashtimte shteln zikh frayvilik nit tsu. farshteyt zikh, ver vil den geyn in kontsentratsye lager nit visndik tsi men kumt nokh

As is the way of the Judenrat, it sees to it that the order is obeyed. He decides that from each factory ten percent of the girls and women who have no children should be delivered. They are drawn by lot, but needless to say, only among those who have no money to give to the people who do business with Jewish blood in the saddest days of the ghetto.

Of course, the people concerned do not enter voluntarily, because who wants to go to a concentration camp without knowing whether they will



ר י צ ע ל ע

Raytsele

tsurik? ale meydlekh un froyen bahaltn zikh oys, zey shlofn nit in shtub, men boyt far tey kelern vu tsu shlofn banakht. idishe politsey tsamt arum gantse gasn un makht hoyz-zukhungen. men shlept aroys meydlekh fun unterm di betn, fun di boydemer un m'firt zey avek in der turme fun yudn-rat. es kumen for geshlegn tsvishn froyen un der idisher politsey. af Kupiecka gas ringlt men arum di fabrikn un men nemt meydlekh fun der arbet. meydlekh tantsn durkh di fentster un hinter-tirn, azoy tumlt zikh azelkhe drey vokhn. eynike

come back? All the girls and women go into hiding, sleeping at night not in their rooms but in cellars built especially for them. The Jewish police cordoned off entire streets and made house searches. They take the girls out from under the beds and from the attics and bring them to the Judenrat prison. Brawls break out between women and the Jewish police. On Kupiecka Street they surround the factories and drag the girls away from work. The girls jump through the windows and back doors; the tumult continues for three weeks. Some

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froyen koyft men oys fun der turme. dos brengt arayn a shtarke oyfregung ba alemen. muters makhn a demonstratsye bam yudn-rat foderndik, az men zol bafrayen zeyere tekhter, ober on a rezultat. undzer familye meydt keyn zakh nit oys. undzer kleyn shvesterl Raytsele, 14 yor alt, vos hoybt nokh ersht arayngeyn in der velt un volt in a normaler tsayt gedarft genisn fun leben, hodevet shoyn shver un itst muz zi zikh nokh oysbahaltn banakht inem keler, vos ikh hob gemakht far ir.

ba yeder rir mit der tir oder oblave af meydlekh, vert zi blas un kukt af mir mit ire shvartse oygn vos zogn: ikh bin yung un vil leben, Srolke tayerer, rateve!

ikh shveyg in azelkhe faln- vos ken ikh ir den zogn?- un meyd oys tsu kukn, ober di yunge oygn, ful mit leben, reydn tsu mir on verter un monen. aza gefil blaybt in zikorn un mutshet dir ven du dermonst zikh. zest shtendik far zikh yene oygn...s'iz shoyn laykhter tsu zen toyte, afile eygene toyte, eyder zayn a hilflozer „bashitser“ fun eyner vos kukt dir nor on un shveygt. s'iz mir umeglekh ibertsugebn ot di dozike gefiln fun peynikung.

women are bought out of prison. This causes great fuss among everyone. Mothers demonstrate in front of the Judenrat demanding that their daughters be freed, but without result.

Our family is also affected again. Raytsele, my little 14 year old sister, who is just taking her first steps into the world and could have enjoyed her life in normal times, can only develop with difficulty, and now she additionally has to hide at night in the cellar I made for her.

At every movement of the door or [audible] search for girls, she turns pale and looks at me with her black eyes that say, "I am young and I want to live, dear Srolke, save me!"

I then keep silent - what to say to her - and avoid looking at her, but her young eyes, full of life, speak to me, demanding without words. Such a feeling stays in your mind and torments you when you remember; constantly you see those eyes before you.... There, maybe it is easier to see dead people, even if they are close to you, than to be such a helpless "protector" of someone who looks at you, keeping silent! I cannot describe these agonizing feelings.

<p>es kumt der tog fun aroysfirn di ongekhalte froyen. m'brengt furn, politsey firt aroys di meydlekh fun turme un zetst zey aroyf af di furn. tshoybert di hor, shmutsik fun teg nit gevashn, ibergeshrokene un tsekrenkte mit zeyer mazl, baruikn zey nokh di muters vos loyfn nokh di furn mit oysgetsoygene hent, shrayen un veynen. es kumen for peynlekhe stsenes. eynike meydlekh tantsn arop fun di furn un lozn zikh loyfn, di politsey yogt zey nokh, khapt un shtupt aroyf mit gevald tsurik afn fur; dos meydil ranglt zikh af der erd, di muter varft zikh in spazmen tsu di merder. ale filn mit dem veytik fun di froyen.</p> <p>bizn toyer fun geto hobn nokh di muters gekent bagleytn zeyere kinder, vayter ober nit. tsvey daytshn mit geve in di hent efenen dem toyer un lozn aroys di furn. in geto blaybz alts vayter vi</p>	<p>The day of the deportation of the imprisoned women has arrived. Carriages are brought, the police lead the girls out of the prison and load them onto the carriages. With their hair disheveled and dirty because they had not been able to wash for days, frightened and struggling with their fate, the girls still reassure their mothers, who run after the carts with their hands out, screaming and crying. Painful scenes occur. Some girls jump down from the carts and run away, but the police chase after them, catch them and forcefully push them back onto the cart. One girl lies on the ground, wrestling with death. The mother throws herself in convulsions at the murderers; everyone feels the women's pain. The mothers could still accompany their children to the gate of the ghetto, but not further. Two Germans with guns in their hands opened the gate and let the carriages out. In the ghetto, everything remains</p>
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<p>geven. yedere halt zikh mit zayn tsore (Raytselen iz gelungen oysbahalt'n un zi iz geblibn in shtub).</p> <p>es geyen avek a por monath un di muters fodern, az m'zol baytn di vos m'hot geshikt af arbet, azoy vi der yudn-rat hot gehat tsugezogt az er vet ton. di muters makhn a demonstratsye, protestirn, politsey tsetreybt un tsheshlogn nokh biz blut di manifestantn. vayterdike khapungen makhn fargesn di frierdike foderungen. men darf zikh vayter oysbahalt'n.</p> <p>Osovyets (Osowiec)</p> <p>nokh geyn in ovnt, ven men darf shoyn geyn shlofn, vayl es iz politsey-sho, hoybt zikh ersht on dos banakhtike leben fun geto vi nor es vert alts ayngeshtilt rukn zikh aroys mentshn fun di heyzer</p>	<p>as it has been. Everyone remains in their grief (Raytsele managed to hide and she stayed at home).</p> <p>A few months pass, and the mothers demand that those who were deported to work be exchanged, as the Judenrat had promised at the time. The mothers demonstrate, protest; the police disperse them and beat the demonstrators to the bone. Further arrests cause the earlier demands to be forgotten; one must continue to hide.</p> <p>Osovyets (Osowiec)</p> <p>When night falls and you have to go to sleep because it's closing time, the night life of the ghetto begins. As soon as everything is quiet, people sneak out of their houses, start breaking fences to</p>
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<p>un nehmen brekhn ploytn af holts in kikh arayn, afile trep vern farfaln iber nakht, ven m'hit zey nit op...nokh shpeter in der nakht geyt politsey iber di heyzer aroysshlepn mentshn fun di betn un zey opshikh in gestapo: men darf hobn hunderter mentshn farn kontsentratyze lager in Osowiec.</p> <p>mikh khapt men nit, nor fun arbets-plats shikt men mikh, nit in lager, nor tsu a daytsh moln di voynung zayne. af tsu forn mitn ban darf ikh hobn a spetsyele derloybenish mit 20 untershriftn, vos doyert a gantsn tog. umetum firt mikh a daytsh. ikh afn bruk un er afn trotuar. oykh afn ban bagleyt mikh a daytsh, aleyn tor ikh nit forn. ale kukn mikh on- ikh veys nit tsi mit badoyerung oder mit ekl- aza zakh: a id mit a late fort afn ban!</p> <p>kumendik in Osowiec tsuzamen mit nokh a khaver, hobn mir nit gevoynt in lager, nor gearbet ba a daytsh in zayn voynung. der lager, vu di Bialystoker idn hobn gearbet ba di shverste badingungen, iz geven nit vayt fun mir, di idn hobn gehat a sakh</p>	<p>bring the wood into the kitchen, even destroy [wooden] stairs at night if one is not careful... Still later at night the police go over the houses, drag people out of bed and send them to the Gestapo: they need hundreds of people for the concentration camp in Osowiec. Well, they don't grab me. From the workplace they don't send me to a camp, but to a German to paint his apartment. To go there by train, I need a special permit with 20 signatures, which takes a whole day. A German leads me everywhere. I walk on the cobblestones, he walks on the sidewalk. Even on the train, a German accompanies me; I am not allowed to ride alone. Everyone looks at me - I don't know whether they feel sorry for me or are disgusted by me - it's one of those things: a Jew with a patch is riding on the train!</p> <p>Arriving in Osowiec together with another comrade, we do not live in a camp but work in the apartment of a German. The camp where the Bialystok Jews were working in the most difficult conditions was not far from me. The Jews had to endure a lot,</p>
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<p>oystsushteyn, aynshlislekh fun di poylishe farshikte in dem zelbn lager.</p> <p>nokh der arbet bin ikh geven fray un mayn eyntsiker interes iz geven tsu geyn hern vi di ruishe gefangene, vos zaynen oykh dort geven flegn in ovnt zingen ruishe lider ful mit troyer ober oykh mit hofenung. biz shpet in der nakht fleg ikh oyshern di lider. s'iz afile geven abisl laykhter vi in geto. fort nit gezen keyn ployt un afile di lates hot men mir aropgenumen. ober, nokh tsvey vokhn hot men</p>	<p>including on the part of the Poles who were sent to the same camp.</p> <p>I was free after work, and my only interest was to go there to listen to the Russian prisoners sing. In the evening they sang Russian songs full of sadness, as well as with hope. I used to listen to the songs until late at night. It was a little easier to bear here than in the ghetto, because there was no fence and even the patches had been taken from me. However, after two weeks, I was taken back to</p>
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<p>mikh tsurikgebrakht keyn Bialystok iberlozndik in kontsentratsye lager di iberike idn vos zaynen shoyn nit tsurikgekumen.</p> <p>af arbet keyn Daytshland</p> <p>in geto iz shoyn nito keyn zikher fakh. frier flegt men mekane zayn fakhmener, vayl fakhmener hot men nit getshepet. itst fodert men shoyn oykh fakhmener, velkhe men shlept aroys fun di betn un m'firt avek keyn Daytshland. di politsey iz kliger gevorn: tsu vos optsamen batog gas nun zikh shlogn bam khapn mentshn, az in der registratsye byuro bakumt men listen fun di fakhmener, mulyares, drucker a.a.v. un men ken zey aroysshlepn on tuml banakht fun di betn?</p> <p>s'iz shoyn nito vu zikh ahintsuton, nit batog un nit banakht. s'iz keynmol nit zikher fun epes a tsore, m'lebt in eyn shrek far yeder skrip fun a tir oder loyf fun a mentshn. genug, az men zol zen a mentshn loyfn oder klapn banakht in a tir un yungvarg loyft shoyn zikh bahaltn in keler oder unter di betn lozndik, az di alte mame zol efenen di tir. ober shpeter nemt men arestirn di eltern ven m'gefint nit di kinder.</p> <p>azoy hoybt zikh on der vinter 1942-1943.</p>	<p>Bialystok, while the other Jews who stayed behind in the concentration camp never returned again.</p> <p>For Work to Germany</p> <p>In the ghetto, no profession is considered safe anymore. In the past, skilled workers were envied because nothing was done to them. Now, however, skilled workers are being dragged out of their beds and deported to Germany. The police have learned: What is the point of blocking off the streets during the day and struggling to grab people, when you can get lists of skilled workers, bricklayers, printers and others at the registration office, who can be dragged out of their beds at night without causing a commotion?</p> <p>No place is left to rest, neither by day nor by night. One is never safe from sorrow and suffering, one lives constantly with fear, at every creak of a door or the running of a person. It is enough to see a person running away or someone knocking on the door at night. Then the youngsters run to hide in the cellar or under the beds and let the old mother open the door. Later, however, the parents are arrested when their children are not found.</p> <p>Thus begins the winter of 1942-1943.</p>
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<p>di Farnikhtung in der provints arum Bialystok (di farnikhtung fun Bialystok)</p> <p>in geto shtikt di luft umbashrayblekh. men brengt fun Bielsk oytos mit ibergeblibene idn, kloymersht fakhmener, di iberike hot men</p>	<p>The Extermination in the Province around Bialystok (The Destruction of Bialystok)</p> <p>In the ghetto the air is indescribably oppressive. From Bielsk come trucks with remaining Jews, obviously professionals. The rest were</p>
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aroyshgefirt keyn Treblinka un a teyl dershoshn afn ort. di „gliklekhe“ vos men brought zaynen eyntsike fun mishpokhes. zey dertseyln vegn dem gantsn goyrl fun di gesheinishn. umetum mit di zelbe rafinirte mitlen un mit der mithilf fun idn, oykh fun Grodne brought men idn, do darf kloymersht zayn „di gliklekhe geto“ vu zey darfn blaybn.

ober, a gevisn frimorgn, ven in geto hoybt zikh on dos „leben“ mitn aroyshgeyn tsu der arbet oysern toyer un naye geto-orimelayt- froyen un kinder- shteln zikh avek af di rogn khukhen in di gefroyrene hent un betn shemevdik a nedove, vert di geto oyfgetreyslt fun a nayer gesheinish:

di geto iz arumgeringt fun gestapo. yede tsen meter shteyen bavofnete daytshn mit oytomatn un granatn in di hent. men lozt nit aroys tsu der arbet. es falt on an eyne, eyner fregt bam tsveytn: -shoyn, b-a-a u-n-d-z o-y-kh?!

shver tsu oysdrikn vos a mentsh klert in aza moment un vi er filt zikh. men loyft zikh dervishn vos es pasirt.

endlekh dervist men zikh, az dos vern ale idn fun di arumike shtetlekhb aroyshgefirt. Bialystoker gufe tshepet men dervayl nit. men otemt op frayer, khotsh mit veynik tsutroy.

der daytsh hot tsunoyfgenumen ba ale poyerim di ferd un vegener, genumen tsu forn in di shtetlekh banakht, aroyshgetribn ale idn fun di shtiber, zey aroyfgetribn af di furn, iberlozdik in di shtiber ale zakhn, un opgefirt in di punktn vu es iz do a banshtatsye. a sakh zaynen oykh getribn gevorn tsufus. ver es blaybt

taken to Treblinka, and some of them were shot on the spot. The "lucky" ones who are brought here are the only ones left from their families. They tell about the whole fate of the events. From everywhere, also from Grodno, Jews are brought here with the same ingenious methods and with the help of Jews. Here obviously must be "the lucky ghetto" where they are allowed to stay.

However, on a certain morning, when "life" awakens in the ghetto with the walk to work outside the gate and the new poor in the ghetto, women and children, stand on the street corners, breathe into their frozen hands and shamefully ask for alms, the ghetto is stirred up by a new event:

The ghetto is surrounded by the Gestapo; every ten meters there are armed Germans with machine guns and grenades in their hands. We are not let out to work. Gripped by terror, one asks the other, "*S o n o w w i t h u s, t o o?*"

It's hard to describe what a person thinks and how they feel at a moment like that. One runs to find out what is going on.

Finally we learn that all the Jews from the surrounding towns are being taken away, Bialystokers themselves are not touched. We breathe out more freely, although we have little confidence.

The Germans have confiscated all the farmers' horse-drawn wagons to drive into the small towns at night. All Jews are herded out of their homes onto the wagons, leaving all their belongings in the houses. They are taken to assembly points at train stations. Many are also driven forward on foot. Those who do not

hintershtelik vert dershoshn. der gantser veg arum Bialystok iz in der vokh vos es doyert dos aroysfirn di idn fun di shtetlekh bazeyt mit toyte kerpers fun alte froyen un mener.

a groysn teyl fun di tsuzamengetribene hot men gebrakht in Bialystoker amolikh 10-tn pulk ulaner, arayngevorfn zey in di ferd-shtaln, on fentster un on tirn. kleyne vig-kinder, froyen un mener hot men gehaltn in frost vokhnlung biz es zaynen ongekumen vagonen un arayngepakt di vos zaynen far der tsayt nit umgekumen fun kelt un hunger un zikh oysgedreyt fun dershoshn vern, un opgefirt keyn Treblinka.

bloyz eyntselne vern oysgekoyft durkhn yudn-rat, velkher git on, az zey zaynen Bialystoker. ven Barash kumt mitn oyto un ruft oys a gevisn familye-nomen raysn zikh tsu im hunderter. nit keyn vunder, ale veln zikh rateven.

a gevisn teyl fun di shtetlshe idn hot zikh ayngegebn tsu antloyfn beeyn firn in vald arayn. di demolike badingungen in di velder arum Bialystok zaynen geven zeyer shvere far azoyne mentshn on geveer un dertsu vinter, ven der shney ligt un men ken nit geyn, vayl es blaybn shlyadn. partizaner greytn tsu shpayz farn zumer, ober di idn velkhe zaynen antlofn hoyle nakete hobn glaykh gemuzt onkumen tsu di poyerim, batsolndik, farshteyt zikh, meshunedike prayzn un dertsu flegn zey mer vi eynmol baroybt vern durkh di poylishe partizaner velkhe flegn aroptsien ba zey di shtivl un oft afile dershishn.

fil idn zaynen umgekumen tsulib di shvere badingungen un der nit-sugegreytkeyt. keyn rusishe partizankes zaynen nokh in undzere

come along quickly enough are shot. During the week when the deportation of Jews from the small towns continues, the whole road around Bialystok is covered with corpses of old women and men.

A large part of those rounded up have been taken to the former "10th Lithuanian Uhlan Regiment" [10 Pułk Ułanów Litewskich] and thrown into the horse stables there, which were without windows and doors. Small babies, women and men were exposed to the frost there for weeks until those who had not perished from cold and hunger and were able to save themselves from being shot, were loaded into wagons and deported to Treblinka.

Only a few are ransomed by the Judenrat, which states that they are Bialystokers. When Barash comes with a truck and calls out certain family names, hundreds run to him; no wonder, they all want to save themselves.

A certain part of the Jews from the small towns managed to escape when they were led into the forest. However, the conditions in the forests around Bialystok at that time were very difficult for people without weapons, and moreover in winter, when there is snow and you cannot walk because footprints can be seen. Partisans used to prepare food during the summer, but the Jews, who could only save their bare lives, had to go straight to the peasants and, of course, pay strange prices. Moreover, they were sometimes robbed by the Polish partisans, who used to take off their boots and often even shot them.

Many Jews perished because of these hard conditions and unpreparedness. There were hardly any Russian partisans in our

<p>kantn nit geven shtark antviklt. es zaynen nor geven kleyne grupes rusn, mit vintsik gever, antlofene fun gefangenshaft un oykh zey flegn avekgeyn nenter tsu mizrekh, oysmeyndik di poylishe partizaner, vos flegn zikh farnemen mit royb un kamf kegn idn un rusn.</p> <p>fun di groyse grupes idn zaynen bloyz eyntselne geblibn in di partizaner grupn un oysgehalt n bizn sof. dos vos es iz nokh</p>	<p>area, only small groups of Russians with few weapons, fugitives from captivity, but even they used to move eastward to avoid the Polish partisans, who robbed and fought Jews and Russians....</p> <p>Of the large groups of Jews, only individuals remained in the partisan groups and endured until the end. The fact that the</p>
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<p>geblibn der geto in Bialystok, hot a sakh geshtert in der akshonesdikeyt fun di mentshn, velkhe hobn gedarft bashlisn tsu blaybn in vald. nokh monatn arumblonken in di velder un iber di vegn, hobn a sakh gezukht zikh arayntsukrign in Bialystoker geto, ober zey hobn ongetrofn af der arumringlung un flegn dershoshn vern aribergeyendik dem parkan, oder gekhapt un arayngefirt in turme fun vanen men flegt zey aroysnemen mit oytos untern shtot, keyn Novisholk, vu men flegt zey dershishn oder lebedikerhayt bagrobn.</p> <p>durkh di ale oysgerekhnte vegn zaynen umgekumen iber a halber milyon idn un di provints in sof 1942 geblibn „yudnreyn“.</p> <p>—</p> <p>far der tsayt fun der likvidatsye iz di geto geven arumgeringlt mit daytshn, di kremlekh zaynen farmakht gevorn un s'iz gor keyn prayz nit geven af tsu koyfn epes esnvarg. ober, keyner hot nit geklert vegn lebnsmitl, yeder eyner iz geven farnumen mitn bazorgn</p>	<p>Bialystok ghetto remained in place hindered the perseverance of people who would have been better off deciding to stay in the forest.. After months of wandering in the woods and streets, many tried to enter the Bialystok ghetto, but they had to pass through the guarded perimeter and were shot if they tried to cross the fence, or they were captured and thrown into prison, from where they were taken by trucks south of the city [Bialystok] to Novisholk [Nowosiólki] and shot or buried alive.</p> <p>In this way more than half a million Jews perished and the province was "judenrein" [cleansed of Jews] by the end of 1942.</p> <hr/> <p>Before the time of liquidation, the ghetto was surrounded by Germans. The small stores had to close and food had become unaffordable. But, no one worried about food, everyone was only concerned with</p>
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<p>zikh vi azoy zikh oystsubahalt'n un blaybn leben. yede nakht flegt men hern klapp'n mit hamers un yed'n inderfri, aroysgeyendik af di hoyfn, flegt men zen frische berglekh mit zamd. dos hot men banakht oysgegrob'n bahaltenish'n un di zamd aroysgeshot'n.</p> <p>tsvish'n undzere shkheynim hobn mir zikh tsunoyfgeleygt mit gelt, di letste mark'n avekgegebn af tsu makhn di bahaltenish. fun keler bam shokhn hot men gegrob'n nokh a keler. a naye shtot hot zikh geboyt in keler, af boydems un toplte vent. yene tsayt iz ober Bialystok bloyz opgekumen mit shrek. Bialystok shteyt nokh mit 40.000 idn vi a kleyn indzl in mitn okeyn, fil fun zey ongelofene fun shtet un shtetlekh. es feln shoy'n 20.000 idn, ober in di badingungen vos men lebt heyst dos, az Bialystok iz nokh nit gerirt...</p> <p>di ershte groyse farnikhtung kumt dem 5-tn Februar 1943, ven es zaynen aroysgefirt gevorn 12.000 idn keyn Treblinka, 3.000 dershosh'n in di geto-gasn, 200 kinderlekh dershikt durkh di eygene</p>	<p>how to hide in order to stay alive. Every night you could hear the banging of hammers, and every morning when you came to the yards, you saw fresh piles of sand. They had been created after digging hiding places and shoveling out the sand.</p> <p>We had pooled the money with our neighbors and spent the last Mark to build a hiding place. Another cellar was dug out from the neighbor's cellar. A new city was built in the cellars, in the attics and in the double walls. During this period, Bialystok still escaped with a scare. There were still 40,000 Jews living in Bialystok, like a small island in the sea. Many of the Jews were refugees from large and small cities. 20,000 Jews have already disappeared, but in the conditions we live in, it means that Bialystok is still untouched</p> <p>The first great wave of extermination occurs on February 5, 1943, when 12,000 Jews are deported to Treblinka and 3,000 are shot in the streets of the ghetto. 200 children suffocated by their own relatives</p>
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<p>in di bahaltenish'n. a sakh blaybn mit opgefrorene hent un fis. etlekhe tsendlek vern gelintsht durkh di eygene idn. dos lintsht men di mosrim.</p> <p>a nomen hot men es gegeben- ikh veys nit funvanen der nomen shtamt- „di ershte aktsye“, a nomen vos zogt gornit.</p>	<p>in the hiding places. Many have their hands and feet frozen off. A few dozen are lynched by Jews themselves - as denunciators of their own people.</p> <p>[The extermination] gets a name. I don't know where this name comes from: "The First Action"- a name without any statement.</p>
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di ershte „aktsye“ in Bialystok

blutike akht teg hot ibergelebt Bialystok fun 5-tn bizn 14-tn Februar 1943. dos vos s'iz forgekumen iz umeglekh ibertsugebn afn papir oder mindlekh. ikh, vos hob dos alts gezen un mitgemakht, farshtey dos nit biz hayntikn tog. tsi iz meglekh, az dos zol hobn geshen? vu hobn dos gekent „menzschn“ (keyn ander vort iz dokh nito af tsu batseykhenen di vos hobn oyserlekh a tsuras odem!) mit aza kaltblutikeyt un sadizm nehmen alte, greyzgroye un zoyg-kinder un zey dermordn gants normal, vi es volt gornit geven keyn oysergeveynekhes? keyner vet nit visn genoy vos es iz forgekumen, vayl keyner iz nit bekoyekh dos ibertsugebn azoy, az der vos vet dos leynen zol bakumen dem rikhtikn bild.

dem ershten Februar vert videramol farmakht di geto, men lozt nit aroys, nit arayn. daytshe komisyas kumen mer nit bakukn di fabrikn nor di ploytn un toyer, tsi es zaynen nito keyn efenungen. oykh der yudn-rat geyt arum tsetumlt. di daytshn gibn kartofl, gantse furn mit kartofl kumen un vern farkoyft af talonen. dos iz epes umgeveynlekh, vayl frier flegt men gornit bakumen oyser 10 gram broyt af tsvey teg.s'kumt oys azoy vi a hun vos git ir vaser kedey zi zol zikh leykhter lozn flikn.

ale idn greytn tsu besere baheltenishn. far alemen iz shoyn klor, az es kumt di ray af Bialystok. di untererdishe organizatsye farteylt in ale fabrikn olyovitryol fleshlekh un greyt tsu.

The First "Action"

From February 5 to 14, 1943, Bialystok experienced a bloody eight days. What happened is impossible to describe, either on paper or verbally. I, who saw and witnessed it all, do not understand it to this day: how could this happen? How could "people" (there is no other word to describe those who, at least outwardly, have a human form) take old people, gray-haired people and infants with such cold-bloodedness and sadism and murder them as if it were quite normal and not extraordinary? No one will ever know exactly what happened, because no one is able to describe it in such a way that the reader gets a real picture of it.

On February 1, once again the ghetto was sealed off, no one was allowed out or in. German commissions no longer come to inspect the factories, but only the fences and gates to see if there are any openings. Even the Judenrat walks around agitated. The Germans are handing out potatoes. Whole carloads of potatoes come and are sold for coupons. This is somewhat unusual, because previously one used to get nothing at all except 10 grams of bread for two days. It seems like giving a chicken water to make it easier to pluck.

All the Jews are preparing better hiding places. It is clear to everyone that now it is Bialystok's turn. The underground organization distributes small bottles of vitriol oil [sulfuric acid] in all the factories and prepares the plan

dem gedank fun zikh kegnsheteln. es geyen arum farshidene klängen. eynike zogn, az der yudn-rat unterhandlt vegn aroysgebn 5.000 idn aynshtiln, vi shtendik. andere zogn, az afile di idishe politsey, velkhe hot mitgearbet mitn daytsh vet zikh kegnsheteln der farnikhtung. far di finf teg iz men poshet vild gevorn fun klern un fun gaystiker dershepung. yedn ovnt flegt men aroysshteln mentshn af vakh, zey zoln onzogn in fal ven di daytshn veln kumen.

di nakht fun 5-tn Februar , ven undz iz nit oysgekumen tsu shteyn af der vakh nor dem shokhn, kum ikh farmatert fun undzer fraynt Motyen, vu ikh hob farendikt tsu makhn zeyer bahaltenish un fal avek a mider shlofn. fun shlof her ikh vi men klapt in lodn un men shrayt: Idn, aroys fun di shtiber! ale af di gasn!
dos geyt di idishe politsey un shrayt.

der shokhn undzerer loyft arayn a toyt-blaser un shtamlt oys, koym vos men farshteyt im:
daytshn z-ay-n-en d-o-o-o! men hert shoyt fun der vaytn zeyere rayen un ayntselne shosn.

af gikh vek ikh oyf alemen in shtub, tu on di shtivl un marinarke (di hoyzn gefin ikh shoyt nit), shik gikh arayn di familye in dem gemakhtn keler un ikh mit Leyblen krikhn aroyf af a boydem mit nokh shkheynim. in keler hobn ale nit gekent arayn. nokhn aynordenen di eltern, prubir ikh aroysloyfn af di punktn vos men hot bashtimt fun der untererdisher organizatsye
tsum kamf, ober tsu shpet:
di gasn zaynen bashtelt mit daytshn, men shist af yedn eynem vos geyt oder men khapt im un men shtelt in di rayen af aroystsufirn.

of resistance. Various rumors are going around. Some say that the Judenrat is negotiating the extradition of 5,000 Jews in order - as always - to calm the situation. Others say that even the Jewish police, who cooperated with the German, will oppose the extermination. Before the five days, one simply goes crazy from the many considerations and mental exhaustion. Every evening guards are posted to let people know in case the Germans are coming.

On the night of February 5, when it is not our turn but our neighbor's to keep watch, I come home exhausted from our friend Moti [and his family], whose hiding place I have finished building, and I tiredly fall asleep. While sleeping, I hear people knocking on the shutters and calling out: "Jews, out of the houses! Everyone into the streets!"

It is the Jewish police who are shouting.

Our neighbor comes running in, deathly pale, and stammers, barely intelligible:

"Germans are here!" Individual shots can be heard in the distance.

I quickly wake up everyone in the house, put on the boots and a jacket (I can't find my pants anymore), quickly send the family to the prepared cellar and crawl into the attic myself with Leybl and neighbors. Not everyone fit into the cellar. After everything was arranged for my parents, I still try to get to the meeting places that had been designated by the underground organization for fighting. But, too late!

The streets are blocked by Germans; if anyone shows himself, he is either shot at or seized and put in line with those who will be

<p>nito keyn breyre, men muz zikh farukn in boydem, vu es lign oyfgedreyt tsen man un a pitsl kind.</p> <p>Barashes Filosofye</p> <p>di hofenung fun der bafelkerung af der idisher politsey hobn zikh oysgelozt mit zeyer mithilf di daytshn. Barash hot, vi shten-</p>	<p>deported. I have no choice but to go to the attic, where ten people and a small child lie entangled.</p> <p>Barash's Philosophy</p> <p>The population's hope in the Jewish police faded away, because they helped the Germans. Barash, as usual,</p>
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<p>dik, tsuggreyt a tsetl mit idn velkhe m'darf aroysgebn. a por sho frier hot er gerufn di idische politsey mit zeyer komendant Markusn un tsu zey gehaltn a rede zogndik, az ven a mentsh iz geferlekh fargiftet un m'darf im arofnemen a hant kedey der mentsh zol blaybn leben, tut men dos. mit dem hot er zey gevolt ibertseygn, az zey zoln tsuhelfn dem daytsh in zayn arbet, garantirndik derbay zeyer leben un dem leben fun zeyere families.</p> <p>ober di iden vos zenen geven af Barashes tsetl, hot men nit gekent gefinen. ale hobn zikh oybahaltn, oyser a grupe idn fun andere shtet, vos hobn gevoynt af nay-velt in a shul un vos hobn nit gehat vu zikh tsu bahaltn. dos hot oyfgeregt di daytshn, velkhe hobn gevolt a sakh idish blut far zeyere durshtike neshomes.</p> <p>der komendant hot tserisn dem tsetl un genumen zukhn in ale heyzer. der ershter geyt a idisher politsyant. merstns halt er ahak oder a lom in hant. nokh im geyt an ukrainer oder veys-rus mit geveer. ersht tsuletst geyen di daytshn, oykh mit geveer un hant-granatn. men geyt langzam, geduldik iber ale hoyfn, men brekht oyf vent, podloges, dekher. dos brekht oyf ukrainer un idische politsey, der daytsh kukt zikh nor tsu tsu zeyer arbet.</p>	<p>had prepared a paper on which were written the names of the Jews who were to be extradited. A few hours earlier he had summoned the Jewish police with their commander Markus and made a speech in front of them. He said that if a person had a dangerous poisoning and they had to take off a hand to keep him alive, they had to do it. In this way, he wanted to convince them to support the German's work; he thus guaranteed the lives of them and their families.</p> <p>But the Jews who were on Barash's note could not be found. All were in hiding, except for a group of Jews from other towns who lived in a Synagogue on "Nay-Velt" [Nowy Świat] and had no place to hide. It upset the Germans who were demanding a lot of Jewish blood for their thirsty souls.</p> <p>The commander tore up the paper and began to search all the houses. The first to go is a Jewish policeman, usually holding a hoe or a hammer. After him follows a Ukrainian or White Russian with a gun. Only last to go are the Germans, with guns and hand grenades. They walk slowly and patiently through all the courtyards, smashing the walls, floors and roofs; and while the Ukrainians and the Jewish police do the breaking up, the Germans just watch.</p>
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<p>ven m'shlept aroys vemen fun baheltenish, dan shist men im oder men firt avek tsum zaml-punkt af Yurovetske [Jurowiecka] gas, vu es vern oyfgeklibn grupes mentshn. bizn oyfklaybn shlogt men zey, hint raysn fun zey shtiker, di daytshn makhn zikh freylekh iber di froyen, kinder un greyztgroye idn, velkhe shteyen in frost hungerike, tseshrokn, makhtloz, faratn fun alemen un farlozn afile fun got. di greste tsinishkeyt bageyt do der yudn-rat mitn farteyln yedn eynem vos men firt aroys a lebl broyt.</p> <p>dos darf heysn, az men firt zey af arbet. ober ale farshteyn, az dos vet men shoyn esn af yener velt, vu es ken oysfel'n aprovizatsye mitn onkum fun azoyfil mentshn...</p> <p>dos broyt muz men nehmen un s'geyen grupes oyfgedreyt fun kelt, mit a lebl broyt untern orem, tsum toyer af Fabritshne</p>	<p>If someone is dragged out of his hideout, he is shot or taken to the assembly point on Yurovetske [Jurowiecka] Street, where groups of people are already being collected. In the meantime they are beaten, and dogs tear pieces of them. The Germans are mocking the women, children and old, graying Jews who are standing hungry, frightened and helpless in the frost, betrayed by everyone and abandoned even by God. The greatest cynicism, however, is committed by the Judenrat, which hands out a small loaf of bread to everyone who is taken away.</p> <p>This is to mean that they will be led to work, but they all know that they will eat it in the afterlife, where there might be a lack of provision in view of the arrival of so many people...</p> <p>The bread must be accepted, and groups of people, huddled because of the cold, go to the gate at Fabritshne [Fabryczna] Street with a loaf of bread under their arms.</p>
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<p>gas. di daytshn, vos bagleytn zey, tuen a shos fun tsayt tsu tsayt un a id tsuzamen mit a lebl broyt kayklt zikh arayn in rinshtok. dos broyt, vos der mentsh hot gelozt esn, vert ongezetikt gor mit mentshlekh blut, vis rint fun kop...</p> <p>afn boydem</p> <p>di ershte tsvey teg bin ikh mit Beyben gelegn afn boydem un di eltern in keler. a shtarker frost un a vint rayst durkh di shparungen fun di dine ventlekh fun boydem un dakhefkes. es veyet der vint vi er volt geveynt.</p> <p>mir lign tsen man mit a kleyn kind, tsunoyfgekvetsht eyne af di andere, di fis geboygn, zey nit kenendik oysglaykhn, di marinarkes</p>	<p>From time to time the Germans who accompany them fire a shot, and then a Jew rolls into the gutter along with his loaf of bread. The bread, from which the person has just eaten, soaks up with human blood, which runs out of his head....</p> <p>In the Attic</p> <p>The first two days I lie with Beybe in the attic, and the parents in the cellar. There is a heavy frost and the wind blows through the cracks in the thin attic walls and the roof tiles.</p> <p>The wind howls as if crying.</p> <p>Ten of us lie with a small child, one squeezed on top of the other, our feet twisted without being able to straighten them. We have</p>
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<p>iber di kep kedey zikh a bisl tsu dervaremen mitn eygenem otem velkhn men lozt aroys pamelekh, er zol khas-vesholem nit makhn keyn geruder. ven eyner vil oystsien a hant, vos vert im farklemt, kukn im ale on beyz. ven men darf zikh derleydikn, muz er dos ton unter zikh.</p> <p>mir hern keseyderdike geshrayen un shosn fun daytshn vos dernentern zikh. men rayst shoyn ba undz untn di tir. dos kind hoybt on veynen afn shoys fun der muter. mir vern ale oyfgetreyslt. vos ton? a shokhn leygt aroyf di hant afn kinds moyl. dos kind vert antshvign, ober- shoyn af eybik. ven di daytshn dervaytern zikh lozdik hern etlekhe shosn fun velkhe es zaynen zikher gefaln etlekhe yunge lebns afn gas, hoybt di muter on treyslen dos kind, ober- keyn kol. di muter hoybt on shrayen, farshteyt zikh, ober men farmakht ir s'moyl- tsen mentshn gefinen zikh dokh in sakone. der muter ken dos nit baruikn un fun tsayt tsu tsayt lozt zi aroys a gresern vey-geshray, vos lekhert durkh dos harts vi a koyl.</p> <p>nokh tsvey teg prubirn mir aropshikn banakht eynem oystsukukn vos es hert zikh. epes iz shtil banakht un es iz umeglekh tsu</p>	<p>pulled our jackets over our heads to warm ourselves a little with our breath, which is let out slowly so that, God forbid, no noise is made. If someone wants to stretch out his trapped hand, the others give him a nasty look. If you want to relieve yourself, you have to leave it underneath you.</p> <p>We constantly hear screams and shots of the approaching Germans. Downstairs from us, the door is already being torn open. The child on the mother's lap starts to cry. We are all shaken, what to do? A neighbor puts his hand on the child's mouth. The child is silent, but-forever. As the Germans move away and several shots are heard from them, of which certainly several young lives have fallen in the street, the mother begins to shake her child. But- no voice. The mother begins to scream. It is understandable, but her mouth is held shut, after all, ten people are in danger. The mother cannot calm down and from time to time she utters a great cry of pain that holes our hearts like a bullet.</p> <p>In the night, after two days, we send someone down to check what's going on. The night is quiet, and it is impossible</p>
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<p>lign mitn toytn eyfele, der sheliakh dertseylt, az m'ken aropgeyn, banakht geyen di daytshn avek. zey firn zikh vi ba a normaln arbets-tog. zey kumen 6 azeyger fartog, makhn an iberays fun tsvey sho af mitik un geyen avek 6 farnakht.</p> <p>di nakht geyen mir aroys. ikh shar zikh aroys fun boydem un pruv zikh shteln af aroystsugeyn, ober ikh fal um. di fis zaynen mir geshvoln un opgefrom.</p>	<p>to remain lying down with a dead child. The messenger reports that we can go down because the Germans use to leave at night. The latter behave like on a normal working day, they come early in the morning at 6, take a two-hour break at noon and leave at 6 in the evening.</p> <p>In the night we go out. I push myself out of the attic and try to get up to go downstairs, but I fall over. My feet are swollen and frozen off.</p>
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der bruder nemt mir af di hent un trogt mir arop in shtub. do iz alts tsevorfn af der erd, di betgevant tsetrotn un tserisn fun daytshe bagneth, eyn bret fun der podloge iz tsehakt- di daytshn hobn do gezukht.

Beybe leygt mir avek afn bet un shnaydt mir oyf di shtivl, kedey zey konen arofnemen. er geyt zen vos s'iz mit di eltern. es kumt arayn di mame mit Raytselen, ayngelikht in a sakh shmates kedey nit farfrom vern fun kelt, di lipn fartriknt, di nezer un di oygn royt. oykh der tate shlept zikh arayn. men redt gornit, zey kukn nor af mayne geshvolene fis. di mame nemt mit a zifts arop ir tukh fun kop un vikht mir ayn di fis. zi fregt mir tsi ikh vil esn- aley n iz zi hungerik un zorgt far mir- geyt tsu tsum shafke, ober alts iz tserabirt, nito gornit.

eyntselne mentshn krikhn durkh, vi di shotns afn vant, ibern gas, ayngedreyt, eynem felt shoyn di gantse mishpokhe, oder a glid fun der mishpokhe. andere derkenen shvester, brider, mames, tates un kinder, vos valgern zikh afn gas tseshosene. mer vi spazmes hert men nit.

di shedlekhe tseteylung

men dervist zikh, az fayerlesher, khevre kadishe, beker un furmanes, vos farn mit furn oyfnemen di tseshosene in di gasn, kenen zikh fray bavegn in der tsayt ven alts vert geton. di vos hobn zikh arayngekrogn in shpital fun geto un in di fabrikn tshepet

My brother picks me up in his arms and carries me downstairs to the room. There, everything on the ground is jumbled, the bedding is trampled and torn by German bayonets, a board of the floor is hacked to pieces, that's where the Germans were searching.

Beybe lays me on the bed and cuts open my boots so he can take them off. He goes to check on the parents. Mama with Raytsele come in, wrapped in many rags so as not to freeze to death in the cold. Their lips are parched, their noses and eyes red. My father also drags himself in. We don't talk. Everyone just looks at my swollen feet. My mother takes off her headscarf with a sigh and wraps my feet with it. She asks me if I want something to eat, she is hungry herself but worries about me, goes to the cupboard, but everything is robbed, nothing is left.

Sporadically, people crawl past on the street, like shadows on a wall, bent over and huddled together. One is already missing the whole family or a member of the family, others recognize sisters, brothers, mothers, fathers and children lying shot in the street. There's nothing to hear but convulsions.

The Harmful Division

We learn that the firemen, the burial society, the bakers and the wagoners, who go around with carts to pick up the shot in the streets, are free to move about during the time of their activity. Those who entered the hospital of the ghetto and the factories,

men oykh dervayl nisht.dos brengt arayn a tseteylung. mentshn raysn zikh in der frayer tsayt, ven di daytshn geyen avek fun geto, arayntsugeyen in di fabrikn oder in shpital, zikh onton als kranke. ober, di fabrikn zaynen ful, men lozt keyn naye nit arayn, bloyz mit protektsye git men aroys sheynen, az men arbet shoyn fun frier. eynike raysn zikh arayn on tsetlen un bahaltn zikh in fabrik, zukhn di zelbe arbeter di dozike mentshn un treybn zey aroys afn gas. ale drey smenes zitsn in di fabrikn un zeen vi es vern aroysgefirt un teshosn far zeyere oygn zeyere noentste un kenen gornit helfn.

zey muzn nokh zitsn un arbetn,vayl der daytsh vil azoy un di brigadirn fun der arbet fodern oykh men zol arbetn, az nit vet der daytsh kumen un aroysnemen. der daytsh fargest nit afile itst in di fabrikn un fun tsayt tsu tsayt kumt er kontrolirn tsi m'arbet un tsi es zaynen nito keyn idn on sheynen. di families fun der politsey zitsn oykh in di fabrikn af ersht-gemakhte sheyner. zeyere mener brengen zey esn fun tserabirte gesheftn. di andere zitsn hungerik di gantse akht teg. un ver ken den esn in aza tsayt ven m'zet zikh tsu alts durkhn fentster?

ven di daytshn hobn opgevorf n Barashes tsetl un zikh aleyn genumen zukhn, zaynen oykh arayngefaln families fun yudn-rat, vos zaynen gelegn bahaltn un vos m'hot zey oyfgedekt. ober afn dritn, fertn tog fun der farnikhtung, hot zikh der yudn-rat tsurik aryentirt un zikh genumen tsu zayn shtendiker arbet fun aroysnemen vemen er gefint far noytik.

are also not harmed for the time being. When the Germans leave, people scramble to go to the factories or, pretending to be sick, to hospitals. But the factories are full, no one new is allowed in, you only get a certificate that you have worked there before, if you have connections. Some push their way in without a certificate and hide in the factory. But the workers look for these people and drive them out into the street. All three shifts sit in the factories, watch their relatives being brought out and shot before their eyes, and they can't help at all.

They must continue to sit there and work because "the German" wants it that way and the brigade leaders also demand that they work, because otherwise "the German" comes and leads [the workers] out. Even now the German does not forget the factories and comes from time to time to check if work is being done and if there are any Jews there without a certificate. The families of the policemen also sit in the factories with newly issued certificates. "Their men" bring them food from robbed stores. The others sit there hungry for a whole eight days. But, who can eat in such a time, observing everything through the window?

When the Germans threw away Barash's paper and set out to search themselves, families of the Judenrat were also affected, lying in their hiding places and being discovered. But on the third and fourth day of the extermination, the Judenrat reoriented itself and began again to constantly extradite those with whom it saw fit.

<p>afn ban-hoyf, vu es flegn vern oysgeshtelt di idn arayntsugeyn in di vagonen af opgeshikt tsu vern keyn Treblinka, flegn kumen azoyne mentshn fun yudn-rat, onvayzn af gevise mentshn un men flegt zey tsurik opfirm in geto. in der tsayt ven mentshn zaynen af koyekh getribn gevorn in di vagonen, ven alte muters vern tsesheydt fun kinder un mener fun froyen, ven es hern zikh koyles fun di letste gezegenungen un treystungen un trern mishn zikh oys mitn blut fun bakumene klep.</p>	<p>At the train station, where usually the Jews were exposed to get into the wagons to be deported to Treblinka, there came such people from the Judenrat who pointed to certain persons to be brought back to the ghetto. All this during the time when people were forcibly herded into the wagons, old mothers were separated from their children and men from their wives, when voices could be heard saying last farewells and consolations, and tears were mixed with the blood of received blows.</p>
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<p>in der zelber tsayt kumt aza yudn-rat-mensth, shushket epes arayn in oyer un yenem nemt men aroys fun der mit un men firt im tsurik op in geto. dos hot arayngebrakht a groyse demoralizatsye, vayl yedn eynem iz dokh tayer dos leben, un di daytshn hobn gevust vi dos oystsunutsn, shafndik a tseteylung tsvishn di idn. zey zaynen gefaln af a shpitsl: azoy vi s'iz geven shver oystsugefinen di bahaltene idn un dos zukhn hot zey farnumen tsufil tsayt, iz ven zey flegn gefinen a grupe oysbahaltene idn, flegn zey forleygn, az der vos vet onvayzn vu es lign bahaltn idn, vet er bafrayt vern.</p> <p>zeendik vi ba der zayt shteyt idishe politsey, az di idn in di fabrikn tshepet men nit un az andere nemt men nokh arop fun di vagonen, hobn nit ale gekent durkhtrogn dem nisoyen un-khotsh zeyer a kleyner teyl- hot zikh gebrokhun un maskim geven ontsuvayzn di bahaltenishn.</p>	<p>At the same time, such a person from the Judenrat comes along, whispers something in the ear and promptly someone is led out of the center back to the ghetto. This led to a great demoralization, because every man's life is dear to him after all, and the Germans knew how to take advantage of that by creating a split between the Jews. The latter fell for an [evil] trick. Since it was difficult to find the hidden Jews and the search took too much time, they used to claim, when they found a group in their hiding places, that whoever revealed hiding places of other Jews would go free.</p> <p>Observing that there were Jewish policemen at the side [of the Germans], that nothing happened to the Jews in the factories, and that others were still being taken out of the wagons, not all of them could resist the temptation, and, even if it was only a small part, they broke and agreed to reveal the hiding places.</p>
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a sakh „skhodnem“ zaynen af aza oyfn oyfgedekt gevorn un zey hobn zeyer fil shodn gebrakht. der daytsh flegt aza eynem nokh mit der gantser tsinishkeyt aroysgebn a sheyn mit an oyfshrift, az der yude iz a fareter un dermit flegt er kenen arumgeyn fray...

es rukt zikh on der frimorgn, m'muz vayter geyn zikh bahaltn. afn zelbn ort ken ikh shoyn nit geyn, men ken nit tsuzen dem tsar fun der muter, vos halt dos toyte kind un vigt es, vil es nit aroyslozn fun hant. es iz oykh eng tsu lign dort. ikh mit di opgefrorene fis muz lign glaykh un dort iz nito vu zikh oystsutsien.

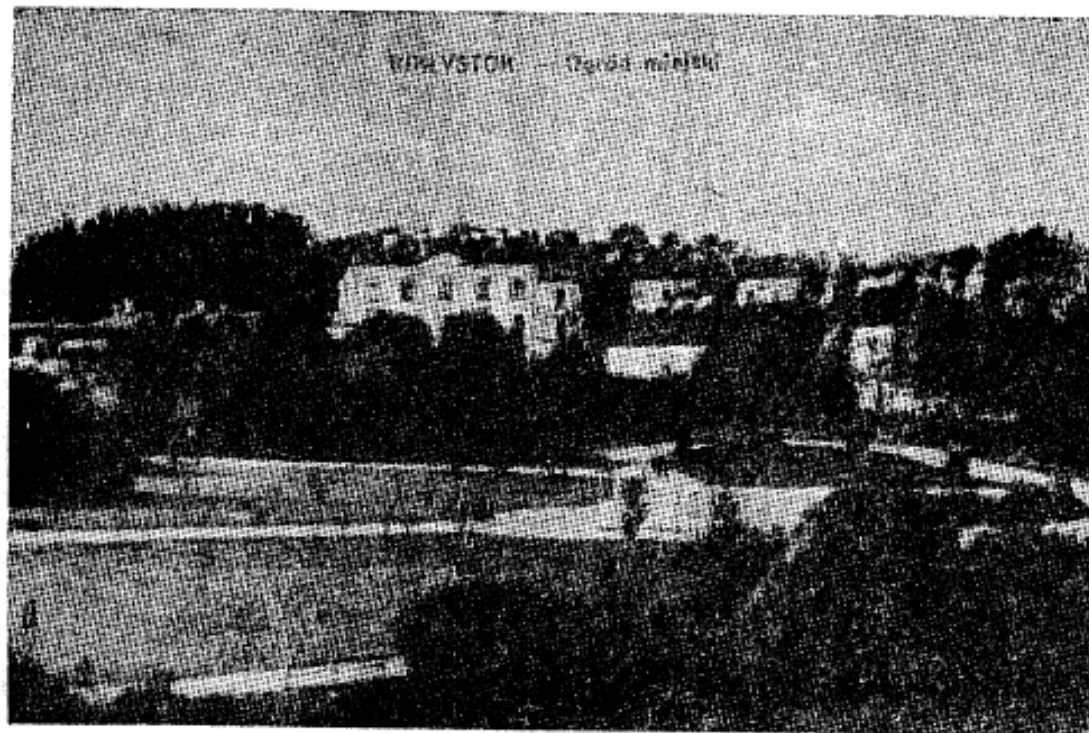
di eltern mit der shvesterke krikhn tsurik in zeyer lebedikn keyver. mir nemt der bruder Leybl af di hent- vayl geyn ken ikh nit- un trogt mir iber in a tsveytn ort antkegn undzer hoyf af a boydem, farshtelt mit farshidene shislen, benk, men zol nit derkenen, az dortn lign mentshn. do zaynen do vintsiker mentshn, ikh ken zikh shoyn oysglaykhn.

Many of the secret hiding places were revealed in this way, and much damage was done as a result. The Germans, with great cynicism, issued a certificate that the Jew [who had revealed a hiding place] was a traitor and therefore free to roam.

The next morning dawns, we have to go further into hiding. I can't stay in the same place anymore, because I can't watch the mother in her suffering, can't bear how she cradles her dead child and doesn't want to give it out of her hand. It is also too narrow to lie there because I have to lie straight down with my frozen feet and there is no way to stretch out there.

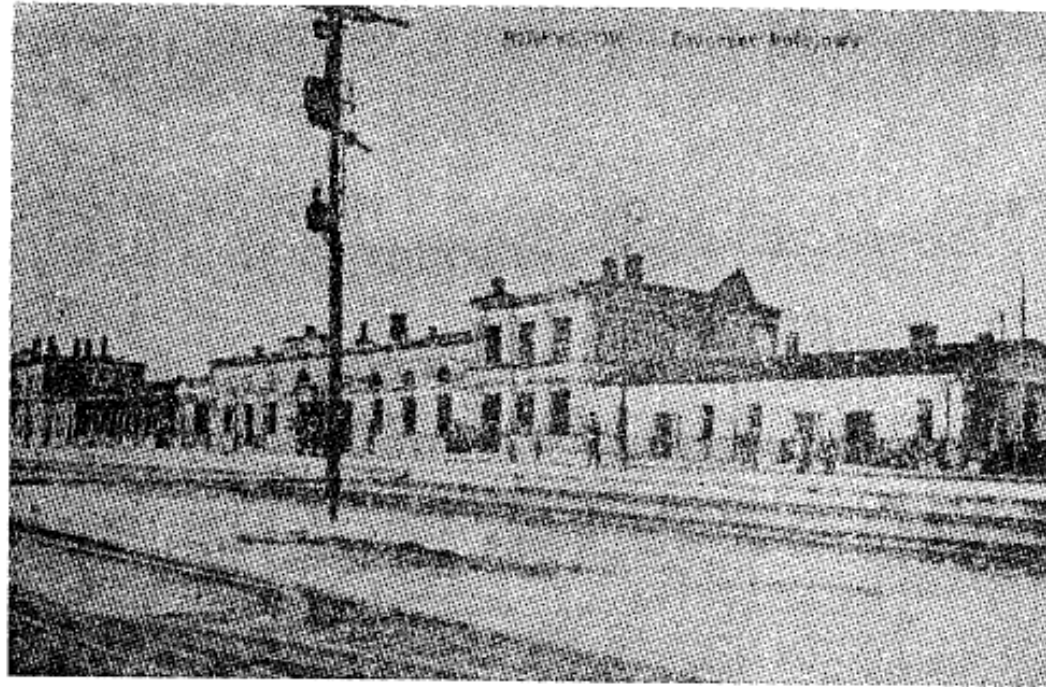
My parents and my sister crawl back into their living grave, my brother Leybl takes me in his arms, because I cannot walk, and carries me to another place opposite our yard, to an attic. He puts various bowls and benches in front of our place, so that you can't see that there are people lying there. There are only a few people, so I can lie down stretched out.

Bialystok fon amol/ The Former Bialystok



ביאליסטאקער שטאַט־גאַרטן און דעם „קייסערס פאלאץ“

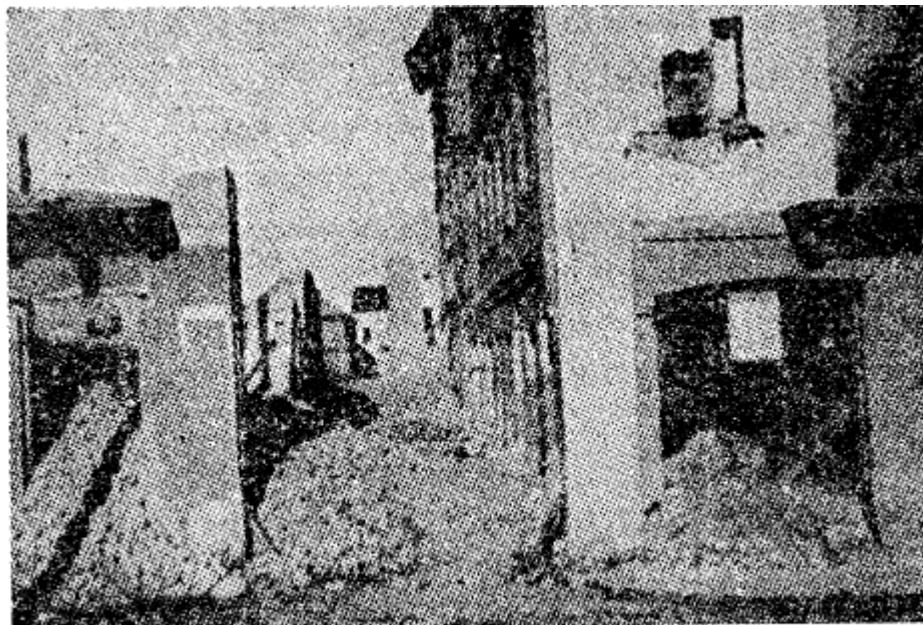
Bialystok City Garden and the "Imperial Palace" [Branicki Palace]



דער וואקזאל וואס האט פארבונדן ביאליסטאק מיט דער
„גרויסער וועלט און פונוואנעו מען האט שפעטער געפירט
די אידן אין טרעבלינקע.

The railroad station that connected Bialystok with the "big world" and from where the Jews were later deported to Treblinka.

Dos khoreve Bialystok / The Ruined Bialystok



אווועטס גאס, רעכטס איז אַמאל געווען די בעקעריי

Ovnet's Street, on the right was once the bakery

a note by Dr. Tomek Wisniewski:

"On the corner of Rynek Kościuszki and Zamenhofa Street was a short fragment of street, nicknamed Awnet street (but its official name was Zamenhofa Street) - Awnet was the owner of a famous short grocery and bakery."

<https://www.jewishbialystok.pl/T. Aron Awnet,5400,4869>



דער פלאץ וווּ די ביאליסטאָקער שול איז געשטאנען. דער
גאנצער שול-הויף און די ארומיקע גאסן זיינען אָפּגעווישט

The place where the Bialystok Synagogue stood. The whole Synagogue yard and the surrounding streets are as if wiped away.

Vos ikh hob mit mayne eygene oygn gezen

dem fertn tog, hot zikh der tog geshtelt a zuniker un a shtarker frost. in geto iz shtil. men hert nor krektserayen fun der driter gas un geshrayen fun daytshn. durkh a shpare fun a ventl, durkh vanen es yogt arayn a frostiker vint, vos shneydt haynt durkh dos leyb mer vi alemen, ze ikh Bialostotshanske gas un a shtikl Polne [Polna]. ikh observir spetsyel undzer hoyf vu es lign di eltern un Raytsele. ikh ze vi es geyen arum idishe politsey, daytshn, ukrainer, un veys-rusn, vos dinen in daytshn militer, un zukhn vayter.

shtil in geto, alts ligt in tsiternish. der bruk iz bazeyt mit shpayz, mantlen un toyte idn, kinder, nit keyn oyfgeroynte far di por teg, in farshidene pozes, farglivert un farfrorn mit a ritshkele blut leben yedn eynem.

eyntslne grupkes gefunene idn, oyfgedreyte, shver tsum derkenen, vern gefirt fun di daytshn. an eltere froy blaybt a bisl hintershtelik, zi ken nit nokhgeyn. der daytsh ruft:
„kom, kom!“ zi falt ober afn bruk fun shvakhkeyt. der daytsh tsilt on di biks, a shos un es rint shoyne a kaluzhe blut fun kop. on a treysl afile oysgegangen.

di tokhter vos iz gegangen nemen der muter untern orem, blaybt shteyn nebn toytn kerper un zogt tsu zikh aleyn:
„sh-sh-sh-o-y-n g-e-e-n-d-i-k-t!“
der daytsh, ingantsn ruik, ruft ir:
„kom, kom, kom!“

What I Saw with my Own Eyes

The fourth day is sunny and there is a heavy frost. The ghetto is quiet. The only sounds we hear are groans from the "third street" and shouting from the Germans. Through a crack in the wall, a frosty wind blows, cutting through the body more than anything else today, I see Bialostotshanske [Białostoczańska]

Street and a piece of Polna Street. Specifically, I observe our courtyard, where my parents and Raytsele are lying. I see Jewish police, Germans, Ukrainians and Belorussians who are serving in the German military, walking around and searching. Silence in the ghetto, everyone lies there in fear. The pavement is strewn with food and coats, with dead Jews, children, not yet cleared away in the few days, in various poses, stiffened and frozen, with a trickle of blood next to each one.

Individual groups of detected Jews, huddled together, difficult to recognize, are led by the Germans. An elderly woman stays a little behind, she cannot follow. The German calls out:
"Come, come!" She falls on the pavement from weakness, the German points his rifle at her, one shot, and a pool of blood is running from her head. She stopped moving and died instantly.

The daughter, who had hooked her mother under as she walked, stops beside the dead body and mutters to herself:
"A l r e a d y o v e r!"
The German, completely calm, calls to her:
"Come, come, come!"

<p>di tokhter hoybt on geyn, nokh a shos un zi kayklt zikh arayn in rinshtok, 10 meter foroys fun der muter. zi tut zikh nokh etlekhe mol a hoyb mit an umklorn geshray. di grupe geyt vayter, oyfgedreyt, vi es volt gornit geshen. a yunger bokher, vos pruvt antloyfn, vert oykh dershosn mit a gelekhter fun daytsh tsuzeendik vi di koyl hot im nit glaykh derhatget. un vayter iz shtil in geto.</p> <p>an ander grupe mit daytshn kumt on vayter zukhn. zey geyen aroyf afn hoyf vu ikh bin frier gelegn. es hot lang nit gedoyert un zey hobn gefunen dos ort vu ikh bin mit a tog frier gelegn, un shoyn</p>	<p>The daughter starts to walk, another shot is fired and she rolls into the gutter, 10 meters in front of her mother. She picks herself up several more times, shouting unclear words. The group continues walking, huddled together, as if nothing happened. A young man trying to escape is also shot; the German laughs when he sees that the bullet did not kill him right away. And further silence in the ghetto.</p> <p>Another group of Germans begins to search further. They enter the yard where I had lain before. It does not take long and they find the place where I was hidden the day before; and now</p>
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<p>firt men fun dortn di mentshn. ikh hob zey derkent loytn toytn kind vos di muter trogt afn hant. es geyt eyn knoyl mentshn. di muter mitn toytn kind foroys, leben ir der man un tsvey eltere tekhter, velkhe haltn zikh ba di shmates fun di eltern. itst hot shoyn dos kind nit geshrign un nit oyfgedekt di bahaltenish. zey hobn dos kind mit a kivn aroysgeleygt fornt, kedey ven m'vet kumen zukhn zol men maynen, az do iz men shoyn geven, a simen, az a kleyn kind valgert zikh. ober es geven a toes. ven di daytshn hobn gezen, az dos kind iz nit durkhgeshtokhn hobn zey farshtanen, az dos iz nit keyn daytshe arbet un genumen energish zukhn un take gefunen di bahaltenish. tsvey mentshn hobn zey glaykh dershosn, di iberike hob ikh gezen firm. ven der bruder trogt mir nit ariber, volt ikh oykh geven tsvishn zey. mir mit gefrorene fis voltn zey mikh zikher glaykh dershosn.</p>	<p>people are brought out from there. I recognized them because of the dead child the mother is carrying in her arms. A small tangle of people is moving, the mother with the dead child in front, next to her her husband and two older daughters holding on to their parents' rags. This time the child did not scream and betray the hiding place. They purposely put the child in the front so that those who come to search would think that they had already been there because there was a dead child there. But, it was a mistake. When the Germans saw that the child had no injury from a weapon, they knew that it was not the work of the Germans and began to search vigorously until they actually found the hiding place. They shot two people immediately. The rest I saw being brought out. If my brother hadn't carried me over, I with my frozen feet would have been among them, and they would certainly have shot me.</p>
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<p>Malmed</p> <p>ligndik un tsuzeendik alts vos tut zikh, hob ikh derfilt dem gantsn umzin fun lign bahaltn, ven alts zukht dir un nokh mit kranke fis. fun 50 toyznt mentshn, vem zaynen gelegn tsuzamengedrikt af etlekhe gasn, hot bloyz eyn mentsh in geto oysgenutst di vitryol un kalte gever mit vos yeder eyner iz arayn zikh bahaltn. mer hobn zikh nit gefunen keyn energishe mentshn. dos iz dos shreklehste in dem gantsn gang fun der oysrotung, biz der eyntsiker heldisher id, Malmed, an antlofener fun Slonim, vos hot shoyn frier gezen, az s'iz nito keyn ander oysveg vi kamf kegn toyt, hot gegeben dem groysn bayshpil. Malmed iz fun Slonim gehat avek tsu di partizaner, ober der daytsh hot mit der hilf fun litvishe un letishe divizyes getsvungen di partizaner optsutretn mit groyse farlustn. dan iz er gekumen keyn Bialystok un do nokh a kurtser tsayt ongetrofn di oysrotung. er hot glaykh farshtanen dem umzin</p>	<p>Malmed</p> <p>I lay there, watching what was happening, realizing how pointless it was to hide when everyone was looking for you, and I had sick feet to boot. Out of 50 thousand people crammed along several streets, only one person in the ghetto used vitriol [sulfuric acid] and cold weapons [knives, etc.], which everyone had taken with him to his hiding place. There were no more vigorous people. This was the most terrible thing about the process of annihilation, until one heroic Jew, Malmed, a refugee from Slonim, who had realized earlier that there was no other way out than to fight death, set a great example. Malmed had joined the partisans from Slonim, but the German, with the help of Lithuanian and Latvian divisions, forced the partisans to retreat due to heavy losses. He then arrived in Bialystok, where after a short time he witnessed the extermination process. Immediately he realized the nonsense</p>
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<p>fun zikh bahaltn, iz er geblihn in shtub un gevart. der ershter iz arayn a idisher politsyant un im gevolt aroystraybn afn gas tsu di daytshn. im hot er nit getshepet. ven di daytshn hobn gezen, az dem idishn politsyant geshet gornit, iz oykh arayn a daytsh in shtub. af im hot zikh Malmed glaykh gevorn, im opgegosh dem ponem mit olyovitryol, farbrent dem ponem un blind gemakht, un aleynt antlofn. dos iz geshen af Kupyetske 10.</p> <p>di daytshn gibn glaykh aroys a forordenung tsu shishn di ershte 200 idn, vos gefinen zikh afn zelbn plats. men tsheshist zey af prages-</p>	<p>of hiding, so he stayed at home and waited. The first to come in was a Jewish policeman who tried to herd him out into the street to the Germans. He did nothing to him. When the Germans saw that nothing happened to the Jewish policeman, a German also entered the apartment. Malmed immediately stood up to him, poured sulfuric acid on his face, which burned his face and blinded him. Then he fled. This happened on Kupyetske [Kupiecka] Street 10.</p> <p>Immediately the Germans issued a decree to shoot the first 200 Jews who were in the same place. They were shot in Prague's</p>
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gortn, af nay-velt un meldn, az ale idn veln afn ort dershoshn vern oyb men vet nit tsushteln Malmedn. ikh ken nit zikher feststeln, tsi di idishe politsey hot im gefunen un aroysgegebn, oder er hot zikh aley n gemoldn, nit velndik brengen shodn der geto. af Kupyetske gas iz oysgeboyt gevorn a tlie af velkher m'hengt im tsuzamen mit zayn froy (zey ayngeshport tsu forn keyn Treblinke...)

ot der Malmed iz geven der eyntsiker held in di akht teg.

**KOVED ZAYN ONDENK UN LERE FAR DI
LEBNGEBLIBENE!**

nokh der „lividatsye“ hobn im khaveyrim bahalt n bazunder afn geto beysalmen un geshtelt a monument mit zayn bild un dem bild fun zayn froy.

es zaynen oykh geven faln fun pasivn vidershtand. ven men flegt gefinen a grupe oysbahaltene, fleg n eynike spetsyel oysshrayen: „mit di greyz-groye idn, mit shvakhe froyen un zoyg kinder hot ir dem krig gevunen, ober Stalingrad vet ir nit nehmen! Nider mit Hitlern!“

nokh aza oysruf flegt men aza idn, farshteyt zikh, dershishn afn ort, azoy hobn zey oysgemitn vayzterdike peynikungen. andersh, ven men bet di daytshn shishn, zaynen zey zeyer heflek h un entfernen neyn!

Afn veg keyn Treblinke

di zukhenishn geyen vayter. men zukht nokh alts di „groyse sonim“

garden, on Nayvelt [New World, Nowy Świat]. It was announced that immediately all Jews in the place will be shot if Malmed is not brought. I cannot clarify with certainty whether the Jewish police found him and handed him over or whether he reported on his own so as not to bring harm to the ghetto.

On Kupyetske [Kupiecka] Street a gallows was erected on which he was hanged together with his wife (they thus saved themselves from taking her to Treblinka).

This Malmed was the only hero within the eight days.

Honor to his memory and be it a moral lesson for the survivors!

After the "liquidation" comrades hid him in the cemetery of the ghetto and erected a monument with his picture and the picture of his wife.

There were also cases of passive resistance. When a group was found in their hiding place, some shouted out specially:

"Against the old Jews, against weak women and infants you won the war, but you will not take Stalingrad! Down with Hitler!"

After such an exclamation, these Jews, of course, were shot on the spot. Thus they avoided further torment. After all, it was like this: if you asked the Germans to shoot, they remained "polite" and answered with "no".

On the Way to Treblinka

The searches continue. They are still looking for the "great enemies"

fun der menshhayt- di idische zoyg-kinder und greyz-groye mener un froyen. leben undz, vu mir lign bahaltn, gefint men haynt fil bahaltene yudn. fil lign oykh dershosene af di hoyfn, in gas, af di boydemer un shtiber. khevre kadishe mit grine hitlen un toyte penimer leygn di toyte af furn, eyne af di andere vi shakhtlekh holts. in der zelber tsayt vi zey firm a teyl afn beysalmen af Zhabye-gas [Żabia, Frog], leygn zey oys andere in a ray, vayl tsu baerdikn ale iz nito keyn tsayt. di vos blaybn leben, firt men aroys tsum ban plats af Poleske [Poleska] gas. zey vern getribn in di vagonen, vu es vern farklapt di tirn.

tsu fir daytshn zitsn in der hoykh af yeder vagon mit oytomatn un shishn af yedn eynem vos pruvt antloyfn. dokh tantsn a sakh aroys ven di ban iz in shnelstn gang, oyfraysndik di fentster un tirn. a sakh toyte kerpers fun yunge bokherim un meydlekh zaynen geblihn afn veg fun Treblinka.

di vos hobn zikh geratevet hobn geblonket hungerike, nit kenendik tsurik arayn in geto, velkher iz geven bavakht. a sakh fun zey hobn di polyakn gekhapt, baroybt, ven zey hobn gehat vos, un ibergegebn di daytshn; andere hobn vokhnlung zikh arumgedreyt iber di velder zukhdik zikh tsu farbindn mit partizaner.

af farshidene oyfanim hobn idn gefunen zeyer toyt in yene teg. es zaynen geven faln fun eltern, vos hobn tsulib a kind, vos hot ongehoybn veynen aroys fun bahaltenish un zikh ibergegebn, zikh offerndik farn kind. a sakh hobn zikh genumen dos leben, andere zaynen arop fun zinen. zeyer a sakh mentshlekhe un umentshlekhe handlungen hot men gekent zen in di kritishe akht teg fun der shrekleker farnikhtung.

of humanity, the Jewish babies, old people and women. Next to us, where we are lying hidden, many people are found today in their hideouts. Many also lie shot in the yards, in the streets, in the attics and houses. The people from the Jewish burial society with their green hats and dead faces pile the dead on carts, one on top of the other, like wooden boxes. While they take some to the cemetery on Zhabya [Żabia, Frog] Street, they lay out other bodies in a row because there is no time to bury them all. Those who remain alive are taken to Poleske [Poleska] Street, herded into the wagons, and then the doors are locked.

Four Germans sit on top of each wagon with machine guns and shoot at anyone who tries to escape. However, many jump out just when the train is moving fastest, tearing open the windows and doors. Many dead bodies of young boys and girls remained on the way to Treblinka.

Those who managed to save themselves wandered around hungry, unable to return to the ghetto because it was guarded. Many of them were seized by the Poles, robbed if they had anything, and handed over to the Germans. Others roamed the woods for weeks, trying to link up with partisans.

In those days, Jews met their deaths in different ways. There were cases of parents who came out of hiding because of their screaming child and surrendered, sacrificing themselves for their child. Many took their own lives, others lost their minds. Very many human and inhuman acts could be seen in those critical eight days of terrible extermination.

<p>vi azoy iz geven meglekh tsu lign un zen azoyne umbashrayblekhe un umgloyblekhe faln, az mentshn zoln azoy handlen mit mentshn un m'zol shveygn? dos farshtey ikh aleyn nit. ikh fil shoyn nit itst, ven ikh shrayb dos vos men filt denstmol un veys nit vi azoy men ken zikh kukn in di oygn ven men reagirt nit af dem, zikh nit</p>	<p>How was it possible to lie there, see such indescribable and unbelievable cases of how people treated other people, and remain silent? I can't understand it myself. I don't feel now, as I write this, what we felt then, and I don't know how it was possible to look each other in the eye, without reacting to it, not</p>
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<p>varfndik vintsikstn mit di tseyen. vos far a bashefenish iz der mentsh vos ken lign bahaltn, dos tsukukn un vartn, az bald vet men im gefinen?</p> <p>Nokhn Shturem</p> <p>endlekh zet men eyntsike idn aroyskrikhn un zikh durkhkhapn di gas. men dervist zikh, az di daytshn kumen shoyn nit, khotsh di geto iz nokh alts farmakht. Beybe nemt mir af di hent un trogt mir arop in shtub. do iz alts tseroybt un tsevorfn. ikh leyg zikh in bet mit groyse veytikn fun di opgefroyrene fis. men ruft a dokter, velkher heyst mir makhn aynshpitsungen, zeyer tayere. di mame, zitst ba mayn bet, zi hot moyre ikh zol nit khaleshn fun veytik.</p> <p>fun undzer familye hot men ale fraynt tsugenumen, nor mir zaynen geblibn. di oyfregung tsvishn der bafelkerung vos iz geblibn muz oysgelodn vern. es zaynen opgemeckt gevorn gantse familyes, vos hobn durkh doyrem gevebt zeyer leben. der yudn-rat zet un farshteyt di shtimung in geto. iz, kedey optsutsien dem tsorn vos hot zikh gedarft oyslodn af zey, hobn zey genumen drey yunge</p>	<p>rebelling against it the slightest bit. What kind of creature is the man who can lie in hiding, watching something like this and waiting until he too is found soon?</p> <p>After the Storm</p> <p>Finally, isolated Jews can be seen again, crawling out and hastening through the streets. One makes sure that the Germans are no longer coming, although the ghetto is still sealed off everywhere. Beybe picks me up in his arms and carries me down to the apartment. Everything there is robbed and jumbled. I lie down in bed, my frozen feet hurt a lot. A doctor is called who orders that I get injections, which are very expensive. My mother is sitting next to my bed, she is afraid that I will faint from pain. All the friends of our family were taken away, only we remained. The commotion that remained within the population must get discharged. Whole families were wiped out, which had woven their lives here for generations. The Judenrat perceives and understands the mood in the ghetto. To divert the anger that would be discharged on him, they take three young boys, arrest them,</p>
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<p>bokherim un arestirt, meldndik, az zey, di drey bokherim, hobn in der tsayt fun der farnikhtung aropgetsoygn shtivl un fingerlekh fun di dershosene idn un baroybt di shtiber.</p> <p>di bafelkerung rayst zikh tsu der muter zey lintshn. der yudn-rat farmishpet zey tsum toyt oyfhengendik zey take antkegn yudn-rat. tsi di bashuldikung af zey iz geven rikhtik, oder dos zaynen geven nokh drey korbones fun yudn-rat, dos ken ikh nit bashtimen. ober, az idishe politsey hot geroybt, dos hob ikh gezen in yener tsayt. mit dem mishpet hot men fun zey opgetsoygn di oyfmerkzamkeyt.</p> <p>ven m'iz nor aroys fun di lekher af der „likhtiker velt“, iz geven genug, az ver es zol a geshray ton afn gas az der iz a moser, iz im shoyn di gantse gas idn bafaln un im gelintsht</p>	<p>reporting that they, the three boys, in the time of the extermination, took boots and finger rings from shot Jews and robbed the apartments.</p> <p>The population tears itself to the mother to lynch her. The Judenrat sentences the boys to death and actually hangs them opposite the Judenrat. Whether the accusations were true or it was just three more victims of the Judenrat, I don't know for sure. But, the Jewish police [definitely] robbed. I saw that myself in those days, and with the condemnation they took the attention away from themselves.</p> <p>As soon as we came out of our holes into the "bright world," it was enough for someone on the street to shout that a special person was a denunciator, and all the Jews of the street fell upon him, lynching him</p>
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<p>afn ort. yedn tog flegt men azoy lintshn etlekhe mentshn. m'flegt oykh arayngeyn in shtub fun aza moser un im dershtekhn mit a meser.</p> <p>dos leben geyt ober zayn veg, der vos iz geblibn muz vayter leben. der shpital iz ful mit opgefrorene mentshn ba velkhe men nemt arop farshidene glider: hent, fis un oyern. zeyer fil blaybn kalikes. ikh lig in shtub un drey zikh in veytik. men darf mir aropnemen di fis. in shpital iz nito keyn ort. der dokter git mir aynshpitsungen un nokh a vokh heyln, farzikhert er mir, az ikh vel blaybn mit di fis.</p>	<p>on the spot. Every day, several people were lynched in this way. It also happened that Jews went to the apartment of such an informer and stabbed him with a knife.</p> <p>But life goes on, those who stayed have to go on living. The hospital is full of people with frostbite, where parts of the body have to be amputated: Hands, feet and ears. Many remain cripples. I lie in the parlor, tossing and turning in pain. My feet have to be amputated, but there is no room in the hospital. The doctor gives me injections and after a week of treatment he assures me that my feet will be preserved.</p>
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<p>in geto iz dos leben nokh shverer vi frier. apor vokhn blaybt nokh di geto geshlosn un di ayntsike shpayz iz a teler zup vos m'git fun a kikh. shpeter ven m'lozt shoyn aroys tsu der arbet oysern geto, firt men vi gefangene, bagleyt fun a vakh. ba der arbet hit men oykh mit gevev. der yakres iz oysergeveynlekh: a lebl broyt 100 mark un a pud (pood) kartofl 300 mark. di groyse retung iz dos bisl zup vos m'git arum 12 azeyger.</p>	<p>Life in the ghetto is even more difficult than before. For a few more weeks the ghetto remains closed, and the only food is a plate of soup that you get from a kitchen. Later, when you are allowed to work outside the ghetto again, you are led like a prisoner, accompanied by a guard. At work, one is also guarded with weapons. The inflation is extraordinary: a loaf of bread costs 100 marks and a pood of potatoes 300 marks. The "great salvation " is the little bit of soup that is given out around 12 o'clock.</p>
<p>di shpaltung fun der untererdisher organizatsye</p> <p>nokh der likvidatsye-vokh fun 5-tn Februar 1943 un der durkhfal fun der Samooborone (zelbstfarteydikung), hot di yugnt fun der untererdisher organizatsye, gefodert tsu leygn di gantse akht af gevev un af dem kamf in vald. di eltere teyl fun der organizatsye hot gepruvt shtiln dem gedank derklerndik, az der vald ken nit oyfnemen keyn sakh mentshn un es blaybn in geto eltere mentshn un kinder velkhe m'darf farteydikn. zeyer meynung iz geven, az af a tsveytn mol darf men oysbesern di farteydikung. a kha-</p>	<p>The Split of the Underground Organization</p> <p>After the week of liquidation of February 5, 1943 and the failure of the "Samooborone" (self-defense), the youth of the underground organization demanded to focus on arming and fighting in the forest. The older part of the organization tried to refute this idea by explaining that the forest could not accommodate so many people, and in the ghetto would remain elderly people and children who would have to be defended. In her opinion, the defense needed to be improved with regard to a recurrence.</p>

<p>verte, Yeudite (*) hot shtark farteydikt dem gedank fun der yugnt un af (d)rey zistungen vos zaynen forgekumen iz ongevizn gevorn, az oyb der vald hot bizn 5-tn Februar gehat vintsik dergreykhungen un, farkert, fil korbones iz dos derfar, vayl es iz geven veynik gevev un, az deriber darf men shikn mer mentshn un mer gevev un oyfzukhn a kontakt mit andere velder vu es zaynen do merer rusishe partizaner.</p>	<p>One comrade, Yeudite (*), vehemently defended the youth's point of view, and at three meetings it was pointed out that the reason why "the forest" could not only achieve little by February 5, but on the contrary there were many victims, was because there were far too few weapons. Therefore, it was necessary to send more people and weapons and to seek contact with other forests where more Russian partisans were staying.</p>
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<p>nit ale zaynen dermit maskim geven un es iz fargekumen a shpaltung. di bavegung Yeudite iz aroys fun der organizatsye mit a grupe yugntlekhe un af eygener hant ongehoyn firn a tetike arbet. ikh bin aroys mit Yeudites grupe un fiberhaft hot men ongehoyn arbetn af dem nayem veg.</p> <p>di eltere khaveyrim fun der frierdiker organizatsye hobn afile gepruvt shtern mit farshidene bilbulim, ober es hot gornit geholfn. di organizatsye iz zikh shtark tsevaksn.</p> <p>in di velder arum Bialystok vu m'hot bashtimt tsu shafn di partizanke hobn zikh gefunen zeyer kleyne grupes partizaner, merstn zaynen zey bashtanen fun antlofene ruishe krigs-gefangene un fun eyntselne idn fun der provints, vos iz shoyn lang geven likvidirt.</p> <p>di arbet fun di ruishe partizanen grupes iz bashtanen in farshidene shtererishe arbet, aroplozn banen fun di relsn, shisn poylishe agentn vos hobn mitgearbet mitn daytsh a.a.v. mir hobn ongebundn kontakt mit aza grupe vemens firer es iz geven Afronasitsh, ba vemen mir hobn gebetn shtitse un er zol undz helfn shafn un lernen undzere khaveyrim vi zikh tsu haltn in vald.</p> <p>di ershte khaveyrim undzere vos zaynen aroys in vald hobn</p>	<p>However, not everyone agreed with this, and it came to a split. The movement "Yeudite" divided from the organization with a group of young people, and began to take action on its own initiative. I joined the Yeudite group and we began to work feverishly for our new path.</p> <p>The older comrades of the former organization even tried to block us by means of various slanders, but they did not succeed. The organization was spreading very much.</p> <p>In the forests around Bialystok, where it was decided to create the base of our partisan group, there were already very small partisan groups, most of them consisting of escaped Russian prisoners of war and individual Jews from the province, which had long been liquidated.</p> <p>The work of the Russian partisan groups consisted of various disruptive actions: Blowing trains off the tracks, shooting Polish agents who collaborated with the Germans, and so on. We initiated a contact with such a group, whose leader was "Afronasitsh". From him we asked for support, guidance and help to teach us comrades how to keep ourselves in the forest.</p> <p>Our first comrades who went to the forest did not yet</p>
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(*) The author's note: Her real name is not known. She came from Warsaw and was one of the first to organize the resistance movement in Bialystok. She fell during the uprising, on September 16, 1944, in the Bialystok ghetto.

Translator's note: It can be assumed that her name was Yudita Vogrudzka (Judith Nowogrodzka), see Forverts, page 7
<https://www.nli.org.il/en/newspapers/frw/1958/02/04/01/article/48/?srpos=8&e=-----en-20--1--img-txIN%7ctxTI-%d7%99%d7%a6%d7%97%d7%a7+%d7%9e%d7%90%d6%b7%d7%9c%d7%9e%d7%a2%d7%93-----1>

and see <https://jewishcurrents.org/may-24-judith-nowogrodzka-bialystok-ghetto>

nokh nit farshtanen, az mit gever ken men shafn esn, nor hobn ayngeshtelt dos leben geyendik fun vald in geto koyfn esn far gelt (!) dos hot gebrakht a sakh shverikeytn un tsu teg fun hunger. Afronasitshes grupe hot undz oyfgenumen un gelernt di khaveyrim vi azoy zikh tsu bageyn mit gever un oykh, az esn darf men nit koyfn far gelt. un azoy iz take geven: ikh bin aroys in vald mit zekhtsik mark un gekumen mit dem tsurik nokhn krig.

men fargreyt gever un men shikt mentshn in velder

in geto hot di organizatsye bashtimt af zitsungen tsu shafn vos mer gever af tsu shikn in vald. azoy hot men aroyfgeleygt af yedn khaver, ba vos er zol nit arbetn, az er muz brengen teyln fun gever. es iz oykh geven bashtimt tsu makhn gneyves banakht in di fabrikn fun geto vu es zaynen oysgearbet gevorn daytshishe mundirn. di dozike mundirn flegn mir aroystrogn in vald tsu di rusishe grupes farvos zey flegn undz gegeben gever.

oykh radyos flegn mir oyfshteln un aroystrogn in vald. azoy hobn mir far eyn radyo un a por daytshishe kostyumen bakumen mit eyn mol a pulemyot mit akht biksn. af dem smakh hobn mir shoyng gekent aroyshikn a sakh khaveyrim in vald.

di grupe undzere hot zikh ongehoyn fargresern un mir hobn gebetn a komandir, vos zol mit undz onfirn. mir zaynen avek bazunder mit a rusishn komandir, velkher iz geven mit undz un gelernt tsu haltn kontakt mit di rusishe grupes. af tseshtererishe arbetn flegn mir geyn tsuzamen. es hot zikh oykh gefunen a rusishe grupe vos hot geheysn loyt ir firer Groza, zeyer an energishe grupe. der vald hot

understand how to get food with weapons, but risked their lives to go from the forest to the ghetto to buy food for money (!). This brought many difficulties and days of starvation.

Afronasitshes's group accepted us and taught the comrades to cope with weapons as well as that food was not to be bought for money. So it really happened; I went to the forest with sixty marks and came back from the war with this money.

Weapons Are Stocked Up and People Are Sent into the Woods

In the ghetto, the organization decided at meetings to get even more weapons to send to the forest. So they instructed every comrade, whatever he was working on, that he would have to bring parts of weapons. It was also decided to carry out thefts at night in the factories of the ghetto, where German uniforms had been worked out. We usually carried these uniforms to the Russian groups in the forest, for which they gave us weapons.

We also assembled radios and carried them into the forest. So it happened that for one radio and a few German costumes we suddenly got a machine gun and eight rifles. On this basis, we were already able to send many comrades into the forest.

Our group increased in size and we asked a commander to lead us. We went mainly under a Russian commander who accompanied us on destruction work and taught us to keep contact with the Russian groups.

We also met a very energetic Russian group named after their leader, Groza. The forest [movement] developed a "very interesting

<p>bakumen a zeyer interesante lebns-geshikhte, vos hot zikh in a groyser mos geshtitst af der hilf fun geto.</p>	<p>life story" that relied heavily on help from the ghetto.</p>
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<p>in geto hot yeder khaver, vos iz geven bashtimt aroystsugeyn in vald gemuzt adurkhamakhn a tsugreytung, vayl fil khaveyrim hobn nit gevust vi zikh bageyn mit geve. in a tsimer af Tshiste gas flegn kumen di bashtimte khaveyrim tsu tsugreytn zikh. men flegt oyssteln benklekh un mit geve zikh ibn tsu tsiln in zey. a bazundere libshaft hot aroysgerufn der biks mit velkhn men flegt lign afn podloge un makhn farshidene ibungen. mir hobn oykh tsuzamengeshtelt bombes in geto. eynmol, in a sheynem tog in di geto oyfgetsitert gevorn fun a shtarkn oyfrays af Tshiste gas numer 8, vu drey khaveyrim undzere hobn gemakht a bombe. di drey khaveyrim zaynen tserisn gevorn af shtiker. es iz aropgekumen a daytshishe komisye un men hot geshmuest, az der yudn-rat hot faribn dem inyen. azoy vi untn iz geven a bekeray hot men oysgetaytsht, az dos hot oyfgerisn der oym fun der bekeray.</p> <p>tsu yener tsayt hot men oykh dershtokhn a moser vos hot gearbet in der gestapo. er hot nokh untergelebt etleke teg in shpitol un es flegn im kumen mevaker khoyle zayn zayne khaveyrim. dos hot oysgenutst di organizatsye. tsvey khaveyrim zaynen gekumen fun vald mit geve un opgevalt, ven es iz aroysgegangen eyner fun di mosrim fun shpitol, hot men geshosn af im un im geharget. (durkh a tsufal iz oykh derharget gevorn a zaytiker mentsh). ot azoy hot oykh der vald mitgearbet mitn geto.</p>	<p>In the ghetto, every comrade who was designated to go out into the woods had to pass a preparation, because many comrades did not know how to handle a rifle. In a room on Tshiste [Czysta] Street, the selected comrades met to prepare. Benches were set up and they practiced hitting a target on them. Especially popular was a rifle, with which one lay on the floor and had to complete certain exercises. We also assembled bombs in the ghetto. Once, on a beautiful day, the ghetto was shaken by a strong explosion on Tshiste [Czysta] Street 8, where three of our comrades were making a bomb. The three comrades were blown to pieces. A German commission came, and it was said that the Judenrat covered up the matter. It was explained in such a way that an oven had exploded in the bakery, which was downstairs in the building.</p> <p>At that time, a denunciator who worked in the Gestapo was also stabbed to death. He still lived in the hospital for several days and received sick visits from his comrades. The organization took advantage of that; two armed comrades came out of the forest and waited. When one of the informers came out of the hospital, they shot him. (By a coincidence, a stranger was also shot). Thus "the forest" cooperated with the ghetto.</p>
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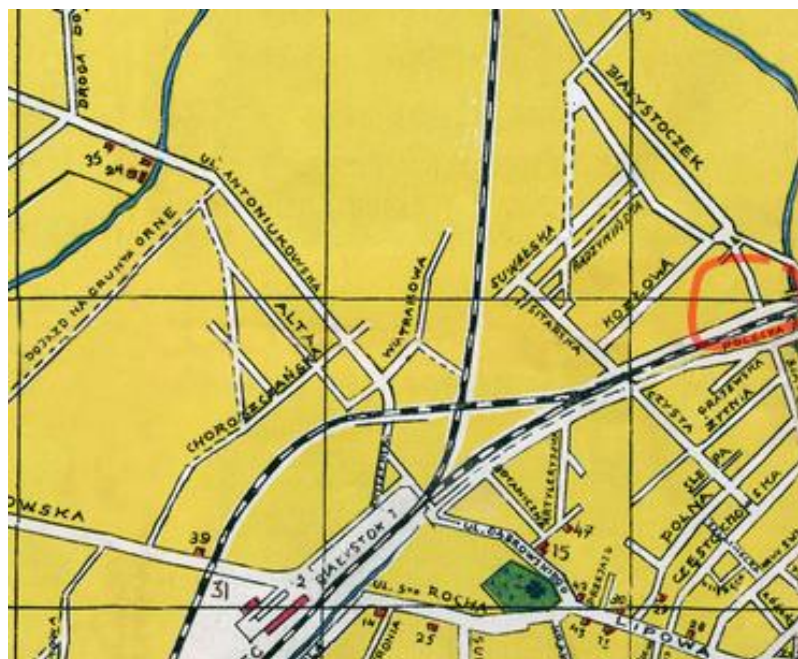
<p>in vald hot men shoy n keyn esn nisht gedarft trogn. di khaveyrim hobn zikh oysgelernt aleyn shafn esn, mit der hilf fun geve, tsvishn der arumiker bafelkerung, vekher m'hot glaykhtsaytik oyfgeklert, az undzer kamf iz oykh a kamf far zeyer bafayung.</p> <p>zey hobn zikh gut batsoygn tsu undz fil geholfn, gebndik yedies vegn dem vu es gefinen zikh di daytshn un vifl zey zaynen. zey hobn nit opgekert fun undz zeyer simpatye. mir fun undzer zayt flegn shishn di agentn fun der gegnt vos flegn zey onton tsores, un undz oykh.</p>	<p>It was not allowed to bring food [from the ghetto] into the forest. The comrades learned to get food themselves from the surrounding population with the help of weapons. The latter, however, was informed at the same time that our struggle was also a struggle for their own liberation.</p> <p>The population identified with us, helped us a lot and informed us about the position and number of Germans. They did not withdraw their sympathy from us. From our side we shot at the agents of the area who caused suffering to the population and to us.</p>
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<p>in der arbet iz alemol oysgekumen durkhtsumakhn derfarungen.eynmol hot men bashtimt aroystsushikn 10 man mit geve in vald. zey zaynen banakht aribergekekrokh dem parkan un gevolt aribergeyn di linyes bam Bialystotshek (1). finf zaynen ariber, ober di andere finf nit, vayl in dem iz ongefor a ban. dervayl iz ongekumen a daytsher patrul velkher hot zey bamerkt un genumen shrayen: „, shteyn blaybn!“ der khaver Datner hot glaykh geshosn af zey un eynem farvundet.</p> <p>es iz gevorn an alyarm, men hot ober ongehaltn di shiseray un mit etlekhe teg shpeter arayn in geto.</p> <p>dos geve hot yeder eyner bazunder bagrobn af a bashtimtn ort.</p> <p>fun dem hot zikh farshprayt a klang az partizaner hobn zikh gevolt araynraysn in geto, am emese sensatsye. mir hobn zikh af di felern gelernt. onshotot kletern ibern parkan hot men aroysgenumen etlekhe breter, velkhe flegn zikh araynshteln tsurik azoy, az es zol nit zayn kontik. vos amol mit mer farlaykhterungen zaynen khaveyrim</p>	<p>In our activity, we always had to go through certain experiences. Once 10 men (from the ghetto) were sent out into the forest with weapons. In the night they crawled over the fence and wanted to cross the railroad tracks near the "Bialystotshek" [Bialystoczek] (1). Five of them got across, but the other five failed to do so, because a train was just coming up. In the meantime, a German patrol arrived, noticed them and shouted, "Stop!" Comrade [Shimon] Datner immediately shot at them, wounding one.</p> <p>This set off an alarm, but the shooting stopped, and several days later (they all) returned to the ghetto.</p> <p>Everyone dug his gun into a different designated place.</p> <p>[Given this incident] a rumor spread in the ghetto that partisans wanted to tear their way into the ghetto, a real sensation. We learned from these mistakes. Instead of climbing over the fence, we removed quite a few boards and put them back in position so that it would not be noticed. Next, there was an even greater relief for the</p>
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aroysgeshikt gevorn in vald. zey flegn mit zikh mitnemen gever un aroysgetrogn vern durkh der farmitlung fun khaver Zalman Finkel velkher flegt firm mist oysern geto in di derfer, un flegt di zakhn oysbahalt n un aroysfirm. azoy hot di yugnt gekemft.

comrades who were sent into the forest. They usually took their weapons with them and were taken with the help of comrade Zalman Finkel, who brought carts of dung from the ghetto to the villages, where he additionally hid things and led them out. This is how the youth fought.



(1) [On the map you can see the intersection of the former Bialystoczek Street with the railroad line, photo: Dr. Tomek Wisniewski]

ikh rateve zikh fun talyens hent

di keseyderdike khapungen hern nisht oyf un, azoy vi undzer familye meydt keyn tsore nisht oys, iz men take a gevishe nakht gekumen oykh mir nehmen. a idisher politsyant shlept mikh aroys

I Save Myself from the Executioner's Hands

The constant arrests do not stop, and since our family is not spared any misfortune, one particular night I am actually arrested as well. A Jewish policeman pulls me out of bed and leads me away to the

fun bet un firt mikh avek in „sing-sing“-azoy hot men gerufn di turme vu men hot gehaltn di arestirte in geto. ikh dervis zikh, az m'darf drey malers in a lager af Agustov tsu de arbet. ikh un nokh tsvey malers zitsn shoy'n un ter di krates un vartn m'zol undz ibergebn der gestapo. di mame kumt tsu a farveynte tsu di

"Sing-Sing", as they called the prison where the detainees in the ghetto were held. I learn that in the Agustov [Augustów] camp they need three painters for work; next to me, two other painters are already sitting under the bars, waiting for us to be handed over to the Gestapo. Mom comes to the bars in tears

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krates un fregt, vos ton? Beybe vil mikh farbaytn, geyn af mayn ort, ober ikh vil nit. ikh treyst der mamen un aley'n drey ikh zikh arum hin un tsurik in tsimerl, kuk af di oyfshriftn af di vent fun mentshn vos zaynen do gezesn un avekgeshikt gevorn in farshidene lagern fun velkhe a sakh leben shoy'n nit.

idishe politsey treybt op der mamen, s'fort tsu an oyto fun gestapo fun velkhn es geyt aroys a grober daytsh mit a shvarts hitl mit a toytn-herb. er tut a geshray tsu di politsyantn velkhe tantsn far im af di lapen. men shlist op di tir un mir geyen arayn in oyto. di mame shteyt in a vinkl fun gas, farbrokhn di hent un mit farshvolene oygn. men firt undz tsu tsum gestapo hoyf vu m'heyst undz aroysgeyn fun oyto un vartn. afn hoyf fun gestapo shteyen fil mentshn tsugeshtelt mitn ponem tsu der vant fun a moyer, kenst nit zen ver es iz, ober ale tseshlogn, ver farblutikt un ver farbandazhirt. eyner falt fun lang shteyn, geyt tsu der vos hit im mitn biks un shlogt im azoy lang vu er treft, biz yener shtelt zikh oyf un shtelt zikh vayter ba der vant.

es hert zikh fun tsayt tsu tsayt a hartsraysndiker geshray fun a mentsh vos men peynikt ergets in a tsimer fun hoyf. un afn hoyf dreyen zikh arum hin un tsurik mentshn vos arbetn do, vi es volt

and asks, what should we do? Beybe wants to change places with me, to go to prison for me, but I don't want that. I comfort my mother and turn around the room, back and forth, looking at the inscriptions on the walls of people who have been there and were sent away to various camps, many of whom are no longer alive.

The Jewish police chases my mother away, a Gestapo vehicle drives up, from which a coarse German with a black hat, on which is a skull, gets out. He yells at the policemen who prance around him. The door is locked and we go into the vehicle. Mother stands on a street corner, eyes swollen, wringing her hands. We are taken to the Gestapo building, where we are ordered to get out of the vehicle and wait. In the Gestapo courtyard there are many people standing, with their faces turned to a brick wall, so that they cannot be recognized. All of them, however, have been badly beaten, some smeared with blood, some with bandages. One falls down from standing for a long time. The person watching over him with a rifle goes to him and beats him all over until he gets up and stands against the wall again.

Every now and then you hear a heartbreaking scream of someone being tortured somewhere in a room of the building. In the courtyard, people are turning back and forth, working there as if

<p>gornit geshen. zey arbetn shoyn do drey yor tsayt un zeen dos yedn tog.</p>	<p>nothing is happening. They've been working there for three years now and they have been seeing it every day.</p>
<p>vos tut men?-kler ikh- ikh shtey shoyn a sho tsayt un vos vet men mit mir vayter ton? dervayl observir ikh, az leben toyer shteyt a daytsh mit a biks un kontrolirt keynem nit fun di arbeter vos geyen aroys mit getsayg. ikh rays arop di gele late un nem a bershtl vos ligt afn hoyf, hoyb on tsu reydn tsu a yidishn arbeter vos geyt aroys tsum toyer af arbet un gey glaykh mit im reydn dik, vi ikh volt gearbet tsuzamen mit im. der daytsh vos iz geshtanen bam toyer lozt undz durkh.</p>	<p>"What can be done?", I think. Now I have been standing here for an hour, and what will they do with me? Meanwhile, I observe that a German with a rifle is standing next to the gate, not checking any of the workers who go out with their tools. I tear down the yellow patches, take a brush that is lying in the yard and start talking to a Jewish worker who goes out to the gate to work; I accompany him, talking to him as if I were working with him. The German standing by the gate lets us through.</p>
<p>opgeyendik a shtikl veg, zog ikh tsum idn er zol nemen dos bretl un loz mikh geyn glaykh tsum vald. ikh gey tsulib gevoynehayt</p>	<p>After we have walked a bit, I tell the Jew to take the brush [1] and head straight for the forest. Out of habit</p>

[1] literally "bretl, small bord", but I think that the "bershtl", the brush he carried is meant

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<p>afn bruk, ober bald dermon ikh zikh, az ikh muz geyn afn trotuar, vayl on lates geyt men afn trotuar. arumkukndik zikh vi a hoz gey ikh glaykh tsum geto a heym. ikh krikh ariber dem parkan fun hoyf vu ikh hob gearbet un kum arayn tsu a por idn tapitstirer vos arbetn in a bazunder tsimer. zey farshteyen bald, az ikh bin antloyfn un zey bahaltn mir unter di matratsn vos lign ongeleygt. in geto veyst men, az ikh bin arestirt un di daytshn torn mir nit zen.</p>	<p>I walk on the cobblestones, but soon I remember that, without patches, I have to walk on the sidewalk. Looking around like a rabbit, I go home, towards the ghetto. I crawl over the fence of the yard where I was working and come inside to a couple of Jewish upholsterers working in a special room. They immediately understand that I have fled and hide me under the pile of mattresses lying there. It is known in the ghetto that I have been arrested and the Germans must not see me.</p>
<p>di idn bahaltn mikh gut, gibn mir optsuesn un men bashlist, az ikh zol tsuzamen mit zey arayngeyn in geto. ober, do vet dokh zayn eyner an iberiker. geyt arayn eyner a khaver far mir ibern parkan,</p>	<p>The Jews hide me well and provide me with food; they decide that I should enter the ghetto together with them, but we will be one too many! Thereupon a comrade of mine risks his life, takes the way</p>

aynshtelndik zayn leben un dem daytsh, er zol makhn a shvayg, git men etlekhe mark. ikh loz arop dos hitl iber di oygn, bayt di zakhn mit a khaver un gey arayn in geto. ikh shlof iber di nakht ba a khaverte un batog gey ikh in a tsveytn ort. azoy bahalt ikh zikh oys tsvey teg. Raytsele brengt mir esn fun shtub.

undzer nayer khaver-di biks

ikh ze, az s'iz an umzin zikh oystsubahaltu un ikh vende zikh tsu der organizatsye, az men zol mir on der ray shikn in vald, nemendik in akht mayne badingungen. zey onerkenen dos un dem 12-tn oygust 1943 batog, meldet men mir ikh zol kumen af a punkt, vu es vet kumen a khaver un mir avekfirm afn ort fun velkhn ikh vel darfn aroysgeyn in partizanke.

es falt tsu der ovnt un es vert fintster. dan ganve ikh zikh durkh dos shtikl gas un gey arayn in shtub zikh gezegenen. Beybe geyt aroys farn gas akhtung gebn tsi keyner geyt nisht. ikh kler oyf der mamen, az altseys ken ikh shoyt nit fardinen in shtub, vayl m'zukunft mikh, un ikh muz aroysgeyn in vald. zi vert blas un entfert gornit. s'vert shtil in shtub. ikh gey tsu tsum tatn vos ligt in bet un tsekush zikh mit im. di mame shteyt nokh alts afn zelbn ort

over the fence and bribes the German with several marks so that he keeps silent. I pull my cap over my eyes, change my clothes with those of the comrade and go into the ghetto. During the night I sleep at the home of a comrade and during the day I go to another place. In this way I hide for two days. Raytsele brings me food from home.

Our New Comrade- the Rifle

I realize that it is nonsensical to continue hiding and I contact the organization that now, given my situation, I would like my turn to be sent to the forest. Acknowledging this, on the day of August 12, they inform me to go to a meeting point. There a comrade will come and take me to a place from which I will get to the partisan group.

Evening falls and it becomes dark. I sneak through the little bit of street and go home to say goodbye. Beybe goes out into the street and watches to make sure no one is there either. I explain to my mother that I couldn't earn anything for the family anyway, since they are looking for me, and that I have to go to the forest. She turns pale and does not answer. It becomes quiet in the parlor. I go to my father, who is lying in bed, and we hug and kiss. Mother is still standing in the same place, silent.

shvaygndik. ikh nem zi arum un a vareme trer falt mir afn bak. zi sheptshet oys: „zay matsliekh mayn kind.“
Raytsele geyt aroys fun shtub. ikh loz iber gelt un shpayz af tsvey vokhn tsu leben, nem di burke (kurts vinterdik rekl) un gey aroys. Beybe bagleyt mikh biz der shtub vu ikh darf arayngeyn. arayngeyn dortn tor er nit.

I hug her and a warm tear falls on my cheek. She whispers, "Be blessed and happy!"
Raytsele walks out of the parlor. I leave money and food for two weeks, take my "burke" (short winter jacket) and leave. Beybe accompanies me to the house where I have to go in, he is not allowed in there.

in shtub zitsn shoyn tsen man. ale shveygn un kukn zikh on. tsvey khaveyrim vos zaynen gekumen fun vald nokh bandazhen un andere zakhn, shmuesn vegn vald un vegn der tsugreytung fun naye mentshn af der kumendiker vokh. es filt zikh, az di mentshn fun vald zaynen shoyn epes andere mentshn, zey hobn gor an ander interes in leben.

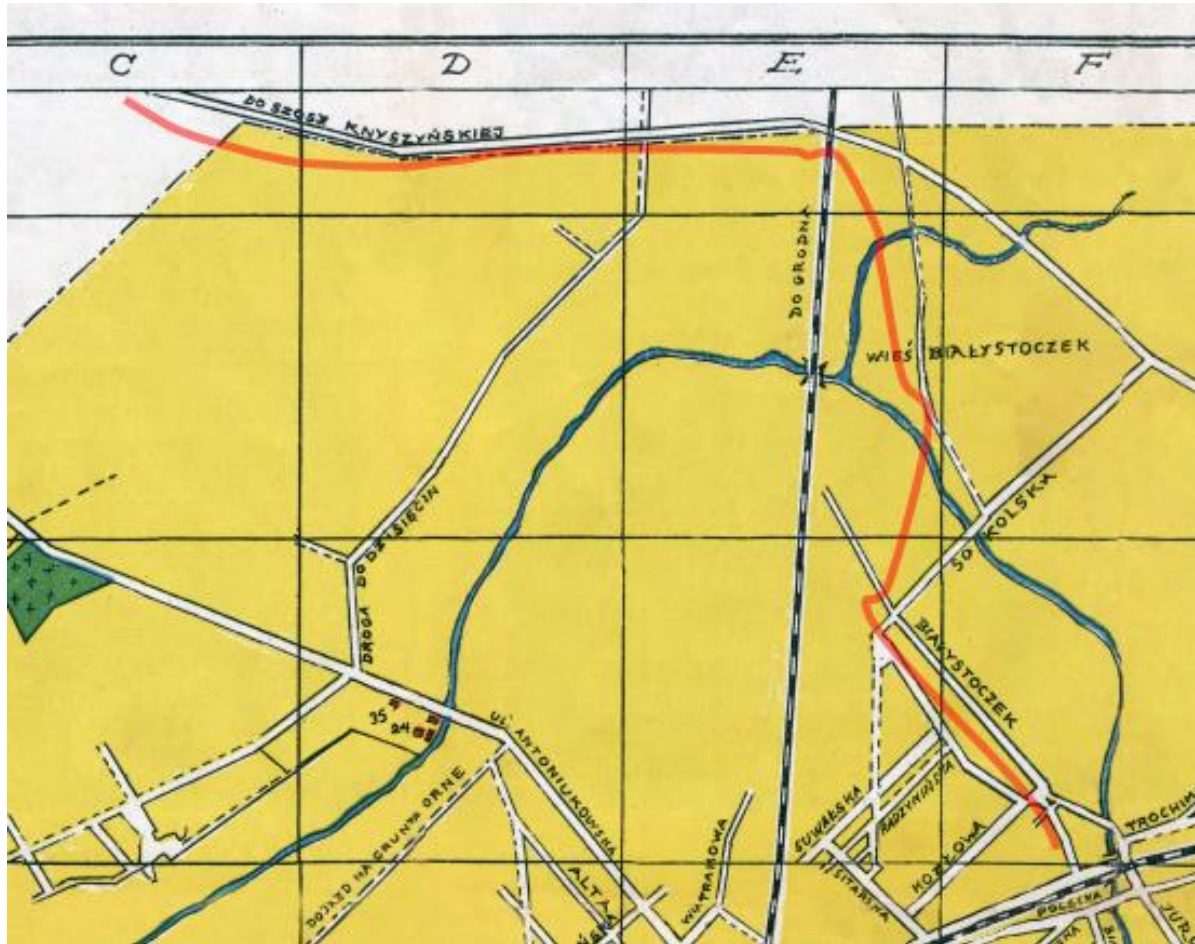
khavertes poren zikh arum bam tsugreytn undzere ruk-zek, zey gisn on vaser in manashkes. men brengt arayn etlekhe biksn un shpet banakht krikhn mir pamelekh tsu, tsu tsvey man, tsum ployt. men efnt oyf a bret un shtil, nit otemendik afile, geyt men aroys. di ershte farordnung iz: shisn bald oyb men treft a daytsh oder politsyant vos vet shtern. mir geyen aroys eyner nokhn andern un durkh Bialostotshek tsum veg af Knishiner [Knyszyn] vald, der ershter punkt undzere.

di nakht iz shtil. mir geyen mit di biksn greyt yede minut tsum kamf. es shmekt shoyn an ander luft, filst zikh shoyn epes mer mentsh un krigst shoyn abisl mentshlekhe virde, geyst shoyn on lates, fray! der bester khaver dayner iz itst di biks, vos farat keynmol nit. ober mir torn dem khaver biks oykh nit faratn: bizn letstn koyl- di letste iz far zikh-, azoy fodert fun undz di naye moral, der gemaynzamer opmakh vos darf un muz brengen dem zig. ven es hoybt on tsu togn kumen mir tsu a punkt vu es iz frier geven a lager af a kleyn bergl. itst iz dort a grub, alts tsevorfn un tseshtert fun granatn. der vos firt undz dertseylt: „ mit tsvey vokhn tsurik hot do undzer grupe gehat an onfal un kamf mit daytshn un gelitn a korbn, dem khaver Fishl. a por tsendlik meter

Ten men are already sitting in the parlor. All are silent and look at each other. Two comrades who came from the "forest" for bandages and other things talk about the "forest" and about the preparation of the new people in the coming week. It can be felt that people from the "forest" are already somewhat different people, they have quite different concerns in life.

The female comrades eagerly try to fill our backpacks, they pour water into canteens [menažkas]. Several rifles are brought in, and late at night we slowly crawl, two by two, to the fence. One of the fence slats is opened and silently, not even breathing, we walk out. The first regulation is called: Shoot immediately if you come across a German or policeman who could hinder us. We go out one after the other and passing through Bialostotshek [Bialostoczek] we come to the road to Knishiner [Knyszyn] forest, our first target point.

The night is silent, we go with the guns, ready to fight at any minute. There is already a different smell in the air, you feel more human and get a little human dignity, you go without patches, free! Your best comrade is the rifle that never betrays you. But also we must not betray our comrade rifle; until the last bullet - the last bullet is for you - this is what demands from us the new morality, the common agreement that must bring the victory! At dawn we reach a point where earlier, on a small mountain, there was a camp. Now there is a pit, everything is jumbled and destroyed by shells. Our guide tells us: "Two weeks ago, our group was attacked, fought with the Germans, and we had to mourn one victim, our comrade Fishl. A few dozen meters



[The way to the woods of Knyszyn, from a photo of Dr. Tomek Wisniewski]

<p>vayter iz dem khaver Fishl's keyver- nokh a frish ongeshotn bergl. mit shteyen arum keyver un kukn yeder eyner fartift in zayne gedanken, mir gezegeben mit undzere blikn dem keyver un hoybn on geyn tsum nayem ort, vu undzere khaveyrim gefinen zikh.</p> <p>mir kumen ahin ven es hoybt ersht on togn. a khaver vos shteyt af der vakh nemt undz oyf mit a shmeykhl, drikt shtil yedn eynem di hant un tsekusht zikh, fregt vos s'hert zikh in geto. tsvishn beymer a kleyn fayerl, af a shtekn hengen tsvey keslen in velkhe es kokht zikh esn, shoyngeregret far undz- zey hobn gevust, az haynt darfn onkumen naye khaveyrim.</p> <p>mir zetsn zikh arum fayer oystrikenen zikh fun der fartogiker faykheyt, vos hot durkhgenetst di kleyder. men git undz esn a gedikhte kashe un fil fleysh- shoyng lang keyn fleysh nit gegesn! men zogt undz oykh, az haynt darfn kumen der khaver Khayim Khalef mitn komandir fun di andere velder vos zaynen gegangen unterhandlen mit der grupe fun zelbn geto, vos gefint zikh in Suprasler [Supraśl] vald.</p> <p>men vayzt undz on dem ort, nit vayt fun fayer, vu mir darfn zikh leygn shlofn, zikh nit oyston, di biks in hant. fun itst on darfn mir zayn greyt yede minut af kamf, vayl men veyst nit ven der daytsh ken tsu undz kumen.</p> <p>ober, es shloft zikh nit. vos tsu klern felt nit. di khaveyrim vos zaynen shoyng lenger in vald shmuesn zikh zeyere inyonim, mir kenen nokh vegn dem keyn vort nit nehmen- es iz ingantsn an ander shprakh. zey baruikn undz vegn farshidene koyles vos hern zikh fun</p>	<p>away is Fishl's grave, a freshly heaped up mound. We stand around the grave and each of us is engrossed in our thoughts. With our gazes we say goodbye to the grave and make our way to a new point where our comrades are located.</p> <p>It is not until daybreak that we arrive there. A comrade standing guard there welcomes us with a smile, quietly squeezes each one's hand and kisses them. He inquires about the situation in the ghetto. A small fire burns between trees, two cauldrons hang on a stick, in which food is cooking, prepared especially for us. They knew that two new comrades were arriving today.</p> <p>We sit down around the fire, drying ourselves from the morning dampness that has soaked our clothes. We get to eat a thick porridge with a lot of meat; for a long time we have not eaten meat! We are told that today comrade Khayim Khalef will come with the commander of the other forests, who have conducted secret negotiations with a group of the same ghetto, which is now in the Suprasler [Supraśl] forest.</p> <p>We are shown the place, not far from the fire, where we must go to sleep, undressed, with the rifle in our hands. From now on we have to be ready to fight every minute, because we don't know when the German can meet us.</p> <p>But, we are not asleep. There is so much to think about. The comrades who have been in the forest for a while are discussing internal matters, we can't get a word in edgewise yet because it's a completely different language. They reassure us about the various sounds that can be heard in the forest from time to time, they say</p>
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<p>tsayt tsu tsayt in vald, zogn az dos iz gornit, mirn zikh tsugevoynen un oykh kenen untershaydn shpeter vos dos iz azoyns.</p>	<p>that it doesn't mean anything and that we will soon get used to it and later be able to distinguish what it is.</p>
<p>af tsumorgns kumt on der komandir, a yunger rus mit a gutmutikn un freylekhn ponem, bagrist zikh mit yedn eynem bazunder, zetst zikh oykh tsvishn undz, fregt oys farshidene zakhn un dertseylt glaykhtsaytik di naves vos er hot gebrakht fun yene velder. er git undz iber, az es shaft zikh itst a farband fun ale grupes vos</p>	<p>The next morning the commander arrives, a young Russian with a good-natured and cheerful face. He greets each one separately, sits among us and asks various things; at the same time he tells the news he has brought from the other forests. He informs us that a federation is now being formed of all the groups</p>

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<p>gefinen zikh in di velder, es vert geshafn a shtab un ale grupes vern kontsentriert in bashtimte erter in Suprasler [Supraśl] vald un arum. mir darfn zikh oykh dortn iberklaybn un mir vern loyt a bafel fun shtab bazetst af a gevisn opshnit, vu zey zoln visn undz ibertsugebn di bafeln.</p>	<p>that are in the forests. A union will be established, and all the groups will be concentrated in certain places in the Suprasl [Supraśl] Forest and its surroundings. We too have to go there and, according to the orders of the staff, we are placed in a certain section so that they know where we are and can send us commands.</p>
<p>mir hoybn zikh on tsugreytn tsum aroysgeyn. men teylt tsu yedn eynem vos hot gedint in militer di mer vikhtikere shtiklekh gever. ikh bakum dem pulemyot (koylnvarfer) fun 16 kilo mit 63 koyln in eyn tats, vekhe er varft aroys mit eyn mol...</p>	<p>We are preparing to leave. Everyone who has served in the military is assigned the more important weapons. I get the machine gun, weighing 16 kilos and loaded with 63 bullets per magazine that it can fire at one time....</p>
<p>der pulemyot heyst donskoy, tsulib zayn frierdikn balebos, a doner kozak. men git nokh tsu tsvey tatsn mit 124 koyln un m'vayzt mir vi zikh tsu bageyn mit im, vayl ikh hob gekent andere markes. vi nor es falt di nakht hoybn mir on zikh tsugreytn tsu der ershter bombyazhke (*) un nokhdem farlozn mir dem vald un geyen iber in Suprasler. [Supraśl]</p>	<p>The machine gun is called "Donskoy", after its former owner, a Don Cossack. They give me two additional magazines with 124 bullets and instruct me on how to handle the machine gun, because I have only known different models before. As soon as the night falls, we prepare for the first "Bombyazhke" (*), then leave this forest and go over to the Suprasler [Supraśl] forest...</p>

<p>der oyfshtand fun Bialystoker geto (di letste farnikhtung fun di ibergeblibene 40 toyznt idn)</p> <p>bam oyfshtand in geto, vos hot zikh ongehoyn dem 16-tn oygust 1943, bin ikh shoyn nit geven. mit fir teg frier hot men mir aroysgeshikt in vald un dort zaynen mir geshtanen af di postns uftsunemen di kamfs khaveyrim un idn, vos zaynen gelofn in vald. fun zey hob ikh zikh dervust genoy vos es iz fargekumen un af vos far an oyfn der oyfshtand iz dershtikt gevorn.</p> <p>di letste tsayt hobn di untermidische organizatsyes alts intensiver gearbet un m'hot ongehoyn redn vegn oysbreytern di arbet arayntsiendik vos mer organizatsyes un zikh fareynikn in eyn</p>	<p>The Uprising in the Bialystok Ghetto (the last extermination of the remaining 40 thousand Jews)</p> <p>When the uprising in the ghetto began on August 16, 1943, I was no longer there. Four days earlier I was sent to the forest, where we stood at our posts to pick up the fighting comrades and Jews who ran into the forest. From them I learned exactly what happened and in what way the uprising was stifled.</p> <p>During the last period, the underground organizations had been working even more intensively and they began to talk about broadening the work by uniting more organizations into one</p>
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(*) Author's note: "Bombyazhke" was the name the partisans used to give to encircling a village with weapons at night, taking necessary food and clothes.

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<p>koyekh. untern druk fun „vald“ iz tsushtand gekumen di fareynikung fun der azoy gerufene „Yehudim-Gruppe“ mit der alter organizatsye un men hot shoyn oykh gevolt arayntsiendik di khalutsishe grupes in der tsuzamenarbeit. Barash hot zikh shoyn oykh gevendet un gezukht di firer fun der organizatsye. er hot teylvayz geshtitst di tsienistishe khalutsishe bavegung mit gelt, ober er hot gevust, az dos iz nit der emeser koyekh af velkhn men ken zikh shtitsn un gezukht tsu shmuesn</p>	<p>force. Under the pressure of the "forest", the so-called "Yehudim [Yeudite?] Group" was united with the old organization and the (Ha)Chalutz [Pioneer] groups were also to be included in the cooperation. Barash, too, had reoriented and looked for the leaders of the organization. He partially supported the Zionist Chalutz movement with money, but he knew that this was not the right force to rely on and tried to talk</p>
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א טראגישער בילד: מען פירט ארויס דעם מעדיצינישן פערסאנאל
פון ביאליסטאקער שפיטאל אפן וועג קיין טרעבלינקע

A tragic picture: the medical staff of the Bialystok Hospital is led out on the way to Treblinka.

<p>mit der poylisher organizatsye. di daytshn hobn ober gearbet fil gikher... in dem frimorgn fun 16-tn Oygust hot men plutslung arumgeshtelt dem geto, bazetst dem yudn-rat un gemoldn, az ale idn</p>	<p>to the Polish organization. However, the Germans worked much faster... Early in the morning of August 16, the ghetto was suddenly surrounded, the Judenrat was occupied and it was reported that all Jews</p>
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<p>vern aroysgefirt af arbet (der alter pizmen).ale hobn shoyn farshtanen vos dos badayt ven men ruft oykh kinder un geyzgroye „af arbet“. di organizatsye mitglider hobn zikh bald geshtelt af di opgeredte punktn af Tsheple, Novogrudzke un Khmielne. es iz farteylt gevorn geve un es iz bashlosn gevorn ontsuhoybn dem kamf mitn bashisn dem parkan, vos iz geven arumgeringlt mit daytshn un zikh adurkhraysn in vald mitnemendik fil idn. men hot untergetsundn etlekhe fabrikn un ongehoybn a shtarke shiseray fun di hoyfn un heyzer af di daytshn vos hobn patrolirt in geto un varfn granatn tsum parkan, kedey zikh tsu kenen durkhraysn. fil daytshn zaynen gefaln un di resht hobn zikh tsurikgetsoygn.</p> <p>zeendik di haltung fun di kemfer- der kamf hot gedoyert a halbn tog- hobn di daytshn shpeter arayngefirt in geto etlekhe tanken velkhe hobn tseteylt di gasn un opgeshnitn di farbindung tsvishn di grupes. zey hobn oykh farsharkt di vakh arum parkan un es iz geven umeglekh zikh durkhtsuraysn. di khaveyrim hobn gekemft a gantsn tog.</p>	<p>were being led out to work (the "old song"). Everyone knew very well what this meant, because even children and aged people were called "to work". The organizations immediately took positions on the agreed places, on Tsheple [Ciepła] Street, Novogrudzke [Novogrodzka] and Khmielne [Chmielna] Street. Weapons were distributed and it was decided to start the fight by firing at the fence, which was surrounded by Germans, and, taking many Jews along, to break through into the forest. Quite a few factories were set on fire and there was heavy shooting in the courtyards and houses at the Germans, who patrolled the ghetto and threw grenades at the fence to break through. Many Germans fell and the rest retreated.</p> <p>Realizing the attitude of the fighters - the fight lasted already half a day - the Germans brought several tanks into the ghetto, dividing the streets and cutting off the connections between the groups.</p> <p>They also reinforced the guard around the fence, and it was impossible to break through. The comrades fought for a whole day.</p>
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<p>nit hobndik keyn farbindung mit di firer un nit visndik vos vayter tsu ton, zaynen di grupkes gevorn alts shiterer- fil khaveyrim zaynen gefaln, di resht hobn gekemft untersindndik di heyzer velkhe men hot gemuzt farlozn.</p> <p>a groyse shterung iz geven, vos di granatn velkhe zaynen oysgearbet gevorn in geto hobn nit oyfgerisn, tsulib dem vos zey zaynen gelegn in a faykhtn ort di gantse tsayt.</p> <p>undzer bruder Leybl (Beybe) hot vi a distsiplinirter mitglied fun der organizatsye zikh bald fartog geshtelt in kamf, farlozndik di shtub. er bakumt geveer un kemft afn punkt vu men hot im bashtimt af Novogrudzke gas. ba an atake afn parkan vert er farvundet in hant, ober er farlozt nit dem kamfs-plats un kemft farvunderterhayt biz farkakht. shpeter dervisn zey zikh, az men darf zikh maskirn un tsuzamen mit di iberike idn zikh tsushteln</p>	<p>Not having any connection with the leaders and not knowing what to do further, the groups became more and more thinned, many comrades had fallen. The rest fought by setting fire to the houses that had to be abandoned.</p> <p>It proved to be extremely counterproductive that the grenades, which had been manufactured in the ghetto, did not explode, because they had been lying in a damp place all the time.</p> <p>At dawn, our brother Leybl (Beybe), as a disciplined member of the organization, immediately put himself forward to fight. Leaving his home, he immediately gets weapons and fights on the position designated for him in Novogrudzke [Novogrodzka] Street. During an attack he is wounded in his hand; he does not leave his fighting place, but continues fighting wounded until the evening.. Later they learn that they should mask and go to stand with the other Jews</p>
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<p>tsum banhoyf, kedey nokh dem aroysshpringen fun ban un zikh lozn in vald. tsuzamen mit etlekhe khaveyrim, vos bandazhirn im di vund, khapn zey zikh ariber tsu der mase mentshn velkhe vern gefirt in rayen tsum ban un shpeter, ven zey zaynen shoyn in ban raysn zey oyf a bret un shpringen aroys, nokh der statsye Lape. es gelingt im tsu derkrign zikh in vald, ober nit vu ikh un andere zaynen geven, nor in di Breynsker velder. dortn zaynen nokh keyn partizaner nit geven. 4 man leben zey in vald on geveer, kombinirndik esn af far</p>	<p>at the train station, and then jump off the train and head for the forest. Together with several comrades who bandage his wound, they rush over to the mass of people who are led in rows to the train and later, when they are already on the train, they tear open a board and jump out after the Lape [Łapy] station. He manages to reach the forest, unfortunately, not where I and the others were, but in the woods of Breynsk [Brańsk]. There were no partisans there yet. The four of them live there without a gun, obtaining food</p>
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בייבע, אומגעקומען צו די צוויי און צוואנציק יאר

Beybe, perished at the age of twenty two.

shidene oyfanim. dos hobn mir dertseylt di vos zaynen geven mit im. far der tsayt heylt zikh im oys di hant, un azoy hobn zey gelebt biz vinter. ober vinter hobn di polyakn, nokh di shlyades zeyre, dergangen vu zey gefinen zikh un es hot gedrot, az zey zoln kumen zey dermordn. zey hobn deriber bashlosn tsu farlozn dem ort, zikh

in various ways. This is what those who were with him told me. During this time his hand heals, and so they remain there until winter. In winter, however, the Poles learned from the still visible traces of the comrades where they were hiding, and there was a

tseteyndik in tsvey grupes tsu tsvey man. fun Beyben un zayn khaver	danger that they would come and murder them. Therefore, they decide to leave the place and divide into groups of two men each.
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<p>iz fun dan on keyn vayterdike yedies nit geven. di andere tsvey zaynen geblibn leben. ikh hob mit eynem fun zey geredt. mit dem farendikn zikh Beybes 22 yor yungn leben. zol khotsh zayn far undz a treyst zayn haltung un virdike mentshlekhe shtelung, kemfndik farvundeterhayt, nit onverndik dem mut. koved zayn ondenk un shtolts far undz als brider, kinder fun folk!</p> <p>der groyzamer sof</p> <p>der kamf fun der idisher bafelkerung iz likvidirt gevorn bald in di ershte por teg. der daytsh hot nokh alts gepruvt opnarn di idn un zey tseteylt zogndik, az es blaybt nokh a kleyner geto, un opteyndik a gevise tsol idn af Fabritshne [Fabryczna] gas, vu zey hobn kloymersht gedarft vayter leben hot er zey oysgenutst af oyftsuramen di fabrikn un aroysfirn di mashinen un dernokh oykh umgebrakht.</p> <p>toyznter zaynen dershoshn gevorn in shtot, in di gasn fun geto un firndik iber di gasn oysern geto. leben ban hot men tsunoyfgeklibn ale froyen, kinder un mener un gehaltn teg on esn un trinken, biz di mentshn flegn farkhaleshn un zikh shoyn betn, az men zol zey firn in di vagones, vayl dos iz shoyn geven „a leyzung“.</p> <p>mit hundert protsent groyzuamer iz geven di letste farnikhtung vi di ershte fun 5-tn Februar fun zelbn yor, un es iz umeglekh afile</p>	<p>From then on, there is no more news of Beybe and his comrade. The other two remained alive. I spoke with one of them. Thus ends Beybe's 22 years young life. Nevertheless, his attitude and dignified human spirit should be a consolation for us. He fought as a wounded man and did not lose his courage. Honor his memory, our pride for us as brothers and children of the [Jewish] people!</p> <p>The Cruel End</p> <p>The struggle of the Jewish population was immediately crushed in the first few days. The Germans still tried to deceive the Jews and divided them, saying that a smaller ghetto would remain. They segregated a certain number of Jews on Fabritshne [Fabryczna] Street, where they were supposedly allowed to continue living, and exploited them by having them clean up the factories and take out the machines; after that, they too were killed.</p> <p>Thousands were shot in the city, on the streets of the ghetto and while being led away over the roads outside the ghetto. Next to the railroad they rounded up all the women, children and men and kept them for days without food and drink, until people began to have fits of weakness and asked themselves to be led to the wagons, because that would ultimately be a "salvation".</p> <p>The last extermination action was one hundred percent more cruel than the first one of February 5 of the same year, and it is</p>
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<p>ontsuhoybn tsu dertseyln. fil mentshn zaynen arayn in di „skhrones“ (baheltenishn) vos men hot gehat tsugegreyt, ober zey flegn vern oyfgedekht bislekhvayz durkh di daytshn. durkh dem gantsn yor tsayt vos di geto iz geven geshlosn biz dem arayngang fun der royter armey, flegt men shikn grupes daytshn mit arbeter polyakn oyftsuroymen di heyzer un aroysfirn alts vos iz geblibn un, trefndik azelkhe baheltenishn mit halb toyte idn fun lign monatn lang oyfgeshtikt, nit bayndik keyn vesh, nit gevashn un nit farkamt</p>	<p>impossible to even begin to describe it. Many people hid in the hiding places they had prepared, but gradually they were discovered by the Germans. Throughout the year, when the ghetto was closed, until the entering of the Red Army, groups with Germans and Polish workers were sent to clean up the houses and bring out everything that remained inside. When they came across such hiding places of Jews who were half dead from lying crammed together for months without being able to change their clothes, wash or comb their hair,</p>
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<p>un zikh dernerndik bloyz mit trukene shpayz, flegn zey di daytshn tsunoyfklaybn in grupes un avekfirm untern shtot in Pyetrashe oder Novoshilki, oysgrobn griber un naketerhayt dershishn. eyner a id Aberzinski iz aleyn antlofn fun aza lebedikn grub. er iz gekumen tsu undz in vald un alts dertseylt. fil idn hobn mir oyfgenumen in vald un gegeben a naye heym un gever mit der meglekhkeyt tsu nehmen nekome far dem vos zey hobn mit undz geton.</p> <p>mit dem iz mayn blase shilderung vegn der tragedye fun di ariber 60 toyzent idn in Bialystoker geto als gantse, farendikt. es blaybn nokh di shilderungen fun dem kamf un leben fun der geshafener Bialystoker partizanke in di velder arum Bialystok, vos ikh vel zikh bamien vayter ibertsugebn.</p>	<p>and who could live only on dry food, the Germans used to gather them in groups, deport them south of the city to Pyetrashe [Pietrasze] or Novoshilki [Nowosiólki], dig pits and shoot them there naked. One of the Jews, Aberzinski, managed to escape from such a "living pit". He came to us in the forest and told us everything. We took in many Jews in the forest, gave them a new home and weapons, with the possibility of taking revenge on those who did that to us.</p> <p>This ends my colorless account of the tragedy of over 60 thousand Jews in the Bialystok ghetto. There still remain the descriptions of the struggle and life of the created partisan movement in the forests around Bialystok, which I try to pass on.</p>
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mayn ershte bombyashke

vi nor es iz gevorn tunkl un di nakht iz tsugefaln hot undz oysgeshtelt der komandir un ongevizn vi zikh tsu firm mit der bafelkerung ven mirn arayngeyn in dorf; vos men meg fodern un vos men tor nit. er farteylt yedn eynem zayne oyfgabn un mir hoybn on tsu geyn: drey khaveyrim foroys in a „rozvyetke“ (oysshpirung), di resht, eyner untern andern in a ray, shtil tsum bashtimtn ort. durkh teykhlekh un blotes, durkh azoyne vegn, vos keyn mentshlekhe fus hot nokh do nit getrogn, kumen mir on tsum dorf, velkhn mir zeen shoyn fun dervaytns. mir blaybn shteyn, leygn zikh oys af der erd, zikh tsuheren un vartn vos es tut zikh dortn. men shikt arayn etlekhe khaveyrim zikh dervisn, vi es iz di lage in dem gegnt, vu es shteyen daytshishe patroln, kedey tsu visn dem veg velkhn mir darfn durkhmakhn, un vu tsu geyn.

mir vartn ligndik af zeyere tseykhns.
der dorf tumlt mit zayn shtendikn geroysh, hint raysn zikh, shiksesh geyen fun feld mit a geruder lakhndik un shrayendik, vegener gelodn mit tvue skripen langzam, ki geyen mit fule heyters milkh,

My first "Bombyashke"

As soon as it is dark and night falls, the commander has us stand together and tells us how we should behave towards the population when we enter the village; what we can ask for or not.

He assigns everyone their tasks and off we go; three comrades, the scouts, go ahead, the rest go one after the other, in a line, silently to the designated place. Through streams and swamps, over paths that have never borne a human foot, we come to the village we can see from afar. We stop, lie down on the ground to listen and wait to see what happens. Quite a few comrades are sent to find out what the situation of this area is, where German patrols are, to scout out the route we have to take and where exactly we have to go.

Lying down, we wait for their signs.
The village is noisy with constant sounds. Dogs go at each other, gentile girls go noisily from the field, laughing and shouting. Wagons, loaded with grain, creak slowly forward. Cows walk with udders full of milk

velkhe mir veln bald trinken. di khaveyrim kumen tsurik un vayzn a tsaykhn mitn hant, az m'ken arayngeyn in dorf. mir hoybn on geyn, ringlen arum dem dorf fun etlekhe vegn, shteln arum postns mit geve af di vegn, vos firm tsu andere derfer. ikh mitn pulemyot shtel zikh oyf a veg vos firt tsum shtot, fun vanen men rikht zikh, az es

that we will drink soon. The comrades come back and signal with their hands that we can enter the village. We go out, surround the village on several paths, set up posts with weapons on the paths that lead to other villages. I, with the submachine gun, take position on the road leading to the town, from which it is thought that Germans

kenen onkumen daytshn, di andere khaveyrim tseshitn zikh ibern dorf tsunoyftsunemen di shpayz vos mir darfn tsum veg.

di poyerim, merstnteyl, nehmen undz oyf mit simpatye, trogn aroys milkh tsum trinken, fregn zikh af di front yedies un vi men ken leben in vald. zey vartn mit umgeduld, az di royte armey zol zey bafrayn, gibn farshidene yedies vegn daytshishe kreftn. di khaveyrim trogn shnel aroys di bakumene produktn afn zaml-punkt vu es vert ayngepakt, kedey tsu kenen trogn in veg.

in dem kumt tsu tsu mir a poyer un zogt mir, az di geto brent un men shist oys ale idn in Bialystok. (ersht der driter tog vi ikh bin fun dort) ikh dertseyl dos bald di khaveyrim, velkhe viln dos nit gloybn un entfernen:

er hot derkent, az du bizt a id, zogt er dos spetsyel. minastam iz er in kas, vos men nemt bay im tsu shpayz. mir zen ober, az der himl arum iz royt. nit lang zaynen mir aroys fun geto un mir hobn nit gefilt, az es greyt zikh aza farnikhtung.

der kop iz shoyn ergets andersh, men endikt af gikh di arbet un mir farlozn dem dorf tsu geyn in Suprasler [Supraśl] vald vu men hot alemen bashtimt.mit di shpayz un gever af di pleytses geyen mir tif farzorgt. vos tut men itst? dervayl ruen mir zikh op un farn aroysgeyn fun dem Knishiner [Knyszyn] vald, gibn mir op a zalp shosn tsum ondenk fun undzer korbv velkher iz gefaln in kamf mit di daytshn.

may come. The other comrades scatter around the village to collect the food we need for our way.

For the most part, the peasants accommodate us with sympathy, bring milk outside to drink, inquire about news from the front and how life is in the forest. They wait with impatience to be liberated by the Red Army and give us different news concerning the German forces. The comrades quickly bring out the received products to the gathering point, where they are packed to be able to carry them on the way.

Meanwhile, a farmer comes to me and tells me that the ghetto is burning and all the Jews in Bialystok are being shot. (It is only the third day that I am away from there.) I immediately transmit this to the comrades, who don't believe it and answer:

"He recognized that you are a Jew, and he says that specifically because he is probably angry that we are taking food away from him." However, we see that the sky around us is red. Not long ago we left the ghetto and we had no idea that such an annihilation was about to happen there.

With our minds already elsewhere, we quickly finish the work and leave the village to go to the Suprasler [Supraśl] forest, where we have been ordered; and with the food and weapons on our shoulders, we leave in deep anxiety. What to do now? We rest and before leaving the Knishin [Knyszyn] forest we fire a volley of shots in memory of our victims, who fell in battle with the Germans.

in Suprasler [Supraśl] vald

a gantse nakht geyen mir, un fartog kumen mir on in nayem far undz Suprasler [Supraśl] vald vu men vayzt undz, undzer nayem ort, di naye

In the Suprasler [Supraśl] Woods

We walk all night and arrive at dawn in the Suprasler [Supraśl] forest, where we are shown the new place, our new home,

heym, naye boymer un naye erd. dem gantsn tog hobn mir ba undz in der nayer „dire“ gest, es kumen undz bazukhn un zikh bakenen mit undz di rusishe grupes fun arum un glaykhtsaytik kumt a konferents, fun ale tsuzamen vi azoy tsu organizirn di vayterdike arbet in di velder gemeynzam. s'iz shoyn klor far alemen, az in der zelber tsayt vos mir shmuesn do vert der geto, vu es kemfn undzere khaveyrim velkhe hobn nit bavizn aroystsugeyn in vald, farnikhtet. keyn kontakt un shtitse fun geto, vet itst nisht zayn. af vayter ken men zikh rikhtn af groyse oblaves fun daytshn af undzere velder, tsulib dem vos ale idn velkhe veln bavayzn zikh aroysraysn fun geto, veln loyfn in di velder, visndik, az es ekzistirt a partizanke.

a shvere lage iz itst in di velder. di idn vos kumen tsu loyfn, kumen ale on gevert un dos bashvert oykh undz. lang doyn di baratung, vos ton vayter? ober vi zol men alts iberorganizirn?

di rusishe grupes zogn zikh aroys merstn teyl tsu geyn af mizrekh, vu es zaynen do mer otryadn un gresere velder un zey bashlisn tsum farlozn di velder arum Bialystok, dort onklaybn groyse koykhes un kumen tsurik. undzer meynung un khoyn iz, az mir muzn blaybn do oyftsunemen undzere khaveyrim un ale idn vos hobn di eyntsike retung in undzer partizanke in vald.

new trees and new earth. All day long we have guests in our "new home". Russian groups from the area come to visit us and introduce themselves, and at the same time everyone gets together for a conference to discuss how we can organize our further work in the forests together. It is clear to all of us that while we are talking, our ghetto is being annihilated, where our comrades are fighting who did not manage to get into the forest.

Now, we will not receive any contact and support from the ghetto. Also, we must prepare for large raids by the Germans in our forests, because all Jews who manage to break through the ghetto will flee into the forests, knowing that there is a partisan group.

There is a difficult situation in the forests now. All the fleeing Jews come without weapons, making our work more difficult as well. The deliberations take a long time, what should be done now? And how is all this to be organized?

The Russian groups express that they want to go east, where there are more military cohorts and larger forests. They decide to leave the forests around Bialystok to gather large forces around them elsewhere and come back. Our opinion and duty is to stay to accommodate our comrades and all the Jews for whom we partisans in the forest are the only salvation.

di rusishe grupes geyen avek un mir blaybn aleyn in di velder vartn af undzere brider idn, oyftsunemen zey un tsugreytn tsum vayterdikn kamf. mir shmuesn op mit di rusishe grupes punktn oyf kontakt ven zey veln kumen tsu undz tsurik mit informatyes. mir makhn etlekhe bombyashkes, greytn on esn far di vos darfn kumen un shteln aroys undzere khaveyrim af ale vegn vos firm fun shtot tsum vald, oyftsunemen yedn idn vos zey veln trefn un brengen tsu undz.

mir brengen fil mener un froyen vos mir trefn blonkdik in ale erter fun vald, mir gibn zey es nun ordenen zey ayn dervayl

The Russian groups leave and we remain alone, waiting for our Jewish brothers to take them in and prepare them for further struggle. We arrange with the Russian groups certain contact points when they will come back to us with information. We undertake quite a few "bomyashkes", prepare food for those who will come and post our comrades outside on the paths leading from the city to the forest, so that they can pick up the Jews they meet and bring them to us.

We bring many men and women that we meet straying in all places of the forest, we give them food and assign them temporarily

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in bazundere teyln fun vald, vu mir shteln avek etlekhe khaveyrim mit geveer zey tsu hitn. a por mol in tog brengen mir zey esn. etlekhe khaveyrim undzere faln fun an oyfrays af dem postn fun oyfnemen un oyfzikhn di idn vos blonken arum.

fil idn vern geshosn fun daytshtn velkhe makhn shtarke oblaves in di velder, zikhndik der partizanke, mir zetsn fort undzer arbet antshlosn, vayl mir zaynen nit gekumen ushitn undzer leben in vald. mir zaynen aroys kemfn un muzn alemen oyfnemen vemen mir trefn, tsi es iz meglekh far undzere koykhes, - vayl nokhn umkum fun di idn in geto iz opgehakt gevorn der shtits-punkt fun vanen mir flegn bakumen bandazhn, radyos, geveer un mentshn, - tsi nit.

azoy hoybt zikh on undzer tragedye in vald. s'kumt an onflus fun idn on geveer velkhe mir nehmen mit zikh, shtitsndik zikh af di eygene koykhes.

to certain parts of the forest, where we place some comrades with weapons to protect them. A few times a day we bring them food. Several of our comrades are killed by explosions while they are at their post to pick up and seek out the wandering Jews.

Many Jews are being shot by Germans who are making large raids in the forests to look for the partisans. We continue our work resolutely, because we have not come to guard our lives in the woods; we have gone out to fight and must take in everyone we meet, either now our forces will make that possible, or not. Finally, after the extermination of the Jews in the ghetto, our base has been destroyed, from which we have received bandages, radios, weapons and people.

Thus begins our tragedy in the forest. An influx of Jews without weapons is coming, and we are taking them with us, relying on our own forces.

<p>idn in vald</p> <p>farshidene grupn idn zaynen geven in di velder. s'zaynen geven private grupes, dos hot geheysn, idn fun shtetlekh vos zaynen gelegn in vald fun nokh der likvidatsye fun di shtetlekh tsu 5-10 mentshn in a grub on gever, nor zey koyfn far gelt esn bay bakante poyerim, oder baytn af farshidene vert zakhn vos zey hobn gehat.</p> <p>fil azoyne grupes flegn, nokhn oysgeyn fun di gelt oder vert zakhn, geyn af di felder shnit-tsayt, onemen kartofl baynakht oder andere grins un zikh ongreytn af vinter-tsayt, vifl zeyer meglehkeyt iz geven, zey hobn poshet gelebt mit gornit.</p> <p>ven mir flegn tsufelik ontrefn af aza grupe, zaynen dos geven poshet lebedike meysim. kukndik af aza grupe hot men poshet nit gekont derkenen ver s'iz a froy un ver fun zey a man, ale oysgedart vi flantsn vos bakumen nit keyn vaser.</p> <p>ven mir flegn azoyne grupes idn trefn, flegn mir zey oyfklern di vikhtikeyt fun kemfn in vald un nit lign azoy vartndik</p>	<p>Jews in the Forest</p> <p>In the forests there were different groups of Jews. There were private groups, that is, Jews from all the towns that had been liquidated were lying in the forest in groups of 5-10 unarmed people in pits. They bought food for their money from known farmers or exchanged various valuables they still had.</p> <p>When they had no more money or valuables, many of these groups would go out into the fields at harvest time and gather potatoes or other vegetables at night to prepare for winter as best they could. They simply lived with nothing.</p> <p>If we happened to come across such a group, they were like the living dead. When we looked at the people, we couldn't tell which of them was a woman and which was a man, because they were all parched like plants that don't get water.</p> <p>When we met such groups of Jews, we explained to them that it was important to fight in the forest and not lie there</p>
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<p>af der bafreyung. mir flegn nehmen fun zey khaveyrim, un vayzn ale andere punktn in vald, vu mir trefn zikh un bashtimt fun zey oykh mentshn, velkhe zoln onhaltn mit undz a keseyderdikn kontakt.</p> <p>zeyer oyfgabe iz itst gevorn, shafn far zikh geve bay di arumike shkheynim far dem gelt vos zey hobn un di aprovizatsye zeyere hobn mir farbundn tsuzamen mit undzere, oyslernendik zey af vos far a oyfn men bakumt shpayz.</p>	<p>waiting for liberation. We took comrades [from their groups], showed them all the other meeting places in the forest, and also designated people from their midst to maintain ongoing contact with us.</p> <p>Their task now was to procure weapons from the surrounding neighbors from the money they had, and we combined their commission with ours by teaching them how to get food.</p>
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<p>mir hobn zey tsugenumen tsu undz mitnemendik af ale sabotazh arbetn vos es flegt vern durkh undz adurkhgefirt. der onflus fun di idn nokh der fulshtendiker likvidatsye fun geto, hot undz fil farshvert undzer organzatsye-arbet un tsugreytung tsum vinterdikn leben in vald.</p> <p>fundestvegn hobn mir alemen oyfgenumen, bazorgndik zey loyt undzere meglekhkeytn, teyIndik zikh mit alts vos mir hobn denstmol farmogt.</p> <p>der kontakt mitn shtot</p> <p>undzer arbet hobn mir forgezetst als grupe fun Bialystok in kontakt un mit der untershtitsung fun der untererdisher organizatsye P.P.R. (Polska Partya Robotnitsha), velkhe hot ekzistirt in shtot, oysern geto, fun gevezene mitglider fun der komunistisher partey.</p> <p>fun undzer zayt zaynen dort geblibn finf khaveyrim: Roze Vyezbitski, untern psevdonym „Marilke“, Khaye Grosman un nokh drey vemens nehmen ikh gedenk nit. lebndik af arishe peser, oysern geto, flegn zey kumen tsu undz in vald mitbrendendik fun shtot ale noytike informatsyes un oykh gever, bandazhn, in tsaytn fun oblaves ven men flegt nit kenen aroysgeyn zikh havegn, un tsutrogn shpayz far di umbavofnte grupes, in di tsaytn ven mir flegn zikh gefinen operisn fun zey, nit kenendik zayn mit zeyer hilf in kontakt mit undzer partizanke- iz nit tsu bashraybn un ibergebn, di groyse oyftuen zeyere. ikh vil nor ibergebn</p>	<p>We accepted them, including them in all the acts of sabotage we carried out. The influx of Jews after the complete liquidation of the ghetto complicated our organizational work and preparations for winter life in the forest.</p> <p>Nevertheless, we took them all in, providing for them according to our means and sharing everything we possessed at that time.</p> <p>The Contact with the City</p> <p>We continued our work as a group from Bialystok in contact and with the support of the underground organization P.P.R. [Polish Communist Party], which existed in the city, outside the ghetto, and was composed of former members of the Communist Party.</p> <p>From our side there remained five comrades: Roze Vyesbitski, under the pseudonym "Marilke", Khaye Grosman and three others, whose names I do not remember. Living outside the ghetto with Aryan passports, they used to come to us in the forest, bringing from the city necessary information, weapons and bandages, when raids took place and we could not go out [of the forest] and move. In the times when we were separated from them and could not, thanks to their help, be in contact with our partisan group, the great feat they accomplished cannot be described and conveyed. I will only</p>
<p>eyntslne faktn fun zeyer arbet, vos vet ambestn bavayzn zeyer oysgehaltkeyt un ibergegebnkeyt dem kamf kegn natsi-fashizm.</p>	<p>mention individual facts of their work that best describe their perseverance and dedication in the fight against Nazi fascism.</p>

yedn idn velkhn zey flegn trefn in shtot- nokh dem vi Bialystok iz shoyn geven „yudn-reyn“- blonkndik un oysbahaltndik zikh af farshidene oyfanim, flegn zey tsunemen tsu zikh, bahalt n im biz baynakht un brengen im tsu undz af di opgeredte

Every wandering Jew, hiding in various ways, whom they met in the city, when Bialystok was already "Judenrein", they used to take him in, hide him until night and bring him to us at agreed



כאיִע גרֶאָסמאַן

Khaye Grosman

punktn in vald, vu mir flegn zey oyfnemen. di khaverte Rivke Madeyska, hot gefunen a yungn ingl zikh arumdreyendik in shtot un hot im tsugenumen tsu zikh, bashtimendik im tsu brengen in vald. dos ingl hot nit gehat keyn geduld tsu zitsn biz baynakht un iz aroys farikhtn zayne shikh, geyendik barves ibern shtot. ges-

points in the forest, where we accommodated them. The comrade Rivke Madeyska found a little boy wandering in the city and took him in to bring him to the forest. But the boy had no patience to wait until night and went out to mend his shoes. He walked barefoot through the city.

<p>tapo hot im farhaltn un derkenendik, az er iz a idisher, getsvungen im durkh farshidene mitlen tsu oyszogn vu er iz geven bahaltn, biz itst, vayl idn zaynen shoy n in shtot nit geven, dos ingl hot zey aroysgegebn vu di khaverte hot im gehaltn.</p> <p>a grupe daytshn zaynen bald ahin avek, arumgeringlt di hoyz un gevolt arestirn der khaverte. ober zeendik ver es klapt in tir, hot zi bald farshtanen vos do iz forgekumen un durkhfn fentster prubirt antloyfn. a daytsh hot zi nokhgeyogt un ir farvundet mit zayn kindzhal. di khaverte Rivke Maryaska [Madeyska], a farvundete, iz opgelegn etlekhe teg in shpital un geshtorbn, nit aroysgebndik keyn eyn vort afile, az zi iz a idishe, kedey di vayterdike oysforshung zol nit farshvern ire iberike khavertes, velkhe firn di arbet vayter.</p> <p>di khavertes, hobn oykh gehat kontakt mit etlekhe idn vos zaynen gezesn in turme un organizirt zey zoln antloyfn in vald. bakumen bandazhn, refues, radyos, gever un mentshn. a dank zey iz take tsu undz gekumen der khaver Berl Shatsman, vos iz antlofn fun turme. zeyer arbet un permanenter kontakt mit undzer partizanke hot a sakh undz farlaykhtert un shpeter ven mir zaynen zikh tsunoyfgekumen mit di rusishe grupes, vern zey der vikhtikster faktor in der farbindung mit der shtot.</p> <p>zey bavayzn afile tsu onbindn a kontakt mit a daytsh, a direktor fun a fabrik, velkher brengt oykh gever in vald far der partizanke un kumt spetsyel in vald tsu undz zen di partizaner.</p>	<p>The Gestapo stopped him and, realizing that he was Jewish, forced him to testify by various means where he had been hiding until now, because there were no Jews left in the city. The boy told them where the comrade had hidden him.</p> <p>Immediately a group of Germans ran, surrounded the house and wanted to arrest the comrade. But she, seeing who was knocking at the door, immediately understood what had happened and tried to escape through the window. A German chased after her and wounded her with his dagger. The comrade Rivke Madeyska was wounded. She lay in the hospital for several days before she died, not wanting to reveal a single word, not even that she was Jewish, because she did not want further questioning to endanger her comrades who were carrying on the work.</p> <p>The comrades also had contact with several Jews who were in prison and organized their escape into the forest. Through them we received bandages, medicine, radios, weapons and people. Thanks to them, comrade Berl Shatsman, a fugitive from prison, also joined us. Their work and the permanent contact with our partisan group facilitated many things, and later, when we met with the Russian groups, they became our most important factor concerning the connection with the city.</p> <p>They even manage to establish a contact with a German, a director of a factory, who brings weapons to the partisans and comes to the forest especially to see partisans.</p>
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<p>undzer demolsdiker brigade.komandir, Vaytshekhovski, hot im oyfgenumen mit groys parad. haynt gefint zikh der daytsh in Moskve als frayer birger.</p> <p>undzere organizatsye shverikaytn</p> <p>in der tsayt vos mir hobn tseshtelt af ale vegn undzere khaveyrim tsu oyfnemen di zikh blonkendike idn tsu undzer grupe,</p>	<p>Our then commander of the brigade, Vaytshekhovski, welcomed him with a great parade. Today the German is in Moscow as a free citizen.</p> <p>Our Organizational Difficulties</p> <p>During the time when we had posted our comrades on all the roads to pick up the wandering Jews in our group,</p>
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<p>zaynen durkh undz oyfgebumen gevorn ariber 80 idn, mener un froyen, ale on gever, vos hobn nor farmogt zeyer eyntsikn shtikl beged, vos zey hobn getrogn af zikh, ven zey zaynen antlofn. mir farteyln alemen in bazundere grupes un brengen zey esn. der element iz geven far undz zeyer a fremder; mentshn, vos zaynen keynmol in keyn organizatsye nit geven, dertsu zaynen zey nokh geven untern eyndruk fun dem khurbn in geto, un hobn nit farshtanen undzer oyfgabe.</p> <p>fil shterungen zaynen gemakht gevorn durkh zey in vald. ale undzere bamiungen tsu veln zey aynordenen, betndik ba zey gelt vos zey hobn, kedey tsum kenen bakumen gever, oder andere zakhn, hot ongetrofn af shverikeytn.</p>	<p>more than 80 Jews were taken in by us, men and women, all of them without weapons, who could only save a single piece of clothing they were wearing on their bodies when they fled. We divided them all into special groups and brought them food. These conditions were very unfamiliar to us; people who had never been in an organization and, in addition, were still in shock over the destruction of the ghetto; they did not understand what our task was.</p> <p>Great difficulties arose in the forest because of them. All our efforts to classify them, our requests to give us money so that we could get weapons or other things, met with problems.</p>
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<p>zey zaynen nit geven tsugegreyt tsu hobn a farshtendenish far der arbet in vald un zaynen tsum merstn teyl geven egoistish, velndik oysbesern nor zeyere badingungen aleyen, nit hobndik in zinen di iberike.</p> <p>tsvingen tsu oysfirm undzere flikhtn, hobn mir nit gevolt. in dem iz take bashtanen undzer feler. tsu demokratish hobn mir zikh gefirt, un dos hot gebrakht tsu lange vokhn fun hunger nokhn onkumen fun azoy fil idn. mir hobn gelebt poshet mit eyn gekokhte hartofl a tog, farshteyendik, az men muz ibervartn a gevise tsayt. zey hobn dos nit farshtanen un zikh gerisn tsurik in shtot, velndik koyfn esn far gelt, vos s'iz geven umeglekh tsulib di oblaves fun der gestapo.</p> <p>eyner a id, hot afile gepruvt onredn undzere tsvey khaveyrim, zey zoln avekgeyn bazorgn ale iberike un zey zaynen take antlofn in di shverste badingungen in undzer tsayt. dos hot undz getsvungen tsum aynteyln di ale idn in bazundere grupes. bazunder iz oykh farteylt gevorn a teyl, fun di private grupes. fun undzer zayt flegn mir shikn yedn tog khaveyrim zey avektrogn esn un hitn. ven men flegt bakumen gever, flegn mir aroysnemen a khaver tsu undzer kamfs-grupe.</p> <p>in di velder tifer tsum mizrekh, arum Volkovisk, Slonim, Baranovitsh, zaynen</p>	<p>They were not prepared to develop understanding for the work in the forest and were mostly selfish, wanting only to improve their own situation without considering the others.</p> <p>We did not want to force them to take over our duties, and this was actually a mistake on our part. We behaved too democratically, and this brought long weeks of starvation after the arrival of so many Jews. We simply lived with one boiled potato a day, understanding that we had to wait for a certain time. After all, they did not understand all this and tore back to the city to buy food for money, what was impossible in view of the Gestapo raids.</p> <p>One of them even tried to persuade our two comrades to leave in order to get something for the others. They actually fled, at a time when we were in the most difficult situation. This forced us to divide all the Jews into special groups. Some of the private groups were also divided separately; we sent comrades every day to bring them food and protect them. When we got more weapons, we took comrades from them into our fighting group.</p> <p>In the forests further east around Volkovisk, Slonim and Baranovitsh [Baranovichi],</p>
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<p>di badingungen geven fil laykhter: gresere velder, gresere grupn partizaner, shtarker bavofnt, flegn zey zikh shafn zones, vu monatin hot keyn daytshishe fus nit gekent arayntretn. nor in gevise tsaytn fun groyse kamfn, ven di daytshn flegn onvendn tsum kamf gantse divizyes, flegn zey mit farlustn opshtoytn di daytshn oder batsaytns</p>	<p>conditions were much easier: larger forests, larger groups of partisans, more weapons. There it was usually possible to create zones where for months no German foot could enter. Only in certain times of big battles, when the Germans raised whole divisions to fight, they used to push back the Germans with losses</p>
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farlozn dem ort. ven es flegn kumen antlofene idn tsu aza grupe zaynen zey geven zikherer un mer bazorgt. glaykhtsaytik, flegn zey bald arunterfaln unter a militerishe distsiplin.

in undzere velder hobn mir keyn zone nit gekent shafn, tsulib der groyser kreytsung fun banen un shoseyen. mir hobn gemuzt hobn fil mer kamfn, zikh trefndik oyg af oyg mitn daytsh, un mer akshones. ba di hunger badingungen, vos zaynen geven a keseyderdiker toyshev ba undz, hobn nit ale gekent farshteyn un oyshaltn. dertsu darf men zayn dertsoygn fun frier mit a tsugreytung, velkhe fil hobn nit farmogt, tsulib dem, vayl zey hobn tsu shpet banumen di oyfgabe in vald.

di grupe vos iz opgeteylt gevorn itst fun alemen mit geve, iz bashtanen fun drey pulemyotn, tsvey dyesatkes (a biks vos shist oys 10 koyln mit eynmol), geveynlekhe biksn un a revolver. ver es hot nor gehat geve, hobn mir oysgeteylt bazunder shafndik a grupe bavofnte, velkhe hot gedarft bazorgn ale iberike grupes mit alts un glaykhtsaytik, shafndik geve far alemen, geyn oyfraysn brikn un banen, opramen farshidene shpyonen un provokatorn. onhaltn vayter dem kontakt in shtot mit di khavertes un zikh tsugreytn tsum vinter vos kumt on fritsaytik.

der daytshisher onfal af undzer dzhelyanke (*)

a teyl fun undzer bavofnter grupe iz avek af arbet in

or left the place in time. When escaped Jews encountered such a group, they were safer and more cared for. At the same time, they used to fall under a military discipline right away.

In our forests we could not create such zones because of the large crossings of railroads and main roads. We had to fight much more often, to face the German eye to eye; and we had to be more stubborn in the face of hunger, which was a constant companion. Not all of us could understand and endure this; for this purpose, one had to have been prepared earlier in one's education, and many did lack this, which is why they understood the task in the forest too late.

The group, now formed of gunmen, consisted of three "pulemyotn" [machine guns], two "dyesatkes" (a gun that shoots 10 bullets at once), ordinary rifles and a revolver. Those who had weapons were divided by us into the group of armed men, which had to supply all the other groups with everything, and at the same time procure weapons, blow up bridges and railroads, and get rid of various spies and provocateurs. We also had to continue to maintain contact with our female comrades in the city and prepare for winter, which set in early.

The German Raid on our "Dzhelyanke" (*)

Part of our armed group took up their work

(*) Author's note: "dzhelyanke"= that's what we called a part of the forest where one of our groups was located. Each "dzhelyanke" had a number, which served us as an orientation point where a group was positioned.

an ander vald. in Suprasler [Supraśl] vald zaynen mir geblibn 30 man, bavofnt mit tsvey pulimyotn eyn dyesatke un di resht biksn. in bazundere erter fun vald, zaynen zikh gezesn di umbavofnte grupes mit velkhe mir flegn zikh yedn tog trefn, bazorgndik zey un mitnemendik fun zey khaveyrim in ale erter, vu mir flegn zikh bavegn. nokh a groyse bombyoshe [bombyashke] vos mir hobn durkhgefirt ba Bialystok, in dorf Karakul, zaynen mir gekumen in der 56-ster dzhelyanke in Ozover vald, mitnemendik fun ale grupes khaveyrim tsu undz, zey tsu farteyln di noytike zakhn in vos zey hobn zikh genoytik. nokhn arumgeyn a gantse nakht, hobn mir batog gerut unter der kalter harbstiker zun, vos hot shoyn gemakht oyftsitern dem guf fun lign af der erd.

di grupes zaynen gelegn tsevorfn ibern arum in vald un ver geshmuest, ver gelernt di naye ongekumene khaveyrim vi azoy zikh tsu bageyn mit a biks, vos a sakh hobn leyder nit gevust biz di letste minutn. afn postn zaynen geven oysgeshtelt etlekhe khaveyrim, alts iz geven normal vi yedn tog.

in der gemitlekhkeyt fun zitsn hern mir a shos fun gor noent. undz iberasht dos nit. ober in a minut arum, a shtarke shiseray fun pulemyotn un avtomatn. der komandir heyst zikh undz oyfhoybn un zogt, az dos iz avade an oblave. di daytshn geyen arum in vald un shishn velndik hern a shos fun undz, kedey tsu visn vu mir gefinen zikh. er heyst zikh undz oysshteln in gevise punktn tsvishn di boymer un in der minut nokh nit hobndik gegeben di tsveyte farordnung, hern mir shoyn noente geshrayen fun di daytshn, leben undz a tsen mener. mir zeen zey oyg af oyg, grobe gezikhte oysgefresene khazeyrim menuvolim.

in another forest. In the Suprasl [Supraśl] forest we stayed with 30 men, armed with two "pulemyotn", one "dyesatke" and the remaining rifles. In special places in the forest sat the unarmed groups with whom we met every day to supply them, and from which we took comrades to all the places of our activities. After a big "Bombyashke", which we carried out near Bialystok, in the village of Karakul, we came to the 56th "dzhelyanke" in Ozover forest, taking comrades from all groups to us to distribute the things needed by them. After being on the road all night, we rested during the day under the cold autumn sun, which already made the body tremble when lying on the ground.

The groups camped scattered in the woods, some talking, some teaching the newly arrived comrades how to handle a rifle, which unfortunately many did not know until the last minute. Quite a few comrades stood at their posts, everything was as normal as every day.

While we are sitting comfortably, we hear a shot, very close. We are not surprised, but after a minute a fierce shooting of "pulemyotn" and [other] automatic weapons begins. Our commander orders us to get up and says that this is certainly a raid. The Germans go through the forest shooting to hear [a reaction in the form of] a shot from us so they know where we are. He orders us to position ourselves at certain points between the trees, and at the moment when he has not even given the second order, we already hear close shouts of the Germans. There are ten men next to us. We see them face to face, coarse, flattened visages, swinish

<p>mir efenen a shtarke shiseray, der kamf doyert a halbn tog, a gemish fun koyles un koyln kvitsheray in der gedikhter shtilkeyt fun vald.</p>	<p>abominations. We open a fierce gunfight, the battle lasts half a day, a mixture of hellish noise and a whistling of bullets in the dense silence of the forest. I am surrounded by Germans! Comrade Khilek with the</p>
<p>ikh gefin zikh in arumringlung fun daytshn, der khaver Khilek mitn tsveytn pulemyot loyft tsu tsu mir un helft mir zikh arumkrign fun zey, efenendik a shiseray hinter mayn pleytse. in dem moment tsi ikh zikh tsurik af a</p>	<p>second "pulemyot" runs to me and helps me to get away from them, opening a gunfight behind my back. At that moment I take a step back</p>

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<p>trit un shtel zikh aksl in aksl mit im. es faln a boyml a yunger fun a koyl un brekht zikh iber af mir. ikh fal um un di tsveyte koyl treft dem khaver Khilek. ikh drey um dem kop! der khaver Khilek vert glaykh blas, un falt anider, der pulemyot af im mit der lufe in der hoykh. ikh pruv nehmen zayn pulemyot. er halt im shtark mit di hent, ikh kuk zikh arum, keyner nito. di koyln klapn in di boymer un bleter flien in der luftn. ikh hoyb zikh on tsurik tsien nit visndik in velkher zayt s'iz beser, nor ikh gey af tsurik. opgeyendik a 50 meter, tref ikh a khaver vos hot oykh oysgeshosn di koyln un tsit zikh tsurik. tsuzamen lozn mir zikh geyn af hintn un nokh a gevise tsayt geyn, blaybn mir zitsn, zikh tsuherndik vos es kumt far vayter.</p>	<p>and stand side by side with him. A young tree falls from a bullet and crashes down on me. I fall and the next bullet hits my comrade Khilek! I turn my head to him; my comrade Khilek immediately turns pale, falls down, the "pulemyot" lies on him, with the barrel stretched upwards. He holds it tightly with his hands. I look around. No one there. The bullets hit the trees, and leaves fly through the air. I retreat, not knowing which direction is better, but I go back. After 50 meters I meet a comrade who has also shot all his bullets and is retreating. Together we go back to the rear and after some time we sit down, listening to what continues to happen.</p>
<p>ikh melde im vegn toyt fun pulemyoshnik, un er meldet mir fun toyt fun undzer komandir, velkhn er hot gezen. mir bashlisen lign bizn ende kamf un nokh dem zikh makhn dem sakhakl. mir hern nokh gevise shiserayen un nokh dem a klaperay fun bagnetn, zey zaynen shoyn aroyf af undzer kikh vu es shteyen di keylim undzere un, ven es iz gevorn tunkl, hobn mir gehert vi es royshn mashinen, vayzt oys di daytshn forn shoyn op.</p>	<p>I tell him about the death of the comrade at the pulemyot, and he tells me about the death of our commander, which he witnessed. We decide to lie down until the fighting calms down and then take stock. We hear a few more shots and then the hammering of bayonets. They have already reached our kitchen where the cookware is! When it has become dark, we hear the sound of vehicles, apparently the Germans are already leaving.</p>

<p>mir lozn zikh tsum opgeredtn punkt vu mir flegn zikh shtendik trefn, zen ver es felt fun undz un ver es kumt.</p>	<p>We make our way to the appointed place where we usually meet to see who is missing and who is coming back.</p>
<p>tif in der nakht-fintsternish, trefn mir eyntselne undzere khaveyrim velkhe shlisn zikh tsum punkt. mir klaybn zikh tsenoyf 20 man, tsen feln. mir bashlisn tsurikgeyn tsum ort bald fartog zen vos iz gevorn mit di 10 man.</p>	<p>Deep in the darkness of the night we find some of our comrades who join us at the meeting point. Twenty men gather there, ten missing. We decide to go back to the place immediately at dawn to find out what is going on with the 10 men.</p>
<p>tsukumendik tsu dem ort vu es iz geven der postn undzerer zeen mir im, vi er ligt oysgetsoygn mitn ponim arop farblutikt di hemd- toyt. ligndik afn postn, hot er zeendik di daytshn glaykh tsu zey oysgeshosn kedey undz gebn tsu visn, vi s'iz geven opgeredt un di daytshn hobn af dem geentfert bald mit a shtarke shiseray in der rikhtung un im bald getrofn. der tsveyter vos iz geshtanen mit im, iz gelofn undz ibergebn un</p>	<p>When we get to the place where our post was, we see him lying face down with his shirt covered with blood - dead! Lying on his post, he immediately shot when he saw the Germans to let us know, as it was agreed. The Germans immediately responded by firing fiercely in his direction, hitting him instantly. The other, who was standing with him and ran to inform us,</p>

<p>gevorn farvundet laykht in hant, men hot im aropgeshosn a finger. mir hobn im getrofn in a por teg arum af a punkt fun velkhn er hot gevust un er hot gevart af undz. arayngoyndik tifer hern mir a shtim, mir loyfn tsu un trefn a khaverte mit an opgeshosene hant, di hant holt zikh nor af fleysh. di khaverte Rivke Shinder hot bakumen a dum-dum koyl un iz gelegn biz mir hobn zi gefunen, opgeyendik in blut. mir nehmen ir un pamelekh firn mir ir avek in a tsveytn ort. fun di iberike veysn mir nokh gornit.</p>	<p>was slightly wounded in his hand, one finger was shot off. We found him a few days later at a meeting place he knew and where he was waiting for us. When we go deeper [into the forest], we hear a voice. We run there and find a female comrade with a hand shot off, just hanging on by a piece of flesh. Our comrade Rivke Shinder got dum-dum bullets and lay there until we found her, after high blood loss. We take her and slowly lead her away to another place. Of the remaining comrades we know nothing yet.</p>
<p>in tsvey teg arum gefinen mir undzern khaver Simkhe Love farvundet fun a koyl in fus. er iz gelegn di gantse tsayt farvundet. er hot zikh opgeshart fun ort, derfar iz im geven shver tsu gefinen.</p>	<p>After two days we find our comrade Simkhe Love, wounded at his leg by a bullet, he was laying there the whole time. He had moved a bit away from the place, so we had a hard time finding him. Six</p>

<p>6 khaveyrim zaynen gefaln tsuzamen mitn komandir, drey farvundet un eyner, Farber, vos iz nit lang gekumen fun di kamfn in geto, nit visndik nokh dem leben un di punktn in vald, iz ingantsn farfaln gevorn. mir hobn nit gevust vu er iz ahingekumen un tsi zoln mir im farekhenen tsvishn di toyte oder tsvishn di lebedike, tsi di daytshn hobn im oykh nit getrofn keyn lebedikn, veysn mir nit. es iz farblibn a retenish.</p> <p>fun di poyerim arum, dervisn mir zikh, az bay di daytshn zaynen gefaln drey toyt un eyner farvundet un der grester soyne, der demolstiker shpyon Karpovitsh, velkher hot zey tsu undz gefirt, iz oykh umgekumen in dem kamf. der gantser gegnt poyerim hobn frayer opgeotemt, zikh dervisndik fun zayn toyt un mit tsutroy un simpatye zikh batsoygn tsu undz als anerkenung far der akt.</p> <p>zey hobn undz ibergegebn a kuryoz, az aroysforndik mit di daytshn in vald, firndik zey tsu undz, hot er zikh gezegegenendik mit zey [zayn] familye gezogt: az er geyt haynt af a shver shtikl arbet, ver veyst tsu er vet kumen tsurik. er hot zikh gut ongeshikert, a forgefil fun zayne letste minutn. tsufil hot ober undz gekost zayn toyt. mir hobn ongevoeyern eingebüsst dem komandir un 6 khaveyrim, di gantse shpayz, vos mir hobn nit bavizn tsu farteyln frier far di umbavofnte</p>	<p>comrades fell, along with our commander, three are wounded and one, Farber, who came to us not long ago from fighting in the ghetto, not knowing of our life there and of the meeting places in the forest, is completely missing. We have no clue as to where he went and whether we should count him among the dead or the living; nor do we know whether the Germans still found him alive.</p> <p>From the surrounding peasants we learn that among the Germans there are three dead and one wounded, and the biggest enemy, the then spy Karpovitsh, who led the Germans to us, also perished in the battle. Learning about his death, the peasants of the whole area breathed more freely and their relationship with us was characterized by trust and sympathy in recognition of this act.</p> <p>They told us a curious story: before he left for the forest with the Germans to lead them to us, he had said goodbye to his family and told them that he was going on a hard job today not knowing if he would be back. He got drunk on it out of a premonition that it might be his last minutes. But his death cost us too much! We lost our commander and 6 comrades as well as all our food, which we did not manage to distribute to the unarmed</p>
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<p>grupes. alts iz arayngefaln tsu di daytshn un mir zaynen geblibn vayter on gornit.</p>	<p>groups in time; everything fell into the hands of the Germans and we still had less than nothing.</p>
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di farvundete leygn mir avek in a tsveytn teyl fun vald, nit vayt fun dem ort, vayl vayt hobn mir zey nit gekent firn. zey zaynen geven zeyer opgeshvakht fun di blut vos zey hobn farlorn, eyder mir hobn zey gefunen. mir brengen tsu zey a doktor vos iz ba undz geven. der doktor batrakht zey, ober vos ken er ton on retseptn.

mir lozn iber a por froyen, vos zoln zikh mit zey opgeb'n. fun shtot brengen mir zey bandazhen, esn un retseptn. mir ale bavofnte muzn zikh nehmen vayter tsu der arbet, energish. mir bashtimen avekgeyn in a tsveytn vald dem vinter, in dem vald Budisk, arum Sokolke.

der harbst hoybt zikh on mit shtarke regns un vintn. es gist tog un nakht. mir zaynen shoy'n ingantsn oysgeveykt fun regn. shteyn in regn, shlofn in regn, alts ton in regn. fayer makhn doyert shoen: men nemt a holts a grobn, mit a meser shnaydn mir oys tif a lokh vu es iz shoy'n trukn un bilekhvayz, oysnutsndik a gantse pushke shvebelek, gelingt undz, nokh lang zikh onmatern, tsu bakumen fayer.

mir muzn avek firn di umbavofnte khaveyrim fun yenem vald vu es lign di farvundete, kedey inem vald zol zayn zikherer tsulib di kranke, men zol dortn optsien di oyfmerkzamkeyt un nit zukhn. esn nehmen mir dervayl fun der natur. betkes vos men kloybt on in vald, opgekokht on zalts, a tam hot dos vi der toyt.

vi hungerik men zol nit zayn, est men nokh eyn lefl, vayl fil esn vert nit gut un men hoybt on brekhn mit grine gal. mir kloybn oys a tsveytn komandir, der khaver Shepsl Borovik, a muler fun Bialystok, mayner a khaver vos hot gedint mit mir in der royter armye in 1940.

ober er iz der zelber vos mir, mit di zelbe kentenishn, eynem muz men dokh hobn. er hot afile a gute oryentatsye in vald un iz dreyst un energish.

Our wounded we take to another part of the forest, not far from the place [of the raid], for because of the enormous loss of blood they suffered before we found them, they were too weak to be taken any farther away. We bring a doctor to them who was with us. The doctor assesses them, but what can he do without prescriptions. We leave a couple of women with them to take care of them. From the city we bring them bandages, food and prescriptions. We, the armed men, must continue to concentrate on our work with all our strength and decide to go to another forest for the winter, the Budisk [Budzisk] forest, near Sokolke [Sokolka].

Autumn begins with heavy rains and winds. It pours day and night. We are already completely soaked from the rain. We stand in the rain, sleep in the rain, do everything in the rain. It takes hours to start a fire: We take a rough piece of wood, cut a deep hole with the knife to where it is dry, and finally use up peu à peu a whole can of matches until, after a long effort, we can make a fire.

We have to move the unarmed comrades away from the forest where the wounded are, so that the sick are safer, attention is drawn away from that place and no one comes looking. Meanwhile, we take our food from nature. Morels gathered in the forest and cooked without salt have a taste like death.

Anyway, we are so hungry that we eat another spoon, but from all the food we get sick and start to break green bile. We choose another commander, comrade Shepsl Borovik, a brick layer ["mular"] from Bialystok, my comrade, who served with me in the Red Army in 1940.

He is like me, also just has the same knowledge, but after all we do need a [commander], and he has a good orientation in the forest, is brave and energetic.

mir nehmen zikh tsum vayterdikn leben fun onhoyb. di khaveyrim vos zaynen avek in Knishiner [Knyszyn] vald, kumen grupnvayz tsurik- nit ale,

We start our further life from the beginning. The comrades who had moved away to the Knishin [Knyszyn] forest come back in groups; however, not all of them,

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un brengen oykh a farvundetn khaver in fus fun a vokh tsayt, im firndik, iz er zeyer opgeshvakht. zey hobn dortn gefirt fil kamfn mit poylishe partizaner un nit gekont tsukumen tsu di idn zey tsu organizirn. di ruishe grupes kumen nokh nit tsurik un mir bashlisen tsu avekshikn tsvey fun undzere khaveyrim zukhn kontakt vayter af mizrekh.

der khaver Marek un khaver Ele Varat brengen undz hilf. di tsayt vert vos amol nenter tsum vinter un di veter n farergern zikh. es hoybt zikh shoy n hern a foylnder reyekh fun di zakhn vos mir trogn af zikh un zaynen shtendik nas fun keseyderdikn regn vos gist af undz.

dos spetsifishe leben fun idishn partizan

di idn vos zaynen gekumen in di velder fun veys-rusland arum Baranovitsh [Baranovichi], Minsk, flegn ontrefn shoy n af shtarke sovetishe partizankes, gut organizirt mit hilf fun Moskver geve r. durkh parashutn aropgelozte komandirn, vos flegn adurkhgeyn partizaner shules in Rusland, hobn zikh farnumen mitn organizirn in til fun soyne ale partizaner. zey zaynen geven in di toyznter, gut bavofnte un zey flegn zikh kenen derloybn tsu optsamen gantse kilometers vald un afile di derfer, vos zaynen gelegn leben vald,

and they also bring a comrade who got wounded in the foot a week ago. They support him, he is very weakened. They fought many battles there with the Polish partisans and therefore did not get to organize the [escaped] Jews. The Russian groups have not yet returned and we decide to send two of our comrades away to seek contact with them further east.

Comrades Marek and Ele Varat bring us help. Winter is approaching and the weather is getting worse. A foul smell is already emanating from the clothes we are wearing, because they are constantly wet due to the continuous rain that is raining down on us.

The Specific Life of a Jewish Partisan

The Jews who came to the forests of Belarus around Baranovitsh [Baranovichi], Minsk, used to meet strong Soviet partisans, well organized with the help of weapons from Moscow. Parachuted down commanders who had previously graduated from partisan schools in Russia, were active in organizing the partisans in the enemy's war zone.

They numbered in the thousands, were well armed and could afford to fence in whole kilometers of forest. Even the villages next to the

<p>flegn vern arumgeshtelt mit partizaner un keyn daytshishe fus iz in zey nit arayngekumen gantse monatn.</p> <p>di derfer flegn tsoln shteyern in shpayz di partizaner. es flegn zikh zitsn ruik fil partizaner gantse monatn organizirndik varshtatn tsum farikhtn alts vos s'iz geven noytik, far di vos flegn kumen un avekgeyn in kamf. onfaln fun daytshn flegn kumen tsu zey in gevise tsaytn, ven der daytsh hot mobilizirt etlekhe divizyes, dan flegn zey hobn shvere kamfn mit farlustn.</p> <p>amol flegt zikh es farendikn mit zikh tsuriktsien in andere velder un fil mol flegn zey opshtoyesn di daytshn, onlernendik zey, zey zoln dem noz zeyern in vald nit araynshtekn un oyslernen zey „derekh erets“.</p> <p>in yene velder iz spetsyel nit geven keyn problemen fun idishn partizan. er hot gekemft tsuzamen mit alemen vi in di armyeyen fun ale lender, aroysvayzndik spetsyele getrayshaft un kemferishkeyt kegn di daytshn. andersh hot ober oysgezen der kamf fun undzer partizanke als Bialystoker, vos zi iz gevorn aleyn geshafn fun undz in di kleyne velder arum Bialystok, vu es hot nit gekent zayn keyn partizaner-zone, vi tifer in mizrekhn, tsulib der kreytsung fun fil shoseyen un banen. mir hobn gemuzt leben in kleyne grupes, zayn tsugegreyt yeder minut in kamf mit di daytshn velkhe flegn af undz onfaln oft visndik undzer koyekh, az 150 oder 200 daytshn zaynen genug zikh tsu shteln in kamf mit undz.</p> <p>di rusishe grupes vos hobn zikh gefunen mit undz in di velder, hobn oykh gehat besere badingungen fun undz, vayl zey hobn nokh gehat mit undz a kontakt un zikh opshmuesn tsum geyn af tsuzamenarbet kegn di daytshn, ober in der frage fun algemayne aprovizatsye inyonim hobn zey dos ibergelozn far undz aleyn.</p>	<p>forest were surrounded with partisans, and for months no German foot entered there.</p> <p>The villages paid a levy in the form of food to the partisans. Many partisans camped quietly for months, organizing workshops where they repaired everything needed by those who came or went to fight. At certain times there were raids by the Germans; then, when they mobilized several divisions, there was heavy fighting with many casualties.</p> <p>Sometimes this ended in retreating to other forests, but often they also managed to repel the Germans, whom they taught to "keep their noses out of their forest and have respect for them."</p> <p>In these forests there were no special problems for the Jewish partisans. They fought together with everyone, as in the armies of all countries, distinguishing themselves by special reliability and willingness to fight against the Germans. The fight of our partisan group from Bialystok, however, was quite different, because it was fought by us alone in the small forests around Bialystok, where there could be no "partisan zone" like further east because of the crossings of many main roads and railroad lines. We had to live in small groups and be ready to fight every minute against the Germans, who often ambushed us because they knew our "forces" and understood that 150 or 200 Germans would be enough to stand against us.</p> <p>The Russian groups that were with us in the woods also had better conditions than we did, because they had the contact with us to coordinate the fight against the Germans, but left the problems of general supplies to us.</p>
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<p>mir hobn gehat dem khoyn tsum bazorn ale idn vos zaynen gekumen fun geto tsu undz, mit alts vos zey hobn gedarft.</p> <p>mir hobn nit getort avekgeyn un farlozn di velder, tsulib der zorg far di idn vos hobn nit gehat keyn geve un dem kontakt vos di khaveyrim hobn undz gegeben mit der shtot vos iz bashtanen in der tsuzamenarbet mit P.P.R. in ale kamfn mit di daytshn flegn mir merstn teyl oysfirn.</p> <p>es kumen tsu undz in an umgerikhtn tog, di khaveyrim vos mir hobn geshkikt nokh hilf tsu di ruishe grupes mit tsvey rusn fun Kalinin otryad, di khaveyrim Varat Ele un Marek. a groyse frayd ba undz, endlekh zikh dershlogn nokh hilf. zey dertseyln undz vegn di shverikeyt biz zey hobn zikh dershlogn tsu undz, vayl mir zaynen shoyn geven ibergegangen in andere pletser.</p> <p>zey zaynen gekumen mit der oyfgabe fun undz farlaykhtern un teylvayz iberfirn di khaveyrim in zeyere velder. mir bashtimen 5 khaveyrim velkhe zey darfn mitnemen</p>	<p>We had the duty to supply all the Jews who came to us from the ghetto with everything they needed.</p> <p>We were not allowed to go away and leave the woods, partly because of concern for the Jews, who had no weapons, and partly because of the contact with the city that our [female] comrades gave us in the form of cooperation with the P.P.R. Mostly it was us who fought the battles with the Germans.</p> <p>Quite unexpectedly, one day the comrades we sent to the Russian groups with a request for help return; they bring two Russian comrades from the "Kalinin otryad" [Kalinin Military Cohort], Ele Varat and Marek. There is great joy among us, finally we have managed to get help! They tell us about the difficulties until they could reach us, after we had already moved to other places. They came to us with the task to ease our situation and to take some of our comrades to their forests. We designate 5 comrades to take with them</p>
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<p>vayzn di vegn un, eyder es shtelt zikh der vinter, zol do nor blaybn a bavofnte grupe far velkher zey lozn iber oyfraysn materyaln un vayzn on af vos fara gebit mir darfn arbetn:</p> <p>aroplozn mit dem banen un gevise brikn oyfraysn. zey gezegenen zikh mit undz un geyen avek. undz vert a bisl laykhter, tsugenumen khaveyrim on geve un mit hofenung tsu krign hilf. shoyn do oyfraysmateryal tsu kenen firn vayterdike arbet.</p>	<p>and to whom they are to show the ways, because before winter comes, only one armed group is to remain here, for which they leave explosive material and give us instructions, which actions we are to carry out: blowing trains off the tracks, and collapsing bridges. They say goodbye to us and leave. We feel a little relieved, they have taken comrades without weapons and now we hope for help. After all, the explosive material to carry out our actions is already there.</p>
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der ershter shney

mir tseteyln zikh vayter in farshidene velder, grupesvayz mit der oyfgabe zikh fargreytn afn vinter vos rukt zikh on. eyn grupe fun 20 man geyt avek, bavofnt in Krinker vald zikh fargreytn shpayz un griber tsum kenen bazetsn dort umbavofnte idn vos darfn do ibervintern un oykh fargreytn a bisl vinter zakhn vayl merstn teyl fun zey, geyen nokh borves un on kleyder.

di nekht zaynen shoyen frostik un fartog vert alts batsoygn mit a dinem ayz.

zikh tsuleygn dik shlofn, khapt men zikh oyf yede etlekhe minut, vayl es hoybn shoyen on froym di shpits finger fun di fis. men viklt arum di fis mit shmates, ober es helft nit. di nekht geyen mir merstn teyl arum, baytog varent halb farkhalesht di zun. zi shikt ire shtraln tsu undz vi a groyse toyve volt zi undz geton, vi eyner zogt: nat aykh oykh a bisl varimkeyt di natur hoybt gor on itst vern undzer nayer soyne, mit vemen mir darfn zikh bageyn zeyer farzikhtik.

ikh mit nokh 6 khaveyrim blaybn in Budisker vald, opvarnt di farvundete vos men darf brengen tsu undz un do shafn dem tsehter vu ale zoln zikh tsunoyfkumen un fundanen zoln zikh tsegeyn in andere velder, vu undzere grupes zaynen bazetst.

dem tog fun der rusisher Oktyober revolutsye, bashtimen mir tsu fayern mitn opkokhn epes beser esn, dos vet heysn der emeser yontev tsu velkhn mir greytn zikh shoyen azoy lang, nokh dem kamf mit dem daytsh vos mir

The First Snow

In groups we divide further into different forests to get ready for the approaching winter.

A group of 20 armed men goes to the Krinker forest to prepare provisions and pits and to give unarmed Jews the opportunity to winter there and to get some winter clothes, because most of them still go barefoot and without clothes. The nights are already frosty and at dawn everything is covered with thin ice.

When we go to sleep, we keep waking up because the tips of our toes are already starting to freeze off. We wrap cloths around our feet, but that doesn't help either. So we walk around at night, and during the day the half-extinguished sun warms us. It sends us its rays like a great boon, as if to say: "Here you have a little warmth! Nature is visibly becoming our new enemy, and we have to be careful of her.

I stay with 6 comrades in Budisk [Budzisk] forest and wait for the wounded to be brought to us, because we want to create a center at our place, where everyone should gather first. From there we will split up into other forests where groups of us are already positioned.

We decide to celebrate on the day of the Russian October Revolution by cooking a better meal. This will be a real holiday that we have been preparing for so long because our fight with the Germans

hobn gehat, velkher hot ba undz alts farkhapt un getsvungen undz zikh af a tsayt tsum ibertsien in andere velder. mir un dem khaver Datner kumt oys dem tog tsum kokhn. mir leygn zikh shlofn, vayl di gantse nakht zaynen mir zikh ongegangen, bakenen zikh mit dem nayem vald un zikh geshafn kentshaft mit der arumiker bafelkerung, kedey shtendik kenen bakumen informatyes vos zaynen far undz noytik, benegeye der bavegung fun di daytshn arum undz.

nit vayt fun taykh Suprasl [Supraśl] fun eyn zayt hobn mir zikh bazetst in der 11-ter „dzhelyontke“ [dzhelyanke] noent tsum taykh, kedey tsu kenen nehmen vaser. fun undzer zayt taykh iz zikh gelegen a kleyn derfl fun a 15 shtiber tsevorfn eyner fun andern vayt. ruik zikh gelebt un gefirt di tog teglekhe arbet. nokhn zayn a shtikl tsayt in vald, zaynen mir arayn in dorf zikh bakenen mitn soltik (eltster fun dorf) un im zsugezogt farshidene zakhn fun undz. shlisndik mit im frayntshaft un farzikhert, az in dem dorf veln mir nit makhn keyn bomyashkes, nor zey zoln zikh aleybn bashteyern undz tsum oyshalt mit esn vifl zey kenen un glyakhtsaytik undz gebn yedies vegn di daytshn vos zey veysn.

der dorf iz geven a kleyner, merstn teyl fun orime poyerim, vos hobn gehat zeyer vintsik erd, derfar hobn ale gezorgt far undz un tsugezogt hilf. mir hobn zikh batsoygn a bisl mit forzikhtikeyt tsu zeyer frayntshaft un kontrolirt lang zeyer batsiung biz mir hobn zikh ibertseygt in zeyer fulstendiker orntlikhkeyt. dortn hot oykh gevoynt a serzhant fun der poylisher armey, velkher hit gehat groys onzen ba di poyerim fun arum.

has taken everything away from us and forced us to move to other forests for a while. My comrade Datner and I are the ones who have to cook that day. We go to sleep because we were up all night to get to know the new forest and the surrounding population, to obtain the information necessary for us in relation to the movements of the Germans around us.

On one side of the river Suprasl [Supraśl] we set up our camp, in the 11th "dzelyanke", very close to the river, to be able to get water. On our side of the river is a small village of 15 houses, they stand at a great distance from each other, people live there quietly and go about their daily work. After being there in the forest for a while, we went into the village to introduce ourselves to the village elder and promise him various things on our part. We make friends with him and assure him that we will not perform "bomyashkes" in the village. In return, they should take care of taxation themselves and provide us with food as much as they can. At the same time they are to pass on to us any new news concerning the Germans.

The village was small and mostly inhabited by poor peasants who had very little land at their disposal, so they all took care of us and pledged help. We behaved a little cautiously about their declaration of friendship and checked their attitude toward us for a long time until we were convinced of their complete decency. There was also a sergeant of the Polish army living there, who enjoyed great prestige among the surrounding peasants.

<p>er hot fun alts gevust vos es tut zikh in gantsn gegnt. nokhn bakumen dem fulshtendikn tsutroy tsu im, flegt er kumen tsu undz in dzhelyanke ibergebn ven es iz forgeshtanen epes geferekhs far undz. der dorf Dvozhisk iz undz zeyer fil tsunuts gekumen, in shvere tsaytn.</p> <p>es vert a bisl varimer etlekhe shtraln ganvenen zikh durkh, durkh di getseylte boymer tsu undz vos zogn on, mir zaynen shoyndi letste shelukhim fun zumer far aykh. nutst oys di gelegnhayt un</p>	<p>He knew about everything that was happening in the whole area. When we gained complete confidence in him, he used to visit us in our "dzhelyanke" and inform us when we were in danger. The village of Dvozhisk [Dworzysk] came in really useful for us in hard times.</p> <p>It's getting a little warmer, some rays of sunshine sneak up to us through the countless trees and say, "we are already the last messengers of summer for you, take the opportunity and</p>
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<p>khapt a dreml. mir tuen take azoy un nokh a diskusye, vu es zaynen aroysgeshvumen tsvey maynungen eyn teyl farzikhert, az men meg hobn dem fulstn tsutroy tsum dorf un der tsveyter zogt, men darf zayn zeyer forzikhtik, shteln mir aroys a postn (a vakhman) un leygn zikh shlofn mit di fis oysgetsoygn tsum ash fun fayer, efsher vet nit frim di fis un men vet kenen a driml ton.</p> <p>tsi ikh bin geshlofn tsi azoy gelegn vi shtendik oyfgedreyt un fun tsayt tsu tsayt geefnt di oygn, un zeendik, az ale lign zey vayter farmakht, nor ikh her vi men turket mir: „Kot, hoyb zikh oyf (Stavay)!“, zogt a khaver tsu mir. ikh khap zikh oyf un es vert mir fintster in di oygn. ikh mayn tsu zogn likhtik. ikh lig ingantsn bashotn mit shney un ale khaveyrim leben mir veys fun shney vos iz ongefaln af undz shlofndik.</p> <p>mir hobn gornit gefilt. s'iz epes geven nas ligndik, ober ver makht dos derfun an eysek. a novene, az s'iz nas? itst iz alts vayter opgeshlosn, men ken nit aroys keyn trot, alts iz gevorn mit eyn mol</p>	<p>slumber a little!" We do indeed, and after a discussion in which two opinions emerge, namely that the village can be fully trusted - or that we should be rather cautious, we set two guards and go to sleep. Our feet we stretch to the ashes of the fire, maybe they will not freeze, so we can take a nap.</p> <p>Either I was asleep, or I was lying there restlessly as usual, opening my eyes from time to time and seeing that everyone else continued to lie there tightly covered, in any case I heard a comrade calling for me: "Kot, stavay! (Kot, get up!)". I pick myself up and it becomes dark before my eyes, that is, I mean actually, it becomes light! I am lying there completely covered with snow and all the comrades next to me are white from snow that fell on us while we were sleeping.</p> <p>We did not notice anything. It got maybe a little wet while lying, but who makes a big fuss about it, is it perhaps a rarity that it is wet? Now we are even more separated from everything. We can't</p>
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<p>opgerisn, azoy fil arbet iz nokh do tsu durkhfirn un shoyn a shney, men ken shoyn afile nokh keyn vaser nit geyn oder epes kokhn.</p> <p>farfaln, mir kloybn oyf emers shney mit blote fun der erd. pruvn tselozn dos afn fayer, kedey tsu hobn vaser un fun di bleter un erd tsuzamen mit di shney vos es iz ongefaln, makhn mir undzer yontevdikn mitog lekoved der Oktyober revolutsye. men ken zikh forshteln vos far a taam der mitog hot gehat, az di vaser iz geven shvarts un geshtunken, nor di iberike khaveyrim hobn gezogt, az ikh kokh oysgetsaykhnt, un az men volt gemegt aza mitog shikn af an oysshtelung...</p> <p>vos tsu klern iz shoyn nito. men treyst zikh, az der ershter shney vet tsegeyn un men vet zikh kenen aynordenen. dervayl bashtimen mir nit tsu zitsn leydik un zikh shteln boyen a zemlyanke. dos heyst af vinter a hoyz, vayl vinter ken men shoyn af der erd nit voynen vi zumer.</p> <p>mir bashlisen tsum oysgrobn a grub fun drey meter af fir meter in kvadrat, di hoykh 180 sentimeter. mir shnaydn oys yunge boymlekh un</p>	<p>take a step outside, everything is cut off from us at once, there is still so much work for us to do, and then there is this snow! We can't even fetch water or cook anything.</p> <p>What bad luck, we collect snow together with mud from the earth, try to melt this on the fire so that we have water; and from the leaves and the earth together with the snow that fell, we cook our holiday lunch in honor of the October Revolution. One can well imagine the taste of this lunch, because the water was black and stank. But the other comrades said that I had cooked excellently, one should send such a lunch to an exhibition....</p> <p>No way to clarify the water. We console ourselves that the first snow will melt and then we can organize. Meanwhile, we agree not to sit idly but to build a "zemlyankle", that is, a cottage for the winter, because in winter we can no longer live on the earth as in summer.</p> <p>We decide to dig a pit from three to 4 square meters. The height should be 180 cm. We cut young trees and</p>
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<p>shteln arum di vent un dakh, es zol zikh keyn zamd nit shitn. eyn efenung tsu aroysgeyn, an ort af di gever, a spetsyeln bam tir un an eyvele fun leym; oykh a pritshe fun yunge boymlekh inmitn vos, az men leygt zikh, shtekhnt di senkes in ale erter fun kerper.</p>	<p>position them around the walls and as a roof so that no sand is poured in. [We construct] an opening to go out, a special place by the door for the weapons and a small stove made of clay; in the middle comes a cot made of young trees. When you lie down on it, the knots of branches sting you all over your body.</p>
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in der tsayt vos mir hobn geboyt di zemlyanke, iz der shney a bisl opgegangen. hobn mir glaykh bashlosn vi amgikhstn oysnutsn dem veter un avek brengen tsu undz di farvundete khaveyrim fun di andere velder, un ayntsuordenen di andere grupes tsum friikn vinter, vos hot zikh geshtelt.

ober vi iberasht mir vern, ven mir dervishn zikh, az fun di finf vos mir hobn aroysgeshikt mit di rusishe khaveyrim un undzere khaveyrim vos zaynen gekumen zey nemen, zaynen gekumen tsurik a helft.

zey hobn ongetrofn af daytshn, farfirndik mit zey a kamf un zikh nit gekent adurkh raysn dem veg.

der shney hot gemasert zeyere shlyadn, un zey hobn gemuzt kumen tsurik un blaybn dervayl ba undz. fun yenem otryad zaynen zey aleyn avek tsu undz durkh an ander veg, mit velkhn zey hobn keyn khaveyrim on gever nit gekent nehmen.

blaybn mir shoyn vayter mit mer khaveyrim. mit di farvundete klaybn mir zikh tsunoyf 20 man in undzer dzhelyanke. der shney falt vayter on un mir blaybn zitsn dervayl af dem ort, klerndik, vos iz gevorn mit di iberike khaveyrim vos zaynen avek in Krinker vald af tsu farlaykh tern undzer situatsye.

dos vayterdike leben

yedn tog falt tsu naye shney. men zet shoyn keyn simen nit, az es iz geven a mol a zumer. di foyglen hobn undz shoyn farlozn, afile di vos hobn undz shoyn gekent un flegn shtendik kumen tsum mitog khapn a shtik fleysh un antloyfn fun kikh, ven der kukher flegt zikh opdreyen on a zayt, nit zen.

banakht kokhn mir esn. yedn tog vert farklenert di portsyas,

While we were building the mud hut, the snow thawed a little. Immediately we decided to take advantage of the weather as soon as possible and bring the wounded comrades from the other woods to us, as well as to arrange the other groups because of the early onset of winter.

But how we are surprised to learn that the five we sent out with the Russian comrades, as well as our comrades who had come to accompany them, return only halfway.

They met Germans, had a fight with them and could not continue the way.

The snow had betrayed their tracks and they had to come back and stay with us for the time being. From that military cohort, they then went to us alone on another trail, where they could not take comrades without weapons. So we continue to stay with more comrades; with the wounded we are a group of 20 men in our "dzhelyanke". The snow continues to fall and we remain sitting in place wondering what happened to the rest of our comrades who moved to the Krinker forest to ease our situation.

The Further Life

Every day new snow falls, no trace that it was once summer. The birds have already left us, even those who already knew us and always came at noon, only to grab a piece of meat and flee from the kitchen when the cook just turned to the side as if he did not see it.

At night we cook food. Every day the portions are getting smaller,

vayl der shney vert fun tog tsu tog hekher. mir esn shoyn ingantsn on fest un on zalts. a bisl vaser mit groypn vos mir moln on fun korn yedn tog. a groyp darf men zukhn mit tsen por briln, bikhdey tsu gefinen in kloymershtn „zup“. a gantsn tog dreyen mir zikh arum fun frost oyfgedreyt un baynakht, ven mir hoybn on kokhn dos esn, dervaremen mir zikh fun di holts vos es felt nit. yedn nakht zegn mir unter a sosne un zi vert farbrent. es brenen di oygn fun roykh vos geyt fun undzer eyvele un fil mol iz aza roykh, az eyner zet nit dem tsveytn, khotsh men ligt azoy noent tsunoyfgeshtikt, az eyner darf zikh iberdreyen muz er zogn dem tsveytn: khayim hoyb zikh oyf, ikh vil zikh iberdreyen...

5 khaveyrim zaynen farnumen mitn kokhn, tsvey hahn holts a gantse nakht, eyner hit un tsvey sharn oyf emers shney af vaser. di hobn nit keyn ort un zey shlofn batog ven andere geyen af vakh un andere loyfn arum fun vant tsu vant zikh dervarmenen di fis.

fun vesh vashn iz opgeredt. es ken oyskumen eynem in drey vokhn zayn raye. yedn inderfri varfn ale aroys tutsn leyz. mir zaynen shoyn gevorn gantse filosofn in der frage fun leyz, aynteyndik zey in farshidene grupes. un fun vos leben zey, hot zikh nor ba undz geshtelt di frage, ven mir hungern aleyn. es hoybt on vern geshvirn ba ale khaveyrim undzere, koym heyln zikh di oys vern andere bald af zeyer ort.

nito keyn refues, der doktor redt vegn higiyene un mir shlofn eyne leben di andere. gezunte tsi kranke, alts eyns. mir lakhn zikh oys

because the snow is getting higher every day We already eat nothing solid and no more salt, just a little water with barley that we grind every day from rye. We have to look for a single barley with ten eyeglasses to find it in the so-called "soup". All day long we sit around, huddled together because of the frost, and at night, when we start cooking the food, we warm ourselves on the wood, of which we have enough. Every night we cut down a pine tree and burn it. Our eyes burn from the smoke that rises from our stove, and often it is so smoky that we can't see each other even though we are all so close together. When one of us wants to turn around, he has to tell the other, "Khayim, move back a little, I want to turn around...".

Five comrades are busy cooking. Two chop wood all night, one watches, and two scrape snow into buckets so we have water. Those who have no place [on the cot] sleep during the day, while the others go on watch or walk from one wall to another to warm their feet.

As for laundry, we've agreed that it's one person's turn every three weeks. Every morning everyone shakes out dozens of lice. As for the question of lice, we have already become regular philosophers, dividing them into different groups. However, we wondered what they actually live on, when we ourselves are starving. All comrades begin to develop ulcers, and no sooner has one healed than the next soon follows in the same place.

We don't have any medication, our doctor talks about "hygiene", but we sleep one next to the other, no matter whether healthy or sick, and so we are already laughing at his theories.

<p>fun zayne teoryes, ven undzere farvundete afile heyln zikh oys on refues un on dyetes. do beste refue volt geven ven zey hobn vos tsu esn. fun keynem hobn mir nit keyne yedies. di rusishe grupes kumen oykh nit un ven zey kumen afile, kenen zey nit tsukumen tsulibn shney. alts geyt oys bislevayz. men teylt oys eyn tsigar af 20 khaveyrim, yeder eyner a tsi, a shmotshke dem papiros, un git iber a tsveytn un shoyn keyn papirosn zaynen oykh nito. men klaybt oyf nase bleter fun di dembes, men triknt zey oys fun</p>	<p>Finally, our wounded heal completely without medicines and diets. The best cure would have been if they had food. We have no news from anyone. The Russian groups are not coming back either; even if they wanted to come, it would not be possible because of the snow. Little by little we run out of everything. One cigarette must be enough for 20 men. Everyone takes a drag, a smack with the lips, and passes the cigarette on; and already there are no cigarettes left either. We collect oak leaves, dry them from</p>
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<p>shney un men roykhert fardreyt in a tsaytung. batog gibn mir nit keyn shvebelekh tsu ontsindn a papiros, vayl mir hobn vintsik shvebelekh tsu makhn fayer. azoy geyen teg un vokhn. shney shit keseyder yedn tog mer.</p> <p>nay-yor 1944</p> <p>s shtarke zaverukhe. es dreyt der shney un vint, der fayer lesht zikh un der gantser roykh iz af undz. shoyn drey sho vi es kokht zikh a bisl vaser un nokh afile nit ongevaemt. yedes mol fregt an anderer khaver: vos iz mitn esn? haynt iz dokh epes nay-yor. a yontevdiker esn hot farzikhert der kukher.</p> <p>reynere vaser! s'iz ongefaln a nayer shney! makht men a vits un a tsveyter khapt unter:</p>	<p>the snow and smoke them rolled up in a newspaper. During the day we do not consume a single match to light a cigarette, because we have few matches left to make fire. Days and weeks go by like this. The snow pours more every day.</p> <p>New Year 1944</p> <p>Heavy snowstorm. Snow and wind swirl around, the fire goes out and all the smoke is on us. For three hours already we've been trying to get some water boiling, and it hasn't even warmed up yet. The comrades ask one after another: "What about the food? It's New Year's Day. The cook promised a holiday meal!"</p> <p>"There is cleaner water! New snow has fallen!", someone jokes, and a second remarks:</p>
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<p>vos maynstu, vi lang hob ikh shoyn keyn reyne vaser nit getrunken?- gevis etlekhe monaln far dem letstn mol zayn in dorf un dort oykh fun a brunem.un fun a kran shoyn gevis bald a yor tsayt nit getrunken...</p> <p>beeys mir zitsn azoy un vitslen zikh un shmuesn vegn farshidene zakhn, kumen tsu undz plutsung arayn farshotn ingantsn mit shney finf khaveyrim undzere fun a tsveytn ort, 7 kilometer vayt, vu es hobn zikh ayngedont 15 khaveyrim mitn komandir un meldn, az der komandir un zey hobn bashlosn, az mir darfn oysnutsn di zaverukhe vos shit un vet farshitn di mentshlekhe trit. gevis ken men geyn in undzer bakantn dorf nokh esn, oysnutsndik di silvester nakht, ven di daytshn shikern un hitn nit dem vald.</p> <p>es hoybt zikh on a diskusye tsi men meg geyn. der shtarker shney ken oyfhern in minutn un alts iz farfaln. vos tut men?- yeder eyner zogt aroys zayn maynung, ober der hunger virkt shtark af di maynungen fun di khaveyrim un men bashtimt tsu geyn in dem dorf Dvozhisk [Dworzysk], 7 kilometer fun undz. men reynikt oys dos gevef af gikh, un tsen khaveyrim fun undz geyen aroys.</p> <p>es misht himl mit erd, der naser shney shmeyst</p>	<p>"How long has it been since I drank clean water? Certainly quite a few months before the last visit to the village, and there also only from a well; from a tap we have not drunk for almost a year!"</p> <p>While we are sitting there talking about various things, suddenly five comrades, completely covered with snow, come in to us from a second site seven kilometers away, where 15 comrades have set up with the commander, and inform us that the commander and they have decided to take advantage of the heavy snowstorm that will cover the human footprints. One could certainly go to our familiar village to get food and take advantage of the New Year's Eve when the Germans get drunk and are not careful in the forest.</p> <p>A discussion starts whether we should leave, because the heavy snowfall could stop within minutes, and then everything would be lost. What should we do? Each one says his opinion, but the hunger greatly influences the opinions of the comrades and we decide to go to the village of Dvozhisk [Dworzysk], which is 7 kilometers away from us. The weapons are quickly cleaned and ten of our comrades leave.</p> <p>Heaven and earth intermingle, the wet snow slaps</p>
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<p>in ponim un es vert farhakt der otem, shney bizn pas, alts veys arum, men derkent nit keyn simen fun epes. noent fun dorf zeen mir shoyn likht in di khatkes un a varemkeyt nemt undz oykh arum, zikh forshtelndik vi varem un ongenem es iz in shtub itst.</p>	<p>your face and it takes your breath away. The snow reaches to the belt, everything around us is white, you can recognize absolutely nothing. Near the village we can already see light in the huts, and when we imagine how warm and cozy it is now in the rooms, it warms our hearts.</p>
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mir shteln aroys a por postns un geyen arayn in dorf. di hint biln nit dos mol vi shtendik, vayl s'iz an aveyre afile a hunt aroystsutraybn in aza veter. mir geyen arayn tsum soltis fun dorf. es zitsn zikh poyerim ba im arum tish, vi shtendik, ba shnaps shmuesn zey vegn politik. mit undzer araynkumen derfrayen zey zikh un fregn bald vi azoy ken men oyshaltn in aza veter.

mir viln zikh ober nit lang farhaltn un viln vos frier avekgeyn fun dorf. es zol amol nit oyfhern di zaverukhe. mir fregn zikh oys vegn di ofte shiserayen vos mir hern in vald. men klert undz oyf, az di daytshn geyen aroys zukhn shpurn fun mentshn af di shney un men hot nit lang ongetrofn af a rusishe grupe, velkhe men hot tsekhnapt un fil korbones zaynen geven fun bayde tsdodim. zey hobn gemaynt, az mit undz iz oykh epes geshen un hobn zikh derfrayt vos zey zeen undz gants.

er bashtimt undz in vos fara shtiber mir darfn arayngeyn nehmen shpayz un mir farlozn zayn hoyz. der dorf tumlt zikh in gezang un geshrayen, velkhe trogn zikh fun di shtiber lekoved dem nay-yor. in yeder shtub vos mir geyen arayn, umetum, iz likhtik un freylekh. men zitst un men vintsht zikh vi keyn krig volt nit geven un andere mentshn geyen azoy op mit blut. der dorf filt shvakh di gantse tragedye fun der velt.

undzer araynkumen farshneyte un farforene dershrekt zey a bisl, un hakt iber zeyer ruikn farbrengen. undzer geveer un blik shtekht zey durkh un brengt arayn a tsetumlung. epes a shuld hoybn zey on filn, vos zey zitsn do un farbrengen in same tsenter fun di gesheenisht. di kelt vos rayst zikh arayn durkh der ofener tir farfrirt zeyere penemer un es leyent zikh der oysdruk fun filn zikh shuldik farvos zey zitsn do un geyen nit farteydikn zeyers. zey faredn zikh

We set up a few posts and go to the village. This time the dogs don't bark as usual, because in such weather it would be a sin even to drive dogs out. We go to the house of the village elder. Around his table, as usual, the peasants are sitting drinking liquor and talking politics. When we come in, they are happy and immediately ask how we can stand it in this weather.

But we don't want to stay long and leave the village as soon as possible, not risking the stop of the snowstorm. We inquire about the frequent shootings we hear in the forest. We are told that the Germans go outside to find human tracks in the snow and recently encountered a Russian group. It was attacked and there were many casualties on both sides. They [in the village] thought that something had happened to us too and were happy to see us back in one piece.

He determines which houses we may go to get food and we leave his house. The village is noisy with singing and shouting lingering from the houses, to welcome the new year. In every house we enter, it is bright and cheerful, everyone sits there wishing that the war had never been and so many people had to bleed for it. However, the village only dimly feels all the tragedy of the world.

The arrival of us, snowed in and frozen as we are, startles them a bit and interrupts their quiet gathering. Our weapons and looks penetrate them and create consternation, they feel a little guilt or a sense that they are just sitting and having a good time, right in the center of the events. The cold that penetrates us through the open door freezes their faces and there is an expression of guilt in them for sitting there and not going to defend themselves. They bring us

aleyn mit dem dersteyln undz di nays, az di royte armey iz shoyn arayn in der ershter shtot fun gevezenem poyln Sarne [Sarny] un ir farnumen, un ingikhn veln mir shoyn vern bafrayt. es glust zikh fun der shtub nit aroys. di varemkeyt tsenemt undz un dermont in dem normaln leben. ober nito keyn tsayt tsum klern, mir efenen di zeklekh, shitn on vos es gehert undz un farlozn dem dorf. opgeyendik etlekhe kilometer fun dorf, hert plutsung oyf di zaverukhe un mir blaybn shteyn inmitn zikh iberkukndik, eyner tsum andern.

di trit fun dorf tsum vald zaynen kontik vi a shosey.men tor mer nit keyn trit ton.

mir veysn shoyn foroys yeder eyner ba zikh, az morgn hobn mir ba zikh di hint- di daytshn dos it zikher. shverer vert nokh afn hartsn. vos tut men itst?vi geyt men? ven yeder trot vayzt vu mir gefinen zikh. yeder eyner, instinktiv leygt tsu di hant tsu di koyln un kukt iber di geve. a shtil shveygn- etlekhe minut baheltenishn. in der fintsterer vayskeyt fun vald, biz eyner ruft zikh op:

mir geyn ale in eyn ort. bikhdey zey zoln khotsh kumen in eyn ort un nit masern etlekhe erter fun undzer grupe. mir shikn shpayz tsu an ander grupe, mit 3 khaveyrim, zey onzogn m'zol zayn greyt, ale iberike geyen avek in eyn ort.

on diskusyes nemt men vayter di shpayz un yeder trot afn vaysn shney in vald rayst op a shtik leben un makht kelter un durkhshtekhndiker yedns blik. ikh bin tsvishn di 3 vos geyen afn tsveytn ort, ober nit lang vartndik, azoy vi es vert nor tog, hern mir shoyn in vald a shtarke shiseray un entfer shosn.

the news that the Red Army entered and took already the first town of the former Poland, Sarne [Sarny], and that we will soon be liberated. We do not want to leave the room. The warmth envelops us and reminds us of normal life. But there is no time to think; we open the sacks, pour in what is meant for us and leave the village. When we are already several kilometers away from the village, suddenly the snowstorm stops and we stop abruptly and exchange glances with each other.

Our footsteps from the village to the forest are visible like a main road, we must not take one more step!

We already know, each for himself, that tomorrow the dogs will be with us - the Germans; that's for sure. We feel even heavier, what to do now? How can we walk when every footprint indicates where we are? Instinctively, everyone reaches for his weapon and checks his rifle. There is silence - several minutes in the dark whiteness of the forest - until someone calls out:

"We all go to one of our positions so that when they come, they will only go there and other locations of our group will not be betrayed as well. We send three comrades to bring food to another group and tell them to be ready to fight, everyone else goes to one position!"

Without discussion we carry the food and every step in the forest on the white snow threatens a piece of life and makes our looks colder and more piercing. I am one of the three men who go to the second location, but we do not have to wait long and as soon as it becomes daylight, we hear heavy shooting and counter-shooting already in the forest.

<p>mir farshteyen bald, az undzer grupe kemft shoyt dortn mit di daytshn. di andere khaveyrim vos zaynen gekumen mitn komandir nokh dem esn, hobn bald zikh oyfgepakt un aroysgeshtelt a postn tsu kukn af der stezhke, vos es hot getsoygn ibern gantsn vald tsu zeyer dzhelyanke un farordnt dem postn nit tsu shisn tsu di daytshn, nor meldn ven zi veln geyn. nit lang shteyendik, hot er shoyt gezen, vi zey geyen trot nokh trot tsum ort, nit kenendik zey ibertseyln.</p> <p>der komandir heyst glaykh zikh tseteyln in tsvey grupes: eyne in eyn</p>	<p>We know immediately that our group is already there fighting with the Germans. The other comrades, who had come after the meal together with the commander, had immediately packed up and set up a post to watch the path that led through the whole forest to their "dzhelyanke". He was instructed not to shoot at the Germans from his post, but only to report when he saw them coming. As soon as he stood, he saw them following the steps to the [partisan] place, but he could not count them.</p> <p>The commander immediately orders to divide into two groups; one in</p>
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<p>rikhtung un di tsveyte in a tsveyte. 7 man geyen mitn komandir Shepsl Borovik un di resht 15 khaveyrim mit a khaverte fun shtot, Malke Vyezhebetski vos iz gekumen tsu undz af vinter, in a tsveyte rikhtung.</p> <p>di daytshn hobn zikh gelozt yogn nokh di shlyadn fun der klenerer grupe mitn komandir zey farfolgndik a gantsn tog. kemfndik biz shpet in ovnt hobn zey farlorn 6 khaveyrim mitn komandir. eynem iz gelungen zikh tu rateven. fun di daytshn zaynen geven tsvey gehargete.</p> <p>eyn khaver hot tsvey teg in vald zikh arumgedreyt un farshtanen, az er tor tsu keynem nit arayngeyn, vayl yeder trot zayner iz geven kentik un volt vayter gekent umbrengen a grupe, tsu velkher er volt arayn, ober der hunger un kelt, hot im getsvungen arayngeyn tsu a leshnitshe (hiter fun vald) vos voynt in vald betn esn, men hot im</p>	<p>one direction, and the second in the other. Seven men go with the commander, Shepsl Borovik; and the remaining 15 comrades, together with a comrade from the city, Malke Vyezhebetski, [Wiersbitzky?], who had joined us in the winter, in a second direction.</p> <p>The Germans went hunting on the trail of the smaller group with the commander, pursuing them for a whole day. Fighting until late evening, they [the partisans] lost 6 comrades and the commander. One of them managed to save himself. Among the Germans there were two dead.</p> <p>One comrade spent two days in the forest and knew that he was not allowed to go to any group because every step he took was visible and could kill the whole group he was going to. But the hunger and the cold forced him to go to a forester who lived in the forest and ask for food. The latter gave him some, but sent his wife out the</p>
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gegebn es nun durkh der tsveyter tir hot er aroysgeshikt der froy zayner meldn di daytshn.
es zaynen ongekumen daytshn, arumgeringlt di hoyz mit gever un im genumen a lebedikn gebrakht in Suprasl [Supraśl] tsu zeyer shtab un gemutshet un geshlogn, er zol aroysgegebn di erter vu es gefinen zikh di partizaner. er hot ober nit aroysgegebn. hobn zey im ongeton daytshishe kleyder un gegebn esn trinken fun dos beste, tsuzogndik im lozn leben, er zol nor zogn tsi er iz geven in dorf un tsi der soltik fun dorf hot im gegebn shpayz,.

zey hobn gebrakht dem soltik fun dorf, ayngeshtelt af a konfrontatsye mit im. er hot zikh ober gehaltn kemferish un gemoldn, az er kent im nit ingantsn, er zet im do tsum erhtn mol. dan zogt der daytsh tsum soltik:
der id hot dir geratevet mitn gantsn dorf, khotsh ikh veys af zikher, az du host im gegebn esn.

zeendik, az zey kenen fun im gornit aroyskrign, hobn zey nokh prubirt dos letste, im gefirt in vald, er zol vayzn vu men voynt. er hot zey ober farfirt in andere erter aropfirndik fun emesn veg un zey hobn im dershosn. azoy heldish hobn gekemft undzere khaveyrim. yeder eyner in vos fara badingungen er iz

back door to report it to the Germans.

The Germans arrived, surrounded the house with weapons, arrested [the comrade] and took him alive to Suprasl [Supraśl] to their staff, tortured and beat him to make him betray the places where the partisans were. However, he did not betray them. They then dressed him in German clothes, gave him the finest of food and drink, promising him that they would let him live if he told them whether he had been in the village and whether the village elder had given them food.

They brought in the village elder and arranged for a lineup. He [the comrade], however, kept a combative attitude and announced that he absolutely did not know him and was seeing him for the first time. Thereupon the German said to the village elder:
"The Jew saved you and the whole village, because I know for a fact that you gave him food!"

When they realized that they could not get anything out of him, they tried a last resort. They led him into the forest to show where [the partisans] lived. However, he led them to other places, far away from the right one, and they shot him. That's how heroically our comrades fought, each one of them, in whatever situation they

nit geven, hot aroysgevizn zayne heldishkeytn. der dorf hot dos opgeshatst un nokh mit mer tsutroy undz vayter, keseyder untershtitst.

were, always showed heroism. The village appreciated this and continued to support us constantly and with even more confidence.

di iberike grupes hobn zikh gedreyt in vald a vokh tsayt, biz es iz a bisl opgegangen der shney un arayn tsu a grupe velkhe hot gevoynt in Suprasler [Supraśl] vald, azoy, az itst hobn zeyv ale gemuzt leben shteyendik, vayl zikh tsuleygn iz shoyt nit geven avu, nor dos bisl esn vos zey hobn gebrakht farfrom fun azoy lang trogn, hot zey opgeratevet.

a nayem ort krign, hot men vinter nit gekent un men hot gemuzt blaybn leben in di badingungen.

mir zaynen opgerisn tsulibn shney vos falt tog teglekh on. fun ale arumike grupes vos zaynen geven tseteylt in di velder, hobn mir nokh nay-yor nit gehat keyn shum yedies fun zeyere badingungen. mir hern nor yedn fartog naye shiserayen arum undz fun di daytshn, vos geyen arum zukhn, vu mir gefinen zikh, vayl in dorf, ven mir zaynen geven nay-yor, hot zikh gefunen tsu gast ba a meydil fun dorf, dem milners zun fun Myendzhizhetsh [Międzyrzecze] un er hot dos aroysgegebn, az mir zaynen geven in dorf un men hot undz gutvilik gegebn shteyern in der form fun esn. (mir hobn zikh vegn dem dervust shpeter).

dos esn vos mir hobn gebrakht fun dorf, hot ober lang nit ongehaltn. vegn aroysgeyn zikh shafn naye, iz keyn reydn nito. der shney tsegeyt nit un yeder tog der zelber program: inderfri dos kreyen fun hener vos dergeyn tsu undz fun dorf (in der shtilkeyt fun vald hert zikh dos zeyer vayt) un in di mitik shoen shiserayen.

der hunger, vos iz ba undz keseyder un vil nit avekgeyn, farshtarkt zikh vos a mol mer un men nemt shoyt klern vos ton vayter. men muz aroys. di zaverukhes zaynen ober ofte. vegn aroysgeyn iz shoyt keyn reydn nito. tsufil hot undz shoyt gekost dem mol dos aroysgeyn. mir klaybn oys dem khaver (Kole) Nyome Kirzhner farn komandir onshtot dem umgekumenem komandir undzern Shepsl

The remaining groups stayed in the forest until the snow thawed a little and then joined a group that lived in the Suprasl [Supraśl] Forest, however, everyone had to live standing up there because there was nothing to lie down on. Only the little bit of food that was frozen from being carried around for so long saved them.

In winter, one could not look for a new site and had to continue living under these conditions.

The snow that fell every day isolated us. After New Year's Day, we received no news from any of the surrounding groups spread out in the woods about their situation. However, every morning we heard new gunfire from the Germans in the surrounding area, who went around looking for our whereabouts; for in the village where we were at New Year's Day, a guest found himself with a girl, the son of the miller from Myendzhizhetsh [Międzyrzecze], and he revealed to the Germans that we had been in the village, which voluntarily paid us taxes in the form of food. (We learned about this only later).

The food we brought from the village did not last long; we did not even talk about going out again to get more. The snow does not thaw and every day it is the same program: early in the morning the roosters would crow from the village (because of the silence of the forest it can be heard very far), and in the noon hours there are shootings.

Our constant hunger, which does not want to disappear, but becomes stronger and stronger, forces us to think about how to go on. We have to go out! After all, there are often snowstorms! But we don't want to say it out loud, too many sacrifices our walk has cost us at that time. We elect comrade (Kole) Nyome Kirzhner as commander, in place of our deceased commander Shepsl Borovnik.

Borovnik. ober on enderungen, keyner vil nit nehmen af zikh	Anyway, without us changing anything [in the planning], nobody
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<p>di farantvortlekhkeyt fun heysn ton. alts vert diskutirt fun alemen. der ovnt shtelt zikh vi shtendik, mitn aynheytsn un kokhn vos vayter alts klenere portsyas, vos bam teyln vil men shoyn afile nit kukn af dem, vayl a bisl vintsiker vaser, mer, alts eyns. nokhn esn hoybt ersht on zikh glustn esn. nit esn iz shoyn beser. men iz shoyn tsugevoynt, nito tsulib vos tsu vartn afn kokhn vi frier.</p>	<p>wants to take responsibility for the instruction [to go outside]. We discuss everything, everyone has their say. As always, it's evening and we have to heat up and cook smaller and smaller portions that you don't even want to look at after sharing; in the end it's just sometimes a little less water and sometimes a little more, it doesn't matter. After the meal, we really get an appetite. It would be better not to eat. That's why we've already gotten out of the habit of waiting for dinner to cook.</p>
<p>khaveyrim lign un ale bakumen geshvirn afn leyb. eyner heylyt zikh oys un drey vern krank. undzer doktor kukt shoyn afile nit. vos vet er kukn, ven keyn shum refues zaynen nito. mir pruvn zukhn an oysveg un nokh a vokh diskutirn bashlisen mir, az es zoln aroysgeyn fir khaveyrim un farshitn hinter zikh di shlyades mit shney. di fir khaveyrim zoln araygeyn in a dorf nehmen a ferd, vos mir veln shpeter koylenen, kedey tsu hobn vos tsu esn, vet dos farfirn; m'vet maynen, az mir zaynen avekgeforn vayt. beles breyre notgedrungen iz dos ongenumen gevorn fun der grester tsol khaveyrim un di bashtimte zaynen aroys. ober bald kumen zey tsurik un meldn, az dos brikl fun taykh vos mir flegn shtendik adurkhgeyn iz oyfgerisn, vayzt oys fun ayz un mir kenen nisht durkhgeyn.</p>	<p>We comrades lie there and get ulcers on our bodies. One gets well, three others get sick. The doctor doesn't even look at us anymore, what should he look at if we have no medicine. We try to find a way out, and after a week of discussion we decide that four comrades should go out and cover their footprints with snow behind them. The four comrades are to go to a village, take a horse there, which will be killed later to provide us with food, but also to make people think we are going far away. Of necessity, most of the comrades agree, and those who are destined go. They return immediately, however, and report that the small bridge across the river that we used to cross has broken apart, apparently caused by the ice. We cannot cross it.</p>
<p>vayter a problem:vos tut men itst? men klert vayter un men diskutirt. der khaver Motl Tshremoshne, a stolyer, leygt for, az mir zoln makhn a tratve un ibershvimen. mir zegn op boymlekh un bindn zey tsenoyf mit shmates fun zakhn vos men tserayst. mir trogn zey tsum taykh un formirn tsvey shtrik, velkhe eyner tsit fun</p>	<p>So yet another problem, now what? We continue to think and discuss. Comrade Motl Tshremoshne, a carpenter, suggests we build a raft and swim across. We saw off trees and tie them together with rags of torn clothes. We carry them to the river and twist two ropes, one pulling from one side of the river, the second from the</p>

<p>eyn zayt taykh un der tsveyter fun der tsveyter zayt taykh. azoy firm mir ariber undzere etlekhe khaveyrim afn andern zayt. mir mitn pulemyot bashtimt men tsum geyn der letster. di tratve iz badekt mit ayz. der frost iz azoy shtark, az vi es falt nor a bisl vaser aroyf, vert glyakh ayz. vi nor ikh gey aroyf glitsh ikh zikh oys un fal arayn mitn pulemyot in taykh. men shlept mir aroys ingantsn farfrorn. ikh gib dem pulemyot aribertsufirn un aleyn, iz mir dernokh laykhter aribertsukumen afn tsveytn zayt. tsvey khaveyrim</p>	<p>other. So we put our comrades across to the other side. I, with the machine gun, am to go last. The raft is covered with ice; it is such a strong frost that every little bit of water that splashes onto the raft immediately freezes into ice. As soon as I step on the raft, I slip and, together with the machine gun, fall into the river. They pull me out, completely frozen. I first put the machine gun on the raft to get it across alone, and after that it is easier for me to get across to the other side. Two comrades</p>
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<p>lozn mir iber hitn di tratve, men zol kenen aribergeyn tsurik. mir darfn itst geyn 15 kilometer nokh tsum ort vu mir hobn bashtimt. der shney iz ertervayz bizn haldz. a pare geyt fun yedn eynems zakhn, ober di farantvortlekhkeyt far der oyfgabe iz azoy shtark ba yedn eynem, az men geyt nor foroys mit di letste koykhes.</p> <p>mir kumen tsu tsum dorf shpet in der nakht, finster arum. eyntselne khatkes tsevorfn un farshneyt, nor koymens zeen zikh. mir klapn on, es geyt aroys a poyer in di gatkes efnt un vert bald dershrokn. in aza veter mit geve, fun vanen? mir lozn lang nit klern, betn dem shlisl fun shtal un a lompe. er geyt mit undz aroys un mir nehmen zayn ferd zogndik, az morgn krigt er im tsurik, vi shtendik. men firt arayn dem ferd biz a helft veg in vald, men harget im un men tseteylt di khaveyrim in zek tsu teyln, di resht blaybt iber.</p> <p>fartog kumen mir on tsurik tsum ort. di khaveyrim vartn shoyn mit umgeduld un ven zey dervisn zikh, az alts iz in ordenung, vi mir hobn bashtimt frier, iz ba zey a groyse tsufridnkeyt.</p>	<p>leave me the task of hiding the raft well to come back on it. We now have to walk 15 kilometers to get to the designated place. The snow is up to our necks in some places, steam rises from everyone's clothes, but we all feel such a great responsibility to complete the task that we force ourselves with the last of our strength to move forward.</p> <p>Late at night we reach the village. Darkness around us, single, scattered and snow-covered huts, only the chimneys look out. We knock, a peasant in underpants comes out, opens and is immediately frightened: "In this weather, with weapons, from where?" We don't let him think long, ask him for the key to the barn and a lamp. He goes out with us, we take his horse and tell him that he will get it back tomorrow, as always. We lead the horse halfway into the woods, kill it and divide it up for the sacks of our comrades. We leave a remnant. At dawn we return to our location. The comrades are already waiting impatiently, and when they learn that everything went exactly as we had decided beforehand, they are very pleased.</p>
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<p>vi durkhgenetst mir zaynen gekumen, azoy blaybn mir dem tog un keyner hot fun undz vos zaynen gegangen afile keyn hust nit geton.</p> <p>eyner ruft zikh op: itst, nokh dem vi ikh bin mit di zakhn arayn in taykh un gevorn eyn shtik ayz un nokh geyn aza veg, gekumen tsurik un alts in bestn ordenung, farshtey ikh farvos khayes in vald darfn nit keyn doktoyrim.</p> <p>ale zaynen tsufridn: mir hobn shoyn af drey vokhn tsu esn hoyle ferdn fleysh. azoy tsien zikh vokhn un der vinter halt undz in zayn tsoym, keseyder ba di ergste badingungen.</p> <p>ful mit energye tsum kamf, hobn mir nit keyn meglekhkeytn oystsunutsn undzer geve, ober der mut un di ibergegebnkeyt fun eynem tsum andern vert ba undz zeyer farshtarkt.</p> <p>a groyse satisfaktsye zaynen di shmuesn vos mir firn tsvishn zikh. vos far a farglaykh mit der firung fun geto, vos iz geven der heypekh fun undzer haltung! di zelbe idn, fun der zelber shtot, ober dokh andere in ale hinzikhtn.</p>	<p>Soaked as we came, we stay the whole day, and none of us who left coughed even once!</p> <p>One of them calls out, [referring to me]: Now, after I fell with all my things into the river and froze to a piece of ice, then walked such a long distance, marched back and everything was in the best order afterwards, he understands why the wild animals in the forest do not need a doctor. Everyone is happy, we already have food for three weeks, pure horse meat! So the weeks drag on and the winter has us firmly in its grip, always in the worst conditions.</p> <p>Full of energy to fight, we unfortunately do not have the opportunity to use our weapons; but our courage and devotion to each other increase greatly.</p> <p>The conversations we have among ourselves fill us with satisfaction; there is no comparison with the leadership of the ghetto, which was the opposite of our attitude! They are the same Jews, from the same city, and yet they are different in every way.</p>
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<p>in tog fun der royter armye (23-ter februar 1944)</p> <p>di rotze armye zint af ale frontn un geyt vos vayter nenter tsu undz. andere khaveyrim, hern shoyn geveise groyse oyfraysn un viln ibertseygn, az dos zaynen vayte sovetishe artillarye shosn. yeder eyner geyt aroys fun oybn un fregt dem postn tsi er hert</p>	<p>The Day of the Red Army (February 23, 1944)</p> <p>The Red Army is on all fronts and getting closer and closer to us. Other comrades already hear certain explosions and try to convince us that they are Soviet artillery shells. Every single one comes running out from above and asks the guard if he doesn't hear</p>
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gornit. hofenungen fun kenen aroysgeyn, batsoln a bisl dem daytsh farn shvern vinter vos mir geyen a durkh, far undzere beste khaveyrim vos zaynen gefaln un vayzn, az mir zaynen nokh do!

er iz nokh fun undzer grupe nit poter, vi er meynt, di gantse shmuesn zaynen vegn bafrayung un mir kenen nit vi frier, zumer tsayt, geyn epes oyfraysn af di vegn nor zikh bagnuegenen mit opkokhn epes andersh vi ale mol, kedey tsu shafn a yomtevdike shtimmung. khaveyrim greytn zikh mit dertseylungen vegn der royter armey, ir shafung un kamfs oyfgabn, bam esn, vos es greyt tsu undzer khaver velkhn mir hobn oysgeklitn spetsyel tsu kokhn far dem tog. s'iz shoyn afile geendikt di fleysh vos mir hobn gegesn drey vokhn, ober s'iz nokh geblitn di kishkes fun ferd, zogt tsu der khaver kekher, az er vet tsugreytn an emese kishke fun tsholnt, vi amol in der heym in di gute tsaytn.

mir klern oyf dem rusishn khaver, vos iz geven mit undz, vos fara tam es hot idische kishke fun tsholnt, vi gut dos iz, az der brivntreger vos flegt amol trogn far undz briv, flegt kumen spetsyel esn tsholnt un kishke.

ale poren zikh arum yomtev. men filt on di kishke mit etlekhe kartofl vos es iz gefunen gevorn. dem tog hern mir a spetsyel noente shiseray un shtarkere vi shtendik, ober mir leygn shoyn af dem keyn akht. 12 azeyger batog, loyt undzer oysrekhenung, zetsn mir zikh avek tsu praven dem yomtev af undzer primitivn oyfn in di badingungen vi mir leben. dem khaver Khayim kumt oys aroysgeyn af vakh, er iz nit tsufridn, vos in der vikhtikster tsayt, ven ale

anything. The hope arises to be able to go out to "pay the German" a little for the hard winter and our fallen comrades and to show him that we are still there!

"He" is not rid of our group yet, as he thinks. All of our conversations revolve around liberation but we can't go out and blow something up in the summer like we used to. We have to be content with cooking something completely different than usual to create a festive spirit. During the meal, comrades tune in with stories about the Red Army, its founding and its combat tasks. We have designated a comrade especially for this day [23.02.1944] to prepare the meal. The meat we ate from for three weeks has already been used up, but the horse's "kishke" [intestine] is still there, and our "comrade cook" has agreed to prepare a proper "kishke and cholent" as it used to be, in good times.

We explain to our Russian comrade who is with us how Jewish "kishke and cholent" tastes, and that it is so delicious that the letter carrier who used to deliver our letters came especially to eat with us when there was "cholent and kishke".

For the holiday, people are busy crafting. The kishke is filled with some potatoes we found. That day we hear a very close shooting, more violent than usual, but we already do not even pay attention to it. At 12 noon, by our reckoning anyway, we sit down to celebrate the feast in our primitive way, due to the living conditions. It is comrade Khayim's turn to keep watch. It doesn't suit him at all that he has to go out and keep watch for an hour at such an important time when everyone

greytn zikh azoy, darf er aroysgeyn un shteyn a sho af vakh. ober farfaln, er it avek.

di kishke iz aroys shvarts vi sazhe, vi inmitn, vayl zi iz geven tsu fil ongeshtopt un vintsik gekokht. mir esn un posmakeven zikh ale un kukn afn rusishn khaver vi es virkt af im. mir esn un dermonen zikh in amol, ober er muz klern vos iz dos far a maykhl? gelaynt azoy fil tsu vartn af dem un oyshern derklerungen vegn dem.

es hoybt zikh on di dertseylungen fun di khaveyrim, inmitn hern mir vi der khaver Khayim Khalef shrayt aroys: Stoy!

mir bavayzn zikh nokh nit oryentirt, bald a shtarke shiseray af undz fun an oytomat. mir khapn di gever un loyfn aroys ver barves, ver mit eyen shukh un zen vi der khaver undzerer ligt af der erd un a mentsh in tsivile klayder mit an oytomat antloyft. mir loyfn tsu tsum khaver Khayim un er dertseylt, az der umbakanter iz gegangen tsu im un velndik im farhalt, hot yener ongehoyn shisn, iz er glyakh anidergefaln.

mir bashtimen, az mir muszn avekgeyn fun ort, nit visndik ver der mentsh iz un vos fara shiseray es iz geven a gantsn tog. arun iz shney, yeder trot masert vu mir gefinen zikh, ober mir bashtimen avekgeyn, zikh dreyendik a gantsn tog un a gantse nakht in vald, af farshidene vegn, bikhdey tsum farvishn di trit.

di shiserayen in vald hobn zikh geendikt in ovnt shpet un mir bashlisen tsu tsugeyn zikh opruen in dem ort fun vanen undzer grupe iz fartribn gevorn nay-yor. tsu andere grupes torn mir nit geyn, meg afile oyskumen tsu zayn afn shney monatn. mir dernentern zikh

is preparing, but it's no use and off he goes.

The "kishke" is soot-blackened, outside and inside, plus too much has been stuffed into it, so it could barely cook through. We all eat, smacking our lips and looking at our Russian comrade to see how he likes it. We eat and reminisce about that time; but he must be wondering what kind of food it is, and if it was worth waiting so long for it and listening to all the explanations about it!

The comrades begin to talk, but in the middle of it we hear our comrade Khayim Khalef shouting, "Stoy" [Stop!].

We don't grasp the situation yet, but suddenly there is a heavy firing from an automatic weapon; we grab our weapons and run out, partly barefoot, partly wearing a shoe, and see our comrade lying on the ground and a person in civilian clothes fleeing with a machine gun. We run to our comrade Khayim and he tells us that the unknown man was running towards him, he wanted to stop him but the other one started shooting, whereupon [Khayim] immediately fell down.

We decide to leave the place because we don't know who the unknown person is and what the all-day shooting is about. There is snow all around us, every step reveals where we are, but we choose to spend a whole day and night walking around in the forest on different paths to cover our tracks

Late in the evening the shooting ends and we decide, to go back to the site from which our group was expelled on New Year's Day, to rest. We do not dare to go to other groups, because that could also mean having to stay in the snow for months.

<p>tsum ort, un instinktiv filt yeder eyner a shrek tsu arayngeyn ineveynik, vu es iz fintster un es dermont in yedn khaver vos iz tsuzamen mit undz geven in azoyfil kamfn, durkhmakhdik di shverste tsayt bizn umkumen in nay-yor. mir muzn, ober, dervayl blaybn do, in zelbn ort vu undzere beste khaveyrim hobn farlorn zeyer leben, vos vet tsulib zeyer kemferisher haltung un mentshlekher batsiung zayn in der tsukunft a lere in veg far andere, vayl oysgehaltkeyt</p>	<p>We approach the site and everyone instinctively feels fear to go in there, where it is dark and reminds of each of the comrades who were with us in so many battles, and went through the hardest time until they perished on New Year's Day. For the time being, however, we must remain here in the same place where our best comrades lost their lives, but who, in view of their fighting and human attitude, will be a pioneering example for others in the future, because their perseverance</p>
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<p>un kamf kegn umrekht geyt nit farlorn. dem kamf firn vayter di ibergeblibene khaveyrim in ondenk fun di umgekumene.</p> <p>mir farshtarkn di postns, vayl der khaver Datner iz ba der shiseray vos iz geven af undz avek in a tsveyter rikhtung un er felt, veysn mir nit vos mit im iz geshen. drey teg lign mir azoy in nayem ort ingantsn on lebnsmitl, vayl mir zaynen in aylenish avek un gornit gekent mitnemen un do, iz alts tsebrokhn fun di daytshn vos zaynen do geven.</p> <p>es hoybt on a bisl tsu tsegeyn der shney un es rint arayn durkh der erd. der eyntsiker zorg undzer iz, vos iz geshen mitn khaver Datner? eynmol, shteyendik af der vakh, ze ikh vi fun der vaytns, geyt tsu undz a mentsh, nit kenendik tsulib di boymer im zen, gib ikh iber alemen un men geyt aroys zikh oysleygndik afn shney. vi iberasht zaynen mir gevorn, ven der khaver vos hot im observirt, hot oysgeshrien: „Datner geyt!“</p>	<p>and their struggle against injustice has not been in vain. The struggle will be carried on by the remaining comrades in memory of those who perished.</p> <p>We reinforce the posts, because comrade Datner left in another direction during the shooting at us and is now missing; we don't know what happened to him. So we lie in the new site for three days, completely without food, because we left in a hurry and couldn't take anything with us; and here everything is smashed by the Germans who were there.</p> <p>The snow is starting to thaw a little, and [the moisture] is trickling in through the earth to us. Our only worry is, what happened to our comrade Datner? Once, while standing guard, I see a person coming toward us from a distance, but I can't see him clearly because of the trees. I put out a report to everyone and [comrades] come out and position themselves in the snow. How stunned are we when a comrade observing the person exclaims: "There goes Datner!"</p>
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<p>mir tsitern ale oyf fun iberashung, koym vos er shlept zikh tsu undz mit a zak afn pleytse un der biks in hant. der ershter loyf ikh tsu un tsekush zikh mit im, nokh mir ale iberike. mit treyn in di oymn bagegenen mir zikh. umbashrayblekh iz di frayd geven in dem moment.</p>	<p>We are all trembling with surprise; he can hardly drag himself to us, with his sack on his back and his rifle in his hand. I am the first to run to meet him and cover him with kisses, followed by all the others. With tears in our eyes we welcome each other. Our joy at that moment was indescribable!</p>
<p>mir dervishn zikh fun dem khaver Datner, az di drey teg iz er geven in dorf Dvozhisk [Dworzysk], gelegn bahaltn bam soltik. di daytshn hobn gehat a kamf dem tog mit a rusisher grupe, vos iz ingantsn geven fun undz 5 kilometer. fil korbones zaynen geven fun bayde zaytn un der mentsh vos iz farlofn tsu undz, iz geven a rusisher partizan fun yener grupe, vos di daytshn hobn im nokhgefolgt un nokhgeshosn di gantse tsayt nokh di shlyades. er, nit visndik, az mir gefinen zikh do af dem ort derherndik dem oysgeshray „Stoy!“ fun undzer khaver hot er gemeynt, az dos zaynen daytshn velkhe yogn im vayter, hot er glaykh geefnt a shiseray un zikh tsurikgetsoygn. far undz iz dos geven zeyer a groyser klap. af yenen ort torn mir zikh shoynt nit umkern, vayl zayendik in dorf hot er</p>	<p>We learn from Comrade Datner that he was in the village of Dvozhisk [Dworzysk] during the three days and hid with the village elder. The Germans had a fight that day with a Russian group 5 kilometers from us. There were many dead on both sides, and the person who ran to us was a Russian partisan of that group, whom the Germans shot at and whose tracks they followed. He did not know that we, on our place, [were on his side] and when he heard the exclamation of our comrade "Stoy!" he thought that we were Germans who continued to pursue him. Therefore, he immediately fired and retreated. For us this was a very big blow. We were not allowed to return to the other place because when [Datner] was in the village,</p>

<p>zikh dervust, az di daytshn brengen farshtarkung un nehmen zikh durkhkontrolirn dem vald loyt di mentshlekhe trit, vos zaynen gevorn fun di kamfn tsetrogn ibern gantsn vald. mir muzn blaybn dervayl do biz der shney, velkher git undz nit di meglekhkeyt af keyne operatsyes vet tsegeyn.</p>	<p>he learned that the Germans were bringing reinforcements and were setting about checking the forest for human footprints that had been carried all over the forest after the fighting. So, in the meantime, we have to stay here until the snow, which gives us no possibility of operations, thaws.</p>
<p>shver tsien zikh far undz vayter di vayterdike teg, ober shoynt di letste. es kumt on der monat merts un di zun hoybt shoynt on tsu varemen a bisl baytog. in shtot iz shoynt zikher der shney tsegangen,</p>	<p>The next few days pass us by with difficulty, but they are already the last! The month of March has arrived and the sun is already beginning to warm us a bit during the day. Surely the snow in the</p>

ober do leben mir mit der hofenung. dos bisl kartofl vos Datner hot gebrakht mit zikh fun dorf, iz dervayl di eyntsike shpayz far fuftsn man.

mir makhn an oyvele fun holts, velkhe brent zikh shtendik oys un men darf yede por teg boyen iyber a nays. in april endikt zikh shoybn ba undz ingantsn di shpayz un mir bashlisen aroysgeyn.

der ershter gang iz tsu undzer frierdiker bahaltenish, vos mir hobn gehat farlozt, zen vos iz gevorn far der tsayt, un, tsveytns hot der khaver Datner dortn ibergelozn mit zeks vokhn tsurik a lebl broyt. rekhenen mir oys, az s'vet oysmakhn far a khaver 120 gram broyt un dos iz itst nor a groyse metsie. zeks khaveyrim klaybn mir oys tsu geyn foroys un oyb meglekh arayngeyn in dorf zikh dervisn, vos es tut zikh arum. mir kumt oys geyn tsvishn di 6 khaveyrim, mir haltn zikh nor af di teyln, vu es iz do groz.

kumendik in undzer alter zemlyanke 7 kilometer fun dem nayem ort, trefn mir on dos broyt iz oyfgegesn gevorn far der tsayt fun a moyz, s'iz nor geblibn di oybershte alte skurke. onshot 120 gram, vet nor zayn 20 gram af yedn eynem. yeder eyner nemt zayn shtikl broyt un tsekeyt gut yedn bisn eyder er shlingt es arop.

di geshmakeyt un batamtkeyt fun yenem shtikl broyt, vos iz geven hart vi shteyn, farfrorn un tsefresn fun a moyz un klener vi a kezais, vel ikh gedenken mayn gantse leben. itst ven ikh hob shoybn di meglekhkeyt tsu esn di beste maykholim, hob ikh nokh nit getrofn aza geshmakeyt in keyn esn vi densmol in dem pitsele broyt. mir geyen arayn dernokh in dorf. mir dervisn zikh, az der front iz shoybn gor nont fun undz. mir bashlisen tsu kumen un derklern di khaveyrim, az mir megn zikh shoybn greytn tsu aroysgeyn, onhoybn tsurik leben mitn friling, vos brengt far undz di meglekhkeyt zikh tsu kenen fray havegn, onbindn kontakt mit alemen, vos gefinen

city has already completely thawed away; but here we live with appropriate hope. The few potatoes that Datner brought from the village is for the time being the only food for 15 men.

We build a small stove of wood, which constantly goes out, and we have to build a new one every few days. In April, all our food supplies are already used up and we decide to go out.

Our first walk is to our former hiding place, which we had left; we want to see what has become of it, and besides, comrade Datner left a loaf of bread there 6 weeks ago. We calculate that this will make 120 grams of bread for each comrade, and that would be a great joy! We choose 6 comrades to go ahead and, if possible, go to the village to find out what is going on in the area. I am one of the 6 comrades; we set our footsteps only where grass can be seen. When we get to our old mud hut, 7 kilometers from our new location, we find that the bread has since been eaten by a mouse. Only the old, upper crust remains. Instead of 120 grams, there are now only 20 grams left for everyone. Everyone takes their piece of bread and chews each bite well before swallowing it.

The pleasure and taste of that piece of bread, which was hard as stone, frozen and nibbled by a mouse, and smaller than a "kezais" [the smallest portion of food counted as food in the Talmud], I will remember all my life. Even now, when I already have the opportunity to eat the best food, yet I have never had so much pleasure from a meal as I did then from that little bit of bread. Afterwards we go to the village and learn that the front is already very close to us. We decide to return and advise our comrades that we should prepare to go out, to begin to revive with the spring that will bring us the possibility to move freely, to re-establish contacts

zikh in vald, un batsoln dem daytsh far undzere laydn un far undzere khaveyrim vos zaynen gefaln.

with all those who are in the forest and to make the Germans pay for our sufferings and fallen comrades.

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mir zaynen vider do!

der nayer friling shtelt zikh far undz vi a derleyzer fun di psikhishe un fizishe laydn fun gantsn vinter, vos hot zikh ayngesegn in undz azoy shtark in di beyner. es blaybt ba yedn eynem fun undz, vos hot dos adurkhgelebt, der gefil fun di nokhanandike laydn un ver fun mayne khaveyrim vos iz geven mit mir tsuzamen, vet dos dermonen, vet shtendik, ven er vet dertseyln, muzn blaybn lang untern ayndruk mit a groysn bloyz, fun nit kenen virkn, az der tsuherer zol dos filn mit im glaykh. ober s'iz nito keyn shtarkerer koyekh vos zol kenen endern dem gang fun der natur: di zun makht tsunisht dem gantsn shney un visht im op fun der oyberflakh makhndik a veg far undz tsum nayem leben, vos hoybt zikh on mitn aroyskrikhn fun di zemlyankes af der frayer erd un zikh kenen tsheshpraytn iber ale teyln fun vald, oysshrayendik undzer vort: „mir zaynen vider do!“

der front iz shoyn gor noent fun undz. di daytshn organizirn ale koykhes af farshidene vegn, bikhdey undz tsu oyfdekn. zey tuen iber Ukrainer, Veysrusn in tsivile kleyder, shikn in vald als partizaner zikh araynkrikn tsu undz un oyfdekn. fil kamfn hobn mir mit zey velkhe farshafn undz un zey korbones. dos hot farlengert af fil tsayt shpeter undzer trefung mit di ruishe grupes, vos zaynen gekumen undz zukhn un gedarft brengen hilf. di groyse

We Are Back!

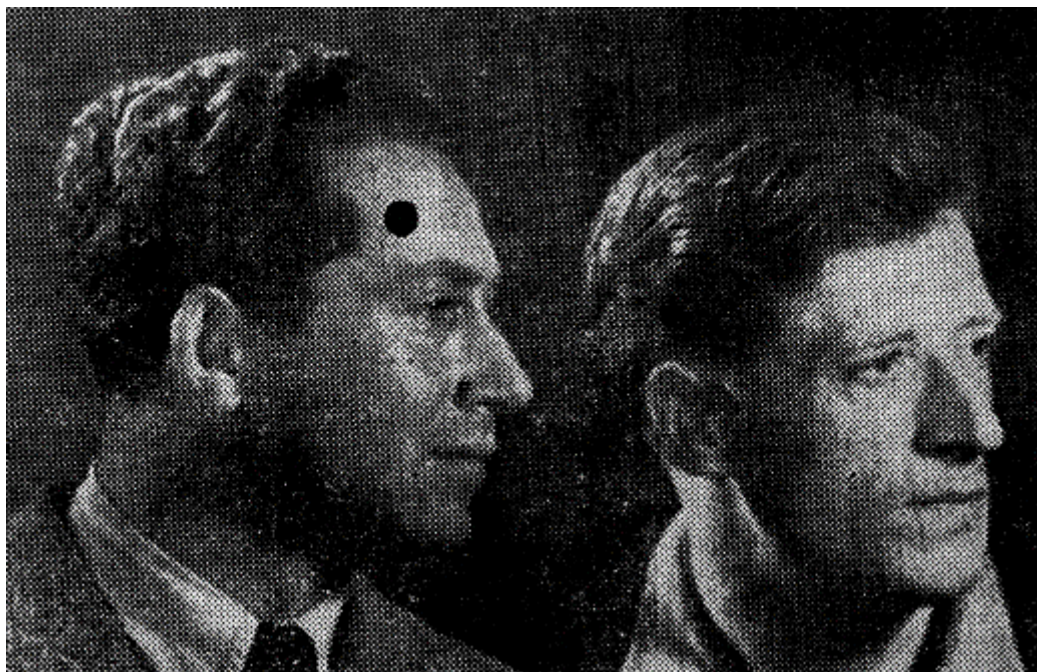
The new spring presents itself to us as a savior from the psychological and physical sufferings of the whole winter, which have so strongly affected our limbs. With each of us who has gone through it, the feeling of successive sufferings remains, and each of my comrades who was with me will remember it; he, when he tells of it, will constantly endure the long influence of a great pain, while he cannot make the listener sympathize with it all.

However, there is no force that can change the course of nature: The sun destroys all the snow and wipes it off the surface, creating a path for us to the new life that begins with us crawling out of our mud huts onto the open earth and spreading out over all parts of the forest, shouting our slogan: "We are back!"

The front is already very close to us; the Germans are focusing all forces in various ways to find us. They make Ukrainians and Belorussians put on civilian clothes, send them into the forest as partisans to get to us and uncover our [hiding places]. We engage in many battles with them, which cost us and them victims. All this, unfortunately, prevents for a long time our meeting with the Russian groups, which are already on the way to look for us and bring help. The large-scale

bavegunen fun undz tsurik in vald, hot gebrakht tsu der trefung fun undz mit di alte grupes rusishe partizaner, vos hobn zikh ongehoyn bavegn af undzer opshnit. arayngeyendik banakht in dorf zikh dervisn farshidene informatsyes fun arum, hobn mir getrofn oykh a grupe rusishe partizaner. ober hobndik di praktik fun frierdike erter vu mir hobn getrofn Ukrainer, vos mir hobn zikh gemuzt shteln mit zey in kamf, hobn mir oykh mit zey ongehoyn

movements of us back in the forest led to a meeting with the old Russian partisan groups that had begun to move toward our forest area. When we went to the village at night to get various information about the area, we also met a group of Russian partisans. But due to the experience in previous places, where we met Ukrainians, whom we had to face to fight, now we also started a fight,



With my comrade in battle, Khalif

kemfn, nit visndik ver zey zaynen un zikh tsurikgetsoygn on korbones. der moment fun der trefung iz gekumen shpeter, in undz mer bakantere erter vu di poyerim hobn undz informirt, az es zaynen geven rusishe partizaner. banakht, ven mir zaynen gegangen in der fintsternish fun di regndike friling-nekht, hot a grupe vos hot zikh nit geshtelt in kamf undz farhalt. mir hobn tsugeshtikt khaveyrim tsu zey, zen ver zey zaynen. un vi groys iz di frayd ba undz geven,

not knowing who they really were, and retreated without casualties. The moment of meeting came later, in places that were more familiar to us and about which the peasants had told us that they had seen Russian partisans there. Once, walking in the darkness of a rainy spring night, a group that did not oppose us to fight stopped us. We sent comrades to them to see who they were, and how great was our joy,

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ven der khaver hot derkent amolike rusishe khaveyrim, vos zaynen geven mit undz tsuzamen yenem zumer un undz tsugezogt densmol kumen tsurik nokh undz. zey zaynen gekumen mit nokh fil naye partizaner fun organizirte otryadn, vos hobn gehat di oyfgabe aribergeyn in undzere velder tsu firm di vayterdike tsugreytung far der royter armey. in zeyere velder, hobn zey nor ibergelozn kleyne teyln un ale tsien zikh tsu undz in gegnt.
 fil khaveyrim af vemen mir hobn zikh gefregt fun zey, zaynen far der tsayt umgekumen in kamf un fil khaveyrim fun undz vos zaynen zey geven bakant un mit zey tsuzamen geven af farshidene arbetn, zaynen oykh far der tsayt gefaln ba undz.
 mir nehmen zey tsu zikh vu men bashtimt, es zol vern dos ort fun ale velkhe darfn kumen, un zey veln oykh ba undz brengen zeyer kombrig, (komandir brigade) velkher vet undz tsuzamen onshliss in eyn otryad.
 es hot zikh dernentert der endgiltiker tog fun der trefung, af velkhe mir hobn azoy lang gegart. yedn tog kumen tsu undz naye rusishe

when a comrade recognized the former Russian comrades who had been with us that summer and had assured us then that they would return. They came with many new partisans from organized military cohorts who had the task of going into our forests and making further preparations for the Red Army. In their forests they left only small groups and moved almost all to our area.
 Many of the comrades we asked about died during the battle and many of our comrades, who were known to the others and with whom they did various jobs, also fall in the meantime.
 We welcome them because it is decided that with us will be the meeting place for all who will arrive. They will also bring their "Kombrig" (brigade commander) who will unite us all into a military cohort.
 The final day of the meeting we had been waiting for so long was approaching. Every day new Russian partisans come to us from

<p>khaveyrim fun zeyer otryad, un ale vartn mir afn shtab mitn kombrig, vos darf endgiltik onshlissn in sovetishn partizaner farband ofitsyel loyt ale gezetsn fun der partizaner armyey.</p> <p>biz der shtab vet kumen, zitsn ba undz ale ruishe grupes vos kumen on, mir filn zikh shoyn yetst shtark. a sakh pulemyotn, avtomatn, hobn di ruishe khaveyrim gebrakht. s'iz shoyn alts eyns baytog in vald tsi banakht. men geyt ven men vil un vu men darf, untern noz fun di daytshn. der vald vert farvandlt in a front mit ale vikhtikste farbindungen. mir hobn shoyn radyos, vos gibn iber direkt fun Moskvte farshidene informatsyes un gibn instruktsyes, af velkhe opshnitn men darf zayn aktiv.</p> <p>mir ayln zikh tsunoyftsuzamlen ale undzere khaveyrim fun farshidene velder brengendik zey tsu undz mit der yedie, antgiltik oysgehalt n biz dem moment fun undzer langn vartn. tsurik gekumen di alte bakante khaveyrim undzere, vos tsuzamen veln mir hobn di meglekhkeyt</p>	<p>their military cohort, and all of us are now waiting for the staff with the "kombrig", which will finally officially accept us into the Soviet partisan federation, according to the laws of the partisan army.</p> <p>Until the arrival of the staff, all Russian groups that are coming in are staying with us; we already feel very strong. Many machine guns and automatic weapons have been brought by the Russian comrades. It already doesn't matter whether you are in the forest by day or by night; meanwhile we go when we want and where we have to, right under the nose of the Germans. The forest is turned into a front with all the main communications. We already have radios transmitting directly from Moscow various information and instructions on which sections to be active.</p> <p>We hurry to gather all our comrades from the different forests and bring them to us with the news that finally the moment they have long waited for has arrived: Our trusted old comrades came back, with whom we will have the opportunity</p>
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<p>tsu makhn di noytike tsugreytungen, tsu bafrazen undzer shtot un gegnt.</p> <p>ale undzere grupes zaynen fun vinter aroys shtark tseklapt, fun di shvere ibermentshlekhe badingungen. eyn grupe hot farlorn 90 protsent, di andere 2 hobn nor gelitn shver tsulib lebns mitlen un oysgemitn mentshlekhe korbones. di khaveyrim fun Bialystok hobn far der tsayt fun vinter ven zey hobn gehat farlorn mit undz dem kontakt, gearbet on oyfher un ven der shney iz tsegangen, hobn zey</p>	<p>to make the necessary arrangements to liberate our city and area.</p> <p>All our groups have been severely affected by the winter with its difficult, superhuman conditions. One group lost 90%, the other two suffered extremely from the lack of provisions, but managed to avoid human casualties. The comrades from Bialystok worked continuously during the winter after they lost contact with us; and when the snow melted, they brought to us quite a few comrades</p>
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<p>gebrakht tsu undz etlekhe khaveyrim, velkhe hobn geholfn antloyfn fun Bialystoker tfise, un oykh azoyne vos hobn zikh nokh arumgedreyt in shtot af farshidene oyfanim.</p> <p>s'iz gekumen Berl Shatsman un andere. alts klaybn mir oyf un alemen, undzer gantsn materyal u. koyekh, bikhdey zikh tsu shteln mit dem farn shtab, vos darf kumen tsu undz.</p> <p>undzer ofitsyeler onshlus in der partizaner mishpokhe</p> <p>mir zaynen shoyn ale zikh tsunoyfgekumen af opvartn dem shtab un zikh antgiltik onshliss nokh vos mir hobn azoy lang gevart. es zaynen aropgekumen fil gut bavofnte partizaner mitn kombrig Voitshekhovski [Woyczehowski?]. a hoykher, gezunter un mit a zeyer inteligenem oyszen. fil ordenes farn firm dem partizaner kamf. far der tsayt fun krig, men hot im spetsyel geshikt fun Moskve mit an eroplan un aropgevorn mit a parashut far di oyfgabn in di velder. oykh froyen mit daytsgishe gever vos zey hobn tsugenumen in kamf, vos zaynen forgekumen afn veg tsu undzere velder. a groys derekherets hot aroysgerufn ba undz zayn oyslerlekher oyszen in alegemeyn mer vi fun ale, vos zaynen gekumen mitn shtab. mir zetsn zikh ale oys un dertseyln undzer gantsn kamf biz der tsayt fun undzer trefung.</p> <p>undzer kontakt mit der shtot vos vet itst oysgenutzt vern</p>	<p>who helped [others] to escape from the Bialystok prison or assisted those who were persevering still in the city in various ways.</p> <p>Berl Shatsman and others have arrived. We gather everything and all [comrades] together, all our material and strength, to present ourselves to the staff that will come to us.</p> <p>Our Official Connection to the Partisan Family</p> <p>We have all gathered now and are waiting for the staff to finally be connected, after waiting for so long! [At last] many well-armed partisans arrive at our place together with the "Kombrig", Voitshekhovski [Woyczehowski]. He is a tall man in good physical condition, with a very intelligent face and many medals for leading the partisan struggle. During the war he was specially flown from Moscow and parachuted for the tasks in the woods. There are also women with German rifles, which they captured in the battles, on their way to our forests. The general outward appearance of the "kombrig" evokes a great awe in us, more than anyone else who has come with the staff. We all sit down and tell about all our struggle until the time we met.</p> <p>Our contact with the city will now be used</p>
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<p>fun shtab af mer vikhtikere opshnitn. a gantsn tog zitsn mir op un gibn iber dem gantsn loyf fun di kamfn un badingungen in di</p>	<p>by the staff on more important sections. We sit there for a whole day and report on the entire course of the fighting and conditions in</p>
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velder. mir gibn oykh iber undzere farbindungen mit di eyntselne poyerim fun di arumike derfer.

der shtab onerkent undzer gantse arbet, oysgehaltkeyt un akshones ba azoyne badingungen, mit azoy vintsik geveer. er zogt glaykhtsaytik, az er vet undz farekhenen di gantse tsayt fun zayn aleyn afn zelbn oyfn, vi mir voltn fun frier gehert tsu der brigade. er shtelt undz di frage tsu bashtimen, tsi mir viln blaybn vayter als idishe grupe mit zeyern a komandir. ober mir bashlisen, az mir viln nit zayn shoyner mer aleyn, nor mir viln vern tsevorfn in ale opteylung fun der brigade in yeder otryad a teyl.

mir bashtimen tsu vern tshshikt tsvishn ale otryadn un in ale oyfgabes vos vern aroyfgeleygt, nehmen a glaykhn onteyl. der kombrig nemt on undzer bashtimung. mir vern itst tseteylt tsvishn der gantser brigade. a teyl geyen arayn in dem opteyl Matrosov afn nomen fun „ Geroy Sovetskovo Soyuza Matrosov“ a kleyne teyl nemt men tsu arbetn in shtab un di drite teyl vu ikh bin geven, vert oykh farteylt in tsveytn otryad velkher heyst “26 Yor Oktyober Revolutsye”.

eyn opteyl blaybt nokh fun aropgevorffene parachutistn afn nomen fun zeyer komandir Andreyev, zey heysn Andreyevtses, un der ferter opteyl, iz fun veysrusn fun zelbn gegnt. mir gezegenen zikh mit di khaveyrim vos zaynen azoy lang geven mit undz un itst blaybn zey oykh tsuzamen, nor yeder opteyl geyt avek in an ander rikhtung.

mir tshshpraytn zikh iber der gantser leng fun ale velder, fun Volkovisk biz Knishin [Knyszyn]. af di ale erter vern mir tseteylt.

the forests. We also tell about our connections with the individual farmers of the surrounding villages.

The staff recognizes all our work, perseverance and persistence under these conditions and with so few weapons. At the same time, he announces that he will give us the same credit for all the time we were alone as if we had belonged to the brigade earlier. He asks us to decide whether we want to continue to exist as an independent Jewish group with our commander or whether we no longer want to be detached. But then we would be distributed among all the divisions of the brigade, and in each military cohort there would be a part of us.

We decide to be sent to all military cohorts and to take equal part in all the tasks that are imposed on us. The "kombrig" accepts our decision. We are divided among the whole brigade. One part goes to the "Matrosov" detachment with the name " Geroy Sovetskovo Soyuza Matrosov" [Matrosov, Hero of the Soviet Union], a small part is taken over to the staff to work there, and the third part, in which I was, goes to another militia cohort with the name "26 Yor Oktyober Revolutsye." [26 Years of October Revolution].

One detachment with the name of its commander, Andryev, the "Andreyevtsn", consists of the dropped paratroopers, and the fourth detachment consists of Belarusians of the same area. We say goodbye to the comrades who were with us for so long; and actually they stay together even now, although each division goes in a different direction.

We scatter over the entire length of all forests from Volkovisk to Knishin [Knyszyn]. We are dispersed to all places there and meet only from time to time when we pass through a forest for certain

<p>mir trefen zikh nor fun tsayt tsu tsayt ven men geyt adurkh a vald, geyndik af gevise arbetn un sabotazh aktsyes. dan shmuesn mir zikh adurkh mit di khaveyrim velkhe hobn shoy n tsum dertseyln yeder eyner, fun aropgelozte banen, kamfn mit daytshn af di shoseyen, fun banakhtike onfaln af di oytos vu zey forn.</p> <p>men vayzt dokumentn un bilder vos</p>	<p>works and sabotage actions. Then we used to discuss with the comrades, each of whom can tell something about blown up trains, fights with Germans on the main roads and night raids on the vehicles they are driving.</p> <p>Documents and pictures are shown,</p>
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<p>men nemt tsu ba di toyte daytshn un oykh geveer. es bavayzn zikh oykh gefangene Ukrainer vos men khapt in kamfn, vayl di daytshn lozn zikh zeltener nehmen lebedik.</p> <p>dos leben vert fun tog tsu tog interesanter un aktiver. a kleyner teyl khaveyrim zaynen gevorn shtark oysgeshept fun vinter un zitsn in di zhelyonkes bizn kumen tsu zikh. mayn grupe geyt ariber in an ander ort. ikh muz oykh a por teg zitsn af eyn ort, gornit ton, tsulib opgeshvakhkeyt. ikh kum ober gikh tsu zikh un nem itst dernokh vayter dem geherikn onteyl. nito keyn tsayt tsu krenken in azoyne interesante teg, vos shteln zikh far undz.</p> <p>in yedn opteyl gibn mir op a shvue, vi nay ongekumen loyt dem militerishn gezets. alts vert itst militerish. mayn komandir Filipov, oykh a parachutist vos iz adurkhgegangen a partizaner-shule, un iz leytenant, ruft zikh tsu mir:</p> <p>genug zikh oysgerut, bist shoy n gezunt? mir darfn yetst avekgeyn in Krinker vald un dir hot men oykh bashtimt. ikh fil zikh nokh shvakh, ober s'iz mir a kharpe tsu zogn, az ikh ken nokh nit un gib tsu:</p> <p>gezunt tsu krank, alts eyns, men muz geyn. Kh'hob azoy lang gevart af der tsayt, vel ikh itst vern krank? ikh bin in kas af zikh aley n.</p>	<p>which were taken from the dead Germans, including their weapons. We also get to see Ukrainians captured in battles; Germans are less likely to be captured alive.</p> <p>Our life becomes more interesting and active every day. A small part of comrades are very exhausted from the winter and sit in the mud huts until they come to themselves again. My group moves to another site. I, too, have to rest for a few days and cannot do anything because of my weakness. However, I am quickly regaining my strength and after that I am again doing my due part; for now, in such an interesting time we are facing, is no time to be ill.</p> <p>In each section, we, the newcomers, take an oath, as required by military law. My commander Filipov, also a paratrooper who went through partisan training and is a lieutenant, calls for me:</p> <p>"Have you rested enough, have you recovered? We are to go to the Krinker Forest now, and you have been appointed to do so, too!" I still feel weak, but I would be ashamed to say that I cannot yet, and answer:</p> <p>"Healthy or sick, it doesn't matter. I just have to go along!"</p> <p>I have waited so long for this time, and now I am supposed to be sick?! I am angry with myself. In the evening we set out for several</p>
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<p>mir geyen farnakht aroys af etlekhe vokhn in veg, 8 man mitn komandir Filipov, a kranks shvester, a rusishe froy vos iz gekumen mitn komandir tsuzamen.</p> <p>bavofnt mit avtomatn, a pulymyot un biksn. mir geyen iber velder vu mir trefn undzere grupes tseshpreyt un in yedn ort farhalt n mir zikh.</p> <p>mir bakenen oykh, afn gantsn veg, dem komandir mit ale undzere bakante poyerim, vos flegn undz gebn farbindung un yedies. af zey vert itst fun undzer komandir aroyfgeleygt naye oyfgabn velkhe zey darfn oysfirn.</p> <p>tsukumendik tsum Volkovisker ban-knup, trefn mir undzere a grupe vu mir blaybn a tog un men bashtimt aroplozn a ban dafke batog, nit vi shtendik banakht. der komandir fun yener grupe, tut zikh on mit a mundir fun a daytshishn ban baamtn, geyt aroys af di linyes,</p>	<p>weeks, 8 men with the commander Filipov, a nurse (a Russian woman who came with the commander).</p> <p>Armed with automatic weapons, a machine gun and rifles, we go through forests where we find our groups widely scattered, and in each of the sites, we hide.</p> <p>Along the way, we introduce our commander to all our trusted farmers who have provided us with connections and news. Our commander now gives them new tasks to perform.</p> <p>When we reach the railroad junction Volkovisk, we meet one of our groups and stay there for a day. It is determined that a train should be blown off the tracks, in the middle of the day and not at night as usual. The commander of the other group puts on the uniform of a German railroad official and goes out on the tracks</p>
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<p>kloymersht kontrolirn. mir lign in veldl, greytn tsu di oyfrays materyaln un vartn af an ongeyendikn ban. es hert zikh shoyn dos royshn fun di reder, der umgeduld vakst fun minut tsu minut.</p> <p>bald veln zey dershpirn di hintishe zin, di daytshn, dem nayan zumer vos kumt oyf zey. a tsaykhn fun komandir. mir loyfn tsu gikh untetrogn di materyaln un tsien zikh gikh tsurik. oployfndik a dreysik meter fun ort, faln mir anider fun groysn oyfrays vos farhilkht di gantse luft un geshrayen fun mentshn. shpeter oykh etlekhe shosn, fun der zelber rikhtung.</p>	<p>pretending to repair something. Lying in the forest, we prepare the explosive material and wait for the train to come. We can already hear the sound of the wheels, our excitement is growing by the minute.</p> <p>Soon the German sons of bitches will feel the new summer coming upon them. A sign from the commander. We run to bring the material there and then retreat. When we have already run 30 meters from the spot, we fall down by the shock wave of the violent explosion and hear screams of people, later also shots, from the same direction.</p>
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mir hoybn zikh oyf un lozn zikh vayter in vald. shpeter dervish mir zikh fun arumike poyerim, az es hot zikh zeyer gut ayngengebn. es zaynen geforn fil daytshishe soldatn glaykh tsum front un zey hobn do bakumen batsolt:

a sakh gehargete un farvundete, ariber 30 hint. di poyertim zaynen tsufridn, un ven mir bazukhn a dorf, fregn zey keseyder, ven vet shoyn kumen di royte armey, velkhe iz azoy noent. es kumt zey oys, az es gedoyert lang un zey hobn nit keyn geduld.

mir lozn zikh vayter af Krinker vald durkh vegn un shtegn fun blotes azoyne, vu keyn mentshlekhe fus iz nokh nit geven un got aleyk oykh nit. blotes iber der kni, es dakht zikh, az men ken gor keynmol nit aroyskrikhn. es firt undz a veysrus, velkhn mir hobn getrofn in vald antloyfndik fun daytshland, vu er iz geven farshikt af arbet. ba zikh in derheym, in Mikhalove [Michałowow] hot er bahaltn farn krig a biks, itst hot er im oysgegrob. leben zayn dorf banakht leygn mir zikh oys un hitn dem arum. er geyt arayn mit tsvey man tsu zayn mishpokhe oysgrob dos geve. di nakht iz do oysgeshternt un likhtik, mir vartn af im. plutslung zeen mir fun dervaytns, vi es rukt zikh a grupe mentshn in undzer rikhtung. mir lozn zey tsu nenter tsu zikh un shrayen oys:

Stoy! kto idyot? (ver geyt)

Rusik, shrayen zey un hoybn on geyn. der entferr toyg nit, vayl entferrn darfn zey, „partizani!“ un blaybn shteyn. mir shrayen zey zoln shteyn blaybn, oyb nit shisn mir. zey blaybn shteyn. mir heysn, az eyn

We get up and go further into the forest. Later we learn from the surrounding farmers that the action was very successful: German soldiers were on their way to the front by train and had to "pay" there!

Many dead and wounded, over 30 of these dogs. The peasants are satisfied, and when we visit a village, they ask incessantly when the Red Army will finally come, which is so close. It takes them too long and they have no more patience.

We continue to the Krinker Forest on "trails and paths" over marshes that have never been trodden by a human foot, not even that of God. Mud up to over the knee, so that one thinks never again to be able to crawl out. We are led by a Belorussian whom we met in the forest; he fled from Germany, where he was deported to work. At his home, in Mikhalove [Michałowow], he hid a rifle before the war, which he now wants to dig out. At night we position ourselves near his village and keep watch in the surrounding area. He goes with two men to his family to dig out the rifle. The night is starry and bright. We wait for him. Suddenly, from a distance, we see a group of people moving in our direction. We let them come closer to us and then shout:

"Stoy! Kto idyot? (Stop! Who goes there?)"

"Russians," they shout and go on. This answer is worth nothing, because they would have to answer "Partizani!" and stop. We shout for them to stop, if not, we shoot. They stop. We give instructions that one

mensth fun zey un eyner fun undz zoln tsugeyn inmitn veg, zikh zen. fun undz un fun zey geyen aroys di khaveyrim, ober ven zey kumen tsu, zeen mir, vi zey nehmen zikh arum un drikn zikh di hent. farshteyen mir, az dos zaynen partizaner un geyen ale tsu. mir dervisn zikh, az dos iz a grupe fun ruishe gefangene vos zaynen antloyfn fun daytshland, zikh oyfhaltndik di gantse tsayt arum Varshe, fun tsveytn zayt Bug, nor zey hobn tsulib di poylisher partizaner, velkhe hobn zey farfolgt gemuzt farlozn yene gegnt, un zikh lozn mer tsu mizrekh.

di letste shlakht vos zey hobn gehat mit di polyakn, hot zey getsvungen tsu farlozn yene velder. di falshkeyt fun di poylisher partizaner, iz dergangen azoy vayt, az zey hobn geshlosn an opmakh fun nit kemfn eyne mit di andere un men hot zey afile ayngeladn in lager af shmuesn vegn gemeynzam firn dem kamf.

ober, di polyakn hobn oysgenutzt dem kumen in lager fun di sovetishe partizaner un oysgeforsht dem koyekh fun der grupe. tsum dritn mol ven zey zaynen gekumen, un men hot zey shoyt nit gehit, nor zikh gelozn fray havegn, zaynen zey gekumen, zikh oysgezetst tsu tsvey polyakn leben yedn rus un id strategish. zikh af gornit rikhtndik, zitsndik un shmuesndik vi di forike por mol, iz plustlung gekumen a tsaykhn fun poylishn komandir un yeder polyak hot oysgeshosn tsu yedn rusishn partizaner vos iz gezesn leben im.

der kamf iz geven a shreklekher. der plustlundiker onfal hot gebrakht di rusn tsu groyse farlustn. mer vi a helft zaynen umgekumen fun zey, di reshtlekh zaynen zikh tsunoyfgekumen un bashlosn, zikh lozn vayter af mizrekh.

person from them and one from us should walk forward to face each other. Comrades of ours and of theirs step forward, and when they meet, they embrace and squeeze hands. We now know that they are partisans, and we all walk toward them. We learn that they are a group of Russian prisoners who escaped from Germany. They had been in Warsaw all this time, on the other side of the Bug River, but they had to leave that area and move further east because the Polish partisans were chasing them.

The last battle they fought with these "Polyakn" forced them to leave those forests. The falsehood of the Polish partisans went so far that they first made an agreement with [the Russian partisans] not to attack each other, after which they were even invited to their camp for talks, to continue the fight together.

But the "Polyakn" took advantage of the visits to the camp of the Soviet partisans; at first they spied on the forces of the group, and on their third visit, when precautions had already ceased to be taken in the camp and everyone was allowed to move about freely, two "Polyakn" at a time sat down next to a Russian or a Jew. This was their strategy, and when the Russians were completely guileless, sitting together and talking like the times before, suddenly the Polish commander gave a signal, and each "Polyak" shot at the Russian partisans sitting next to them.

The battle was terrible; the sudden attack brought great losses to the Russians. More than half of them perished, the rest gathered and decided to move further east.

<p>zey hobn zikh tseteylt in tsvey grupes, bayde in der zelber rikhtung. ober nor eyne iz ongekumen tsu undz. di tsveyte, veyst men nit vu zi iz ahingekumen. mir dervisn zikh oykh, az mit zey iz gekumen a id, vos iz geblibn leben nokh dem kamf mit di polyakn. fun 20 idn iz er geblibn eyner, mir zukhn im oyf. mir dervisn zikh fun im, az er iz antlofn nokh di kamfn fun Varshever geto mit yene idn vos zaynen umgekumen in dem kamf, er eyner iz ge-</p>	<p>They divided into two groups, both moving in the same direction, but only one arrived at our place, without knowing what became of the second. We also learn that together with them came a Jew who remained alive after the fight with the "Polyakn". Out of 20 Jews, he was the only one left. We seek him out and learn from him that after the fighting in the Warsaw Ghetto, he fled with those Jews who had now perished in the fighting. He remained all alone,</p>
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<p>blibn. er iz a yunger, 17 yor alt un redt shvakh idish. er iz iberasht fun der trefung mit der royter armey un glykhtsaytik mit undz.</p> <p>vi azoy di polyakn hobn gekemft far der bafrayung fun poyln, hot undz ambestn bavizn der fakt vos zey hobn ibergegebn. batog flegn di polyakn voynen in di derfer als fraye birger un banakht flegn zey aroysgeyn mit gever iber di velder zukhn tsu mordn rusn un idn. azoy hot oysgezen zeyer kamf, velkher hot mer mitgeholfn di daytshn vi geshtert. mir nehmen tsu di grupe tsu zikh un bashlisn zikh umkern fun veg, vayl mir hobn getrofn in di Krinker velder a grupe Bialovyvezher [Białowieża] partizaner, velkhe hobn undz gemoldn, az di velder gehern tsu zey un mir torn zikh dortn nit farhaltn lang.</p> <p>zey hobn oykh gevolt tsunemen di ruishe grupe, vayl in zeyere velder hobn mir zey getrofn, gehern zey tsu zey. men iz ober durkhgekumen: vu zey viln zoln zey gehern un visndik, az zey darfn geyn mer af mizrekh, bikhdey zikh gefinen zikherer hobn mir gezogt, az mir geyen in undzere velder velkhe zaynen mer af</p>	<p>He is young, only 17 years old and speaks a poor Yiddish. He is surprised by the meeting with the Red Army and, at the same time, with us.</p> <p>The way in which the "Polyakn" fought for liberation was best shown to us by the facts they [the Russians] handed over to us. During the day the "Polyakn" lived as free citizens in the villages, and at night they went armed into the forests to search for and murder Russians and Jews. This was their struggle, which helped the Germans more than it harmed them. We take the group with us and decide to turn back after we meet a group of Białowieża partisans in the Krinker Forest, who tell us that this is their forest and we are not allowed to stay there for long.</p> <p>At first they also wanted to take over the Russian group, because they thought it belonged to them, since we had found it in their forest. But we agreed: they should belong where they themselves wanted to go. We knew that in order to be safer they would have to go further east, and when we told them that we too would go back</p>
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<p>mizrekhn, dos hot azoy gevirkht, az 90 protsent zaynen avek mit undz nor etlekhe, velkhe hobn gefunen a por bakante tsvishn yener grupe partizaner, zaynen geblibn mit zey. mir hobn zikh umgekert tsurik, shoyn mit nokh 20 khaveyrim bavofnt mit nokh pulemyotn un biksn.</p> <p>banakht, durkhgeyendik dem zelbn ort durkh vanen es iz aropgelozn gevorn der ban, hobn mir gehert vi men arbet, bikhdey tsurik oyfshteln di shines. es iz dernokh oysgekumen, az a groyse grupe zol arayngeyn batog in a dorf nokh esn, tsunemendik di milkh velkhe der dorf hot ongegreyt far di daytshn. es hot gemakht aza ayndruk afn dorf, az di kinder zaynen arayngelofn in di shtiber mit frayd, shrayendik: s'iz gekumen di royte armey!</p> <p>kumendik in undzere velder dervishn mir zikh, az far der tsayt zaynen forgekumen groyse oblaves fun daytshn mit Ukrainer af undzere lagern. afn opgeredtn punkt trefn mir undzer star-</p>	<p>east to our forests, the result was that 90 percent went with us and only some who had found a few acquaintances in the other partisan group stayed with them. We now returned with 20 more comrades with machine guns and rifles.</p> <p>At night, when we passed the place where the railroad was blown up, we heard how they were working there to put the rails back up. After that, we decided that a large group should go to a village during the day to pick up the milk that the village had already prepared for the Germans. This made such an impression on the village that the children ran into the houses with joy, exclaiming, "The Red Army has come!"</p> <p>When we get back to our woods, we learn that in the meantime large searches by Germans and Ukrainians have taken place in our camps. At the agreed point we meet our</p>
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<p>shina, velkher firt undz avek. mir dervishn zikh fun nayem ort vu mir darfn ale aribergeyn tsurik in di Knishiner velder, hobn geyendik tsurik bashosn an oyto mit daytshn un gebrakht tsu undz a lebedikn gefangenem, a rus ibergeton in daytshishe zakhn un iz nebekh gornit shuldik. aleyen fun Voronyezh [Voronezh]un kemft di gantse tsayt af der zayt fun di daytshn. zayn fardinst krigt er ba undz. der otryad Matrosov blaybt in di velder. di daytshishe armeyen tsien zikh shoyn teylvayz tsurik un mir geyen oyfraysn brikn un fun vald</p>	<p>elder who leads us away. We learn of a new stand for which we all have to go back into the Knyszyn woods. On this walk we shell a vehicle with Germans in it. We take one prisoner alive, a Russian in German clothes, and of course "he is quite innocent". He comes from Voronyezh [Voronezh], fighting all the time on the side of the Germans. He gets his "earnings" from us.</p> <p>Military cohort "Matrosov" remains in the woods. The German armies are already partially retreating, and we go to blow up</p>
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bashisn mir der army, velkhe geyt farbay, tsiendik zikh tsurik af di shoseyen vos tsien zikh durkh di velder.

in di Knishiner velder

eyn grupe fun undzer otryad mitn shtab iz shoyn frier avek in di Knishiner [Knyszyn] velder. ikh gey mit der tsveyter grupe, di letste. dem veg makhn mir durkh in eyn nakht, fartog kumen mir on in di Knishiner [Knyszyn] velder, vu mir trefn undzer grupe, velkhe hot far der tsayt organizirt ale idn velkhe zey hobn dortn gefunen. oykh etlekhe idishe froyen zaynen faran tsvishn zey. gantse tsvey yor zaynen di idn in yene velder gelegn af di shverste badingungen oyshaltdik fun 1942 yor, ven es zaynen aroysghefirt gevorn ale arumike shtetlekh.

zey zaynen gelegn on gever, koyfndik esn ba poyerim arum. fil fun zey zaynen umgekumen far der tsayt, ober dokh hot a gants groyser teyl fun zey oysgehalt n und erlebt di oysgebenkte sho.

bridges. From the forest we fire on the passing army, which is retreating on the main roads that pass through the forest.

In the Knyszyn Woods

A group of our military cohort has, together with the staff, already left for the Knyszyn woods. I walk with the second and last group. We make it in one night and at dawn we reach the woods of Knyszyn, where we meet our group, which in the meantime, has organized all the Jews they encountered, including several Jewish women. For two years these Jews hid in the forests under the most difficult conditions, where they had to stay from 1942, after all the Jews from the surrounding towns had been deported.

They persevered without weapons and bought food from the surrounding farmers. Many of them perished during the time, but a large part persevered and now experienced the longed-for hour.

mir organizirn zey alemen un nehmen zey tsu undz, shafndik far zey gever vifl s'iz meglekh. mir nehmen zey, zey zoln undz firn af di vegn, velkhe iz zey biter bakant un tsien zey arayn vos mer in aktivitet. do muzn mir zikh shoyn tsunoyftrefn oyg af oyg mit di poylishe partizaner, velkhe zaynen in di velder fil in tsol un di poylishe derfer fun arum zaynen zeyere farbindete.

We [finish] organizing all of them, take them to us and, as far as possible, provide them with weapons. We ask them to lead us along the paths they are so bitterly familiar with, and involve them in our activities. However, we soon meet Polish partisans, coming face to face with them. There are a large number of them in the woods, and the surrounding Polish villages are their allies.

arayngeyendik in a dorf zikh tsu dervishn informatsyes fun nayem ort vu mir gefinen zikh, efnt men af undz a shiseray un es vert farvundet undzerer a khaver, a rus, in hant. mir zukhn gut adurkh dem dorf un trefn zikh on af poylishe partizaner, velkhe hobn vi shtendik geshosn af undz. mir shteln mit zey eyn a kontakt far tsuzamenarbet.

mir veysn, az zey hobn gekemft di gantse tsayt kegn undz un afile itst geshosn undzern a rusishn khaver. ober der gegnt fun arum, iz ful mit zeyere derfer, vu zey hobn fil fartroyungs mentshn. men muz zikh mit zey fareynikn un di fareynikung kumt. zey hobn nokh afile geshtelt a bading, az zey viln nit geyn tsuzamen mit idn, ober di rusn varfn dos op.

es blaybt dervayl, az vu men geyt avek kemfn, veln zey geyn nor mit rusn, on idn. mir mit a teyl rusishe partizaner blaybn in Knishiner [Knyszyn] vald. der shtab mit a groyse teyl polyakn geyen foroys in di Shilingvuker blotes, arum Ostrovyets, vayter firn dos kamf.

a kurtse tsayt zaynen mir tsuzamen mit di polyakn, ober mir filn zikh zeyer shlekht tsvishn zey, vayl zey vayzn af trit un shrit aroys zeyer antizemitizm, un mir geyen avek in a tsveytn teyl fun vald. zeyer gantse haltung in vald iz a provokatorishe.

di letste vokhn un der tog fun der bafrayung

mir hobn bakumen a nayen radyo transmisor tsu ibergebn un opnemen informatyes dun Moskve, undzer grupe mitn komandir Filipov un di tsugekumene idn fun Knishiner [Knyszyn] vald, zaynen geblibn

As we enter the village to gather information about our new location, fire is opened on us! Our comrade, a Russian, is wounded in the hand. We search the village and encounter Polish partisans who, as usual, were shooting at us. We establish a contact with them for cooperation.

We know that they have been fighting us all the time and even shooting at our Russian comrade, but the surrounding area is full of their villages where they have many confidants. We have to join with them, and indeed, a union is coming about. However, they still put the condition that they will not go together with Jews, but the Russians reject it.

Meanwhile, it remains that when they go to fight, they go only with the Russians, without us Jews. We, with a part of the Russian partisans, stay in the Knyszyn forest. The staff with a large part of "Polyakn" [Polish partisans] goes ahead to the "Shilingvukher" swamps around Ostrovyets to continue the fight.

For a short time, we are together with the "Polyakn", but we feel very bad among them because at any turn, they show their anti-Semitism, so we go to another part of the forest. All their behavior in the forest [toward us] was provocative.

The Last Weeks and the Day of Liberation

We received a new radio receiver to transmit information to and from Moscow. Our group with its commander, Filipov, and the Jews from the Knyszyn Forest who had joined us, stayed

nokhn avekgeyn fun shtab in di Knishiner [Knyszyn] velder vayter firn undzer arbet.

der front iz shoyn leben Bialystok. di kamfn geyen on far der bafrayung fun undzer shtot. yedn ovnt un tog, kumen for groyse bombardirungen af Bialystok. mir zen sovetishe aeroplanen kumen, lozn arop raketn vos balaykhtn dem gantsn vald vi batog un gibn undz oykh a meglekhkeyt in der likht tsu geyn, vi batog. di daytshn grobn zikh arum mit shvere artilerye arum undzere pletser, zeyere keseyderike kanonen shisungen farhilkhndem vald un treyslen oyf di erd, vi alts volt zikh gevigt.

poyerim fun arum firn alts aroys fun di derfer, di ferd, di ki, shepsn un besere zakhn, vayl optretndik nehmen di daytshn als tsu, robirn vos es lozt zikh un tsindn unter di derfer un shtet. der himl iz keseyder royt fun di untertsindungen. mir muzn oysgrobn griber fa zikh, tsu lign tsaytnvayz beeys di ofte bashisungen af di shoseyen fun dem roytluftflot, vos lozt zikh arop on oyfher zeyer niderik tsu bashisn der optretnder daytshisher armye un trefn oftmol oykh in vald.

mir geyen yedn tog aroys af di breges fun vald, optsuvartn der tsuriktretndiker daytshisher armye bikhdey derlangen zey un a bisl zikh opfrishn di letste vokhn mit etlekhe daytshn, vayl di bafrayung iz noent un azelkhe gelegnhaytn veln nokh der bafrayung shoyn nit zayn. aroysgeyendik vi shtendik tsum dorf Kopisk, bam rand fun vald, bamerkn mir fun dervaytns vi es fort zikh a fur ful ongeleygt mit zek. mir farhalt n zikh un vartn op. nit lang vartndik, zeen mir vi glaykh mit der fur shpatsirn zikh 5 yunge daytshn, di arbl farkatshet vi shtendik ba a shtikl royb-arbet, geyen zey zikh langzam vi zey

after the staff had left for the Knyszyn forests to continue our work.

The front is already near Bialystok; the fighting for the liberation of our city continues. Every evening and every day Bialystok is heavily bombed. We see Soviet planes flying, dropping missiles that light up the whole forest as bright as day and also give us the opportunity to walk in daylight. The Germans position themselves around our sites with heavy artillery, their constant cannon shots echoing in the forest and making the earth tremble as if it were being cradled.

The surrounding peasants lead everything out of the villages, the horses, the cows, the sheep and more precious things, because the retreating Germans grab everything, rob all that is possible and set fire to the villages and towns. The sky keeps turning red from the burnings. We have to dig pits for ourselves where we can lie at times during the frequent shelling of the main roads by the Red Air Fleet [Soviet Air Forces], for they drop very low to fire on the retreating German armies and often hit right into the woods.

Every day we go out of the camp to the edge of the forest to wait for the departing German army and catch them, and then "refresh" ourselves at some Germans for the last weeks. Because the liberation is near, and after the liberation there will be no more such opportunity. Going out to the village of Kopisk, as we always do, from the edge of the forest we see a cart driving, fully loaded with sacks. We hide and wait for it. Not long after, we see 5 young Germans walking right behind the cart, their sleeves rolled up as always when they are at their predatory work. They walk so slowly,

<p>voltn gornit gedarft avekgeyn fun danen. zey shpanen mit zeyer banditisher ruikeyt.</p>	<p>as if they don't want to get ahead at all. They stride with their bandit-like equanimity.</p>
<p>mir lozn durkh der fur un ven zey geyen on, shpringen mir aroys fun vald onshtelndik af zey di geve. di hent in der hoykh, zogn mir tsu zey vaf daytsh, nehmen tsu ba zey di geve un hoybn zey on firn tsu undz in vald. eyner pruvt ant-</p>	<p>We let the cart pass, and while [the five] go on, we jump out of the forest, pointing our rifles at them. "Hands up!" we shout to them in German. We take their weapons from them and begin to lead them to us in the forest. One tries</p>

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<p>loyfn vert er geshosn. a khaver tsit bald arop di gute shtivl. af undzer shos, hot zikh gehert bald an entfere fun di arumike daytshn vos zaynen geshtanen noent, zey tsuhilf. s'iz geven a por hundred meter tsum vald. oysrekhenendik, az men ken zey shoyn dort nit derfirn vayl zeyer kavalerie hot zikh a loz geton af undz, shish mir zey oys un tsien zikh tsurik in vald arayn zikh ibershisndik mit di kavalerie zeyere, velkhe hot undz nokhgeyogt bizn vald.</p>	<p>to escape, he is shot. A comrade immediately pulls off his good boots. "Hands up!", we shout to them in German. We take their weapons and lead them to us in the forest. One tries to escape, he is shot. A comrade immediately takes off his good boots. To our shot we immediately hear a response from the Germans, who are rushing to help and are standing relatively close around us. There are still a few hundred meters to the forest. Concluding that we can no longer take the Germans because their cavalry is on us, we shoot them and retreat into the woods, where we are at the mercy of a firefight with their cavalry, who chase us all the way to the forest.</p>
<p>nit geven bashert keyn gutn mitog. zeper nekome far dem iz geven, untersundn a shtub fun dorf, shisndik a poyer vos hot gezen vi mir hobn zey gekhapt un zikh gefrayt patshndik mit di hent. mir geyen vayter yedn tog un vi shtendik zikh arumgeleygt arum a shosey vos hot zikh getsoygn durkh dem vald. gants noent fun rand fort di army mit geshrayen un geruder tog un nakht. mit efenen a shiseray af zey, velkhe tsetumlt dem normaln forn zeyern un es</p>	<p>It was not a good noon, because their revenge was that they set fire to a house in the village and shot a farmer who applauded joyfully when we seized the Germans. We go on every day and, as always, we surround a main road that leads through the forest. Day and night, very close to the edge of the forest, the German army drives with shouting and roaring. We open fire on them, whereupon their normal ride turns into a</p>

<p>farvandlt zikh in a geloyf fun di daytshn eyne af di andere, ver in vos fara rikhtung es ken nor, onverndik farshidene zakhn zeyere.</p> <p>lang lign torn mir nit. nokh a kurtse shiseray fun undz, tsien mir zikh tifer arayn in vald un khapn a 20 zelner in daytshishe mundirn mit geveer. shpeter vayzt zikh aroys, nokhn brengen zey tsu undz in lager, az dos zaynen rusishe birger fun [Andrey Andreyevich] Vlasovs, armye, velkhe kemfn kegn sovetnfarband, etlekhe Ukrainer, Kazakhn, Uzbeken, un andere. yeder eyner taynet, az er iz aleyk gekumen zikh ibergebn, antloyndik fun di daytshn un zey zaynen nit geforn mit der armye, vos mir hobn itst geshosn, af zey.</p> <p>mir bazetsn zey bazunder un bashlissn zey haltn. un opgebn der royer armye velkhe darfn shoyn di noentste teg kumen. yedn tog geyt an ander khaver zey hitn velkher zet tsu vi fun tog tsu tog varfn zey arop di zakhn zikh ontuendik vos mer tsivil tsum farmekn zeyer fargangenhayt.</p> <p>Bialystok iz shoyn bafrayt, farnumen fun der royer armye. di letste drey teg, dervisn mir zikh, hobn di daytshn, eyder zey zaynen</p>	<p>commotion and a race, they collide with each other, everyone runs in the direction they can, losing various things.</p> <p>However, we can't hold off for long. After a short shooting from our side, we retreat deeper into the forest and seize 20 armed soldiers in German uniforms. Later, after bringing them to our camp, it turns out that they are Russian citizens from [Andrey Andreyevich] Vlasov's army fighting against the Soviet Union; several Ukrainians, Kazakhs, Uzbeks and others. Each of them claims that they came of their own accord to surrender after fleeing from the Germans and that they did not accompany the [German] army that we just shot at.</p> <p>We assign them a separate place, deciding to detain them and hand them over to the Red Army, which will come in the next few days. Every day they are guarded by a different comrade and it is observed that every day they get rid of more [of their military clothing] and put on civilian clothes to conceal their past.</p> <p>Bialystok is already liberated, taken by the Red Army. We learn that during the last three days before they retreated,</p>
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<p>opgetrotn untergetsundn ale heyzer un fabrikn fun shtot. der front farnemt zikh itst in der rikhtung fun Knishin [Knyszyn], shoyn 5 kilometer fun undz. af ale vegn un shtegn tsit zikh di daytshishe armye tsurik, kemfndik far yeder meter erd. di letste teg shteln mir aroys mer postns. mir torn shoyn gornit kokhn, keyn shum fayer zol nit zayn. keseyderdike shisungen, oyfraysn hern zikh on oyfher. mir</p>	<p>the Germans set fire to all the houses and factories in the city. The front is now in the direction of Knyszyn, only 5 kilometers from us. On all roads and paths the German army is retreating, fighting for every meter of earth. In the last few days, we've been putting up more guard posts outside. We are no longer allowed to cook or make even the smallest fire. Shots and explosions are heard</p>
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zitsn un hern yede sho fun radyo vegn punktn, vos vern farnumen arum undz, azoyne vos mir kenon shoyun un nit eynmol geven dortn. vi umbashrayblekh es klingt far undz itst dos vort frayhayt. mir kukn zikh on eyner dem andern fregndik zikh, tsi dos iz meglekh, mir zaynen fray? keyner gloybt dos gornit. far undz heyst dokh dos i b e r g e l e b t aza gefil, vos keyn ander kemfer fun der krig, oyser a idishn, hot es nit ibergelebt. di letste teg iz umeglekh aroysgeyn fun vald. eyn tog iz epes shtiler vi shtendik. mir zitsn zikh in bazundere grupes un shmuesn vegn khaveyrim fun andere grupes vos zaynen shoyun efsher itst in Bialystok.

yeder eyner klert vegn der heym tsu velkher men vet zikh gikh umkern. an dem hern mir epes a geroysh noent fun undz. eyner a khaver loyft tsu zen un kumt bald tsuloyfn mit a geshray: Rusishe oysshpirer zaynen gekumen tsu undz!!! der geshray tsetumlt undz alemen beys-mayse. es iz gekumen azoy plutslung! bifrat ven m'zitst a yor herndik shtil, zikh hitndik aroystsuredn a vort oder a shtarkern hust afile tsu gebn. blits shnel hoybn mir zikh ale oyf un loyfn tsu zen, yo! es zitst der komandir arum di oysshpirer, tsvey royt-armeyer yunge tsu 18-20 yor mit avtomatn in di hent un granatn arum.

di penemer oysgemutshet kentik. dar koym vos es halt zikh der pas mit ongeshtekte granatn af zey. der gantser arum bakumt bald an ander oyszen. zey dertseyln, az zey geyen shoyun vi oysshpirer fun Minsk, yogndik dem daytsh on oyfher. mir gibn zey esn un zitsn lang shmuesndik vegn farshidene kamfn, vos zey hobn gehat.

incessantly. We sit there and listen every hour on the radio receiver to the positions that are being taken around us; those that we know, but where we have never been. How indescribable the word "freedom" sounds to us now!

We look at each other and ask ourselves, could it be possible that we are free? No one really can believe that. After all, it means to us that we survived, which creates a sensation that no other participant in the war, except a Jewish one, might feel. The last days it is impossible to leave the forest. One day, it is a little quieter than usual. We sit in separate groups and talk about comrades from the other groups who may already be in Bialystok.

Each individual thinks of his home, to which he will quickly return. Suddenly, we hear a noise close to us. A comrade runs to look and soon comes back shouting, "Russian scouts have arrived at our place!"

The shouting confuses us all, though; it has all come so suddenly! Especially since we have been used to hearing just silence for the past year and have been wary of a loud word or even a strong cough. Quick as a flash, we all get up and run to look: yes! There is sitting the commander with the scouts in a circle, two young Red Army soldiers, 18 to 20 years old, with automatic weapons in their hands and grenades strapped around them.

Their faces are haggard and angular; they are so thin that the belt with the grenades strapped to it barely holds on to them. At once, the whole atmosphere changes. They tell us that from Minsk onwards they, as scouts, have been constantly chasing the Germans. We give them food and, sitting together, we talk about various battles in which they were involved.

zeyer oyfgabe iz itst oysforshn dem koyekh fun di daytshn arum Knishin mir gibn glaykh undzern a khaver fun Knishin, velkher geyt mit zey avek vayzn a besere un nentere veg. nokh a por teg, kumt shoyrn on di regulere armey, velkhe mir dervartn zey mit groys frayd un umgloybn. di nakht un tog shloft shoyrn keyner nit. yeder eyner ba zikh shtelt zikh di frage: dergangen dem tsil un vos vayter?

azoy lang gevart af dem tog. azoy fil idn zaynen umgekumen, bloyz mir hobn es dergreykht vi an oysergeveynekher tog. yeder rus vos iz mit undz redt, vi er vet kumen in der heym tsu di eltern, vayb un kind. zey dertseyln alts vos zey hobn mitgemakht, ober vemen veln mir dertseyln? tsi ken men zikh beemes frayen mitn iberlebn? kumen mir shoyrn itst aroys af der fray? aroysgeyendik fun vald tsum noentstn dorf, zeen mir ligndik di groyse „makthaber“, di „ziger fun der velt“ in di roves vi an obyekt far hint, inzektn un ekldike shpayen fun durkhgeyer.

di royt armeyer zaynen andersh vi ikh ken zey fun 1940. mit andere mundirn, shlifes af di akslen, afn brust medaln far heldishkeytn in tsayt fun krig. ober di zelbe gutmutige in batsiung vi frier, fir yor nit gezen un gebenkt. yetst forn obozn ful mit royt armeyer un bazetsn ale derfer arum. mir gibn iber undzere gefangene [Andrey Andreyevich] Vlasovtses dem shtab mitn tsushrift:

Their task now is to scout the German forces around Knyszyn. We immediately introduce them to our comrade from Knyszyn; he accompanies them to show them a better and shorter way. After a few days the regular army arrives, which we await with great joy and disbelief. No one can sleep anymore during the day or night. Everyone asks themselves the question: Having arrived at the destination, and now what happens next?

For so long we have been waiting for this day! So many Jews have perished, and only we have made it to this extraordinary day. Every Russian who is among us talks about how he will come home to his parents, wife and children, and tell them all he has been through, but to whom can we talk about it? Can we really rejoice in having survived? Have we now achieved freedom? When we come out of the forest and are on the way to the next village, we see the great "rulers", the "victors of the world" lying in the ditches, as objects for dogs and insects, and passers-by spit on them in disgust.

The Red Army soldiers are different from what I remember from 1940. They wear different uniforms, epaulettes and medals for heroism on their chests. But, they are as good-natured interpersonally as before; for four years I did not see them and longed for them. Now convoys full of Red Army soldiers are driving and occupying all the villages in the area. We hand over our prisoners of [Andrey Andreyevich] Vlasov's army to the staff with

<p>gekhaft in kamf kegn undz un mir lozn zikh als gantse in veg, vayter untern front, shoyn itst tsum punkt fun partizaner shtab aroysnemen dokumentn. ale shoseyen un vegn zaynen ful mit royt armeyer, velkhe tsien zikh tsum front. mir geyen tsurik, ver in tsivile kleyder un andere halb militerish, yeder eyner andersh. di durkhforndike armey shrayt: Partizani nashi (undzere)!</p> <p>mir kvartirn zikh ayn ba yedn poyer tsu eyn perzon tsu esn un shlofn. mir hoybn zikh on tsu dervisn alts mer vegn dem groysn khurbn fun di idn. dos dertseyln undz di poyerim derkenendik, az ikh bin a id. s'vert vos amol</p>	<p>a document, "captured when they fought against us," and we all go on our way, further below the front, to the position of the staff of partisans, to receive our documents. All the main streets and roads are full of Red Army soldiers moving to the front. But we go back, some in civilian clothes, others in military, each different. The passing army shouts: "Our partisans!"</p> <p>Everyone quarters with a farmer to eat and spend the night. We begin to learn more and more about the great catastrophe that has befallen the Jews, because when the peasants realize that I am Jewish, they tell about it. It becomes more and more burdensome</p>
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<p>shverer dos tsum hern. es ruft aroys farvunderung ba der poyersher bafelkerung ven mir zogn, az mir zaynen idn. zey kukn undz on modne: vi kumt epes a id fun undzer gegnt leben?</p> <p>afn eygenem keyver (Bialystok in oygust 1944)</p> <p>nokhn derleydikn ale formalitetn un opgebn dos gever, ker ikh zikh um zen Bialystok. ikh gey mit a gefil fun „frayd“ tsu zen di geburts-shtot un glaykhtsaytik mit a geferlekhn veytog un frage ba zikh:</p> <p>vos vel ikh gefinen dortn? ikh veys, az gornit loytn gedank, ober an inerlekher gefil vos ruft: efsher yo? imitsn!</p>	<p>to listen. With the peasant population it causes astonishment when we say that we are Jews. They look at us strangely: How is it possible for a Jew of our region to still be alive?"</p> <p>Upon the Own Grave (Bialystok in August 1944)</p> <p>After completing all the formalities and handing in the rifle, I turn back to see Bialystok again. I leave with a feeling of "joy" to return to my native city, and at the same time with a cutting pain, asking myself: "What will I find there?" My mind tells me, "nothing at all," but my inner feeling calls out to me, "Maybe yes- a single one?!"</p>
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<p>ikh gey tsufus 10 kilometer. afn veg shteyen poyerim un shnaydn di tvue fun di felder, di kose shnaydt vi es volt gornit geshen. di derfer arum veg, zaynen teylvayz tseshtert un andere gants, di kriglekh af di ploytn. di poyerim far di shtiber, zikh farendikt zeyere togteglekhe arbetn. ikh shpan foroys mit eyn otem un eyn gedank egbert mir: Bialystok!</p> <p>vi zet zi oys? un ver iz geblibn? kumendik in di forshtet fun shtot, ze ikh shoyndem onhoib fun khurbn: koymens on shtiber, ale brikn oyfgerisn, der vokzal farbrent, fun gantse gasn, shteyen nor skeletn fun a sakh moyern un andere gasn ingantsn opgemekt. derkenst afile nit, tsi iz do epes amol geven, tsi s'hobn gevoynt mentshn velkhe ikh hob azoy gut gekent, mit andere farbrakht, fun velkhe es blaybn afile derinerungen un gute gedanken af eybik. arumgetsamt shteyen daytshishe gefangene. ikh gey tsu un mit ekl kuk ikh af zey, fregndik dem royt armeyer vos hit zey: zey leben nokh? entfert er mir mit a shmeykhl: Nishtevo podokhbyet (s'iz gornit zey veln peygern).</p> <p>ikh loz zikh vayter af mayn gas, zen dos hoyz vu ikh hob gevoynt un gelozn mit a yor tsurik a bruder un shvester! ikh gey in der rikhtung vu es iz geven der geto. der ershter blik falt</p>	<p>I walk 10 kilometers on foot. On the way, farmers are standing in their fields harvesting grain, the scythe cutting as if nothing had happened at all. The villages along the way are partially destroyed, but others still intact. The jars are inverted over the fences, the peasants are in front of their houses having finished their day's work. In one breath I walk ahead, driven by one thought: Bialystok!</p> <p>What does it look like? And who is still there? Arriving in the outskirts I can see the extent of the destruction: Chimneys without houses, all bridges destroyed, the train station burned down; of entire streets only skeletons of masonry are left, and other streets are completely obliterated. You don't even recognize if anything was ever there. Is that really where the people I once knew well lived, people I spent time with? At least memories and a good souvenir will remain forever.... Germans are standing there locked behind a fence. I walk up to them, looking at them with disgust, and ask the Red Army soldier guarding them: "They are still alive?" He answers with a smile: "It is meaningless, they will perish!" I continue on my street to see the house where I lived and left brother and sister a year ago! I walk in the direction where the ghetto was. My first glance falls</p>
<p>afn bruk vu ikh gedenk s'iz geven der ployt. 20 meter fun ployt iz bavaksn di erd mit groz, koym vos men zet di shteyner. mentshn</p>	<p>on the pavement where, as far as I can remember, the fence had been. 20 meters from the fence the earth is overgrown with grass,</p>

zaynen do nit gegangen un groz iz shoyn ongevaksn. vu shteyner
zaynen frier geven oysgerisn fun azoyfil mentshlekhe trit, iz itst
groz bavaksn un di shteyner halb farshtelt, shrayen aroys:
vest undz groz nit fardekn!
mentshn darfn do geyn!
idn zaynen do gegangen un

so that the stones can hardly be seen. No people have walked here
[for a long time], the grass is already firmly grown. Where once the
stones had already loosened from so many human footsteps, now
grass is growing, and the stones, half-covered, are shouting:
"Grass, would you please not cover us? People have to walk here!
Jews have



אויסגראבונג פון די דערמאָרדעטע העלדן

Excavation of the murdered heroes

geboyt zeyer leben fun doyrem. mir muzn undzers dertseyln!

gone here and built their lives, for generations. We have to tell
about it!"

ale gasn zaynen leydik, nito keyn mentshn. ale shtiber tsebrokhn. do feln vent. ot shteyt a hoyz mit eyn vant, andere on fentster un tirn. idishe sform un bikher valgern zikh in ale zaytn vu du tust nor a vorf

All the streets are empty, no people anywhere. All houses destroyed: here walls are missing, there is a house with only one wall, elsewhere the windows and doors are missing. Jewish and other books are lying around on all sides, wherever you just take

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mitn oyg un a drey dem kop; tsebrokhene mebl, shtuln on fis, shafes on tirn, tsebrokhene betn, vos keynem loynt shoyn nit tsum nehmen. federn fun perenes tsunoyfgemisht mit bilder fun mentshn vos hobn do gelebt, fun idn mit bord un peyes, idn on hitlen, froyen mit sheytlen un froyen mit di modernste frizurn. a bild fun a kind vos

a look. And if you turn your head: broken furniture, chairs without feet, cupboards without doors, broken beds; it's not worth it to take any of it away. Feathers from quilts are lying there intermingled with photos of people who lived there, photos of Jews with beards and forelocks; Jews without hats, women with "sheytlen" [wigs] or with the most modern hairstyles. The image of a child laughing



די גרוב ווו מען האט איצט איבערגעטראגן
רעשטעלך פון די העלדן פון געטא

The pit, where they have now transferred the remains of the heroes of the ghetto.

<p>lakht un a bild fun a mamen vos halt dos kind un frayt zikh. a ingele af a ferd un a bokherl in a kleynem tales mit tfiln tsu bar-mitsve. doyrem leben un shafung ken men mit eynmol nit opmekn</p>	<p>and the image of a mother holding the child and rejoicing. A boy on a horse and a fellow in a small "tales" [prayer shawl] with tefillin at his bar mitzvah. These generations full of life and creativity cannot be erased from the earth</p>
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<p>fun der erd. di erd aleyn nemt dos nit oyf, es felt ir mut un zi lozt dos alts lign fun oybn un mont un shrayt: Vos hot men geton! und farvos!!! dos blut vert farglivert fun kukn af alts un ot vert men oyfgeregt, biz tren. kumendik tsu mayn gas, Bialostotshenski [Białostoczańska]</p>	<p>all at once. Even the earth does not want to swallow this, it lacks the boldness to do so; it leaves everything on its surface, admonishing and crying out: "What did you do? And why?" My blood freezes as I look at all this, and it upsets me, the tears come. When I get to my street, Bialostotshenski [Białostoczańska],</p>
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[map: Dr. Tomek Wisniewski, see also the link to his film <https://youtu.be/nrc1Gtvj1-c>]

gey ikh zikh langzam, vi in tsaytn ven men flegt mir zogn, az men vet mir shisn. der zelber gefil bam geyn nenter tsum numer 19. vu ikh hob gevoynt. mit 3 numern frier ze ikh shoyt, az di hoyz iz ingantsn nito, afile keyn skelet nit geblibn af vos tsum a kuk gebn un tsufaln vi tsu eygene mitn kop, zikh oysveynen, zikh onshparn vi

I walk more slowly; as in the times when they used to tell me that I am about to be shot. The same feeling I have as I approach the house number 19. This is where I lived. Three house numbers before, I can already see that our house no longer exists at all, not even a skeleton has remained that you could look at and run

a kleyn kind, vos hoybt ersht on geyn, zikh haltndik ba di vent. ikh tref nor shteyner fun fundament un a halbn koymen. fun oybn zamd un a shiterer grezl ongevoxs.

ikh shtel zikh afn fundament fun hoyz, kler un kuk vu iz do geven der fenster? vu iz do geven di tir? vu iz do geshtanen mayn bet? un vu iz do gehangen dos bild fun di eltern vos zey hobn gemakht in der vokh fun zeyer gliklekhn khasene hobn, vos mir kinder flegn shtendik kukn vi zey endern zikh, verdndik elter un di mame flegt shtendik dermonen undz vi zey hobn amol oysgezen.

yo! vi zey hobn amol oysgezen...

un haynt, shtey ikh aleyn af di eygene khurves, vos yeder zakh vos ikh zol nit ton, dermont es mir in di ale grozdamkeytn, vi zey iz oysgekumen tsum laydn ibernatirlekh far gornit, nor derfar, vayl mir zaynen idn!

di luft mit velkher ikh otem itst shteyendik, iz ongezapt mit roykh fun zeyere kerpers vos hobn zikh gebrent in di oyvns fun Treblinka, Maydanek, Oshvyentshis un andere erter. der roykh hot zikh gerisn in shvartse troyer-volkns tsum himl, geshrign un gemont:

vos tut a mentsh mit a mentsh!!

ober di luft hot farkhapt dem roykh un im aynggezapt in zikh, tsunisht gemakht, nit lozndik, az er zol blaybn als shtendiker shvartser volkn iber der velt.

dokh, far mir iz di luft shvarts gevorn nit kenendik oysteyln zeyer shtikiger roykh. es shtikt di luft un es faln

towards, like to your loved ones. Where you could cry, lean in like a little kid just learning to walk and still clinging to the walls. I meet only stones of the foundation and half a chimney. Sand has fallen on it from above and sparse blades of grass have grown.

I climb onto the foundations of the house, consider and check where the window has been? Where was the door? Where was my bed? And, where did the picture of my parents hang, which they had taken the week of their happy wedding. We children used to look at how they changed as they got older, and Mom used to remind us of how they had once looked...

Yea! How they had once looked...

And today I stand alone on my own rubble, reminding myself, in whatever I do, of all the unimaginable cruelties they had to suffer, for nothing at all, just for being Jews!

The air I breathe stands, saturated with smoke from their bodies burning in the ovens of Treblinka, Majdanek, Auschwitz and other places. The smoke drifts up to the sky in black clouds of mourning, it cries out and admonishes:

"What are you people doing to another human being!"

However, the air has captured the smoke and has sucked it into itself, nullifying it, not allowing it to remain as a permanent black cloud over the world.

And yet, I feel the blackness of the air, being filled with that stuffy smoke that it doesn't allow itself to secrete again. The air chokes me

arop di hent in onmakht. shvakh vern mir di fis, vos hobn getrotn toyznter kilometer iber ale velder un shoyseyen, blotes. itst tsuzeendik di eygene shtub on zey, blaybt alts in onmakht un di kni boygn zikh aleyn ayn, zikh avekzetsndik af a bergl fun fundament. ikh kuk glaykh, ze ikh a shtikl parkan mit drot fun oybn a zeykher fun geto.

ikh farmakh di oygn fun shrek un umbavustzinik tu ikh a nishter mit der hant ibern zamd, grob mit di finger- nokh vos veys ikh nit- un tap on epes an hartn zakh, efn di oygn un shlep aroys an altn tsebrokhenem zayer. ikh gedenk im fun shtub, vos men flegt amol zayen kartofl un es dermont mir bald, ven di mame flegt zogn mit frayd, haynt hot ir kinder ayer maykhl:
lindzn mit alkalekh, spetsyel far Srolken.

es vert mir shoyt shver tsu zitsn un ikh hoyb zikh oyf. di oygn faln mir tsu tsu an efenung fun der erd vos ikh ze un dermon zikh, az do darf zayn di grub vos ikh hob gemakht far di eltern un shvesterl zikh tsu bahaltn. ikh gey un beyg zikh ayn, kuk lang in der efenung vu a bret shtekt aroys ibergebokhn un fintster ineveynik, mer ze ikh gornit.

a hits hakt mir aroys fun gantsn kerper, un a shveys khotsh s'iz shoyt harbst in Oktober. der vint loyft, yogt, vi er volt gevolt antloyfn mir nit kenendik zen do shteyendik mer, vayl ver ken dos kumen tsurik un zen azoyns?
s'iz mir oysergeveynlekh dushne, khotsh arum iz fray. nito keyn shtiber un tsam vos zol di luft farshteln.

and my hands fall down fainting. My feet, which have walked thousands of kilometers over all the forests, main roads and swamps, become weak. Now that I see my own home, without my loved ones, everything becomes powerless in me, my knees buckle, I have to sit down on a pile of stones of the foundation. Looking straight ahead, I discover a piece of fence, with wire on top, a remnant of the ghetto.

In shock, I close my eyes and unconsciously run my hand through the sand, digging with my fingers - I don't know what for - and feel something hard. I open my eyes and pull out an old, broken sieve. It is from our home, the potatoes were sieved with it and immediately I remember how Mom used to say with joy, "today we have a delicious meal for you children, lentils with alkalekh [potato dumplings], especially for Srolke."

I cannot sit any longer and rise. My eyes drop shut, but in doing so, my gaze falls on an opening in the earth and I remember that this must be the pit I dug as a hiding place for my parents and little sister. I go and bend over it, looking for a long time into the dark opening from which a broken board peeps out; that's all I see.

Heat flows through my whole body and sweat breaks out, although it is already October, autumn. The wind blows, chasing as if to flee, since it can no longer see me standing. But who can bear to come back and see something like this? I find it particularly stuffy, although everything around me is free, no house or fence cuts off my air.

<p>ikh shtey ayngboygn kukndik in der finsternish fun der efenung un kler nit kenendik bashtimen tsi onhoybn grobn un arayngeyn ineveynik? neyn! kh'hob moyre far zikh aleyn. tsi ken a mentsh arayngeyn in eygenem keyver?! efsher lign dort di tayere eltern un shvesterl. ikh bakum moyre farn gedank, tomer tref ikh zey dortn. un vi vel ikh zey kenen entfernen af di frage: farvos davke ikh hob zikh opgeshtelt un mit vos fara rekht kum ikh itst tsurik tretn</p>	<p>I stand hunched over, peering into the darkness of the opening and can't decide, should I start digging to go in now? No! I am afraid for myself; can a man go into his own grave? Perhaps my dear parents and sister are lying there. A thought frightens me, maybe I will meet them there? How could I answer them to the question: Why have I just stopped and by what right do I come back now, treading</p>
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<p>af der zelber erd, vos iz durkhgeveykt mit zeyer blut. un efsher iz di groz vos ikh ze shoyn velkndik fun harbst bamistikt mit zeyer ash fun kerper? un di zeyf vos ikh hob zikh gevashn fun zeyer fets? ir zaynt af aza umbanembarn oyfn avekgerisn gevorn fun leben. mame! tate! Raytsele! un brider! vos darf ikh ton bikhdey tsum kenen zikh farentfern far zikh aleyn, far mayn eygenem gedank, shoyn nit redndik, ven ikh vel darfn kumen tsu mentshn zikh vayzn un zogn: ikh bin do itst vayter af der velt?!</p> <p>vi es klingt itst yeder vort, vegn mentshn un velt.ven es iz aropperisn gevorn mit eyn mol ale libshaftn fun azoy fil yorn ayngzaptkeyt tsu alts vos iz leben un mentshlekhkeyt. ikh shtey oyfgedreyt fun yesurim kukndik keseyder af der efenung. zets zikh un shtel zikh oyf. veys nit vos kh'hob do tsum ton? oyfgrobn? felt mir mut. avekgeyn? ken ikh nit. ikh kuk zikh arum, ale mol af ale zaytn un yeder blik af dem arum, makht mir keseyder shverer.</p>	<p>on the earth soaked with their blood; and perhaps is the grass, already beginning to wilt in autumn, fertilized by the ashes of their bodies? And the soap with which I washed, from their fat? You have been torn from your lives in such an inconceivable way. Mom! Dad! Raytsele! My brothers! What should I do to justify to myself, to my own mind? Not to mention when I meet people and, pointing to myself, have to say, "I live on in this world!?"</p> <p>Now what resonance is there in every word about people and the world, when all at once all the affections were torn away, which one had absorbed for so many years and which meant everything that makes up a life and humanity. Stirred up by suffering, I stand there and keep looking at the opening; sit down and get up again; don't know what to do; dig up? I lack the courage. Should I go? I can't. I look around, again and again in all directions, and every glance at the surroundings makes</p>
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<p>es hoybt on tsu vern tunkl. es falt shoyn tsu der ovnt. vu geyt men itst? shtelt zikh mir a frage. ikh bin dokh shoyn gekumen a heym, a ziger... s'iz shoyn shtark tunkl ven ikh farloz di „heym“ un gey zikh arumkukn af di keseyderdike ayngedvorfene heyzer, nit zeendik keyn lebedikn mentshn un bashefenish. fun vaytn vi a shotn, ze ikh epes adurkhgeyn tsvishn di ofene hoyfn a mentshn. ikh yog zikh shnel un deryog im un freg in poylish: vu voynen do idn? er kukt mir on vi ikh volt geven a meshugener un entfert mir: zshidzhi, vtsale nie virzdshalem. niema tutai [idn hob ikh ingantsn nisht gezen. nisht do]. ikh blayb shteyn un veys shoyn gornit vos tsu ton. ikh hoyb on vayter tsu geyn un ze in a fenster epes likhtik. ikh gey arayn in shtub, zitst a poylishe froy, geven amol a idishe shtub, un poret zikh bam kikh. dobri vietshur (gut ovnt), zog ikh ir un freg vu voynen do idn. zi farklert zikh lang un</p>	<p>it harder and harder for me. It begins to get dark, the evening dawns. The question occurs to me, "Where should I go now?" After all, I did come home - a winner....</p> <p>It is already very dark when I leave my "home" and look around in the subsequent shattered houses, but I see neither a living person nor any other being. From a distance I notice a person walking like a shadow across the open yards. I start running, reach him and ask him in Polish: " Are there Jews living here?" He looks at me as if I am crazy and answers me: "I haven't seen any Jews at all. None here."</p> <p>I stop and don't know what to do anymore. I continue walking and see something bright in a window. I go into the house, a former Jewish house. A Polish woman is sitting there next to the kitchen, tinkering with something. "Dobry wieczór [Good evening!]," I say and ask her if Jews are living here. She remains lost in thought for a long time and</p>
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<p>entfert, ir dakht zikh. az af Kupytski gas 24 hot men gezogt zaynen gekumen a por idn, af zikher, veyst zi nit. ikh loz zikh dort nun ze take an halb khorevn moyer, oysgehakt di shoybn, ongevorfn fil zakhn shmutsik. oykh af di trep, zaynen ongevorfn farshidene zakhn, ikh gey aroyf un tref in der finsternish fun a tsimer ba a tsebrokhn tishl af a shtul, a bisl on azayt, zitst epes a froy vi a shotn blas, dar, gornit tsum derkenen ver dos iz. gut ovnt zog ikh in idish.</p>	<p>answers: "They say that on Kupyitski [Kupiecka] Street some Jews have come." But she does not know for sure. I go there and actually see in front of a half-destroyed stone house with broken window panes many dirty things thrown down. On the stairs, too, a lot of different things were thrown; I go up and in the darkness of a room, sitting on a chair at a broken table, I meet a woman like a shadow, pale, haggard. It is impossible to recognize who she is. I say "gutn ovnt [good evening], voynen do idn? [are there Jews living here]?"</p>
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do voynen idn? yo entfert zi mit a shtile koym vos ikh her shtime un kukt mir on mit a kaltn matn blik.

in der tsayt vos mir zitsn un kukn zikh on, zikh nit kenendik derkenen eyner dem andern fregndik, zi ba mir un ikh ba ir tsi mir zaynen Bialystoker, kumt arayn ir man, fun velkhn men zet nor arayngeyendik, a por hoyzn un shikh ongeton af a skelet fun a mentshn.

mir shmuesn lang, zikh interesirndik eyner bam tsveytn ver s'iz nokh geblibn? fun vemen yeder eyner veys? vos fara yedies er hot. vi shrekleh es iz tsu hern ven keyner veyst nit fun keyn toyznter oder hunderter ibergeblibene, nor fun eyntslne, velkhe men ken nor tseyln af di finger

un fun di eyntslne vos kumen zikh shpeter oyf tsu nekhtikn in der dire, nokhn a gantsn tog arumgeyn iber di gasn zukhn epes vos tsum esn, dervayl ba alte bakante fun amol, ken mir nor eyne, di froy Dine Treshtshanski, a shkheyne fun amol vos hot mir oyfgekhovet. dos iz di eyntsike vos ikh tref un zi ken bashtetikn, az ikh bin fun der shtot. di iberike zaynen mir eyne di andere nit bakant, vi mir voltn gor keynmol fun der zelber shtot nit geven.

vos tsu shmuesn hobn mir dokh nit, vayl yeder eyner fun undz veyst alts un dokh iz ba yedn eynem di geshikhte andersh un groyzamer. dervayl ver es kumt on tsu bislekh, ver borves, ver on zakhn, in farshidene pozes, klaybt zikh oys a shtikele porloge un leygt zikh ibershlofn, untermeshpart dem kulak tsukopns un tsufedekt mit di papirn un bikher, vos valgern zikh arum in der dire, shver

"Yes," she answers me so quietly that I can barely hear her voice, gazing at me with a cold, dull look.

During the time when we sit there and look at each other, and, not being able to recognize our counterparts, ask each other if we are Bialystokers, her husband comes in, of whom you can see only a pair of pants and shoes dressed to a human skeleton.

We talk for a long time and each inquires of the other who might have stayed? Does one of us know something about someone else, what news does he have? But how terrible it is to hear that none of us knows anything about thousands or at least hundreds of those who remained, but only about a few who can be counted on the fingers of one hand. And of the few who come later to spend the night in the apartment, after wandering the streets all day to find something edible, temporarily at old acquaintances of yore, we know only one, Dine Treshtshanski [Dina Treszczańska], a neighbor from the past who raised me [1]. She is the only one I meet who can confirm that I am from the city. The others are all unknown to me, as if we had never lived in the same city.

Basically, we have nothing to talk about, because after all, each one of us knows everything, and yet the story seems to be different with everyone and even more cruel. In the meantime, a few more people come along, some barefoot, some without any things at all, looking for a piece of floor to lay down to sleep, all in different poses, with their fists under their heads and covered with the papers and books that are lying around in the apartment. It is hard

[1] possibly it is meant that she was his nurse.

tsu fartraybn di gedanken tsu velkhe men darf zikh tsugevoynen un zogn, az dos iz di virklekhkeyt, nokh velkhn men hot azoy lang gevart, oyshaltndik umgloyblekhe badingungen, vos keyn mentshlekhe fantasye hot nokh biz itst nit bavizn tsu bashraybn dos un der vos hot es durkhgelebt, fregt tsi iz dos meglekh geven tsu ibertrogn?

Dine Treshtshanski nemt mikh tsu zikh in tsimerl un git mir a bet, velkhe ikh hob shoyt mer vi a yor tsayt nit ongezen un bin gornit gevoynt vi azoy men leygt zikh do arayn. zi bet mikh oys mit rayne vesh vos ikh gedenk shoyt nit ven ikh hob es gezen un leygt zikh shlofn.

ikh bin oyfgeshtanen zeyer shpet. azoy hot mir farshlefert shtark di bet. shoyt keynem nit getrofn fun di vos zaynen geshlofn af der erd un tishn. yeder eyner tsegeyt zikh arumkukn af di frierdeke voynungs-erter, zukhdik oykh ba bakante shpayz.

di ershte lebngelibene idn

der gerangl mitn natsi-banditizm, doyeret nokh vayter. s'iz shoyt ober klor far alemen, az di krig vet zikh endikn mitn zig fun di ale fareynikte felker, vos kemfn kegn dem fashizm. af dem teyl fun der bafrayter poylisher teritorye, vos iz bazetst durkh der royter armey un di kemfende opteylungen fun der nayer poylisher regirung, hoybn zikh on tsum bavayzn eyntsike idn, vos krikhn aroys fun farshidene erter, vu zey zaynen gelegn bahaltn un af farshidene oyfanim, hobn zey durkhgemakht zeyere laydn. yeder eyner bazunder iz a velt far zikh, mit andere mitlen zikh derhaltn un kumendik tsurik in zayn heym-shtot, hot zikh keyner nit

to suppress one's thoughts; one has to get used to them and tell oneself that this is now the reality one has been waiting for so long, enduring incredible conditions that no human imagination can ever describe; and the one who lived through it still wonders how it was actually possible to survive all that?

Dine Treshtshanski [Dina Treszczańska] leads me to her room and offers me a bed; for more than a year I have not seen anything like that and I am not even used to lying in it. She beds me in clean linen, which I don't even know anymore what it looks like, and I go to sleep.

I get up very late because the bed has lulled me to sleep so much. I no longer meet any of those who slept on the floor or on tables. Everyone goes around to see the former places of residence and to ask for food from acquaintances.

The First Jews Left Alive

The fight with the Nazi bandits lasts even longer; however, it is clear to all that the war will end with the victory of all united peoples fighting against fascism. On the part of the liberated Polish territory occupied by the Red Army and the fighting sections of the new Polish government, isolated Jews begin to appear, crawling out of various places, where they have lain and suffered in hiding in various ways.

Each of them is a world apart, each has persevered by different means, and yet none of them imagined that when they returned to

<p>fargeshtelt fundestvegn, az er vet ontrefn af dem vos er hot gezen mit zayne eygene oygn; keynems gedank iz nit geven bekoyakh oyftsunemen dos vos men hot gezen. un herndik fun yedn eyntsikn, vi azoy er hot zikh oysgehaltn, interesirt keseyder afile undz, vos mir hobn dos alts gezen.</p>	<p>their hometown they would encounter what they must now see with their own eyes: No one could grasp with their minds what it looked like there, and even we, who have seen it all after all, are interested in hearing from each of them again and again how they persevered.</p>
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<p>di ershte idn in Bialystok vos zaynen geven in shtot bald nokh der bafrayung di tsvey brider Okon, zaynen gelegn unter a podloge fun a shtub a yor tsayt. fun oybn hobn gevoynt daytshn, velkhe flegn tumlen, tupndik mit di fis. in der tsayt, flegn zey zikh kenen iberdreyen fun eyn zayt af der anderer. ven s'iz zey oysgegangen di tsugegreyte shpayz, flegn zey di letste drey monatn esn nor roye mel a gloz a tog un etlekhe roye arbes. yedn tog hobn zey farklenert di portsyes, nit visndik vi lang zey darfn nokh zayn. nokh</p>	<p>The first Jews from Bialystok to appear in the city immediately after the liberation were the two Okon brothers. They had been lying under the floor of a house for a year. Germans were living above them, and while the latter were stamping their feet noisily, the brothers were able to turn from one side to the other. When they ran out of prepared provisions, they ate only one jar of raw flour a day and a few raw peas for the last three months. Every day they had to reduce the portions because they did not know how long they would have to stay there. When</p>
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די היסטארישע קאמיטיע אין ביאליסטאק וואָס דאַקומענטירט די נאַצישע
ברוטאַליטעטן. אינמיט פֿון רעכטס צו לינקס: דר. דאַטנער און דר. טורעק.

(The historical commission in Bialystok documenting Nazi brutalities. In the center Dr. Datner, to his left Dr. Turek.)

der bafreyung zaynen aroys tsvey skeletn, velkhe zaynen
arumgegangen in shtot un dertseylt. men hot zey nit gevolt gloybn,
flegn zey als a bavayz, betn a gloz roye mel un oyfesn far yenem in
di oyg. zey bayde zaynen di eyntsike fun toyzenter idn vos zaynen
gelegn in skhrones. di vos men hot gekhapt, hot men avekgefirt in
Pyetrashne, un oysgrabndik griber tsheshosn bizn klenstn oyfele. eyn
ingl, Kovarski, fun 10 yor iz geblibn leben. er mit zayn

two skeletons appeared after the liberation, walking around the
town and telling about themselves, nobody wanted to believe them.
But the two used to ask for a jar of raw flour as proof and ate it in
front of the doubters. The two were the only ones out of thousands
of Jews who had been hiding [undetected]. Those who were caught
were deported to Pyetrashne [Pietrasze] and, after digging pits, shot
down to the smallest baby. A 10-year-old boy of the Kovalski
family remained alive. He, his

muter un nokh idn zaynen gelegn bahaltn lange khadoshim,
nokhdem vi Bialystok iz shoyn geven yudn-reyn. ober di vos flegn
geyn rabirn in di gasn fun geto di ibergeblibene guts vos hot zikh
gevalgert, hobn ongetrofn af zeyer ort, gebrakht daytshn. zey
gefinendik alemen, hot men zey oyfgenumen un mit oytos gefirt
alemen shisn in Pyetrashe [Pietrasze]. men hot shoyn fun frier
oysgegrob'n griber un geheysn zikh alemen oyston naket
arayngzeyndik in grub, bikhdey dem daytsh zol zayn laykhter tsum
shisn.
s'iz shoyn geven farnakhtlekh, tunkl, der ingl hot gezen vos do
kumt for, hot er zikh farbahaltn

mother and other Jews had been in hiding for many months after
Bialystok was already "cleansed of Jews". But those who used to
go through the streets of the ghetto to rob the remaining goods lying
around discovered them in their hiding place and betrayed them to
the Germans. The Germans found all the Jews, arrested them and
took them by truck to Pyetrashe [Pietrasze] to be shot. Even before
that, they had dug pits and ordered everyone to strip naked and go
into the pits so that it would be easier for the Germans to shoot
them.
It was already early evening and dark. The boy saw what was going
on, hid



א גרופע פראנט העמפער און פארטיזאנער ביי ציטראנס בייט
מעדיש אף פאלנע גאס

A group of front-line fighters and partisans at "Tsitrons at the midresh" [Faivel Citron's Bes-Medresh] on Polne Street.

unter di oytos vos zaynen geshtanen un tsugezen vi men shist zayn muter un ale iberike idn. in der tunklhayt hobn di daytshn zikh baeylt, gikh tsugenumen di zakhn af di oytos un avekgeforn. dem ingl hobn zey nit bamerkt un er iz geblibn afn ort di nakht un nokhdem hot er zikh oysbahalt'n, bizn arayngeyn fun der royter armey. 10 idn zaynen geblibn fun 100 un shpeter fun 40 vos zaynen gezesn

under the parked vehicles, and watched as they shot his mother and all the other Jews. In the darkness, the Germans hurried, quickly carried the [remaining] belongings to the vehicles and drove away. They did not notice the boy; he stayed there through the night and then hid until the Red Army arrived. Ten out of a hundred Jews, or, later, out of forty Jews,

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in turme in Bialystok, velkhe men hot opgeshtelt nokh der likvidatsye fun 16-tn Oygust, zey zoln arbetn, vayl dem general fun Bialystok iz geven a shod tsu umbrengen zey bald, ven er ken zey nokh oysnutsn far zikh oyftsuboyen a palats far im, hobndik umziste hent.

ober der gezets fun daytsh iz geven, az in Bialystok tor zikh shoy'n mer zikh nit gefinen keyn idn. hot men zey geheysn redn nor poylish un zey zoln ongeyn als polyakn, abi tsu arbetn far im umzist.

batog arbetn zey, banakht zitsn zey in turme un yedn mol nemt men tsu tshishn di velkhe zaynen shoy'n nit noytik.

a por monat far der bafrayung zaynen nor geblibn fun zey 40 idn, velkhe men hot getsvungen tsum oysgrobn ale erter vu der daytsh hot tsheshn di idn, leygndik di toyte kerpers af holts: a shikht mentshn, a shikht holts, nokhdem bagisn di holts un mentshn mit bren shtof un untertsindn, es zol keyn shlyadn fun zeyer keseyderdikner arbet fun di shisungen nit blaybn.

remained from those who were in the Bialystok prison. After the liquidation of the ghetto on August 16, they were put to forced labor. The General of Bialystok thought it would be a pity to kill them immediately, when he could still use their free hands to build a palace for him.

However, the German law stated that there could be no more Jews in Bialystok. Thus, he ordered them to speak only Polish and to pretend to be Polish, so that he could have them work for him for free. During the day they slaved and at night they sat in prison; and whenever a few of them were no longer needed, he had them shot.

A few months before the liberation, only 40 Jews were left of them. They were forced to dig up all the places where the Germans had shot the Jews and lay the corpses on wooden boards; always a layer of people, and above that a layer of wood. After that, people and wood were doused with burning liquid and set on fire, because no traces of their continuous shootings should remain.

<p>nit eyner hot derkent zayne noente un gemuzt unter droung fun gever ton di arbet, vayl zey hobn zikh shoyn gerikht tsu optretn fun shtot. ven nokh a por monatn arbetn iz alts geven farendikt, hot men zey geheysn aley n oysgrobn a grub, zikh oyston naket un 30 bavofnte daytshn mit gever zaynen getshtanen un gevart zey zoln zikh oyston, kedey zey tseshisn.</p> <p>ober di idn hobn derzen vos do kumt for, hobn zey zikh gevorn af di daytshn mit di hoyle hent. ver halb naket, ver ingantsn naket, zikh durkherisn a veg un zikh farnandergelofn.</p> <p>30 idn zaynen gefaln, 10 zaynen aroys gants un hobn di letste vokhn zikh oysbahalt n in shtot, zikh dervart af der bafrayung.</p> <p>oyser di partizaner fun Bialystok velkhe hobn mit eygener initsyativ fun der ershter minut, genumen zeyer goyrl in di hent, farshteyendik, az nor kamf iz der eyntsiker veg in bafrayung, zaynen af umgloyblekhe farshidene oyfanim, eyntslne idn gekumen tsurik, velkhe men hot gekont tseyln af di finger.</p> <p>der klenster vidershtand,</p>	<p>Some [of the Jews] recognized near ones among the corpses, but had to do the work under threat of gun power, because [the Germans] were already expecting the cession of the city. When after several months of work everything was ready, they ordered [the Jews] to dig a pit and strip naked; and 30 armed Germans were waiting with their rifles to shoot them.</p> <p>However, the Jews saw what was going on, rushed at the Germans naked or half-naked and with their bare hands, made their way through and ran apart.</p> <p>30 Jews fell, 10 managed to get to safety and hid in the city for the last few weeks waiting for liberation.</p> <p>Apart from the partisans who, on their own initiative, took their fate into their own hands from the first minute, understanding that the struggle is the only way to liberation, individual Jews, who can be counted on the fingers of one hand, returned in unbelievable, various ways..</p> <p>The smallest resistance,</p>
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<p>afile mit di hoyle hent, vi der fal mit di 40 idn, hot gegeben mer protsent zikherkeyt tsu blaybn leben, vi geyn mit mutlozikeyt, oder mitn religyeyzn shtandpunkt, vi es iz geven faln fun zogn, az es iz a gzar.</p> <p>keyn shum gzar iz dos leben, nor mit hofenung un gloybn in di eygene koykhes, velkhe muzn shtendik ongevendet vern in dem retsidirndikn moment, ken men zikh rateven.</p> <p>yeder kamf iz a gevunener, oyb nit far di vos kemfn, iz far di vos veln lernen fun im.</p>	<p>even that with bare hands, as the case with the 40 Jews, offered more security to stay alive than remaining in despondency or clinging to a religious point of view, when in some cases it was said that this [catastrophe] was a „gzar“ [judgment of God or decree].</p> <p>Life is absolutely no "gzar", and with hope and faith in one's own strength, which one must always muster in moments of relapse, one can save oneself. Each [of these] battles is a battle won, and if not for all who fight, then definitely for those who learn from it.</p>
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ober mutlozikeyt un shtadlones, zaynen shtendik farshpilt far di, vos lozn zikh fun dem dem firn un farshpilter veg far di vos veln zikh lernen mit im geyn af vayter.

dos hobn mir gelernt di ale ibergelebte idn un mit dem kumen mir tsu undzere brider velkhe fodern fun undz an entfer af der frage: vos iz geven? ot dos iz geven! azoy naket vi mir dertseyln, azoy shoyderlekh vi undzere vundn di nit farheylte: di vos hobn gevolt rateven dos eygene leben, farkoyfndik dem tsveytn shtelndik dem eygenem ikh hekher farn gantsn folk, un di hundert protsentike farnikhtung undzere, iz nor a produkt fun der firung.

di nor kleyne teyln fun di idishe yugnt velkhe zaynen dertsoygn gevorn in revolutsyonern gayst, kemfndik shtendik kegn di andere minim firungen un dertsungen, hobn bavizn afile in di groyzamste tsaytn fun folk far der velt un far der tsukunft, az ba dank dem kamf, zaynen geblibn fun undz di ale vos zaynen gegangen af di vegn.

un 20 protsent fun di vos zaynen gefaln, zaynen oykh mentshlekh, virdik gefaln vi ale kemfer fun felker, als glaykhe mit alemen; vayl faln fun umkum iz in di badingungen geven umeglekh tsu farmeydn.

Yom Kipur 1944 in Bialystok

velkher id es zol zikh nit dermonen yom-kipur, vos iz im oysgekumen tsu zen un bayzayn in der heym fun zayn shtot, oder shtetl

However, if you take the path of despondency in conjunction with "advocates or mediators," you are lost; and for those who have learned this path and want to continue on it, all is lost.

We, all surviving Jews, had to learn this lesson, and so we turn to our brethren, who demand of us an answer to the question, "What happened?"

"This has happened!" we reply to them. And no matter how "naked" we talk and how awful our never-healing wounds are: The fact that people wanted to save their own lives by selling the others, that they put their own ego above the welfare of their whole people and our one hundred percent annihilation, is merely a product of governance.

The small parts of the Jewish youth who were educated in the revolutionary spirit, constantly fighting against the other types of leaderships and education, proved, before the whole world and for the future, that even in the cruelest times of our people, those of us survived only thanks to active resistance.

After all, the 20 percent who fell died a dignified death, like all the peoples' fighters, on an equal footing with everyone, because in these conditions people perishing in battle is inevitable.

Yom Kippur in Bialystok, 1944

Any Jew who remembers Yom Kippur, related to what he saw and witnessed at home in his town or city,

vos fara kuk oder opshatsung er zol nit hobn af der religyezer tsermonye, blaybn im fort tife derinerungen. mit a klemung in hartsn vet er dermonen zayn yugnt, di heym fun di eltern in dem spetsyeln tog vos hot ba alemen oysgezen andersh, vi ale tog fun a gants yor. di leydikeyt in gas, di gepakte shiln un spetsyel di shtimmung fun di mentshn in di shiln.

ober ven ikh dermon zikh dem yom-kipur fun Bialystok fun 1944 yor, ven fun zekhtsik toyznt idn hobn zikh koym oyfgeklibn 30 idn un nokh a 10 tsugekumene fun der provints, muz ikh opshteln af dem tog spetsyel, mit der frage vos hot undz densmol gebrakht in shil, nit azoy undz vi idishe ofitsirn fun der royter armey, velkhe zol shteyn mit a sider in hant un davnen; idishe ofitsirn fun der nayer poylisher armey, vos zoln ton dos zelbe un nokh mer, a id mit a tseylem afn hartsn vos iz gekumen tsurik tsu idn, nit kenendik festshteln, vos hot er geton in shil mitn tseylem, un tsu vemen hot er gedavnt.

di natur hot zikh ir eygenem gang vi mit toyznter yorn tsurik un es geyt ir nit on, vos es kumt for af der erd fun di mentshn, un di enderungen vos di mentshn firn durkh in zeyer leben afn ekonomish-politishn gebit.
zi makht zikh nit keyn vezn. es kumt on der harbst in undzer kant, mit di shtarke kalte vintn un regns, vu men darf zikh shoyn ongreytn vinter vesh un farzikhern di fentster fun dem araynshmaysndn regn.

will have deep memories regardless of his view or attitude toward the religious ceremony. With trepidation in his heart, he will remember being young and at home with his parents on that special day, which was for all different than any other day of the year. [Just to mention] the emptiness in the streets, the crowded synagogues and especially, the mood of the people in the synagogues.

However, when I remember the Yom Kippur in Bialystok of 1944, when out of 60,000 Jews barely thirty Jews gathered, in addition to ten persons coming from the province, I have to focus specifically on that day on the question of what actually brought us to the synagogue at that time, not only us, but also the Jewish officers of the Red Army, who were supposed to stand there with a "sider" [Jewish prayer book] in their hands and pray, or those Jewish officers of the new Polish Army who were supposed to do the same. Above all, however, with regard to a Jew with a cross on his chest, who came back to the Jews, and of whom it was not ascertainable what he, silently, wanted to do with the cross, and to whom he was actually praying.

Nature has its own course, as it did thousands of years ago, and it is not particularly interested in what is happening on man's earth and what changes man is making in their economic-political sphere. It does not make a fuss about it. Autumn is approaching in our region, with its fierce, cold winds and rains, where it is already necessary to prepare the winter laundry and seal the windows against the rain pouring in.

<p>mayn dire iz densmol geven af Kupyitski [Kupiecka] 39, an alte khoreve gebeyde, oysgehakte shoybn, a helft tsimer arumgerisn di papir, fintster, keyn elektrye nito, nor a shmatke far a knoyt in a fleshl, koptshet, a bet a hoyle on a tsudek, a tsebrokhn tishl, gefunen ergets, mit drey a halb fus, vos falt zeyer fil mol um, ven ikh shpar zikh on, oder a khaver fargest un shpart zikh on.</p> <p>zitsn mir zikh azoy etlekhe lebngelibene un shmuesn, dertseyndik zikh farsidene epizodn fun undzer frierdikn leben, derinerungen. ruft zikh eyner op: kumt mirn nor tsugeyn zen vu men davnt kol-nidre. lang betn darf men nit. vu tsu geyn un vos</p>	<p>My apartment at that time was on Kupyitski [Kupiecka] Street 39, in an old, ruined building with broken windows. It was a half, dark, sooty room with wallpaper torn on all sides, without electricity, with only a rag as a wick in a small bottle, an empty bed without a blanket, a broken table with three and a half legs found somewhere, which often fell over when I leaned on it or a comrade did not pay attention and leaned on it.</p> <p>So the few of us who have remained alive are sitting there right now, telling each other various episodes of our former lives, memories, when someone speaks up: "Come, let's find out where the Kol Nidre is prayed!" No need to pray for a long time. Nothing is there to go to or do anyway.</p>
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<p>tsu ton iz nito. in tsimer iz kalt, alts iz ofn. lang geyn darf men haynt nit durkh di gasn oder geslekh vi amol. azoy vi men geyt nor aroys, geyt men glaykh mitn noz iber hoyfn, gasn, shtiber. alts iz dokh glaykh mit der erd. amol volt men af der gas vu men davnt haynt, af Mlynove [Mlynowa] 157, zikh gedarft dreyen durkh geslekh un gasn, haynt iz a fargenign: „Frayhayt und glaykhhayt“ fray di vegn on shtiber un glaykhhayt- alts iz oysgeglaykht mit der erd.</p> <p>onkumendik in der fintster, zeen mir shoybn fun der vaytns vi in a fentster fun a nay hoyz laykht zikh epes, mir geyen arayn un afn ershtn blik bagegnt bald a bild:</p>	<p>It is cold in the room, everything is open. Today you don't have to walk long through streets and alleys, as you once did, because as soon as you come out, you walk right across the courtyards, streets, houses, everything has been razed to the ground. In the past, if you wanted to go to the Mlynove [Mlynowa] Street 157 to pray, as we do today, you had to turn through alleys and streets, but today it is a pleasure: "freedom and equality", [so to speak], because the roads are free of houses and, as far as equality is concerned, everything is level with the earth.</p> <p>Approaching in the darkness, we see from afar that something is shining in a window of a new house; we go inside and immediately see the following at first glance:</p>
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in a kleynem tsimer in a vinkl fun mizrekh shteyt a tish ongeshtelt likht vos brenen; der gantser tsimer iz ful mit idn, merstn mener un efsher zeks froyen mer nit. shteyen tsuzamen ale un veynen, ale penimer bavaksn, ongeton in zakhn alte, tserisene.

shteyt men oysgedreyt yeder eyner mit zayne vundn, keyn eyn id mit keyn bord un keyn eyn kind. ale in elter fun 25biz 45, dertsu kumen nokh tsu militer-layt, ofitsirn fun ale armeyen, poshete soldatn, andere mit oystsaykhnungen un andere invalidn.

der bam omed zogt for, ober men hert im zeyer shvakh, vayl fun yedn vinkl un fun yedn zayt, rayst zikh aroys an ander oy! mit a khlip un farkaykht zikh in spazmen.

on taleysim, on vayse kitlen, ober ale mit groyse vundn in hartsn un geshvolene oygn shteyt men oyfgeshtikt un yedns gedank un blik iz gevendet vu!?

dos ken ikh nit bashtimen un ken tsu keynem in gedank nit araynkrikhn. farshidene idn:

a rusisher hoykher ofitsir shteyt, halt a sider leben a Brust ful mit medaln un veynt, tsi davnt er ernst?

es lozt zikh nit gloybn!

nor eyn zakh lozt zikh yo gloybn, mishpetndik fun zikh aleyn, onverndik in krig alemen un tsuzeendik di virklekhkeyt fun leben, velkhes hot zikh aroysgevizn groyzam, hot es aruntergerisn fil hofenungen velkhe men hot geleygt afn mentshn zayendik afn front, opferndik dem leben un men hot zikh gebrokhn.

zikhndik

In the eastern corner of a small room there is a table with lighted candles; the whole room is full of Jews, most of them are men and maybe six women, nothing more. All standing together and crying, all with hairy faces and in old, torn clothes. So each of them stand, facing their wounds. Not a single Jew without a beard, not a single child. All between the ages of 25 and 45, plus military men, officers from all armies, common soldiers or those with decorations, some invalids.

The one at the omed [podium] is davening, but you can barely hear him, because from every angle and side another "oy!" rings out with a sigh and chokes in convulsions.

Without prayer shawls, without white robes, but with big wounds in their hearts and swollen eyes, they stand there close together, but where are the thoughts and looks of each of them turned to?!

I can't tell, because I can't read their minds; they are very different Jews:

There is that tall Russian officer standing by, holding a Jewish prayer book next to his chest full of medals, and crying. I wonder if he is praying seriously.

One can not believe it!

After all, only one thing I do believe, concluding from me to others:

After losing everyone during the war and facing the reality, which proved to be cruel, many hopes that were placed in people while they were at the front, ready to sacrifice their lives, proved to be deceptive, and they became shaken [in their values and faith].

Looking for

vu, far vemen zikh aroptsuredn fun hartsn, zaynen zey gekumen in shil zikh oysveynen.
shver tsum farentfern fil fragen far azoyne vos hobn alts mitgemakht.
shteyt zikh a id vos hot zikh farshtelt far a polyak. groyse vontsn, a poylish hitl, shtivl, a tseylem afn hartsn. shver tsum derkenen tsi s'iz a id tsi nit. ober di oygn zaynen farshvoln. keyn sider halt er nit, nor a shtekn. ikh kuk im on, un gey leyn arop fun aza mentshn, loyt zayn haltung un firung vos tut er do?
vi tsebrokhn, vos fara min genem fun laydn der mentshn iz adurkh!

nit zayendik keyn religyezer fun frier, zikh hobndik geshmadt un itst in shil, ven alemens oygn observirn im, veynt er glykh mit alemen, entfert omeyn! nemt dem tseylem nit arop, ober interesirt zikh mit ale idishe inyonim.

shpeter hob ikh zikh take dervust, az der doziker id iz umgekumen nokher in an onfal fun polyakn af a shtetl, vu es hobn zikh tsurikgekert 10 idn, un er iz umgekumen zayendik in shtetl tsvishn idn. azoy hot zikh farendikt zayn leben.

ober in shil yom-kipur iz yeder a id bazunder gekumen zikh oysredn mit zikh aley, nit betn ba keynem keyn fargebung un gut yor, nor foderung un entfer ba got, ba di andere, oder ba zikh aley.
nit zikh klapn al-khet, nor klapn in tish! nit mazkir neshomes zayn, nor fodern far di neshomes un far zikh aley a bafridikung, an entfer af alts vos s'iz forgekumen.

a place where they could get everything off their chest, they came to the synagogue to sob their heart out.

How difficult it is for those who had to go through all this to answer all the questions!

There' s a Jew pretending to be a Pole. A big mustache, a Polish hat, appropriate boots and a cross on his chest. Hard to tell if he is a Jew or not, but his eyes are puffy. He's not holding a prayer book, just a cane. I look at him and try to get an idea of this person, according to his posture and behavior, "what is he doing?" He seems broken; what kind of hell of human suffering has he gone through?!

Since he may not have been so religious before, he may have converted from the Jewish faith and now, in the silence, when all eyes are watching him, he cries along with everyone, responds with "omeyn!", does not take down the cross, but is interested in all Jewish content.

Afterwards, I actually learned that this Jew later lost his life in a raid by Poles on a shtetl to which 10 Jews had returned. He died while he was in the shtetl among Jews; that's how his life ended.

After all, on Yom Kippur, everyone had gone to the synagogue specifically to come clean with themselves, not to ask someone else's forgiveness and wish them a good year, but to demand a response, from God, from others, or from themselves.
Not to "knock Al-Khet" [say the prayer of repentance] they came, but to "knock the table" ["clear the air"]; not to say a prayer for the

<p>s'iz nit geven keyn davenen fun amol, ven es hobn zikh tsaytnvayz afile gehert di verter fun khazn vos iz geshtanen bam omed un oysgefirt zayne ale flikhtn velkhe der davenen leygt af im aroyf. zeltn ven es interesirn eynem di verter fun davenen velkhe er hert dem khazn.</p> <p>nor dos frier gezogte velkhe bindt dem mentshn mit zayn folk un di itstike groyse farbindung fun velkhe shikht un velkhn klas er zol nit zayn un vos fara onshoyungen er zol nit hobn, hot im azoy tsebrokhn, az im hot getsoygn tsum</p>	<p>deceased, but to obtain satisfaction for their souls and for themselves, to find an answer to all that had happened.</p> <p>It was not the prayer ceremony of those days, where occasionally you could even hear the words of the khazn [cantor] standing on the podium and performing all his duties in terms of reciting the prayers. Rarely did anyone care about the [individual] words of the prayers they heard from the khazn.</p> <p>However, what was said then, connected man with his people, and the momentary broad connection, no matter what class or stratum a person belonged to and what views he held, so tore the individual apart that he was drawn into the small</p>
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<p>kleyne heyfele und finstern tsimer, tsu gefinn epes azoyns vos zol im farlaykhtern, gefinen a farentferung. ober avekgeyendik fun davenen, hot dos nokh mer farbitert un farshvert dem gedank observirndik, vos es iz gevorn fun undz un vi mir zen oys itst nokhn zig, velkher iz shoyn foroysgezen.</p> <p>di ershte shrit tsu a nayem leben</p> <p>vi di idische legende dertseylt fun toyznt yorn tsurik, fun di tsaytn ven der mabl iz avek un Noyakh hot aroysgelozn fun yedn min bashefenish a por, es zol zikh tsurik kenen antviklen di velt, loyt ir form, azoy hobn zikh itst tsunoyfgekumen di ershte idn. yeder eyner fun a farshidenem shikht un yeder eyner hot zikh tsurik genumen tsu zayn frierdiker arbet: a shuster, a shnayder, a fabrikant, a shtekl dreyer, fun yedn mit mentsh- eyner.</p> <p>yeder eyner shaft zikh ayn oyf zayn oyfn a varshtat un hoybt on tsu</p>	<p>courtyard and into the dark room to find something that would give him relief and answer his questions. After all, when we finally left the prayer ceremony, our thoughts became even more bitter and somber as we realized what we had become and what we looked like now, after the expected victory.</p> <p>The First Step to a New Life</p> <p>Just as the millennia-old Jewish legend tells of the time when the Flood subsided and Noah let out a pair of each kind of living creature so that it could develop again in the world after its kind, so now the first Jews are coming together.</p> <p>Each one of different stratum goes back now to his former work: a shoemaker, a manufacturer, a turner, from each fellow-one. Each in his own way creates a workshop and begins to work.</p>
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<p>arbetn. farnakht kumen zikh ale tsunoyf un redn arum di badingungen fun nayem leben, vi eynem git zikh ayn beser ayntsuordenen un dem tsveytn erger. der shtarkere, nemt shoyn tsu der arbet dem nay tsugekumenem vos kon zikh nokh azoy gikh ba di naye badingungen nit gebn keyn eytse un batsolt im farn tog arbet an ayngeshteln prayz. dos leben fodert zayns. er veys nit fun keyn shum tsebrokhnkeyt un sentimentn.</p> <p>lebstu?- kemf vayter far dayn leben un makh zikh a veg loyt di ayngeshtelte gezetsn in velkhe du gefinst zikh. der ershter komitet shaft zikh fun zikh aleyn, keyner klaybt im nit, ver es hot nor an interes tut di arbet aleyn.</p> <p>es gefinen zikh oykh etlekhe frume idn vos zitsn yedn ovnt un lernen gemore.</p> <p>dos dozike bild fun amol vos ikh hob gezen, hot af mir gemakht a shtarkn ayndruk ven bin tsufelik arayn batog in a tsimer fun der shtub vu der komitet flegt zikh tsunoyfklaybn un getrofn zitsndik yunge tsen idn ba alte tsunoyfgeklibene sheymes un lernen.</p> <p>ikh bin</p>	<p>In the evening we all meet and discuss about the conditions of our new life, that one person succeeds better in integrating and the second worse. The "stronger" one already hires the newcomer, who is not yet coping well with the new situation, and pays him a fixed wage per working day. Life makes its own demands, not knowing anything about brokenness and sentimentalities.</p> <p>You live? - Then continue to fight for your life and prepare your way according to the laws in which you find yourself. The first committee arises from itself; it is not elected. Those who are interested take the work into their own hands.</p> <p>Every evening, also a small number of pious Jews sit together and study the Gemara. Once I was very impressed by the scene I saw there. When I happened to come into the room where the committee used to meet during the day, I met ten young Jews sitting and studying old religious book pages that had been gathered together. I stood</p>
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<p>geshtanen efsher tsen minut un geklert, mit vos fara geduld un klorn kop kenen dos itst zitsn mentshn, yunge, vos hobn azoy fil adurkhgelebt un lernen zakhn, vos zaynen geshribn gevorn mit azoy fil yorn tsurik un nokh diskutirn iber zey, punkt vi alts volt gegangen normal, vi keyn zakh volt nit geshen.</p> <p>der entfere af dem gefinen mir in der tendents zikh tsu klamern in dos „alte“ khotsh es iz farmishpet tsum untergang.</p>	<p>there for maybe ten minutes thinking how people at a time like this could sit with so much patience and a clear head; young people who had endured so much were learning topics that were written so many years ago and even still discussed them, just as if everything had gone normally, as if nothing had happened.</p> <p>The answer to the above can be found in the tendency to cling to the "old" even when it is doomed.</p>
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ober itst, nokh dem vi mir zaynen oysgeliefert gevorn tsu der

But now, after all our people have been handed over



צוריק צום לעבן: ביאליסטאקער שול־קינדער מיט זייער לערער

Back to life: Bialystok schoolchildren with their teachers

<p>shkhite als gants folk on undersheyd, muzn mir zikh als gantse shteln in kamf kegn dem altn sistem, vos brengt undz um, un kemfn ekzistirn vayter als folk.</p> <p>in yedn kamf vos es iz forgekumen in der velt, flegt undzer folk shtendik gefinen in di shikhtn vos trogn di naye ideyen a veg antviklen zikh un in itstikn gerangl tsvishn dem altn sistem fun der velt mit di naye formen vos muzn durkhgefirt vern, iz undzer veg tsu untershtitsn un</p>	<p>to mass murder without distinction, we as a whole must face the struggle against the old system that is killing us, and fight to continue to exist as a people.</p> <p>In every struggle that took place in the world, our people used to find a way in the currents that brought the new ideas and developed them, and in the present struggle between the old world system and the new concepts to be realized, our way is to support the new and fight for</p>
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<p>kemfn far dos naye, vos trogt mit zikh dem ruf tsu mensthn-libe un kegn eksploitatsye fun mentshn iber mentsh. vayl der alter sistem, vortslt ayn un fodert far zayn oyfhalt- nor rasnhas un eksploitatsye fun felker.</p> <p>ikh vil nit, az der vos vet dos iberleyenen zol a krekhts ton, oder badoyern dem goyrl fun di mentshn vos hobn zikh gefunen inmitn fun di gesheenishn un mitgemakht azoyne groylike iberlebungen, nor er zol mishpetn loyt di ale faktn vos ikh hob do ongegebn un bilder vos ikh hob gezen, alts mitmakhdik aley, af der eygener hoyt, dos zol zayn a ruf tsum kontrolirn di biz itstike aynshtelungen un maysim un nit tsuleygn keyn hant vayter tsu derfirm di zelbe mentshn, in velkher fort zey zoln zikh nit bavayzn tsu der makht, vos vet vayter derbringen tsu dos zelbe, nor zikh lozn mit ale mitlen in kamf kegn zey.</p> <p>dos iz der oyfn mit velkhn men ken baern dem koved un ondenk fun ale gefalene tayerste undzere eltern, brider, shvester, froyen, kinder,</p>	<p>a system that contains the call for love between people and against mutual exploitation. For the old system, with its racial hatred and exploitation of peoples, is firmly rooted and demands to remain.</p> <p>My intention is not that the reader groans or regrets the fate of the people who were in the middle of the events and had to go through such cruel experiences, but that he should form a judgment according to the facts I mention and the pictures I have seen, because I have experienced everything myself, in my own body.[My book] should be understood as a call to reconsider the existing attitudes and ideas and not to lift hands for continuing to bring to power those people who stand for the same old system, but to go into resistance against them with all means.</p> <p>In this way we can pay tribute and honor the memory of all the fallen and loved ones, our parents, brothers, sisters, wives, children,</p>
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zeydes un bobes, umshuldik dermordete un kemfer fun di armeyen un partizankes in geto.

grandfathers and grandmothers, the innocently murdered and the fighters in the armies and partisan groups in the ghetto.

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