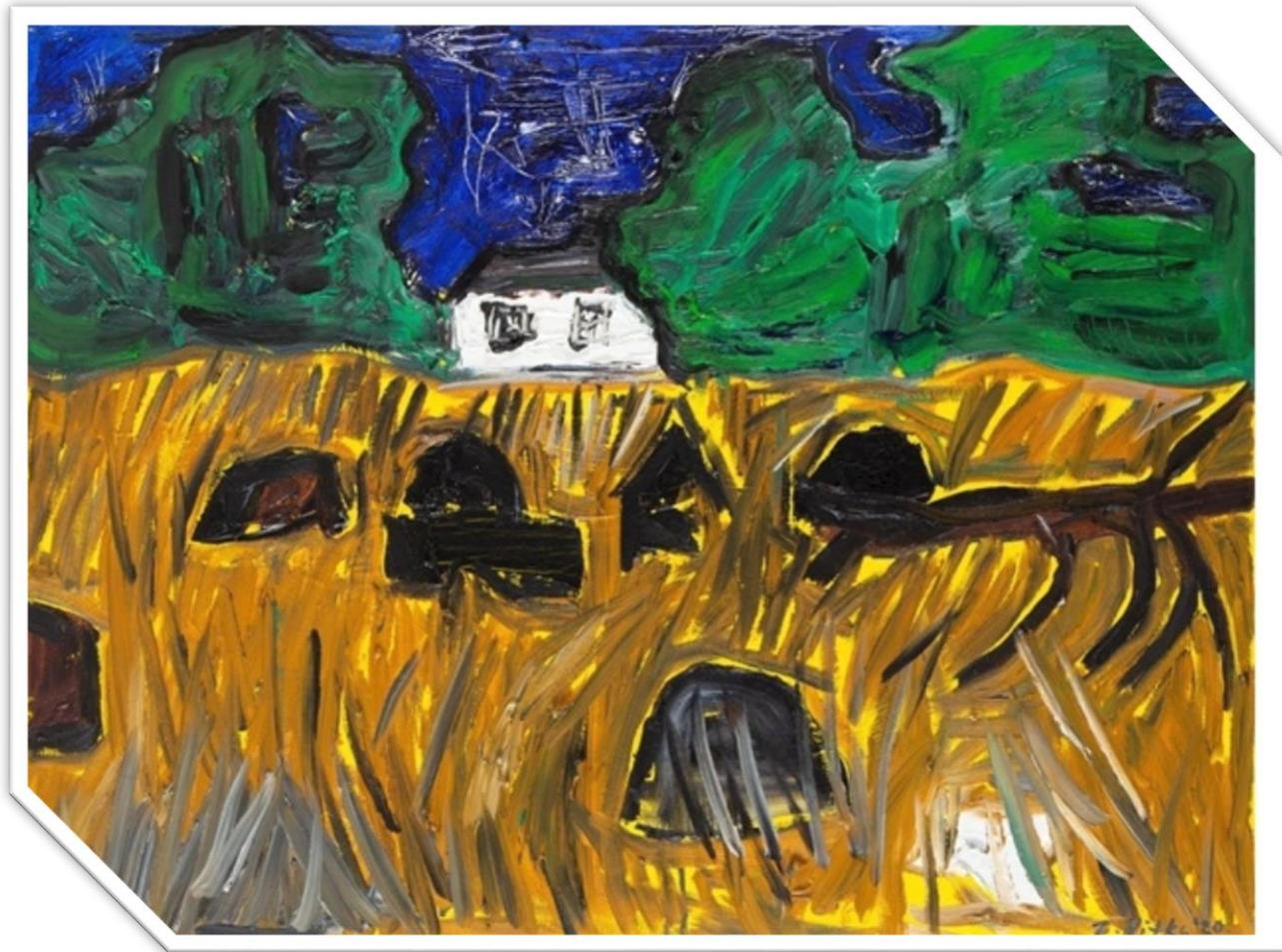


Krinik in Khurbn

Pages 36 - 45



Drawing courtesy of the painter, Zdzislaw Nitka

A freyd oyf alemens ponemer. brider loyfn tsu brider un teyln zikh mit der frey. tates- tsu kinder. yeder iz tsufridn vos er fort nisht vayter un vet bald tsurikkumen aheym, unter der varemer perene, unter di tsiterndike oygn fun der muter.

fun a zayt fun shvartsn vald bavayzt zikh a roytshtik himl, fun velkhn es formirt zikh a shtralndike harbst-zun. di shtraln faln oyf di farfroyrene glider un farshtarkn undzer freyd. yederer geyt tsu tsum heyzl bay velkhn es zitsn shoynt etlekhe soldatn bay a kleyn, dorfish tishl un yeder git iber dos ferd, ver mit a vogn un ver on a vogn. dan bakumt yeder tsu tsvey papirene zlotes un vert fray fun militer-oyfzikht.

es zamlen zikh grupkes mentshn un lozn zikh oyfn veg tsu zikh aheym, tsufus. eyn grupke vil iberyogn di tsveyte. khevre iz freylekh. me rayst shtiker broyt fun zekl. ver es shmirt mit puter un ver es bayst fun a langer kishke khazer-vursht. andere haltn mit ale finf finger a shtik vayselone un esn mitn a gutn apetit. yeder est loyfundik foroys un varfundik a blik oyf tsurik, vu er hot ibergelozt gantse grupkes, tseyte ibern shteynernem shliakh.

The joy is written all over everyone's face. Brothers run to brothers and fathers to their children to share their joy. Everyone is satisfied that they do not have to go any further and will soon return home, under their warm feather beds and under the anxiously caring eyes of their mother.

Above one side of the black forest, a red patch of sky appears, from which a brilliant autumn sun is forming. Its rays fall on our frozen limbs and increase our joy. Each one goes to a small house where quite a few soldiers are already sitting at a small village table; and each one hands over his horse, one with a carriage, the other without. As a result, everyone receives two paper zloty and is no longer subject to the supervision of the military.

People gather in groups and head home on foot. One group wants to overtake the other, a merry bunch it is! From their little sacks, they pick pieces of bread and smear them with butter or take a bite from a long pork sausage (in the intestine). Others, with all five fingers, hold a piece of white bacon and eat with a good appetite. Moving forward, everyone is eating and taking another look back at where they left entire groups, spread out over the stone highway.

azoy loyfn shnel fariber felder, kustes un vayse poyerishe heyzlekh, velkhe mir hobn forndik aher gor nit gezen. azoy lozn mir iber Sokolke un ot bavayzt zikh der shpits fun Kamenker koshtshyol es loyft aroys beyze, dorfishke hint un bagleytn undz a shtikl veg, biz es vert zey deresn dos umziste biln un zey loyfn tsurik tsu di poyerishe khates.

di zun shteyt shoyn oyf der mit himl un mit yeder minut rukt zi zikh alts mer tsu a breg. ot farlozn mir shoyn di farshtot fun undzer shtetl un es zet zikh shoyn on di berg-keyt fun der tsveyter zayt shtetl. azoy kumen mir tsu tsu di ershte heyzlekh.

yeder loyft vos shneler. yederer vil der ershter zayn bay zikh in shtub. muters un shvester loyfn aroys fun di heyzer mit freydike blikn bagegenen zey zeyere kinder un brider, vi zey voltn itst gekumen tsurik fun front als ziger.

dos iz shoyn der driter tog fun krig. di politseyishe distsiplin vert mit yeder sho alts shvakher. an umet trogt zikh bay yedn in hartsn. di nayesn fun front zaynen shlekhte. di daytshn farnemen yede sho naye shtet. ikh gey tsu an ofenem fentster oyf velkhn es shteyt a radyo. baym fentster zaynen oysgeshtelt naygerike mentshn un vartn mit groys umgeduld oyf dem front-barikht.

And so fields, bushes and white little houses quickly pass by, which we didn't even see on the way there. Leaving Sokolka behind us, the spire of the Polish church of Kamenka is already visible. Aggressive village dogs run out and accompany us part of the way until they tire of the futile barking and run back to the peasant huts.

The sun is already at its zenith, moving further towards the horizon every minute. There we are leaving the suburb of our shtetl and can already see the mountain range that lies to the other side of our shtetl. When we reach the first cottages, everyone just runs faster!

Everyone wants to be the first at home in the parlor. Mothers and sisters come running out of their houses and welcome their children and brothers with joyful looks, as if they just came back from the front as victors.

It is already the third day of the war. Police discipline is weakening with each passing hour. Gloom spreads through the hearts. News from the front is bad. The Germans are taking new cities every hour. I go to an open window where there is a radio. Curious people stand at the window, waiting with great impatience for the front report.

<p>mir derhern: do redt Warshe. England un Frankreykh kumen undz tsu hilf. haynt hot England derklert krig undzer soyne, Daytshland. a freyd hot zikh aroysgerisn bay yedn. mentshn drikn zikh eyns s'andere di hent. andere kushn zikh far freyd.</p> <p>-„itst veln mir gevinen“, hert zikh a freylekhe shtim fun a yungn poylishn student, mir veln zey itst vayzn vos mir kenen.</p> <p>di yedie iz shnel vi a blits farshpreyt gevorn ibern gantsn shtetl. alt un yung- itlekher iz tsufridn. muters vos hobn avekgeschikt zeyere kinder oyfn shlakht-feld veynen far freyd vos bald veln zey hobn zeyere kinder leben zikh.</p> <p>a freylekher ovnt in shtetl. der driter tog fun krig un shoyn aza glik: mir zaynen nit aleyn!</p>	<p>We hear: "This is Warsaw. England and France are coming to our aid. Today England has declared war on our enemy Germany". A cheer breaks out among everyone. People squeeze each other's hands or kiss each other with joy.</p> <p>"Now we're going to win", chimes the cheerful voice of a young, Polish student, "now we're going to show them what we are capable of!" The news spreads quickly throughout the shtetl. Old and young - everyone is happy. Mothers who sent their children to the battlefield cry with joy that they will soon have their children back with them.</p> <p>A happy evening in the shtetl. The third day of the war - and already such a fortune: we are not alone!</p>	
--	--	--

Page 38

<p>der ferter tog fun krig hot zikh ongehoyn mit a geroysh fun avyonen iber di heyzer fun shtetl. di sirene hot getsvungen tsu loyfn alt un yung. di avyonen zaynen ibergefloygn ibern shtetl un a shtilkeyt iz geblibn hengen in der luftn.</p> <p>azoy zaynen ariber shtil der ferter un finfter tog. di barikhtn vern erger fun tog tsu tog. do kumt a klang un vert blits-shnel farshpreyt iber ale heyzer, az di daytshn zaynen shoyn bay di toyern fun Grodne.</p>	<p>The fourth day of the war begins with the sound of airplanes over the houses of the shtetl. The alarm siren forces old and young to race. The planes have flown over the shtetl, leaving a silence that lingers in the air.</p> <p>So, the fourth and the fifth day pass quietly. The reports are worsening day by day. Then a rumor makes its rounds and spreads like lightning over all houses: The Germans are already at the gates of Grodno!</p>	
--	--	--

<p>der zekster un zibeter tog zaynen geven ful mit frische naves.</p> <p>der akhter un naynter tog hobn zikh ongehoyn mit a loyferay fun der politsey un vi a shturem iz shnel adurkh ibern shtetl der klang: Grodne iz gefaln, di daytshn zaynen shoyn arum undzer shtetl!</p> <p>a groyl iz adurkh ibern shtetl. mentshn geyen arum more-shkhoyredik. frume yidn geyen in Bes-Medresh zogn tehilim. eynike bashlisn tsu fastn. veyber geyen oyfn besoylem betn bay di toyte, me zol zikh derbaremen un helfn in aza groyser tsore. (1)</p> <p>der klang lozt zikh mit yeder minut alts daytlekher gloybn. di politsey halt shoyn nit oyf keyn distsiplin. politsyantn zamlen zikh leben pasterunek un greyt zikh, zet oys, tsu farlozn dos shtetl.</p> <p>ot zet men furn vos shteyen shoyn greyt tsum opforn. men leygt aroyf oyf zey dem gantsn politseyishn arkhiv un mentshn zamlen zikh vos mer arum di vegener. di politsey traybt mer nit fanander. in getseylte minutn arum darfn zey farlozn dos shtetl.</p> <p>me zet shoyn farveynte ponemer fun froyen, velkhe brekhn di hent un shrayen: ba vemen lozn zey undz iber? ver vet undz farteydikn? ver vet undz rateven fun merders groyzame hent?... keyner git oyf dem nit keyn entfer. in aza panik-shtimung lebt itst di bafelkerung.</p>	<p>On the sixth and seventh day, there are ongoing news updates.</p> <p>The eighth and ninth days begin with a police crowd, and like a storm, a rumor quickly spreads through the shtetl: Grodno has fallen; the Germans are already around our shtetl!</p> <p>A shudder seizes the shtetl. People walk around gloomily. Pious Jews go to the Bes-Medresh reciting psalms. Some decide to fast. Women visit the dead in the cemetery to ask for mercy and help in our great need. (1)</p> <p>Every minute, the rumor turns out to be more and more true. The police no longer maintain discipline. Police officers gather next to the detention center and it looks like they are preparing to leave the shtetl.</p> <p>There you can see carriages, ready for departure, already. The complete police archive material is packed onto them, and more and more people gather around the carts. But the police are no longer dispersing them. In a few minutes, they'll probably have to leave the shtetl.</p> <p>Already you can see the tear-stained faces of women crying out hand-wringing: "Who will they leave us to? Who will defend us? Who will save us from the cruel hands of the murderer?" No one to answer that. The population now has to live in this mood of panic.</p>	
--	--	--

<p>der politsey-komendant bavayzt zikh oyf di trep un vendet zikh mit a tsiterdiker shtim tsum ongezamlt n oylem:</p> <p>geyt zikh fanander! mir forn nokh nisht op. mir hobn bloyz bakumen a bafel zikh tsutsugreytn tsum optret n in fal ven dos zol</p>	<p>The police commander shows himself on the stairs, turning to the assembled audience with a trembling voice:</p> <p>"Go apart! We are not leaving yet. We have only received an order to prepare for a withdrawal if necessary.</p>	
--	---	--

1) *In Judaism, the invocation of the dead is expressly forbidden. However, there is the idea that one can get in touch with their souls - from Jew to Jew - and thereby bring about a kind of mediation before the Almighty.*

Page 39

<p>neytik zayn, nor dervayl zayt ruik un halt ordenung. yeder filt in zayne reyd, vi er bet zikh mit takhnunim- shtim , vi a trenkendiker, az me zol im rateven.</p> <p>aza shtimung gedoyert drey teg. oyfn tsentn tog fun krig-oysbrukh farlozt di politsey un ale baamte Krinik. di gantse bafelkerung iz adurkhgenumen mit pakhed un shrek. ot dertrogt zikh a yedihe, az di daytshn zaynen shoyn 10 kilometer fun undz.</p> <p>es hern zikh shoyn daytlekh di shosn fun shvere harmant n un tanken. in di himlen royshn eskvadres avyonen. di sirene git shoyn mer nit keyn tsaykh n, az me zol zikh bahalt n. alts iz opgeshtorbn. mit yeder minut vert di shrek alts shtarker. di gasn vern pust.</p>	<p>But in the meantime, be quiet and keep order." Everyone feels the affecting voice in his speech - like a drowning man begging for rescue.</p> <p>This mood lasts for three days. On the tenth day after the outbreak of war, the police and all officials leave Krynki. The entire population is filled with horror and shock. There we get the message that the Germans are only 10 kilometers away from us.</p> <p>Indeed, we can already hear the shots from heavy guns and tanks. In the sky, squadrons of airplanes are roaring. The siren no longer sends a signal to hide. Everything has died off. With each passing minute, the fright grows even stronger. The streets become empty.</p>	
--	---	--

a toyt-shtil-keyt hersht arum. fun tsayt tsu tsayt hern zikh nor di shvere trit fun *Yakev Kazoltshik* („Yankl Khazer“), velkher geyt eyner aleyn mit a shtekn in hant iber di toyte gasn un yeder trot zayner klingt op mit an ekho.

mir zitsn ale in shtub. di fentster farhengen. a shtilkeyt hersht arum. di kleyninke shvesterke mayne filt mit di eyne . der tate redt tsu undz, az mir zoln zikh oysleygn oyf der erd, ven s’vet zikh hern a shiseray. fun tsayt tsu tsayt hilkh’n op shvere harmatn-shosn, velkhe blaybn hengen in der arumiker shtilkeyt. ikh gey langzam aroys fun shtub un krikh aroyf oyfn boydem un kuk aroys fun dem firekdikn lokh, durkh velkh’n es zet zikh on der shoysey vos firt tsu Sokolke-Bialystok.

mayn blik dergreykht tsum vaytn horizont, vu es fareynikn zikh himl un erd. ot ze ikh Yakev Kozoltshik vi er geyt eyner aleyn iber der gas, haltndik in hant a lebl broyt mit zalts un in der tsveyter hant- dem shtekn.

a shrek loyft mir ariber ibern gantsn kerper. der arum vos mayne oygn nehmen arum iz toyt. keyn simen nisht az do zaynen faran lebedike mentshn. di lodns zaynen fest fariglt. Yakev geyt mit lange trit faroyt tsum choyse. es rayst zikh arayn a shos un hilkh’t op in der arumiker shtilkeyt.

All around there is dead silence. From time to time you can still hear the heavy footsteps of *Yakov Kazoltshik* (“Yankl Khazer”) (2), who walks all alone with a stick in his hand over the dead streets, and every step echoes.

We all are sitting in the parlor with the windows covered. All around is just silence. My little sister also feels the scare. Dad instructs us to get down on the ground in case there is any gunfire. From time to time, heavy cannon shots boom, lingering in the silence of the surroundings. Slowly, I leave the parlor and crawl up to the attic, looking out of the square opening through which I can see the highway leading to Sokolka-Bialystok.

My gaze reaches to the wide horizon, where heaven and earth unite. There I see Yakob Kozaltshik walking alone through the streets, holding a loaf of bread with salt in one hand, and in his second - his stick.

I shudder all over my body. The surroundings that my eyes can perceive are lifeless. No sign that there are living people here. The shutters are firmly locked. Yakob is walking ahead to the highway with long strides. A gunshot cracks through the air and echoes in the surrounding silence.

<p>ikh trakht: vuhin geyt er? farvos shtelt er ayn dos leben? ikh vil shrayen durkh dos boydem-lokh: Yakev. Yakev, gey nisht, men vet dikh shisn! nor er iz shoyn vayt fun mir. er iz shteyn geblibn leben brunem. ikh vend mayn blik tsurik</p>	<p>My mind goes, "Where is he walking to? Why is he risking his life?" I want to shout through the attic opening, "Yakob, Yakob, don't go, you'll be shot!" But he is already too far away from me. He stops next to the well. I turn my gaze back to the highway.</p>	
--	--	--

2) Yankl Khazer: A nickname. A khazer is a pig (or a coarse, stingy person). Yakob was a broad-shouldered, very strong man, who was called "the Samson from Kryunki". We will learn more about Yakob Kozaltshik (there are different spellings of his name), later

Page 40

<p>tsum shosey. Kleyne, tunkele geshtaltn rukn zikh fun bayde zaytn shosey. mit yeder minut vern zey greser un daytlekher. ot ze ikh shoyn tsvey rayen shtolene helmen. ot dergreykhn zey shoyn tsu di ershte heyzer. yeder halt oysgeshtrekt a biks un geyt mit langzame trit foroys. ikh vende mayn blik tsu Jakev.</p> <p>er shteyt vi farglivert in mitn gas. ot zaynen zey shoyn leben im. es falt a shos un mir dukht zikh oys az er ligt shoyn ayngetunken in blut. a tsiter geyt mir durkh. ot ze ikh shoyn gants daytlekhe blikn un yeder trot fun di batshvekevete shtivl hilkht op in der toyt-shtil-keyt. es derhert zikh a shtarker geshray, vos blaybt hengen in der luftn mit an opklang: „Hende hokh!“</p> <p>un Yakev leygt avek dos broyt un zalts un zayne hent heybn zikh ibern kop. - keyn gever?</p>	<p>Small, dark figures are moving on both sides of the highway. Every minute, they become bigger and clearer. There, I see two rows of steel helmets. By now, they already have reached the first houses! With their guns ready, everyone walks forward with slow steps. I turn my eyes to Yakob:</p> <p>He is standing there frozen, in the middle of the street. Now they are already next to him! A shot is fired and I think that he is already lying in his blood. A tremor runs through me. Now, I already see their glances quite clearly, and each step of their nail-studded boots echoes in the dead silence. A loud shout rings out and echoes through the air, "Hände hoch - Hands up!"</p> <p>Putting the bread and salt aside, Yakob raises his hands high above his head. "No rifle?"</p>	
--	--	--

<p>- nayn, hilkhht op der gezunter entfere fun Yakev. - keyne polyakn in shtot? - nayn, keyne soldatn, entfere Yakev. - ven es kumt eyn shos oyf undz fun a fentster oder hoyf, dan verstu dershoshn. farshtanen? - a tsiterndiker entfere: „Yavohl!“</p> <p>un zey geyen in der rikhtung tsum mark-plats. Yakev geyt in der mit gas. di biksn fun di daytshn zaynen geven gevendet tsu im.</p> <p>yeder trot hilkhht vi zey voltn gegangen iber a blekh. zeyere merderishe oygn loyfn iber yeder vinkele. zey farshvindn fun mayn blik. ikh kuk arop tsum shosey. es zeen zikh kleyne geshtaltn, nor zey shteyen oyf an ort.</p> <p>in etlekhe minut arum hern zikh vider di shvere trit fun di daytshn, velkhe geyen tsurik tsum shosey fun vanen zey zaynen gekumen. dos zaynen geven di oysshpirers-arum 20 perzon. eyn sho hersht nokh di zelbe shtilkeyt vos frier.</p> <p>fun minut tsu minut vert yeder dreyster bay zikh un prubirt aroyshtekn dem kop fun fentster. ikh bashlis aroptsugeyn fun boydem. in der zelber tsayt her ikh, vi mentshn bavegn zikh shoyn oyf der gas- di dreystere.</p>	<p>"No", echoes the 'wholesome' reply from Yakob. "No Poles in town?" "No, no soldiers", Yakob replies. "If we're shot at from a window or a courtyard, you'll be shot, understand?" A shaky reply, "Yes, sir!".</p> <p>And they walk toward the marketplace. Yakob is going in the middle of the street. The Germans' rifles are pointed at him.</p> <p>Each of their steps reverberates as if they were going over sheet metal. Their murderous eyes check every little corner. They disappear from my field of vision. I look down to the highway. There are small figures to be seen there, but they linger on the spot. A few minutes later, the heavy footsteps of the Germans can be heard again; they're walking back to the highway from where they had come. They have been the scouts; about 20 people. For an hour, the previous silence continues.</p> <p>With each passing minute, the daring in all of us grows, and so everyone tries to keep their heads out of the windows. I decide to go down from the attic. But at the same time I hear that people are already moving on the street - the more audacious ones.</p>	
--	---	--



Bundesarchiv, Bild 183-2007-0928-501
Foto: Lang, 1935

The German nail-studded lace-up boot. Courtesy of Bundesarchiv, Picture 183-2007-0928-501 / This file is licensed under the [Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike 3.0 Germany](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/3.0/de/) license. No changes made. [https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kampfstiefel_\(Deutschland\)#/media/Datei:Bundesarchiv_Bild_183-2007-0928-501,_Einkleidung,_Stiefelkammer.jpg](https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kampfstiefel_(Deutschland)#/media/Datei:Bundesarchiv_Bild_183-2007-0928-501,_Einkleidung,_Stiefelkammer.jpg)

original caption: " Blick in eine deutsche Kleiderkammer 1935. Neben den 1933 eingeführten Schnallenstiefeln ist der Schnürschuh Modell 1928 zu sehen "

<p>ikh gey arop oyf der gas trots dem gebet fun mayn mamen, az ikh zol nit geyn, vayl zey kenen nokh tsurikkumen. ikh gey arop un loz zikh in der rikhtung tsum mark, vu es shteyen shoy'n etlekhe mentshn in a redl. in a zayt shteyt a kestl mit leydike flesher bir.</p>	<p>I go down to the street, despite my mother's plea not to go, because they (the Germans) might come back again. So I go down towards the market, where quite a few people are already standing in a circle. On the side is a box with empty beer bottles.</p>	
<p>ikh gey tsu un her vi Yakev dertseylt, vos di daytshn hobn tsu im geredt.- ikh hob zey gezogt, az di shtot hot mikh geshikt zey mekhablponem zayn. ale arumike shishn oys mit a gelekhter gemisht mit a trer. un vayter dertseylt Yakev, az zey hobn gefregt vi fl yidn es voynen in shtetl un dernokh hobn zey im gezogt: „zoln di yidn keyn angst hobn. hier kumen di rusn“.</p>	<p>I approach and can hear Yakob, telling what the Germans said to him. "I told them that the city sent me to welcome them!" All the bystanders burst out laughing, mixed with tears. And Yakob goes on telling us that they asked him how many Jews lived in the city. "And after that they told me: The Jews don't need to be afraid, because the Russians are coming here!"</p>	
<p>di verter zaynen hengen geblibn in der luftn un yeder fregt nokhamol iber: vos? Vos? er shvert bay zayn froy un kinder, az zey zoln azoy gezunt zayn. eyner kukt dem tsveytn in di oygn un fregt shtum:-Vos iz do? iz Yakev meshuge? di Rusn? vi azoy du rusn? plutslung? zey firm dokh nisht keyn krig mit daytshland!</p>	<p>The words are hanging in the air and everyone asks again, "What? What?" But he swears by the health of his wife and children! One looks the other in the eyes, asking silently: "What's wrong? Is Yakob meshugge? The Russians? Why the Russians? Suddenly? They're not even at war with Germany!"</p>	
<p>- neyn Yakev, du host nisht gut gehert, zogt eyner a yid vos shteyt derbay. ober blits-shnel iz farpreyt gevorn di yedie in shtetl, az di rusn kumen. di merhayt hot dos nisht</p>	<p>"No, Yakob, you didn't listen properly," says one of the Jews standing by. But in a flash, the news spreads in the shtetl that the Russians are coming. The majority does not believe it.</p>	

<p>gegloybt. yeder hot XXXem andersh oysgeleygt. der iker, az dos iz a provokatsye fun di daytshn un me darf derfun mer nisht redn. un azoy vi mir shteyen un redn, derhert zikh a geshray fun der tsveyter gas:</p> <p>-Yakev, Yakev! me ruft Yakevn. mir derhern a geroysh fun an mototsikl . shnel tseloyfn zikh ale in di heyzer.oyfn mark roysht motots-kletn , Krinik iz vider in shrek. daytshn zaynen vider arayn fun der tsveyter zayt.</p> <p>mir zitsn farshpart hinter di farhangene fentster un undzere alemens panik vakst mit yeder minut. un in a sho arum zet men vider durkhgeyendike naygerike mentshn. ikh gey vider arop oyf der gas tsum mark tsu. Yakev shteyt un redt far a grupe yidn un kristn un dertseylt zey vos di daytshn hobn im gezogt. vider khazert er iber di frierdike verter: es kumen di rusn.</p>	<p>Everyone is interpreting the news in a different way. Above all, it is believed to be only a provocation of the Germans and not necessary to talk about it anymore. And while we are standing there talking, there is a shout from the other street:</p> <p>"Yakob, Yakob!" Yakob is called! We hear the sound of a motorcycle. Quickly, everyone runs apart to their houses. In the market, motorcyclists are rattling, Krinki is once more in fear. The Germans are entering again from the other side.</p> <p>Sitting locked behind the curtained windows, our panic is growing with every minute. After an hour, curious people are to be seen walking around again. I, too, go back out onto the street to the market. Yakob is standing there, telling a group of Jews and Christians what the Germans said. Again, he repeats the previous words, "The Russians are coming!"</p>	
---	--	--

Page 42

<p>di daytshn hobn aroysgegebn a bafel tsu organizirn a birgerpolitsey un zi vet zayn farantvortlekh far der ru in shtetl. oykh hobn di daytshn bashtelt oyf morgn bay di bekere broyt un bay di katsovim fleysh.</p>	<p>In the meantime, the Germans have issued a command to organize a citizen police force that will be responsible for keeping peace in the shtetl. In addition, the Germans have ordered bread from the bakers and meat from the butchers for the next day.</p>	
---	---	--

<p>morgn kumen zey dos opnemen. in eynike sho arum zaynen shoyn di khosheve balebatem fun shtetl arumgegangen iber di gasn trogndik oyfn linkn orem a royt-shvarts-geln band mit a shtekl in der hant un hobn geyogt ayedn in di heyzer. d</p> <p>dos iz geven di birger-politsey. zi iz bashtanen fun <i>Yankl Khazer, Borekh Tarlovski, Yosl Mostovlyanski, David Lipkes, Alter Ayon, Fishke Listokin, Motke Shteynsafir, Meylekh Zalkind, Mair Alyan, Kheykl</i> un andere.</p> <p>fun tsayt tsu tsayt loyft shnel farbay a kleyner oyto in velkhn es zitsn etlekhe ofitsirn un zeyere oygn shtekhnh durkh yedn eynem oyf vemen zey shteln zikh op. azoy zaynen mir ibergekumen dem ershtn tog unter daytshisher hershaft, nor keyn daytshn in shtetl hobn mir nisht gezen.</p> <p>alemol flegn araynkumen in shtetl tsvey oyf mototsikletn, arumforn iber ale gasn un shnel tsurik avekloyfn. der ershter tag iz adurkh ruik. der tsveyter tog hot zikh ongehoybn mit a shtarker bavegung fun oytos durkh dem shtetl.</p> <p>10 azeyger zaynen vider arayngekumen a tsvey tsendlik daytshn oyf bitsikletn un eyn ofitsir. glaykh hobn zey aroysgegebn a bafel:</p> <p>di gantse bafelkerung muz bald kumen oyfn mark-plats. men darf haltn a rede vegn di naye farheltenishn fun der bafelkerung. in eynike</p>	<p>Tomorrow, they will pick it up. After a few hours, the (most) respectable citizens of the shtetl are already walking through the streets, wearing a red-black-yellow ribbon on their left arm, holding a stick in their hand and chasing everyone into their houses.</p> <p>This now is the citizen police! It consists of <i>Yankl Khazer, Borech Tarlovski, Yosl Mostovlyanski, David Lipkes, Alter Ayon, Fishke Listokin, Motke Shteynsafir, Meilekh Zalkind, Mair Alyan, Cheikl</i> and others.</p> <p>Every now and then, a small vehicle passes by quickly, in which several officers are sitting, with their eyes piercingly examining everyone at whom they are directed. This is how we experienced the first day under German rule - without seeing a single German in the shtetl.</p> <p>Over and over, two motorcyclists use to come into the shtetl, riding through all the streets, only to quickly turn back. The first day remains quiet throughout. The second day begins with a vigorous movement of vehicles through the shtetl.</p> <p>At 10 o'clock in the morning, twenty Germans on bicycles and an officer enter the shtetl again. Immediately they give the order:</p> <p>"The whole population has to come promptly to the marketplace! There will be an announcement about the new rules of conduct for the</p>	
---	---	--

<p>minut iz shoyn gevorn a bavegung fun mentshn. froyen, mener, alte layt, kleyne kinder, keyner hot nisht getort blaybn in der heym. fun undzer shtub geyen mir ale oyfn mark.</p> <p>bay Miryam's shtub zitsn di daytshn. eyner zitst oyf a mototsikl un zayne oygn shtekhn durkh a yedn oyf vemen zey tuen a kuk. di iberike lakhn fun an altn yidn mit a bord, velkher iz geshtanen antkegn zey un getsitert mitn gantsn kerper.</p> <p>di birger-politsyantn shteyen drey trit fun der vaytn un zeyere oygn zaynen gevendet oyfn klenstn rir fun daytsh.</p>	<p>population!" After just a few minutes, everyone is on the move: Women, men, old people, small children; nobody dares to stay at home. All of us leave our parlors and go to the market.</p> <p>The Germans are sitting at "Miriam's parlor". One sits on a motorcycle, piercing everyone he looks at with his eyes. The others are laughing at an old Jew with a beard who is standing opposite them, shaking all over.</p> <p>The citizen policemen are standing three steps away and have their eyes studiously watching for the slightest peep of the Germans.</p>	
---	--	--

(Please scroll)



Drawing courtesy of the painter, Zdzislaw Nitka

Page 43

ot hert zikh a kalter, merderisher geshray fun
ofitsir, velkher iz aroys fun oyto, haltndik tsvishn
di lipn a lange, grobe tsigar:
Ales shoy'n da? Ir farflukhte, tsum donerveter
nokh eyn mal!

un mit ot dem nign geyt er aroyf oyfn
tsebrokhenem balkon fun Miryam's shtub. zayne
oygn zaynen fargosn un vild kukt er arop tsum

A cold, murderous yelling starts from an officer
who has just stepped out of his car with a long,
coarse cigar between his lips:
"Is everything here yet? You bastards, damn it!"

Continuing with exactly this "melody", he climbs
onto the crumbling balcony of "Miriam's Parlor".

<p>toyt-blasn oylem, bay velkhn es hakt a tson in a tson. es geyen aroyf di iberike.</p> <p>nokh yedn trot treyslt zikh der alter balkon. di politsey in velkher es zaynen fartrotn di fabrikantn fun shtetl, shteyen in tsvey rayen, vi soldatn tsum shvern far a fon fun der armyey.</p> <p>es derhert zikh a vilder merderisher geshray vos varft a shrek oyf alemen. bay yedn vert opgeshtelt der otem un a toyt-shtilkeyt blaybt hengen in der luftn, iber di kep fun di mentshn. mir hern:</p> <p>yeder aynvoyner fun shtetl darf zikh farhaltn ruik un oysfiln di farordenungen fun der daytshisher armyey. yeder aynvoyner darf alts folgen vos di politsey (er vayzt mit a finger oyf der birger-politsey) vet farordenen, vayl zey zaynen oysgeklibn fun der daytshisher armyey. ver es vet nisht oysfolgn zeyer farordnung vet fun undz hingerikhtet vern. in shtetl darf hershn fulshtendike ordenung, az di rusn zoln alts trefn vi s'darf tsu zayn.</p> <p>yeder varft a blik eyner oyfn tsveytn un mit di oygnd redt men zikh durkh: vos? vos redt er do?</p> <p>es iz derloybt tsu zayn oyf der gas biz 6 azeyger in ovnt. nokh zeks azeyger iz krigs-tsushtand. ale</p>	<p>With puffy eyes, he looks down at the corpse-pale people chattering their teeth. The other (Germans) also go up.</p> <p>After each step, the old balcony trembles. The police, in which the manufacturers of the shtetl are represented, stand in two rows, like soldiers at the oath on the flag of the army.</p> <p>A wild, murderous scream rings out, startling everyone. Each one holds their breath, and a dead silence lingers in the air above people's heads. We hear:</p> <p>"Every inhabitant of this shtetl has to keep quiet and obey the orders of the German army. Every inhabitant has to obey what the police (and he points his finger at the citizen police) orders, because their members were selected by the German army. Whoever does not obey their orders, will be executed by us. There must be complete order in the shtetl, so that the Russians will find everything as it should be".</p> <p>Each of us casts a glance at the other, and we have dialogues with our eyes, "What? What is he talking about?"</p> <p>We are allowed to be on the street until 6 pm. After six o'clock, there will be a state of war.</p>	
--	---	--

<p>geyen itst in di heyzer. un es vert shnel a shtupenish a geloyf.</p> <p>di iberike daytshn vos zaynen geshtanen leben ofitsir hobn aroysgetsoygn fun untern pas hant-granantn un a hoyb geton in der luftn tsum varfn oyfn oylem.</p> <p>dos hot nokh tsugegebn mer shrek un fargresert dos shtupenish. froyen un alte layt zaynen gefaln oyfn bruk. mentshn zaynen gefaln iber zey. di daytshn loyfn arop fun balkon un mit royte lakhedike ponemer loyfn zey nokh di antloyfndike, ibergeshrokene mentshn.</p> <p>zey shtoyshn zey mit di fis un shrayen vild: yude, yude!</p>	<p>Everyone is going to their houses now. Quickly, there is a jostling, a stampede.</p> <p>The remaining Germans, who had been standing next to the officer, are pulling hand grenades from under their belts and hold them in the air, ready to drop them on the people.</p> <p>This causes even more terror and increases the hustle. Woman and old people fall down on the pavement, others fall over them. The Germans go down from the balcony and run after the fleeing, frightened people with red, laughing faces.</p> <p>They push them with their feet, shouting wildly, "Jude, Jude!"</p>	
---	--	--

Page 44

<p>in eynike minut arum vert der mark-plats pust, glaykh vi es volt nor vos do keyner nit geven. di birger-politsey geyt itst arum vi ziger. yeder fun zey halt hoykh dem kop un shrayt ven men darf un ven men darf nisht:</p> <p>ale in di heyzer! mir zaynen far alemen farantvortlekh!</p>	<p>In a few minutes, the marketplace is deserted, as if no one had just been there. The citizen police strut around like winners. Every one of them holds his head high, shouting, even if it's not necessary:</p> <p>"Everybody into the houses! We are responsible for everyone!"</p>	
--	---	--

<p>dos iz der fuftsnter tog fun krig. keyner vayst gornisht vos es kumt for oyf di frontn. di merhayt hot farbahaltn di radyos un dos shtetl iz gevorn opgeshnitn fun arum.</p> <p>in shtetl zaynen vider nishto keyn daytshn. mentshn geyen aroys fun di heyzer, vayl es iz nokh nisht keyn zeks azeyger. plutsim derhert zikh iber di kep a geroysh fun an avyon. yederer heybt oyf dem kop tsum himl. der geroysh vert daytlekher un shtarker mit yeder minut. ot zeen mir shoyn daytlekh vi es flit a vayser avyon ibern shtetl.</p> <p>arum etlekhe mol dreyt er zikh arum un epes an umbakanter geroysh hert zikh. un ot derzeen mir daytlekh a shtern, a roytn shtern oyfn fligl fun avyon un er kumt alts nideriker un nideriker tsu di dekher. ot iz er shoyn iber undz.</p> <p>ot zeen mir shoyn on tsvey kleyne ponemer un tsvey hent lozn arop a pak papirn, velkhe tseflien zikh in der luftn vi vayse toybn, getribn fun vint. ot faln shoyn tsetlekh iber undzere kep, nor der vint shpilt zikh mit undz, er treybt op dos bletl un tsendliker hent shtrekn zikh oys nokh dem, es tsu khapn. ot falt shoyn eyns iber undzere kep.</p> <p>menstshn shpringen hekher vi zey kenen un alemens hent khapn a shpits un bay yedern blaybt a kleyne shtikl vays, farshribn papir. ikh hob oykh gekhapt a shpits un ikh varf a blik: farshribn</p>	<p>This is the fifteenth day of the war. No one knows what is happening at the front. The majority has hidden the radios, and so the shtetl is cut off from the outside world.</p> <p>There are no Germans in the shtetl. People come out of their houses because it is not yet six o'clock. Suddenly, we hear the sound of an airplane, and everyone raises their heads to the sky. The sound becomes clearer and louder with each passing moment. Now we can plainly see a white plane, flying over the shtetl.</p> <p>It rotates a few rounds, and then an unfamiliar sound is to be heard. We can clearly identify a star, a red star on the wing of the plane, which is getting closer and closer to the rooftops. Now it is already above us!</p> <p>We recognize two small faces and two hands, throwing down a pack of papers, which fly apart like white doves, driven by the wind. And there, some slips are already falling over our heads, but the wind is playing its game with us, driving the slips away, and dozens of hands are reaching out to catch them. One falls right over our heads.</p> <p>People jump as high as they can, all hands grab a corner of the same paper, and finally, everyone is left with just a white, written scrap of it. I, too, hold a torn off snippet and look at it. It is inscribed on both sides, but it is not legible. The</p>	
---	---	--

<p>fun bayde zaytn, ober men ken nisht leyenen. arum iz ful mit mentshn. mit yeder minut vakst alts mer un mer der oylem.</p> <p>un do flit a bletl un lozt zikh arop iber tsendliker hent. ikh shpring iber alemens kep un es gelingt mir es tsu khapn.</p> <p>shnel loyf ikh aheym. di gasn zaynen ful mit mentshn. keyner hert shoyn nit di geshrayen un gvaldn fun der nor vos geshafener politsey. ikh kum tsuloyfn in shtub arayn, der tate nemt dos bletl mit tsiterdike hent un mir ale shteyen arum, haltdik</p>	<p>place is full of people now, and the crowd is growing more with every minute.</p> <p>There, again a sheet of paper is flying, sailing down over dozens of hands. I jump up over the heads of the others and manage to catch it.</p> <p>I quickly run home. The streets are full of people. No one listens anymore to the screams and the clamor of the just created police. I run into the parlor, my father takes off the leaf with trembling hands, and we all stand around him</p>	
---	--	--

Page 45

<p>ofn di moyler. yeder vil vos shneler araynshlingen a vort. der tate leyent. mir hern:</p> <p>„tsu di birger un birgerins fun Mayrev-Veyrusland un Mayrev-Ukrayne: di polyishe refirung hot aykh gelozt eynzam, elnt, vi shepsn on a pastekh. Ridz-Shmigly (1) un Bek (1) zaynen antlofn keyn Oysland.</p>	<p>with open mouths. Everyone wants to gulp in a word even faster. Daddy reads aloud. We hear:</p> <p>"To the citizens of Western Belarus and Western Ukraine: the Polish government has abandoned you lonely and miserable - like sheep without a shepherd. Śmigły-Rydz (1) and Beck (1) have fled abroad.</p>	
--	---	--

(1): Mashall Edward Śmigły-Rydz and Colonel Józef Beck, see https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edward_Rydz-%C5%9Amig%C5%82y#/media/Datei:Marshal_Rydz-Smigly_LOC_hec_27123.jpg and https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:J%C3%B3zef_beck_1.jpg

<p>ir zent di birger fun undzere felker un mir geyen aykh tsu hilf. undzer regirung un khaver Stalin hobn gegebn a bafel der royter armey, zi zol ariber di grenetsn fun Vaysrusland un Ukrayne tsu farzikhern ayer leben un farmegn. der oysern-komisar fun ratnfarband --- V.M.Molotov". (2)</p>	<p>You are citizens of our peoples, and we come to your aid. Our government and our comrade Stalin have ordered the Red Army to cross the borders of Belarus and Ukraine, to guarantee your lives and property. The People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs of the Soviet Union, V.M. Molotov!" (2)</p>	
<p>a frayd iz adurkh iber undzer shtetl. mentshn loyfn oyf di gasn un faln eyner dem tsveytn oyfn haldz un trern glitshn zikh iber di bakn. trern fun freyd un glik. mayn bruder tantst far freyd. di mame veynt. di kleyne shvesterlekh shteyen arum, nit-farshteyendik vos es geshet do.</p>	<p>Joy arises in the shtet!! People run into the streets and fall around each other's necks, with tears of happiness and delight rolling down their cheeks. My brother is dancing with joy. Mom is crying. The little sisters are standing around, not understanding what is going on.</p>	
<p>di gasn vern shvarts fun makhnes mentshn. andere zogn, az dos iz a provokatsye fun di daytshn un mir veln far undzer freyd tayer batsoln; mentshn shteyen nokh in grupkes un leyenen etlekhe mol dos zelbe, di letste verter fun bletl. eynike leyenen rusish un andere-poylish. bayde- der zelber tekst.</p>	<p>The streets become black with crowds of people. Some say that it is a provocation of the Germans and that we will pay dearly for our joy. People still stand together in groups, reading the same over and over again: the last words of the leaflet. Some read it in Russian, others in Polish. But in both languages, it is the same.</p>	
<p>di letste verter vegn „farzikhern ayer leben un farmegn“ rufn bay yedn aroys trern fun glik.</p>	<p>The last words, "...guarantee your life and fortune", cause everyone to cry tears of joy.</p>	

2) On September 28, 1939, Vjacheslav M. Molotov signed the German-Soviet Border and Friendship Treaty in the Kremlin, there's to find more here:
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/German%E2%80%93Soviet_Frontier_Treaty#/media/File:MolotovRibbentropStalin.jpg

