

Kríník in Khurbn

Chapter 10, Pages 139 - 142



Hiob, drawing: Beate Schützmann-Krebs

The Liquidation of the Ghetto

<p>der harbst hot zikh dernentert. di lage in geto vert alts erger un fartsveyflter. tsvantsik katsovem hot men arestirt farn araynshmuglen a ku in geto. di arestirte hot men opgefirt in Bialystoker turme. keyner hot nisht gevust, vos mit zey iz geshen. farshidene klangen zaynen arumgegangen vegn zeyer goyrl.</p> <p>tsvishn di katsovem hot zikh gefunen a mitglied fun yudnrat. in a por vokhn arum hot men shoyt bashtetikht, az men hot zey ale oysgeshosn.</p> <p>der geto-komisar hot tsugezogt, az dem vinter vet er bazorn di bafelkerung mit genug kartoffl un holts.</p> <p>ikh hob zikh oykh dervust vegn troyerikn tog, ven di daytshn hobn bombardirt di shtot. ale mentshn zaynen dan geven oyfn feld. di daytshishe avyonen hobn dan gevorn flug-bletlekh tsu der bafelkerung, men zol onton vayse tikhlekh oyf di kep. azoy hot men geton. ale yidn zaynen gezesn oyf eyn plats oyfn feld un dos gantse shtetl iz geven in flamen. nokhn bombardirn zaynen ayntselne yidn gelofn a kuk ton tsu zeyere heyzer.</p> <p>farnakht iz plutsung adurkhgefloygn an avyon iber di kep fun di mentshn un aroyzgelozt a vaysn pas roykh. in zelbn moment hot zikh gehert a shiseray fun harmatn un di snaryadn zaynen</p>	<p>Fall was approaching. The situation in the ghetto became worse and more desperate. Twenty butchers were imprisoned for smuggling a cow into the ghetto. They were taken away to the prison in Bialystok. Nobody knew what happened to them, and there were different rumors about their fate.</p> <p>Among the butchers was also a member of the Judenrat. After a few weeks, it was confirmed that all of them had been shot.</p> <p>The ghetto commissar promised that he would supply the population with enough potatoes and wood during the winter.</p> <p>In the meantime, I had also received information about the sad day, when the Germans bombed the city. At that time, all the people had run to the field. The German planes threw down leaflets that the population should put on white headscarves. So they did.</p> <p>All the Jews were sitting together in one place of the field, and the whole shtetl was on fire. After the bombing, a few Jews ran to check on their houses.</p> <p>In the evening, an airplane suddenly flew through overhead, letting off a white streak of smoke. At the same moment a firing of cannons was heard, and the artillery rounds fell on the</p>	
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<p>gefaln oyf di tsunoyfgezamlte yidn. 76 toyte un fil farvundete zaynen gefaln nokh tsvey shosn. es zaynen umgekumen gantse families, vayl zey zaynen gezesn oyf eyn plats. mentshn zaynen meshuge gevorn un arumgelofn ibern feld.</p> <p>der ershter korb n iz geven <i>H' Leybl Zak</i> mit der froy, <i>Borovski Hershl</i>. di familye fun <i>Yisroel Kirzner</i> iz umgekumen, oyser dem foter aley n. Shloyme, Khane, Nekhe un azoy vayter. der apteyker <i>Zshukhovitski</i> iz umgekumen tsuzamen mit tsvey kinder, <i>Roze un Tanye</i> un di froy iz meshuge gevorn.</p>	<p>gathered Jews. After two shots, there were 76 dead and many wounded. Whole families were killed while they had been sitting together in one place. People went mad and ran around the field.</p> <p>The first victim was <i>Mr. Leibl Zak with his wife. Furthermore: Hershl Borowski. The family of Israel Kirzner -except the father. (But) Shloime, Chane, Neche</i> and so on. The <i>pharmacist Zhuchowski</i> perished with his two children, <i>Roza and Tanya</i>, and his wife went mad.</p>	
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<p>di teg hobn zikh gerukt. in Viryan's hoyf iz der stav shoy n fartik gevorn. itst zaynen ale gegangen arbet n bay di khurves. der virtshafts-komisar hot oyfgeenft a varshtat fun shnayder un kirzshner. zey fleg n oysshlislekh arbet n farn gebroykh fun di daytsh n, velkhe fleg n yed n tog forn key n Daytshland un mitnemen zeyere ongerabevete skhoyres.</p> <p>azoy hobn ale gelebt un gevart oyfn tog fun bafreyung. s'iz gekumen der 2ter November, 1942. dos geto iz gevorn arumgeringlt mit mashin-gever. s'iz shoy n geven umeglekh es tsu farlozn. der geto-komisar un ale iberike daytsh n, velkhe hobn gehat arbet bay di yid n, hobn zey opgenumen nisht key n farendikte. a gants n tog zaynen shoy n di mentsh n nit aroys arbet n.</p>	<p>The days passed. In Virian's yard, the pool had already been finished. Now, everyone went to work at the ruins. The economic commissioner opened a tailor and furrier workshop. Work was done here exclusively for the use of Germans, who went to Germany every day carrying their looted goods.</p> <p>So everyone lived and waited for the day of liberation. The 2nd of November 1942 arrived. The ghetto was surrounded with machine guns, it was no longer possible to leave. The ghetto Commissioner and all the other Germans took from the Jews all the ordered works, though they were not yet finished. For a whole day already, people were not let out to work, and at dusk, the</p>	
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<p>farnakht hot zikh farshpreyt a klang, az men vet ale fun geto ibershikh in a tsveyter shtot. di gantse nakht hot shoyt itlekher geneyt ruk-zek un zikh gegreyt in veg arayn...</p> <p>tsumorgns, 6 inderfri, hot der geto-komisar gemoldn, az in a sho arum veln ale farlozn dos geto. oyfn mark hobn zikh shoyt gezamlt poyerishe furlekh. halb zibn zaynen arayingekumen befofnite daytshn tsuzamen mit ofitsirn fun geshtapo. der toyer iz shoyt geven ofn tsum aroysgeyn. in 10 minut zaynen shoyt hunderter mentshn- yung un alt- geshtanen mit pek oyf di pleytses. ven men hot aroysmarshirt fun toyer, hot zikh geton a loz a makhne daytshishe un poylishe banditn un geshlogn di yidn mit shtekns iber di kep un rukns.</p> <p>mentshn zaynen gefaln oyfn bruk tseblutikte. kinder hobn geveynt. der bruk iz gevorn bashotn mit federn fun di kishns. di gantse Gabarske gas bizn mark, iz gelegn oysgeleygt mit pek un tseshlogene mentshn. kinder hobn farloyrn zeyere eltern un zaynen arumgelofn tsvishn di fis fun di merder, velkhe hobn on oyfher geshlogn un geshrien: shneler! shneler! foroys!</p> <p>di ofitsirn zaynen geshtanen mit fotografishe aparatn un fotografirt di shoyderlekhe stsene un derbay gelakht fun di loyfindike korbones.</p>	<p>rumor spread that everyone from the ghetto would be transferred to another city. All night, everyone was already sewing backpacks and preparing for the move...</p> <p>The next morning at 6 o'clock, the ghetto commissar announced that everyone would leave the ghetto in one hour. Farmers' carts were already gathering at the market. Then, at half past six, armed Germans appeared, together with officers and Gestapo. The gate was already open for going out. After 10 minutes, there were hundreds of people already standing, young and old, with luggage on their shoulders. Just as they started marching out of the gate, a crowd of German and Polish bandits began beating the Jews on their heads and backs with clubs.</p> <p>People fell to the pavement streaming with blood. Children cried. Feathers from pillows covered the pavement. The whole Gabarska Street up to the market was covered all over with pieces of luggage and battered people. Children lost their parents and ran between the feet of the murderers, who struck without stopping, shouting, "Faster! Faster! Ahead!"</p> <p>The officers, standing with cameras, took photographs of the gruesome scenes while laughing at the running victims.</p>	
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<p>mayn tate hot baym farlozn dem geto gornisht mitgenumen oyser tabakbleter. zayne oygn zaynen geven ongegoshn mit trern. di</p>	<p>My father had taken nothing more than tobacco leaves with him, when he left the ghetto. His eyes were full of tears.</p>	
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<p>mame iz gegangen arumgeringt mit di kleynike kinderlekh. di bove iz gegangen un ire fis hobn zikh untergebrokhn nokh yedn trot.</p> <p>ikh bin gegangen in der zayt, di oygn gevendet tsu di merderushe ponimer fun di ofitsirn. di gantse gas iz geven shvarts mit mentshn. s'hot zikh gehert a klappn fun reder oyf di harte shteynen. mir zaynen shoyn geven fun di letste, velkhe hobn farlozn dos geto.</p> <p>plutsung hot zikh derhert a geshray fun merderishn direktor fun der leder-fabrik: Ale arbeter fun zayn fabrik zoln ayntret'n oyfn shil-hoyf. di mame hot zikh bay mir gebet'n, ikh zol zikh geyn shteln tsuzamen mit di garbers. kh'hob zikh derfun opgezogt, nisht velndik zikh vider tsheshaydn mit di eltern, trots dem vos ikh hob gevust, az dos iz shoyn der letster veg...</p> <p>nor mayn tate hot mikh ongehoyn betn mit trern in di oygn az ikh zol geyn. kh'bin aynggegangen oyf dem. gevorfn dem letstn blik oyf alemen fun mayn familye. ven ikh bin shoyn geshtanen in der ray, iz tsugelofn mayn shvester! <i>Sonyele</i></p>	<p>My mother strode ahead, with her small children around her. When walking, Grandma's legs buckled after every step.</p> <p>I walked alongside and looked at the officers' murderous faces. The whole street was black with people and the noise of wheels, rattling on the hard stones, was to be heard. We were already among the last to leave the ghetto.</p> <p>Suddenly we heard a shouting from the murderous director of the leather factory: All the workers of his factory would have to gather to the shul's courtyard! Mom asked me to go there and stand with the tanners. However, I objected because I did not want to separate from my parents again, although I knew that this was already the last way...</p> <p>But Dad also asked me, with tears in his eyes, to leave. So I accepted. I took the last look at everyone from my family. When I was already in line, my sister, <i>Sonyale</i>, came running to me,</p>	
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“Krynker Jews driven to
work by the Nazis in the
year 1942”

יהודי קרינקי מובלים לעבודת־סרך

photo: in both of the Krynki Yizkor Books, this one is from „Krynki Wieś“.

<p>un hot mir gebrakht a vareme kurtke. fun di shvartsinke eygelekh zaynen treyn gefaln. ir hertsele hot zikh shnel bavegt. a merderisher politsyant hot nokh far mayne oygn ir gegebn a shtoyls un dos shvesterl iz gefaln oyfn trotuar.</p> <p>di iberike zaynen shoyne avek oyfn mark tsu di vegelekh. dem letstn blik hob ikh gevorf'n oyf alemen. dos klapp'n fun di reder hot farhilkht dem arum.</p> <p>der merderisher direktor tsuzamen mit a yidishn fartreter, <i>Yankl Shinder</i>, hobn nokh sortirt di, velkhe zaynen shteyn geblibn. di vemen men hot aroysgenumen fun der ray, zaynen gelofn tsum mark, zukhn zeyer familye.</p> <p>di garbers zaynen bloyz geblibn shteyn, ale fakhmener- 170 perzon. der amt-komisar hot nokh opgeshtelt dem yudnrat un di beste shusters, shnayders, shnayderkes. tsuzamen zaynen geblibn shteyn 350 perzon.</p> <p>dos klapp'n fun di reder iz mit yeder minut gevorn alts shtiler.</p> <p>a vintl hot geshmisn di federn in der luftn.</p>	<p>bringing me a warm jacket. Tears were running from her black eyes and her heart was beating wildly. In front of me, a murderous policeman gave her a push, and my sister fell to the sidewalk.</p> <p>The others had already gone away to the carts on the market. I took the last look at everyone. The clatter of the wheels echoed in the surroundings.</p> <p>The murderous director, together with the Jewish representative, <i>Yankl Shinder</i>, was still sorting out those who remained standing. Those who were removed from the line, ran to the market to look for their families.</p> <p>Only the tanners remained, 170 people and all professionals. The "Amtskommissar" had the Judenrat put in addition, as well the best shoemakers, tailors and (female) dressmakers. A total of 350 people were then left standing.</p> <p>The clatter of the wheels became quieter with each passing moment.</p> <p>A gust of wind whirled the feathers into the air.</p>	
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<p>mener velkhe hobn avekgeshikt zeyere froyen un kinder, zaynen geshtanen mit trena in di oygn.</p> <p>etlekhe mol hot men getseylt un geshribn. der direktor iz arumgelofn gayvedik vi a general. zayne merderishe oygn hobn geglantst vi bay a vildn, tsereytstn tiger. geshlosn tsu finf in a ray, hot men undz opgefirt in fabrik.</p> <p>etlekhe alte, tseblutikte mentshn hobn zikh nokh gevalgert oyfn bruk. a toyte shtilkeyt hot zikh getrogn fun geto aroys. di shvere trit fun di merder hobn opgehilkht in der luftn. der toyer breyt tseefnt.</p> <p>mir marshirn mit aropgelozte kep. bay di zaytn geyen di politsyantn, haltndik di biksn greyt tsum shisn. mir marshirn tsu Tarlavskis fabrik. men hot undz alemen arayngefirt in a pustn moyer. di vent zaynen nas.</p> <p>yeder iz gefaln oyf der podloge un a shtark geveyn hot zikh bay yedn aroysgerisn fun hartsn aroys.</p>	<p>The men who had to send their wives and children away, stood with tears in their eyes.</p> <p>A few more times, they enumerated us and wrote down. The director strutted around haughtily like a general. His murderous eyes gleamed like those of a wild, angry tiger. Formed in lines of 5 people each, we were led off to the factory.</p> <p>Several old wounded people were still lying on the pavement. A (mood of) deadly silence emerged from the ghetto. The heavy kicks of the killers echoed in the air. The (ghetto) gate was wide open.</p> <p>We marched with our heads hanging down. At the side walked the policemen, their rifles ready to shoot. We walked to Tarlavski's factory. Here, we were led into an empty brick building with wet walls.</p> <p>Everyone fell to the floor, and a fierce crying escaped our hearts.</p>	
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Drawing: Beate Schützmann-Krebs