

Zikhroynes fun a Bialystoker Froy- Memoirs of a Woman from Bialystok

see: <https://archive.org/details/nybc209738/page/n54/mode/2up>

English translation from Yiddish: Beate Schützmann-Krebs

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Rachel Anna Kositza, born Grutski, writing her book, photo courtesy of her grandson, Dr. Norton Snyder

FOREWORD

MY MOTHER began to write her memoirs at the age of eighty six. It all began when I told her about Grandma Moses' painting career, and challenged her to do likewise. Never one to pass up a challenge, but not being able to paint, she decided to try her hand at writing.

And so, every day, for a period of almost two years, after her household chores were completed (this included cooking for her family, housecleaning and gardening), she would set aside an hour or two for her writing. I can see her now, so clearly, sitting at the kitchen table, bent over her white-lined paper, writing away in her round, even, measured handwriting, and proudly showing me each neatly written page, and then with her ever-ready humor, looking up at me, her face broadening into a grin, a twinkle in her light blue eyes, and laughing: "I am now indeed a writer."

And as she kept at her writing and finally finished the book, I never ceased to marvel at her self-discipline, her singleness of purpose, her drive. And it seemed to me that in this respect she was representative of a type that is fast disappearing from American-Jewish life—the Jewish immigrant woman who at the turn of the century, came out of the East European ghetto to the ghetto of America, and by sheer grit and perseverance, undeterred by poverty or hard work, opened up for her children opportunities for the highest education and self-development.

As a tribute to my mother and those of her generation like her, this little book, almost ten years after it was begun, is seeing the light of publication. And at the age of ninety seven, my mother, as sharp and quick as ever, will finally see her book in print.

I am sure that many second generation Jewish-Americans reading this book will see in it not only my mother, but their mothers as well, and will remember proudly their origins, background, and the strength and courage of their forebears.

G. R.

[Foreword on page 3, written by Rachel's daughter, Gertrude Reed]

Preface and Dedication of the Translator

Rachel Anna Grutski is not only pretty, creative and hardworking, but also a very self-assured and independent girl for her time. Her life was never easy. Born in 1868 in the Jewish colony of Zakova (kolonja Izaaka/Isaaka/Izakova), not far from Bialystok and Grodno, Rachel had to toil hard to help provide for the family's livelihood. Even as a very young child, she worked long hours in her family's household and agricultural fields, in a matzo bakery, and later in the Bialystok textile factories.

She describes the Jewish daily life and history of the colony, the economic and personal challenges she, her family members and neighbours face, and she details the plight of the Bialystok factory workers and the world of Bialystok's richest factory owners.

Rachel is touchingly devoted to her family and musters almost superhuman strength for them, working her way up in the factories with cleverness, skill, and incredible diligence, and develops survival skills and wisdom in the face of ever-changing problems and difficulties.

We walk through the streets of Bialystok with Rachel and meet her colleagues, friends and later husband, Avrom Itskhok Kositz, who lives in the city's poor district. Despite setbacks and hardships, the small Kositz family grows and faces new challenges with determination, experiencing small victories along the way.

A deep shock is left by the Bialystok pogrom of 1905, which Rachel and her family barely survive. But finally, Rachel sees no future in her homeland and emigrates to America in 1906, where her life story continues...

I dedicate this translation to Tomek Wisniewski for the opening of his smallest Jewish museum in the world in Bialystok, "The Place",
[Memoirs of a Woman from Bialystok translated from Yiddish - Społeczne Muzeum Żydów Białegostoku i regionu \(jewishbialystok.pl\)](https://www.jewishbialystok.pl)

My heartfelt thanks to my dear friend, **Susan Pasquariella**, who proofread my English translation with love and patience and shares my great emotion and enthusiasm for Rachel Anna Kositz and her memoirs. Special thanks to Rachel Kositz's family, Dr. Norton Snyder and Mark Snyder and to my friends, Joanna Czaban, Rabbi Irwin Keller and Michael Cohen.

July 2023,

Beate Schützmann-Krebs

I. Dem zeydn hot men gerufn <i>Abraham Grutski</i> fun Zubrits. dos iz geven mayn foter's foter... ikh kon nit gedenken ven es hot pasirt. ikh denk, az mit 152 yor tsurik, ven in Rusland iz fun dem kayser aroys a dekret oyf idn, az men zol zey aroystraybn fun di derfer. mayn zeyde hot oykh gevoynt in a dorf, vos men hot gerufn Zubrits, un men hot im oykh aroysgetribn... eyn vyorst [0,66 miles] fun dorf hot men gegrindet a kolonye, hot mayn zeyde zikh bazetst oyf der kolonye, varum er hot nit gehat vuhin zikh ahintsuton. er hot gehat a groyse familye, a vayb mit zeks kinder- drey zin un drey tekhter. eyne hot men gerufn <i>Blumke</i>, di tsveyte hot men gerufn <i>Gitl</i>, di drite hot men gerufn <i>Sheyne</i>. eyn zun hot men gerufn <i>Shmuel</i>, er iz geven der eltster; der tsveyter zun iz geven mayn foter, im hot men gerufn <i>Leybe</i>; dem dritn zun hot men gerufn <i>Mendl</i>, er iz geshtorbn zeyer yung. dos hobn mir dertseylt mayne eltern... oyf der kolonye hot men gegeben feld loyt der groys fun zayn familye, un dos maynt, vifil zin di familye hot gehat. keyn tekhter hobn zikh nit gerekht. azoy vi mayn zeyde hot gehat drey zin, hot er gekrogn eyn numer mit a halb feld. mayn foter un zayne brider hobn gearbet oyf di felder, geakert un gezeyet, ober, ven zey hobn zaynen untergevaksn un hobn khasene gehat, hot yeder eyner gekrogn a teyl fun zayne felder. dos iz geven der gezets. di felder zaynen geven tseteylt in a sakh teyln fun der kolonye. in eyn teyl hot men gezeyet korn un veyts; oyf anander teyl hot men gezeyet gershtn, oder bulbes; oyf an ander teyl- arbes, lindzn, grike.	I. My grandfather was called <i>Abraham Grutski</i> of Zubritz; he was my father's father... I can't have any memories of it, but I think it happened 152 years ago, namely when the Tsar in Russia issued a decree that Jews should be driven out of the villages. My grandfather also lived in a village called Zubritz, so he too was driven out... A vyorst [0.66 miles] from the village, they founded a colony, where also my grandpa settled, because he did not know where else he could have gone. He had a large family, a wife and six children, three sons and three daughters. One was named <i>Blumke</i>, the second <i>Gitl</i> and the third <i>Sheyne</i>. The eldest son was named <i>Shmuel</i>, the second was my father, his name was <i>Leybe</i>, and the third son was named <i>Mendl</i>. He died very young. That was told to me by my parents... In the colony were allocated fields, the amount of which was based on the size of the family, that is, the number of sons in a family. Daughters were not included in the calculation. Since my grandfather had three sons, he got a registry and half a country estate [1]. My father and his brothers worked in the fields, plowing and sowing. But when they were grown up and had weddings, each one got part of his [grandpa's] fields. That was the law. The fields were divided into many parts by the colony. In one part rye and wheat were sown, on another barley or potatoes; on still another peas, lentils and buckwheat.
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fun eyn teyl bizn tsveytn iz geven bay tsvey vyorst arum. dem korn mitn veyts hot men gemuzt zeyen far Sukes, vayl s'hot zikh gedarft varemnen iber vinter. un nokh Peysekh hot es ongehoybn tsu vaksn. dem tsveytn yor hot men dem korn un di veyts nit getort zeyen oyf dem zelibikn feld. dos feld hot gemuzt zayn fray a gants yor, keyn zakh iz nit gezeyet gevorn, nor di beheymes hobn zikh gepashet in groz oyf dem dozikn feld...	One of these parts measured about two vyorst [2,1 km]. The rye and wheat had to be sown before Sukkot, because it needed to warm up before winter and started to grow after Passover. In the second year, it was not allowed to sow the rye and wheat in the same field. The field had to remain fallow for a whole year, nothing was sown on it, only the cattle pastured there on the grass ...
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[1] literally "field", farm land

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nokh Peysekh hot men gezeyet gershtn, bulbes, arbes, linzn, grike. di gershtn un di bulbes hot men gedarft zeyen oyf pasende pletser, s'zol nit farbrent vern. di hoiber, di lindzn, di arbes, hot men oykh gedarft zeyen oyf pasende pletser, s'zol nit farbrent vern. grike flegt men zeyen oyf di berg. untern hoyz flegt men hobn a gortn. in gortn hobn gevaksn ugerkes, burekes, mern, brukve, bob, beblekh, kirbes, terkishe veyts alerlay grinsn. men hot gemuzt hobn ki un oksn un ferd. di ki hobn gegeben milkh. fun der milkh hot men gemakht puter un kez un s'iz geven far der familye tsu esn un m'hot oykh a teyl farkoyft in di arumike shtetlekh. mit di oksn hot men geakert di felder, mit di ferd hot men gebronevet un gezeyet, un oykh mit zey geforn in shtot ayntsukoyfn dortn, vos men hot gedarft far der kolonye... di vos flegn nit hobn keyn ferd, flegn ales ton mit di oksn, vi mit di ferd... bay mayn zeydn iz geshtorbn di ershte vayb, un er hot khasene gehat mit a tsveyter, un mit ir gehat tsvey inglekhn; eyner hot	After Passover, barley, potatoes, peas, lentils and buckwheat were sown. Barley and potatoes had to be sown in suitable places so that they did not burn. The same was true for oats, lentils and peas. The buckwheat was sown on the mountains. Downstairs at the house people used to have a garden. Here grew cucumbers, beets, carrots, turnips, large and small beans, pumpkins, Turkish wheat and all kinds of vegetables. It was necessary to keep cows, oxen and horses. The cows gave milk, and from the milk they made butter and cheese. The family ate it, but part of it was also sold in the surrounding towns. The oxen were used for tilling the fields, the horses were used for plowing and sowing, or they were used to go to town to buy what was needed for the colony. Those who did not own a horse took the ox in its place for all these activities... After my grandfather's first wife died, he married a second wife with whom he had two sons: one was named <i>Artsik</i> [or Artshik] the
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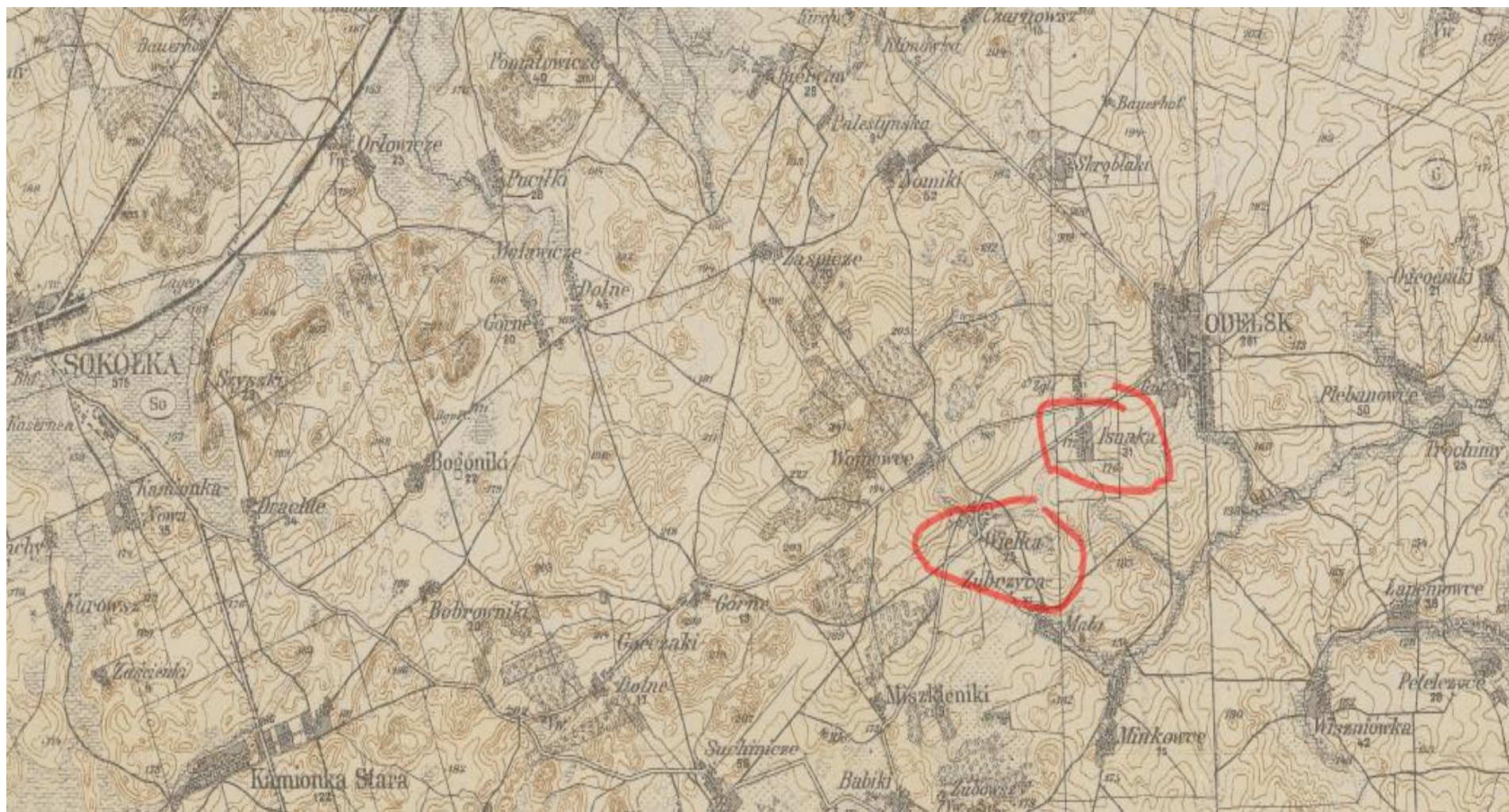
geheysn <i>Artsik</i>, der tsveyter- <i>Yerakhmiel</i>. di familye iz gevorn greser, un men hot shoyt nit gekont oyskumen, zaynen di tekhter avek dinen in andere shtet un shporn gelt far nadn, vayl on nadn hobn di meydlekh nit gekont khasene hobn. mit di zin iz shoyt geven beser. zey hobn gekrogn nadn un oykh bakumen a kheylek fun di felder, vos der zeyde hot gehat... ikh gedenk dem zeydn. ikh bin nokh geven a kleyn meydle, arum akht yor alt. er iz nit geven keyn hoykher un mit a groyer bord a langer. ikh gedenk ven er iz geshtorbn. s'iz geven leben der kolonye a shtetele, Amdur, hot dos geheysn, un der zeyde hot gefirt ahintsu a yunge ku tsu farkoyfn. di ku iz gevorn vild un zi hot im farmatert. er iz gefaln oyfn mark un s'hot im geplatt an oder. men hot im gebrakht aheym un es hot nit genuken lang un er iz geshtorbn. er iz alt gevorn tsvey un zibetsik yor. ikh bin demolt mer nit alt geven vi tsvelf yor. haynt, ven ikh bashrayb dos, bin ikh shoyt alt zeks un akhtsik yor... di kolonye [1] hot zikh gefunen tsvey meyl fun Sokolke, un tsvey meyl fun Kuznitse [Kuźnica], un bay a tsvelf meyl fun Amdur, un fir meyl fun Grodne, un	second <i>Yerakhmiel</i> [or <i>Rakhmiel</i>]. The family grew larger and soon had no livelihood. So the daughters moved to other cities as maids and saved money as dowries, because without dowries the girls could not marry. The sons fared better. They received a dowry and also got a share of the fields that their grandfather owned... I remember Grandpa. At that time I was still a little girl, about 8 years old. He wasn't tall, but he had a grey long beard. I remember how he died. It happened near the colony, in a small town called Amdur [1]. Grandfather was leading a young cow there and wanted to sell it, but the cow became wild and robbed him of his strength. He fell down in the market and had a vein burst. He was taken home, but it was not long before he died. He lived to be seventy-two years old. I was no older than twelve at the time. Today, as I write about it, I am already eighty-six years old... The colony [2] was located two miles from Sokółka, two miles from Kuznitse [Kuźnica], about twelve miles from Amdur, four miles from Grodno [3]
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[1] see <https://kehilalinks.jewishgen.org/indura/eisenchap1.htm>

[2] Find more about this colony [colony Zakova, also called Izakova, Isaaka] here:

https://kehilalinks.jewishgen.org/kolonja/colonists.html?fbclid=IwAR19xHSTYrM5BiBdnf3PxOHjwOf4yNSj8_ApxuzJStOpc1bhxfLn_-qgRcs

[3] see <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Grodno>



[map: courtesy of Tomek Wisniewski, colony Isaaka [Izakova, Zakova], Wielka Zubrzyca= Zubritz, Odelsk and Sokółka]



Grodno, old photograph, courtesy of Dr. Tomek Wisniewski



Grodno, old card, courtesy of Dr. Tomek Wisniewski



Foto H. Poddębski

Zbiory War. Tow. Krajozn

461. Grodno. Synagoga. — Synagogue — Synagogue — Jüdischer Tempel

Grodno, old card, courtesy of Dr. Tomek Wisniewski

fuftsn meyl fun Bialystok. Grodner gubernye, Sokolovskovo oyezda, kolonye Zakova [Żakowo]. azoy hot men gedarft shraybn dem adres tsu der kolonye. 2. Mayn elter-zeydn hot men gerufn <i>Yeshue Dubrovski</i>. er iz geven mayn muters zeyde. er hot oykh gevoynt in a dorf, un ven der tsar hot aroysgegebn dem dekret, az idn torn nit voynen in di derfer, hot er zikh ibergeklibn in Grodne. er hot gekoyft ferd un vegener un hot gedungen mentshn un zey hobn gefirt vaser tsu farkoyfn. keyn brunemer zaynen in Grodne nit geven, hot yede familye gedarft koyfn bay di vaser-firer. keyn shlekhte parnose iz dos nit geven. dos hot mir mayn muter dertseylt. mayn muter hot zikh gehodevet bay im, ven mayn muter's muter iz geshtorbn iz zi alt geven demolt tsvey yor. ven mayn muters foter iz geshtorbn iz zi alt geven fir yor. ir zeyde iz geven tsu ir zeyer gut, un ir bobbe nokh beser. mayn mames foter hot men gerufn <i>reb Abraham Ber</i>, un er hot gehat smikhes oyf rabones. mayn muter hot mir ales dertseylt, un ir aleyln hot ir muter dertseylt, azoy vi zi hot mir dertseylt vegn amolikn leben. zi flegt immer reydn fun ir foter. zi hot im keynmol nit gezen, nor men hot ir dertseylt, az er iz geshtorbn in talis un in tfiln, in Pinsk, in Bes-Medresh. dortn hot er gelernt... itster vel ikh aykh dertseyln, vos mayn muter hot mir dertseylt fun ir hodevanye. der zeyde irer hot ir gelernt ivre un khumesh. zi iz oykh gegangen in kheyder. shpeter, az zi iz elter gevorn, hot ir zeyde ir	and fifteen miles from Bialystok. The address was written: Grodner gubernye [provincial government], Sokolovskovo district, Zakova [Żakowo] colony. 2. My great-grandfather's name was <i>Yeshue Dubrovski</i>. He was my mother's grandfather and also lived in a village. When the tsar issued the decree that no more Jews were allowed to live in the villages, he moved to Grodno. He bought horse-drawn carts and hired workers to bring and sell water, because there were no wells in Grodno. So the families had to buy water from the water carriers. As my mother told me, the earnings were not bad. My mother grew up with him; when her mother died, she was only two years old. And when my mother's father died, she was just four. Her grandfather was very good to her, and her grandmother even better. My mother's father was called <i>Reb Abraham Ber</i> and was ordained as a rabbi. This was told to me by my mother, who in turn was told it by her mother, and she also told me what life was like at that time. She always used to speak about her father. She had never seen him, but she was told that he had died in tallith and tefillin, in the Pinsk Bes-Medresh [1], where he studied [2] But now I want to tell you what my mother told me about her upbringing. Her grandfather taught her the Hebrew script and instructed her in the Pentateuch. She also went to the kheyder [cheder]. Later, when she was older, her grandfather gave her to a
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gegebn tsu a neytorke, zi zol oyslernen neyen un konen fardinen oyf ir leben. mayn muter hot gehat a shvester. zey zaynen geven a tsviling. s'hot ir genumen an onkl tsu hodeven. men hot im gerufn <i>Khone Dvoyre's [Deborah's]</i>. es zaynen geven drey onkls, un mit zey hot oykh pasirt vi mit ale dorfslyt, men hot zey oykh aroysgetribn fun di derfer, un zey zaynen geforn zukhn parnose ergets andersh vu. eyner hit zikh bazetst in Kershits, der tsveyter in Shanbel, der driter, vos hot genumen tsu zikh	seamstress so that she could learn the trade and would be able to earn a living with it. My mother had a twin sister, but an uncle took her and raised her. He was called <i>Khone Dvoyre's [Deborah's]</i>. Actually, there were three uncles who had the same fate as all the village people; they were driven out of the villages and they went around to find an income opportunity somewhere else. One settled in Kershits, the second in Shanbel, and the third, who
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[1] Bes-Medresh: A Bes-(Ha)medresh is primarily a house for studying the Talmud, but it is also used as a synagogue (shul). Services there tend to be conducted with less decorum than in the larger shul, whose function is solely that of a house of prayer. In an Eastern European shtetl, the shul and its Rabbi had a certain official status whereas a Bes-(Ha)medresh was more informal, sometimes privately owned and operated, sometimes attached to a yeshiva, and sometimes serving as the location for daily prayers, whereas Sabbath services took place in the larger shul. The shul might also have a Bes-(Ha)medresh where non-prayer functions would take place. A Chasidic Rebbe residing in a shtetl would have his "Bes-(Ha)medresh", that is, a "shtibl" or "kloyz", even though the shtetl also had a shul. The Bes-(Ha)medresh term therefore can describe a number of slightly different institutions.

[2] The term "lernen" can also mean to teach.

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hodeven mayn muters shvester, hot zikh bazetst in Yekaterinodar (Krasnodar). dortn hot zikh mayn mames shvester gelernt in gimnazye. zi hot khasene gehat far a man an apteyker, in Amerike ruft men dos a drogist. mayn tante hot nit gevust, az zi hot ibergelozt a shvester in Grodne, vayl ven mayn onkl hot ir tsugenumen tsu hodeven, iz zi geven bloyz tsvey yor alt. zi, mayn tante, iz shoyn alt geven fertsik yor, ven zi hot zikh dervust az zi hot ibergelozt a shvester in Grodne. hot mayn tante geshikt a briv in	raised my mother's sister in his home, settled in Yekaterinodar (Krasnodar). There my mother's sister studied at the high school. She married a pharmacist, what in America is called a druggist. My aunt did not know that she left a sister in Grodno, because when my uncle took her to raise her, she was only two years old. When my aunt was already forty years old, she learned that she had left a sister behind in Grodno. She sent a letter to friends in Grodno, and they gave it to my mother. Now you can imagine how great her joy was!
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Grodne tsu fraynt, un men hot mayn mamen opgegebn dem brif, kont ir zikh shoyt forshteln, vos far a frayd zi hot gehat. fun demolt on hobn zikh di tsviling-shvester ongehoyn tsu shraybn briv eyner tsu der anderer. zi iz geven reykh, mayn mume, azoy hot zi geshribn, un az ir man iz geshorbn, un zi iz an almone, un mayn muter iz demolt oykh geven an almone un zeyer orem. men hot zi ongefregt tsi es volt geven a plan, az ikh zol kumen tsu ir in Katerinodar, un mayn tante hot geshribn, az zi vet shikn gelt ikh zol kumen tsu ir. un ikh bin shoyt geven greyt tsu forn, hot epes pasirt un ikh hob nit gekont forn. nokh dem hot mayn mame farloyn dem adres fun ir un men hot mer nit geshribn eyner tsu der anderer. dos iz geven mit a zibn un zekhtsik yor tsurik. dernokh dem hobn mir gehert az men hot aroysgetribn idn fun tif Rusland un men hot gemakht dortn pogromen. veyst men shoyt nit, vos s'hot mit mayn tante un ir famile pasirt. un ot azoy iz mayn mame tsesheydt gevorn fun ir tsviling-shvester oyf eybik. 3. Itster gey ikh aykh dertseyln, vos hot getrofn mit mayn elter-zeydts <i>Yeshue Dubrovskis</i> a kind: azoy vi itst veyst shoyt di velt nit, men hot shoyt avade fargesn vos s'hot zikh geton mit a 120 yor tsurik in Rusland beshas s'hot gekinigt <i>Nikolay der Ershter</i>. er hot aroysgegebn a gzeire, dos heyst, a shtrof oyf idn, az men zol nehmen bay idishe eltern kleyne ingelekh far soldatn. zey hobn gedarft dinen gantse 25 yor,	From then on, the twin sisters began to write letters to each other. My aunt wrote that she was rich, her husband had died and she had become a widow. At that time, my mother was also already a widow, but very poor. That's why my aunt asked if it wouldn't be a good plan if I came to her in Krasnodar; she wanted to send money so that I could come to her. But when I was ready to go, something happened so I couldn't leave. After that, my mother lost her sister's address and they stopped writing to each other. This happened 67 years ago. After that we heard that the Jews were driven out of deep Russia and there were pogroms there. We don't know what happened to my aunt and her family, and so my mother was separated from her twin sister forever. 3. Now I want to tell you what happened to the child of my great-grandfather, <i>Yeshue Dubrovski</i>: Just as the world does not remember, surely everyone has already forgotten what happened 120 years back in Russia, while Nicholas the First was ruling. He issued a decree, that is, a punitive action on Jews, that Jewish parents should be deprived of their young boys as soldiers. They had to serve for a whole 25 years.
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di eltere inglekhn hobn zikh bahaltn in di velder, ober fir yorike inglekhn hobn zikh nit gekont bahaltn in di velder, flegt men kumen baynakht un aroysshlepn zey fun di betn. un dos hot oykh getrofn bay mayn mames zeydn. men iz gekumen inmitn der nakht un men hot zayn fir yorik kind tsugekhapt oyf eybik. men hot shoyfn fun im keynmol nit gehert. vi in vaser arayn... di rusishe merder flegn arayntreybn di kinder in a taykh un zey opshmaden....andere hobn dos gekont ibertrogn, un andere flegn shtarbn. di velt hot dos shoyfn fargesn tsu dertseyln. ober ikh hob dos genumen far noytik tsu dertseyln far mayne kinder un far der velt, ver es vet dos leynen. itster gey ikh tsum rekhtn punkt. es hot getrofn a nes far di idn. der kayser <i>Nikolay der tsveyter</i> iz baynakht geforn mit zayne adyutantn in zayn karete mit ferd leben a taykh. hobn zikh di ferd avekgeshtelt un zikh nit gevolt rirn fun ort. er heybt oyf zayn kop un zet a mentsh shteyt in taykh un der taykh iz blut un der mentsh kon nit aroysgeyn fun dem blut. fregt er bay zayne generaln, vos dos maynt. zogn zey, az zey veln zikh batrakhtn, vos es maynt. zey hobn zikh batrakht un zey hobn im gezogt, er zol botl makhn di gzeyre oyf idn un mer nit nehmen kleyne idishe inglekhn far soldatn. er hot azoy geton, un ven er iz gekumen dem tsveytn mol tsum taykh, hot er shoyfn keynem nit gezen. men hot im gezogt, az dem mentshn, vos er hot frier gezen in taykh fun blut, iz geven zayn zeyde <i>Nikolay</i>...<i>Nikolay der tsveyter</i> hot umgebitn di gzeyre oyf zeks yor tsu dinen in soldatn un nit keyn kleyne kinder.	The older boys hid in the woods, but the four-year-old boys were unable to hide in the woods, so people used to come at night and drag them out of their beds. This is what happened at my mother's grandfather's house. They came in the middle of the night and stole his four-year-old child forever, never to be heard from again, he had disappeared from the face of the earth...[1] The Russian murderers drove the children into a river and "baptized" them...some survived, and others died. In the narrative of humanity this has already been forgotten, but I think it is necessary to tell it to my children and in front of the whole world, to all who read this. But now I come to the main thing: a miracle occurred to the Jews. Once the tsar, Nicholas the Second, was riding at night with his aides in a horse-drawn carriage beside a river. Suddenly the horses stopped and refused to move from the place. [The tsar] lifts his head and sees a man standing in the river, but the river is made of blood, and the man cannot get out of the blood. Then he asks his generals what this means. They answer that they had to think about this. They consulted and then told him to take back the decree on the Jews and not to take any more little Jewish children as soldiers. He did so, and when he came to the river the second time, he no longer saw anyone there. He was told that the person he saw in the river was his grandfather Nicholas...Nicholas changed the decree. No more young children were to be conscripted, and military service was limited to six years.
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men flegt shoyn nehmen dervaksene bokherim tsu 21 yor alt...un ven men hot genumen in dinst tsu 21 yor hot men oykh gelitn. men flegt zey avekshikn in Sibir in di kalte gubernyes, un ikh gedenk, vos es flegt zikh opton bay di eltern. kont ir zikh forshteln, vos dan iz geven, az keyn banen hot men nokh nit gehat, hot men zey getribn fun eyn shtot tsu der anderer un fun eyn gubernye tsu der anderer, un di shneyen zaynen geven bis tsu di orems, un di frest azoyne groyse. nit ale soldatn flegn konen oyshaltn, andere flegn shtarbn un andere flegn kumen aheym kranke... dos ales iz geven in Rusland. itst, mir in Amerike, veysn nit fun azoyne zakhn, un veysn nit vos unzere eltern hobn zikh oysgelitn...	Adult boys of 21 years of age have since been taken. However, if they were drafted at 21, they also had to suffer. They were usually sent to Siberia in the cold provinces, and I remember what happened then with the parents. You can imagine how it was then, because there were no railroads yet. [The conscripted boys] were driven from one town to another and from one province to another, while the snow reached their arms and the frost was very strong. Not all the soldiers endured this; some died and others came home sick... All of this took place in Russia. We in America today don't know about these things and have no idea what our parents had to suffer...
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[1] literally "vi in vaser arayn", "as if he had fallen into the water".

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4. Ven mayn mames zeyde iz geshtorbn, iz zi alt geven tsen yor un zi hot shoyn gekont gut neyen un fardint a rubl a vokh. ober zi hot nit gehat genug oyfn leben. irer an onkl, ir foters a bruder, vemen men hot gerufn, <i>Velvel der Bezdetnik</i>, vayl er hot nit gehat keyn kinder,iz geven zeyer a guter mentsh. er flegt zen, az mayn mamen zol nit feln keyn esn. zayn vayb iz ober geven zeyer a shlekhte, un az mayn mame iz gekumen fun der arbet tsu ir onkl un er iz nit geven in hoyz, iz zi shoyn geblibn a hungerike. mayn mame hot gevoynt in der forshtot fun Grodne. zi hot gemuzt yedn tog forn in shtot tsu der arbet ibern Nyeman. men hot gedarft forn mit shiflekh. zumer iz nokh geven gut, ober vinter iz geven a	4. When my mother's grandfather died, she was ten years old, could already sew well and earned one ruble a week. But it was not enough for her living. Her uncle, her father's brother, who was called <i>Velvel the Bezdetnik [the Childless]</i>, because he had no children, was a very good man. He took care that my mother did not lack food. His wife, however, was very bad, and when my mother came from work to her uncle's house, but he was not at home, she remained hungry. My mother lived in a suburb of Grodno. To get to work, she had to go to the city every day, across the river Nyeman [Neman] [1]. To do that, you had to take a boat; in the summer it was fine, but in the
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sakone. men hot gemuzt hakn dos ayz, men zol konen kumen in shtot arayn. dos iz geven a shver leben far mayn mamen on eltern. zi hot zikh gedarft valgern bay familyes, amol bay an onkl, un amol bay a tante. der onkl <i>Velvel der Bezdetnik</i> iz geven fun ir foters tsad. zi hot gehat a tante oykh, in forshtot. zi iz geven a reykh un a yakhsente, hot gehat an eygene shif, vos flegt forn ibern Nyeman. zi iz geven ir muters a shvester. men hot zi gerufn <i>Khaye-Feyge</i>. ober mayn muter hot bay ir nit gekont zayn, vayl zi hot gehat tsvey meydlekh, un zey zaynen geven eyferzikhtik oyf mayn mamen, vos iz geven zeyer a sheyne. eyn meydyl hot geheysn <i>Rive-Leye</i>, un di tsveyte-Teybl. hobn bayde meydlekh zikh gekrigt mit mayn mamen. kont ir zikh shoyn forshteln, vi zi hot zikh ongelitn... <i>Rive-Leye</i> iz geven a reykh un <i>Teybl</i> iz nit geven reykh. ven ikh bin gevorn elter, bin ikh geforn tsu zey tsu-gast keyn Grodne. bay <i>Rive-Leye</i> bin ikh geven etlekhe mol. zi flegt mikh oyfnemen zeyer sheyn... shpeter hob ikh gehert, az zi iz in Amerike mit ir familye. zi hot gehat fir zin, un bay eyn zun iz zayn vayb mit di kinder dertrunken gevorn oyf der shif „Titanik“... 5. mayn foter hot men gerufn <i>Leybe Grutske</i>. er iz geboyren gevorn in 1844 un iz geshtorbn in 1893. dos maynt zeyer yung. mayn foter	winter it was dangerous. The ice had to be chopped up to get into the city. This was a hard life for my parentless mother. She had to stay with family members, sometimes with an uncle and sometimes with an aunt. Her uncle, <i>Velvel the Bezdetnik</i> was from her father's side. In the suburb she also had a rich and distinguished aunt who had her own ship that regularly sailed across the Nyeman. She was her mother's sister and her name was <i>Khaye-Feyge</i>. However, my mother could not go to her because she had two daughters who were jealous of my mother for being very pretty. One girl was named <i>Rive-Leye</i> and the second <i>Teybl</i>. Both girls quarreled with my mother. So you can imagine how she suffered... <i>Rive-Leye</i> was rich, unlike <i>Teybl</i>. When I grew older, I used to visit them in Grodno. Many times I was at <i>Rive-Leye's</i>, she welcomed me very warmly... Later I heard that she was in America with her family. She had four sons. One of the sons had a wife and children who drowned on the ship "Titanic"... 5. My father was called <i>Leybe Grutske</i> [Grutski]. He was born in 1844 and died in 1893, that is, very young. My father
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[1] see <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Neman>

iz geven a gelernter man. er hot gekont shraybn idish zeyer sheyn un hebreish zeyer gut, un hot gekont lernen [1] khumesh un Rashi, un gemore, un er hot gekont davenen baym omed. er flegt amol lernen mishnayes mit di idn in bes-hamedresh. dos hob ikh shoyn aleyn gezen... ven zayn muter iz geshtorbn iz er alt geven arum zekhtsn yor. zi iz geshtorbn zeyer yung. vi alt zi iz geven, veys ikh nit. men hot zi gerufn Rokhl. ikh, di shrayberin fun der doziker geshikhte, bin a nomen nokh ir...mayn foter hot zeyer shver gearbet oyf di felder un in hoyz iz keyn frayd oykh nit geven. men flegt zikh arumkrign mit der shtif-muter... az mayn foter iz gevorn elter hot er shoyn ongehoynbn trakhtn fun a takhles...in der kolonye iz geven a sheyn meyd, Khaye hot men zi gerufn. zi flegt kumen tsu im oyfn feld, vu er hot geakert. zey zaynen geven makhetoneshaft. ir bruder iz geven farheyrat tsu mayn [ir] shvester Sheyne. ir man hot men gerufn Moyshe Zeliks. ober fun mayn foters libe iz gornit gevorn. zi hot zikh nit gekont dervartn, un es iz gekumen a yungerman fun Krinik un zi hot mit im khasene gehat. gliklekh iz zi ober nit geven mit im. zi hot zikh mit im geget... mayn foter hot shoyn genumen zukhn a kale nit in der kolonye. im iz nit gefeln geven abi a meyd. er iz geven zeyer a sheyner un a gezunter. er iz oykh geven breyt, ober nit fet- a held a man; a blonder mit sheyne bloye oygn...ven er flegt a geshray ton oyf di „meshshtanes“, ven zey flegn kumen mit zeyere beheymes oyf di idishe felder, un zey hobn nor derhert zayn kol, zaynen zey glaykh antlofn, vi fun fayer...	was an educated man. He could write very beautifully in Yiddish and also very well in Hebrew. He was able to study [1] Torah portions, Rashi and Gemara, and to lead congregational prayers. Once he studied the Mishna, as I saw myself, with the Jews in the Bes-Hamedresh... When his mother died, he was about sixteen years old. She died very young. How old she was I don't know, only that they called her Rachel. I, the author of this story, am named after her. My father worked very hard in the fields, and there was no joy in the house either. There were always quarrels with the stepmother... As my father grew older, he began to think about starting his own family. In the colony there was a beautiful girl named <i>Khaye</i>. She used to join him in the field where he was working. They were related to each other; her brother, <i>Moyshe Zeliks</i>, was married to his sister <i>Sheyne</i>. But nothing came of my father's love. She couldn't wait, and when a young man came from Krinik [Krynki], they got married. However, she did not become happy with him and divorced him... My father began to look for a bride outside the colony, because none of the girls there appealed to him. He himself was handsome and healthy, broad-shouldered but not fat, a hero of a man; a blond with beautiful blue eyes...When he used to shout at the "meshshtanes" [the more privileged citizens] who came to the Jewish fields with their cattle, it was enough that they heard his voice to flee immediately, as if a fire had broken out...
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s'hobn ongehoyn kumen shadkhonim un men hot im genumen reydn shidukhim...men hot im geredt a shidekh fun Grodne. Grodne iz geven bay a fir meyl fun der kolonye. der zeyde mit mayn foter, mit dem shodkhn zaynen avekgefor in Grodne un dortn getrofn a sheyne meydln un zi iz take gevorn mayn foters kale... men hot gezogt, az zi vet zikh nit oystoygn in der kolonye, vayl oyf der kolonye hot men gemuzt shver arbetn oyf di felder. men hot gedarft shnaydn zumer tsayt di tvues: korn, veyts, gershtn, hober un andere. men hot gedarft akern, zeyen, dreshn, shnaydn, grobn, un di vayber hobn geholfn di mener...mayn muter hot zeyer nit gevolt	Matchmakers began to visit him and proposed a matrimonial union, namely a wedding in Grodno. Grodno was about four miles from the colony. My grandpa and my father went to Grodno with the matchmaker to meet a beautiful girl who actually became my father's bride. She was said to be no good for the colony, because in the colony you had to work hard in the fields. In summer, the grain had to be cut, rye, wheat, barley, oats and others. One had to cultivate, sow, thresh, cut, dig, and the women helped the men. My mother did not want
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[1] The Yiddish term "lernen" can also mean to teach.

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dem shidekh. zi hot gezogt, az zi kon nit arbetn oyf der kolonye, un oykh hot zi nit gekont gebn keyn nadn. hot mayn foter gezogt, az er vil nit keyn nadn, er vil nor ir far a kale. mayn foter iz shoyn geven farlibt in ir un er hot shoyn nit gevolt avekgeyn. az mayn muter hot im gezogt, az zi vet nit konen arbetn oyf di felder, hot mayn foter gezogt, az zi vet zeyn bay im a pritsesin... men hot geshribn tnoim, men hot gekoyft matones, un s'iz shpeter forgekumen di khasene...mayn mame hot mir ales dertseyt... 6.	this wedding at all. She said that she could neither work in the colony nor give a dowry. But my father said that he didn't want a dowry, he just wanted her as a bride. My father was already in love with her and did not want to leave. When my mother said to him that she could not work in the fields, my father replied that she would be like a princess with him... The engagement contract was written, gifts were bought, and later the wedding was celebrated...my mother told me everything... 6.
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Nokh der khaysene hobn zikh glaykh ongehoyn di groyse tsore. der zeyde hot take gehat a groys hoyz, ober s'iz geven zeyer a groyse famile. mayn foters elterer bruder, Motl Shmuel, hot shoy n oykh gehat a vayb mit tsvey kinder un zey hobn gevoynt tsuzamen mitn zeydn un mit zeyer famile. kont ir zikh shoy n forsteln vi eng dortn iz geven... tsum hoyz iz geven tsugeboyt a shtibl, un dortn hot dos gedarft voynen mayn foter un muter. dos shtibl iz geven unter der groyser hoyz mit eyn kleyn fentsterl. der oyvn hot nit gehat keyn koymen. keyn podloge iz oykh nit geven. es iz geven an erdene podloge ongeklapt azoy vi a tok. ven indroy sn iz geven nas iz in shtibl geven vaser biz in di kni... keyn optrit iz nit geven un men hot gedarft ton di natirlekhe baderfenishn indroy sn untern fentster, un di khazeyrim flegn kumen un dos oyffresn. vinter-tsayt, ven der shney flegt onfaln un keyn khazeyrim zaynen nit gekumen, flegt men tretn in shmuts. kont ir shoy n farshteyn, vos far a leben es iz geven... mayn muter hot take nit gekent arbetn oyf di felder, ober zi hot zeyer sheyn gekent neyen hemder far mener. oyber-hemder flegt men zey rufn. keyn ney-mashinen zaynen demolt nit geven, hot men gemuzt neyen mit di hent... s'zaynen leben der kolonye geven pritsishe hoyfn un men flegt fun dortn ir brengen arbet. zi iz geven zeyer a gute neytorke un zi hot gehat a sakh arbet. dos hot gemakht a sakh sine in hoyz. di shtif-mame un di shvegerin flegn hetsn oyf der mamen far mayn tatn. hobn zikh ongehoyn krigerayen, iz shoy n gevorn dos leben biter far baydn...	After the wedding, the big problems started immediately. My grandpa had a really big house, but it was a very big family as well. My father's oldest brother, <i>Motl Shmuel</i>, had a wife with two children already, and they were also living together with my grandfather and with their family. So you can imagine how cramped it was there... Attached to the house was a little hut ["shtibl"], and my father and mother had to live there. The little hut was in back [1] of the big house and had a small window. The stove there had no chimney and there was no foundation, the floor was made of earth and was wetted as if by a river; when it was wet outside, the water was up to the knees. There was no toilet, and one had to do one's natural needs outside under the window. The pigs used to come by and eat the excrement. In winter, when snow fell and the pigs did not come, one usually stepped in the dirt. You can imagine what kind of life that was... My mother actually could not work in the fields, but she could sew very beautiful men's shirts, which were called "oyber-hemder". There were no sewing machines at that time, and so you had to sew by hand. Aristocratic courts were located near the colony, and from there she was usually given work assignments. She was a very good seamstress and had a lot of work. However, this earned her a lot of enmity in the house. The stepmother and the sister-in-law incited my father against my mother. Thus began quarrels and life became bitter for both of them...
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[1] literally "unter"= under, but it seems that in the present regional dialect the word was also used for "behind".

itster vel ikh aykh dertseyln farvos s'iz geven zeyer shver mayn mamen, velkhe iz geven a shtotish meydln, helfn dem tatn in zayn arbet, vi andere vayber in der kolonye hobn geholfn...men hot gedarft hodeven beheymes, dos maynt: ki, oksn, ferd. muz men dokh onheybn fun onheyb. ven es vert geboyren a kleyn kelbl, darf men dos araynnemen in hoyz far a vokh, biz es kon zoygn. men darf nehmen dos kelbl untershteln unter der ku's eyter un haltn dos kelbl bay der zayt. un az di ku iz amol a yunge un a vilde, git zi a zets mit'n fus un du bizt shoynt fartik... un dos kelbl darf zoygn bay a tsvey vokhn, ven men vil dos farkoyfn, oder koylenen far zikh. oyb ober men vil dos hodeven far a ku, darf men dos shoynt gebn zoygn drey oder fir vokhn, az es zol zayn shtark. men darf haltn dos kelbl in hoyz, s'zol zikh nit farkeltern. un di shtal iz geven bay a halbn blok, hot men gemuzt brengen di ku in hoyz iber nakht, zi zol zikh nit farkiln baym kelbn. un mer vi eyn alker [1] hobn mayne eltern nit gehat in dem shtibl... un in dem dozikh shtibl zaynen geboyren gevorn kinder bay mayne eltern. di eltste bin ikh geven, Rokhl-Hene, der tsveyter- mayn bruder, Yehoshue [2] -Velvel... ven ikh bin alt geven fir yor un mayn bruderl tsvey yor, hot men bay mayn zeydn in shtub ongehetst mayn tatn kegn mayn mame, un es iz aroysgekumen a groyser krig tsvisht zey un kimat a geshleg. mayn mame iz aroys durkhn fentster un iz avekgehofn keyn Grodne. mayn tate hot ir nit gekont deryogn mit zayn ferd. un vogn. in Grodne hot mayn mame zikh opgeshtelt bay ire fraynt. di fraynt hobn gemakht sholem...	Now I will tell you why it was so difficult for my mother, who was after all a girl from the city, to help my father with his work, just as the other women in the colony helped [their husbands]... One had to raise cattle, that is, cows, oxen and horses. This meant work from the very beginning. When a little calf is born, you have to take it inside for a week until it can suckle. To do this, you have to put the calf under the udder of the cow and hold it by the sides. If sometimes the cow is young and wild, so you get a kick with your foot, and you're done for now... The calf has to suckle for about two weeks, then it can be sold or slaughtered for yourself. But if you want to raise it to a cow, you have to let it suckle for three or four weeks to make it strong. You have to keep the baby calf inside so it doesn't get cold. The barn was half a block away. The cow had to be brought indoors overnight to prevent her from getting cold while calving. But my parents had no more than one alcove [1] in the hut... And in this room my parents' children were born. The eldest was me, <i>Rachel-Hene</i>, the second was my brother, <i>Yehoshue</i> [2] -<i>Velvel</i>... When I was four and my brother two years old, my father was incited against my mother in my grandfather's house, and the result was a big quarrel between them that almost led to beatings. My mother jumped out of the window and fled to Grodno. My father chased after her with horse and cart, but did not reach her. In Grodno my mother stayed with her friends and they arranged for a reconciliation.
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es hot lang ober nit genumen un es iz vayter gekumen tsu a groysn krig. mayn mame iz vider antlofn, un dos mol keyn Amdur, a tsvelf meyl vayter fun der kolonye. ober far dem shtetl iz geven a groyser hoyf. do bay unz in Amerike ruft men dos farm. iz zi arayngelofn tsum balebos fun farm un hot im dertseylt di gantse mayse, vi ir man hot zikh gelozt onreydn fun zayn tatns familye, az er zol zikh mit ir arumkrign, un es hot shoyb bald gekont kumen tsu petsh. der posesor, dos maynt, der farmer, hot farbahalt'n mayn mamen in tsveytn alkir (1). dem tatn, ven er iz gekumen nokh ir, hot der farmer gezogt, az zayn vayb vet nit geyn aheym. der tate hot zikh genumen betn, az er hot ibergelozt tsvey kinder oyf hefker,	It did not take long, however, for another fierce quarrel to break out. My mother fled again, this time to Amdur, twelve miles from the colony. Still outside this shtetl was a large yard, what we call a "farm" in America. There my mother ran in to the owner of the farm and told him the whole story of how her husband was so influenced by his father's family that he argued with her, his wife, and it was about to degenerate into acts of violence. The "posesor", that is, the farmer, hid my mom in his second room (1). When my father went to look for her, the farmer said that his wife was not coming home. Father began to plead, since he had two children at home, who were now abandoned.
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[1] alkir or alker: room, closet, alcove

[2] Later we learn that the family called him "Ishye".

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un er vet nit avekgeyn on der vayb. hot der posesor im gezogt: - yungerman, az ir vilt, az ayer vayb zol mit aykh geyn aheym, muzt ir unz gebn di hant (tkies-kaf) un tsuzogn, az ir vet zikh keynmol nit krign mit ir, un nit folgen ayer familye, vos hetst aykh kegn ir. hot mayn tate gegebn di hant un tsugezogt... 7. fun dan on hobn zey shoyb gelebt gut. keyn tsores ober hot zey nit gefelt. s'zaynen geboyrn gevorn nokh tsvey kinder, inglekhn. eyner	He therefore did not want to leave without his wife. Thereupon the farmer said to him, "Young man, if you want your wife to accompany you home, you must give us your promise by handshake that you will never quarrel with her again and that you will not follow your family, who will set you against her." My father shook hands with them and promised. 7. From then on they lived well together, but still there was no lack of sorrow and worries. Two more children were born, boys. One
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iz geshtorbn a yor un a halb alt, men hot im gerufn <i>Abraham Berl</i>, a nomen nokh mayn mames tate. der tsveyter ingl, <i>Mendl</i>, hot nor gelebt a vokh un a halb nokhn bris...hot mayn mame tog un nakht geklogt un geveynt... nokh di tsvey kinder, vos zaynen geshtorbn, hot zi gehat nokh a yingl. men hot im a nomen gegeben <i>Yakev-Moyshe</i>. er iz geven a tsiteriker, hot men im gegeben nokh a nomen, <i>Alter</i>(1). dos iz geven a sgule gegen a gut-oysg. nokh dem hot mayn mame geboyren nokh a ingl, vos men hot gerufn <i>Note</i>, nokh mayn mames an onkl, ir foters a bruder. shpeter iz geboyren gevorn a meyd. men hot zi gerufn <i>Sheyne Gitl</i>. zi iz take geven a sheyne. <i>Gitl</i> hot geheysn mayn tatns shvester, un <i>Sheyne</i> hot geheysn mayn mames bobe. nokh dem iz geboyren gevorn a ingl, men hot im gerufn <i>Simkhe-Berl</i>. nokh vemen er iz geven a nomen gedenk ikh shoynt nit... nokh der gantser <i>historye</i> hot zikh ersht ongehoyn a shver leben. in shtibl hot men shoynt nit gekont voynen. hot men shoynt gemuzt zen, vos men kon ton vegn a greser hoyz. hot mayn foter farkoyft an oks un a ku un iz gegangen zukhn a hoyz tsu koyfn. s'iz geven nit vayt a dorf, <i>Minketse</i>, un a goy hot gehat an alte heyzke tsu farkoyfn. er aleynt hot zikh geboyt a naye. hot mayn tate gekoyft di dozike alte heyzke. vi azoy hot men di heyzke aribergebrakht in der kolonye? s'iz geven zeyer shver dos tsu ton. keyn kompani, vos firt iber a hoyz fun eyn plats tsu tsveytn, vi do in <i>Amerike</i>, iz nit geven. vi azoy-zhe fort hobn zey dos geton? in der kolonye zaynen geven groyse vegener, hot men fun di vegener aropgenumen di ventlekh un	died when he was one and a half years old; his name was <i>Abraham Berl</i>, after my mother's father. The second boy, <i>Mendl</i>, lived only a week and a half after his circumcision, and my mother lamented and cried day and night. After the two children who died, she had another boy. He was given the name <i>Yakev-Moyshe</i> and was a tender child. Therefore, he was given an additional name, <i>Alter</i> (1). This served as a defense against the evil eye. After that, my mother gave birth to another son who was named <i>Note</i> after her uncle, her father's brother. Later, a girl was born who was named <i>Sheyne Gitl</i>. She was really a beauty. She was named <i>Gitl</i> after my father's sister, and <i>Sheyne</i> after my mother's grandmother. After that a boy was born whose name was <i>Simkhe-Berl</i>, I don't remember who he was named after. After all this, life became really difficult. We could no longer live in the little hut, we had to see how to get a bigger dwelling. My father sold an ox and a cow and looked for a house to buy. Not far away was a village, <i>Minketse</i>, where a gentile wanted to sell his old cottage after he had built a new one for himself. This old cottage was bought by my father. But how was the cottage brought over to the colony? It was a very difficult undertaking. There was no company that transported a house from one place to another, as in <i>America</i>. So how did they manage it anyway? In the colony there were large wagons. They removed the side walls from them and
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- (1) Alter "old one" is one of the amuletic names, often given to a newborn child in order to confuse the Angel of Death, in the hope that he would go looking for somebody younger or somebody else.

di oksn; tsugebundn eyn vogn tsum ander, aroysgegrobnd dos shtibl un dos avekgeshtelt oyf tsvey vegener; tsugeshpant a por ferd un gebrakht dos shtibl tsu unz in der kolonye...men hot dos gedarft firn iber felder un lankes.	unhitched the oxen. Then they attached one wagon to the other, dug out the cottage and put it on two wagons. A couple of horses were harnessed and the cottage was brought to us in the colony...it had to be pulled across fields and meadows.
8.	8.
In shtibl iz geven a groyser alkir mit a kamer. es iz oykh nit geven tsu gut, abisl tsu kleyn, ober men hot gedankt got abi men voynt far zikh un men darf zikh shoynt nit krign mitn zeydnt familye... men hot tsugeboyt a shtal far di behaymes. nit keyn groyser shtal, vayl s'iz nit geven genug plats tsu boyen. der shtal iz geven vi a min firhoyz...iz oysgekumen, az men hot gevoynt tsuzamen mit di behaymes. ven men hot gedarft arayngeyn in shtub, hot men gemuzt durkhgeyn dem firhoyz, iz shtendik geven nas fun di behaymes.	In the little house there was a large room with a chamber. Actually, the house was not very suitable, because it was too small, but one thanked God for finally living alone and not having to quarrel with Grandpa's family anymore. A stable was added for the cattle, not a big stable, because there was no room for that at all. The stable was like a kind of antechamber. It boiled down to the fact that we lived together with the cattle. If you wanted to get into our living area, you had to go through the antechamber, which was always wet from the cattle.
in shtub iz geven a kleyner oyvnt. es iz geven a hoykhe vant un inmitn aroysgetsoygn abisl breyter. men hot dos gerufn lezhanke. di lezhanke flegt men um vinter heytsn, s'zol zayn varem. men flegt zitsn oyf der lezhanke un zikh varem...ikh gedenk nokh, vi ikh fleg vinter zitsn mit mayne briderlekh un zikh varem oyf der lezhanke...	In the parlor, there was a small stove, consisting of a high wall, which, in the middle, was drawn a little wide at the top [1]. This was called "lezhanke" [fireplace couch]. In winter, the "lezhanke" was heated to make it warm. People sat on the "lezhanke" and warmed themselves... I remember sitting on the "lezhanke" with my little brothers and warming myself.
men hot gehat a bak-oyvnt, vu men hot gebakn broyt far der gantser vokh un khale oyf shabes... zumer flegt men dos kleyne oyvele nit heytsn, un in bak-oyvnt flegt men kokhn a gantse vokh. nit inveynik	There was a baking oven where we baked bread for the whole week and challah for Shabbat. In summer, the small oven was not heated,

in bak-oyvn flegt men kokhn, nor fun fornt, vos men hot gerufn pripetshik... der oyvn hot shoy'n gehat a koymen, nit vi in frierdikn shtibl. oyf dem groysn oyvn fleg'n di kinder shlofn...s'zaynen geven in shtibl a sakh fentster. der dakh iz geven fun shtroy. keyn podloge fun breter, vi men ruft dos in Amerike „flor“, iz nit geven. di podloge iz geven fun erd...azoy vi vinter iz geven zeyer nas in shtub, flegt men onshitn di podloge mit gel'n zamd... um vinter flegt men dos hoyz heytsn mit torf un dos flegt azoy shtinken. men flegt di fentster nit efenen. oyf vinter flegt men farshmirn di fentster mit leym un ineveynik flegt men araynshteln topl-fentster, un in di fentster flegt men araynshitn ashes, un oyf di ashes onshitn tsheshnitene papirlekh fun alerley kolirn. men flegt	however, in the baking oven we cooked a whole week, not inside the oven, but only in the front, on the so-called "pripetshik". The stove already had a chimney, not like in the previous apartment. Usually, on the big stove slept the children. There were many windows in the cottage. The roof was made of straw. There was no foundation of boards, which is called "floor" in America. The floor was made of earth. When it was very wet in the room in winter, one used to pour yellow sand on the floor. In winter, the house was heated with peat, which was very smelly. However, usually the windows were not opened. In winter one used to smear the windows with glue and put a double window inside. Ashes were poured between the windows and colorful pieces of paper were poured on the ashes. Usually,
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[1] see <https://snowymelodie.livejournal.com/17668.html>?

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oykh farklepn di fentster mit papir, s'zol nit arayn keyn bisele luft. nu, in shtub flegt vern vilgatsh. s'flegt oft vey ton der kop fun dem, vos es iz nit geven keyn bisele luft in hoyz, ober es iz geven a refue. men flegt shnaydn roye kartofl un tsuleygn tsum kop, farbindn mit a patshayle un zikh leygn shlofn... ikh hob frier geshribn, az in unzer shtub iz geven eyn groyser tsimer mit a kamer. dem groysn tsimer hot men gerufn „fale“, dos meynt in Amerike: „front rum“. dem kamer, volt men gerufn in Amerike	the windows were also glued with paper so that no little [cold] air could get in. Well, in the parlor it got damp and your head used to hurt because there was not a bit of air in the house, but there was a remedy. You cut raw potatoes, put them on your head, tied a bandana around it and went to sleep... I wrote before that in our house there was a big room with a chamber. The big room was called a "fale," which means "front room" in America. The chamber would be called a "bed-room" in
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„bed-rum“. di kamer iz nit geven keyn groyse. es iz geshtanen dortn a bet. in der bet flegt men araynleygn shtroy, un oyf der shtroy flegt men leygn laylekher fun vayse zekelekh. az men flegt zikh fargunen, flegt men makhn a shenk fun shtroy. di shtroy flegt men araynleygn in gants grober layvnt. az s'flegt zikh tseraysn, flegt zikh shitm di shtroy untern bet. az di kleyne kinder flegn zikh banetsn, flegt vern farfoylt di shtroy. men flegt dem shtroyendem shenik trikenen indroysh. az s'iz gekumen peysekh flegt men oysramen di farfoylte shtroy un araynleygn frische... in kamer iz geshtanen a shlofbank. baynakht flegt men di shlofbank tsenemen un di kinder flegn oyf ir shlofn. in shlofbank iz oykh geven shtroy... dos bet iz geven a hiltserne, un di shlofbank oykh a hiltserne. shtark iz dos bet nit geven. flegt zikh dos tsebrekhn, un di bretlekh flegn aroysfaln. flegt men unterleygn kletslekh, az men zol nit aroysfaln fun bet... men flegt ongreytn gele zamd oyf a gantsn vinter, un di zamd flegt men unterschitm untern bet un untern shlofbank. oykh flegt men in groysn tsimer, in fale, onshitm gele zamd... di bank flegt men makhn fun breter, un di breter aroyfshteln oyf kletslekh. az men hot zikh nit gehit mitn zetsn zikh, hot men zikh ibergekulyet mit di bretlekh. oykh der tish iz geven fun bretlekh...keyn shtuln zaynen nit geven, nor azoyne benklekh mit tsvey fislekh fun eyn zayt un tsvey fislekh fun der anderer zayt. dos iz geven dos mebl bay di oreime kolonistn. tsu haltn vesh un andere zakhn hot men gehat a kupert. keyn gute zakhn hot men nit gehat. di andere shmates flegt men oyshengen oyfn oyvn, vu di kinder zaynen geshlofn... oyf peysekh flegt men ramen di shtub, sheyern, veykn di keylim [1] un kashern. der tish un di benk	America. The chamber was not large, there was a bed in it. Straw was put in the bed and sheets from white sacks were put on the straw. One used to make themselves more comfortable by making a mattress out of straw. The straw was covered with very coarse linen. When the linen was torn, the straw would fall under the bed. When the little children wet themselves, the straw would rot. One used to dry the straw mattress outside. When Passover came, the rotten straw was removed and fresh straw was put in. There was also a sleeping bench in the chamber. At night one used to unfold the bench and the children slept on it. There was also straw in the sleeping bench... The bed was made of wood, just like the sleeping bench, and it was not very stable. It usually broke and the boards fell out. Therefore, one used to put blocks under it, so that one did not fall out of the bed.... For the whole winter yellow sand was provided, which was poured under the bed and under the sleeping bench. The "fale" was also covered with yellow sand... The bench was made of boards, and the boards were placed on blocks. If you were not careful when sitting down you tipped over with the boards. The table was also made of boards...There were no chairs, only those little benches with two feet on one side, and two feet on the other. That was the furniture of the poor colonists. To store laundry and other things, one had a chest. Valuable things were not owned. The other clothes and cloths were hung on the stove, where the children slept... At Passover one used to clean and scrub the house, water the dishes [1] and make everything kosher. The table and benches
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(1) Glassware was soaked for three days, other cookware (pots, cutlery) was boiled to make it kosher.

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hot men oykh gesheyert un ge'koshert, vayl men hot dokh oyf zey oykh gehaltn khomets...men hot gemuzt an ovnt far peysekh boydek khomets zayn, un dem khomets farkoyfn tsum rav, un der rav flegt dos farkoyfn tsu a goy... ven ikh bin gevorn elter zaynen mir nit gefeln gevorn der tish un di benklekh fun bretlekh oyf kletslekh. nit vayt fun der kolonye iz geven a shtetele Odelsk. dorn hob ikh gehat a bakantn stolyar. bin avek tsu im, un er hot mir gemakht sheyne lange benk fun eyn breg vant biz tsu der tsveyter, un a tish oykh gemakht a firkantikn mit a shuplod inmitn. mayn mame hot gemakht fun perkol forhangen mit groyse zembes [1], un di hoyz iz shoyn geven oysgeputst un es iz geven zeyer sheyn oysgeputst... 9. Ven ikh bin alt geven tsen oder tsvelf yor, iz nit geven fun vanen tsu leben. mayn tate hot gehat zeyer veynik feld, nor eyn dritl fun a numer. fun dem hot men nit gekont makhn a leben. men hot gemuzt hodeven kelblekh un men zol zey oyshodeven far ki. az zey zaynen gevorn ki, iz shoyn gevorn beser. es hot gemuzt nehmen tsvey yor biz men hot di ki gekont melkn. men hot gemuzt hobn a drey, oder fir ki tsu melkn, a-nit, hot men poshet nit gehat far der familye tsu leben... az men hot gehat di ki un men hot zey gemolkn, flegt men fun der milkh makhn puter, kez, un men flegt di puter mit der kez firn in Sokolke tsu farkoyfn um zumer, ale tsvey vokhn. ikh bin demolt alt	were also scoured and made kosher, because after all, leaven had been placed on them. On the evening before Passover, all leaven had to be removed from the house. The leaven was sold to the rabbi and he used to sell it to a gentile... As I grew older, I didn't like the table and benches on blocks. Not far from the colony was a small town, Adelsk [Odelsk]. There I knew a well-known carpenter. I went to him, and he made for me beautiful, long benches from one wall to the other, and a square table with a drawer in the middle. My mother sewed muslin curtains with wide crocheted hems [1], and the house was already decorated and very nicely dressed up... 9. When I was ten or twelve years old, we no longer had enough to live on. My father owned very little land, only one-third of a numbered field, and you couldn't live on that. One had to raise calves and, if possible, raise them into cows. Once they became cows, it was easier, but it took two years to milk the cows. You needed three or four cows to milk, otherwise you just didn't have enough for the family to live on. When you had cows and milked them, you usually made butter and cheese from the milk, so during the summer you would take the butter and cheese to Sokółka every two weeks to sell. I was about
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geven bay a tsvelf yor, un Sokolke iz geven fun der kolonye an akhtsn meyl. amol az men hot nit gekent krign keyn fur, hob ikh, a yung meyd, gemuzt geyn tsufus...

ven mir hobn aleyn gehat a ferd un vogn, fleg ikh aleyn forn in Sokolke mitn milkhiks un nokh mitnemen a por vayber. zey hobn oykh gehat milkhiks tsu farkoyfn. zey hobn getsolt yede eyne finf un tsvantsik kopikes far der reyze ahin un tsurik...

mir hobn gehat a ferd un vogn. ober mayn tate hot gedarft akern mitn ferd. mir hobn gehodevet ferd, oykh oksn. az men hot nit gehat di behaymes vos tsu gebn esn, hot men gemuzt in yeshen far-

twelve years old then, and Sokółka was 18 miles from the colony. Sometimes, when there was no cart, I, a young girl, had to go on foot...

When we had a horse and cart, I used to drive to Sokółka myself with the dairy products, taking with me a few other women who also had dairy products to sell. Each of them paid 25 kopecks for the ride there and back...

[Even when we] had a horse and cart, father [often] needed the horse for farming. We raised horses and oxen. If you didn't have anything to give the cattle to eat, you had to

[1] literally "with groyse zembes (teeth)", I assume this means large crocheted air stitches that look like teeth, but I don't know for sure.



“Zembes“[?], both photos courtesy of Joanna Czaban



Curtains with "Zembes" behind a window in Krynki

koyfn dem ferd, oder dem oks. az s'iz gekumen der zumer un keyn ferd oder oks iz nit geven, hot men shoyn gedarft dingen goyim tsu akern, un der tate hot shoyn gemuzt geyn in shtot tsu fardinen. er iz gegangen in Bialystok tsu mularke un er hot gedarft zeyer shver mit der tatshke tsu firn shteyner, oder tsigl. es iz shoyn geven a groyse familye, drey inglek, vos hobn gemuzt geyn in kheyder. in shnit-tsait flegt der tate kumen aheym fun Bialystok arop-tsunemen fun di felder, az nit volt men gemuzt dingen goyim. frier hot men geshnitn gershtn. oyb m'hot nit geshnitn in tsait, hobn zikh aropgeshtn di zangen. nokh dem hot men genumen shnaydn dem korn. nokh dem hot men geshnitn dem veyts. nokh dem hot men geshnitn hoher un arbes un oykh lindzn. grike hot men nit gedarft shnaydn, nor raysn... az men hot shoyn opgeshtn di ale zakhn, hot men genumen klaybn di bulbes. di bulbes hot men gedarft oysakern un nokh dem hot men gedarft oyfklaybn fun der erd. dos iz shoyn geven a shvere arbet. a gantsn tog hot men gedarft lign oyf der erd un klaybn fun der erd di kartoflyes in der naser erd. es iz shoyn geven kalt. oykh flegt amol khapn a regn. men hot ober gemuzt aroysnemen di kartoflyes. men hot zey nit gekent lozn lign iber nakht in feld, hot men gemuzt zayn in feld biz shpet in der nakht... un az men iz gekumen shpet aheym hot men gemuzt geyn di ershte zakh melkn di ki, un nokh dem kokhn vetshere far der familye... 10.	sell the horse or the ox in autumn. When it became summer and there was no horse or ox, gentiles had to be hired for farming, and my father had to go to the city to earn money. He went to Bialystok and worked as a bricklayer, carrying heavy drawers of stones or bricks. We were already a big family, and three boys who had to go to the kheyder [cheder, Jewish religious elementary school]. At harvest time, Father used to come home from Bialystok to cut the fields, because otherwise gentiles would have had to be hired. Early on, the barley was cut, because if you did not cut it in time, the ears poured out. Then we began to cut the rye and then the wheat, then the oats, the peas and also the lentils. Buckwheat did not need to be cut, but only torn off. When everything was harvested, people began to pick up the potatoes. Potatoes had to be planted in the field and later dug out of the ground. This was hard work. For a whole day one had to lie on the ground and dig the potatoes out of the wet earth. It was then already cold and rain fell more often. However, you had to take out the potatoes, you could not leave them in the field about overnight, so you had to be in the field until late at night. Then, when you got home late, the first thing you had to do was milk the cows, and after that cook dinner for the family... 10.
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Ikh hob gedarft frier dertseyln di shverenish bshas men hot geshnitn di tvue...unzer feld iz geven tseteylt in etlekhe pletser. eyn teyl feld iz geven zeyer vayt, bay a drey vyorst, un inderfri arum zibn azeyger un amol nokh frier hot men gemuzt geyn oyf dem feld tsu shnaydn di tvue. gedenk ikh, vi di mame hot genumen dos kleyne kind oyf der hant un dos getrogn azoy vayt vi drey vyorst. men hot gemuzt mitnemen a krug mit vaser tsum trinken far a gantsn tog. men hot oykh gemuzt mitnemen broyt, puter, kez, harte eyer un far dem pitsele kind epes tsu trinken. men hot dos oykh gedarft	I have to tell you beforehand about the difficulties during the grain harvest. Our field was divided into several places. One part of the field was far away, about three vyorst [3,1 km], but you had to be in the field early in the morning around seven, sometimes even earlier, to cut the grain. I still remember how Mom had the little child in her arms, carrying it the whole three vyorst. In addition, you had to take a jug of water to drink for the whole day, also bread, butter, cheese, hard-boiled eggs, and for the toddler something to drink. Actually, it should have sucked,
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onzoygn. ober az di mame hot azoy shver gearbet, hort dos pitsl kind nit gehat vos tsu zoygn... oyf dem feld avekleygn a pitsl kind iz dokh oykh nit geven gut, hot men gedarft onshnaydn oyf der gikh etlekhe snopes un avekshteln un makhn vi a baydl, az di zun zol dos nit farbrenen un der vint zol dos khasvesholem nit farkiln. un vos hot men gekont ton, az got hot geholfn un es hot inmitn tog ongehoyn regen, un es hot ongehoyn dunern un blitsn. men hot gemakht fun di snopes „vodonoskes“. dos iz geven tsvelf snopes. neyn flegt men oyfshteln bay der zayt, drey fun oybn, es zol der regn nit arop... men hot nit gekont geyn aheym, nokh mit a kleyn kind. dos feld hot zikh gegrenitst mitn dorf Kraskleski, un az der regn hot nit oyfgehert, hot men gedarft loyfn ahin borves... men flegt zumer geyn borves. ver hot dos gekont zikh fargunen tsu geyn in shikh? az men hot gehat alte shlopes iz men gegangen in zey. far shnit flegn mir koshen di lonkes, men zol hobn hey far di	but since Mom worked hard, there was nothing for the toddler to suck... It would not have been good to simply lay the infant down in the field, so it was necessary to quickly cut a few bundles of grain and set them up like a small hut so that the sun would not burn the child and the wind would not, God forbid, chill him. What could one do but trust in God's help when it began to rain, thunder and lightning. One erected "vodonoskes" from the bundles of grain. These were twelve bundles, nine were placed on the side and three were placed on top so that it would not rain through to the bottom. One could not go home, certainly not with a small child. The field bordered the village of Kraskleski, and if the rain didn't stop, you had to walk barefoot all the way there... In summer, people went barefoot; who could afford to walk in shoes? If you had old slippers, you would walk in them. Before the harvest we used to mow the meadows to have hay for the animals
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behaymes oyf vinter. ven men flegt opkoshen di hey hot men dos gedarft tshesharn mit a grablye es zol zikh trikenen. oyf baynakht hot men gemuzt di hey oyfmakhn vi a barg, tomer in a regn, zol dos nit genetst vern, nor bloyz der oybershte teyl. ven men hot gemakht di hey vi a barg un s'iz gegangen a regn, hot men zikh shoyng gekont farbahaltne ineveynik in der hey... dos leben iz geven zeyer shver far dem kleynem kolonist, vi mayn tate. di vos hobn gehat a sakh feld, hobn zikh gekent farginen tsu dingen goyim...vinter tsayt hot men take gedarft koyfn klayen tsu gebn di behaymes esn, zey zoln nit farmogert vern... az mayn foter flegt moln dem korn in mil flegt er hobn shtroy fun der tvue. di shtroy hot men geshnitn oyf shetshke. di shetshke hot men farmisht mit korn-mel un gegeben di behaymes tsu esn... ober az men hot avekgegebn di behaymes di tvue, hot men shoyng um zumer aleyn nit gehat vos tsu esn. men hot gemuzt geyn leyn. az men hot nit gekont leyn bay idn, iz men gegangen tsu di goyim in Odelsk... az men hot nit gehat genug mel tsu bakn broyt hot men gehat arbes, bulbes, lindzn, onshtot broyt...un amol flegt men opnarn di kinder, men flegt araynmishn bulbes in di korn-mel. es iz nit geven	for the winter. The cut hay had to be turned with a rake so that it would dry. At night the hay had to be piled up in a hill, so that in case of rain it would not get wet, only the top part. When you had piled the hay into a mountain and it rained, you could hide inside the hay. Life was very hard for a small colonist, like my father. Those who had many fields could afford to hire gentiles. In fact, in winter we still had to buy bran for the cattle so that they did not emaciate. Since my father ground the rye in the mill, he usually had litter left over from the grain. The litter was made into "shetshke", chopped straw mixed with rye flour, and given to the cattle to eat... But if you gave the grain to the cattle, you didn't have enough to eat even in the summer. One had to go and borrow something. Since one was not allowed to borrow from Jews, one went to the gentiles in Odelsk. If one did not have enough flour to bake bread, one took peas, potatoes or lentils instead of bread. And sometimes one deceived the children, then one mixed potatoes into the rye flour. It was not as good as
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azoy gut vi hoyle korn-mel...men hot gehat burikes, hot men gekokht borshtsh. keyn fleysh iz nit geven a gantse vokh, hot men gekoyft a hering un men iz shoyng geven a mekhutn mit'n kremer. men hot gekrogn fun kremer abisl lyok, ven men hot gekoyft a hering. men hot opgekokht di bulbes mit di sholekhts un getunken in lyok, oder men hot di bulbes bagosn mit lyok.	pure rye flour...If you had beet, you cooked "borshtsh", beet soup. If there was again no meat for the whole week, one bought a herring, and so one was already good friends with the grocer. The grocer gave you some "lyok"[herring sauce], when you bought a herring from him. You boiled the potatoes in their skins and dipped them in "lyok", or you doused the potatoes with "lyok".
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men flegt in yeshen koyln a por shepslekh, oder a kalb un men hot dos fleysh aynggezaltsn un dos gehat oyf a gantsn vinter oyf di shabesim, un amol oyf peysekh oykh... men flegt hodeven um vinter genz oykh un men hot gehat abisl shmalts oyf peysekh...men hot gehalten dos fleysh un di shmalts in keler. men hot oysgegrob'n a spetsyeln grub in keler, arayngeleygt dos fleysh oder di shmalts in a bazundere keyle aza, vos men hot geruf'n bay un z „kodke“; aroyfgeleygt shteyner, un dos iz geven gut biz peysekh...

11.

Ikh hob aykh fargesn tsu dertseyln, az zumer-tsayt fleg'n mir aleyn pashen di behaymes. s'zaynen take geven pastukher, ober di pastukher hobn gehat alemens behaymes, un s'iz nit geven genug groz far alenen, fleg'n mir aleyn pashen di behaymes oyf andere pletser, vu es iz geven genug groz... men iz oyfgeshtanen drey azeyger fartog un men hot getribn di behaymes oyf di pashe-lonkes, un akht azeyger hot men zey gebrakht tsurik tsu melkn. gut ongepashete hobn zey gegeben a sakh milkh...

men hot zikh gut oysgeshlofn a por shtundn un dernokh dem tsurikgetribn di behaymes oyf pashe. dos iz geven baytog... farnakht hot men di behaymes vider gebrakht aheym un vider zey gemolkn... men hot di milkh ibergezeyet in leymene ladishtshikes, dos meynt, krigelekh, un men hot zey farbundn mit layvnt un zey aropgeshtelt in keler, es zol zikh oysshiteyn oyf smetene un zoyer-milkh.

fun der smetene hot men gemakht puter, un fun der zoyer-milkh hot men gemakht kezelekh... az men hot oysgeshlog'n di puter, iz

In the fall one slaughtered a few sheep or a calf, salted the meat, and this was enough for the Shabbats of the whole winter, sometimes even for Passover...One raised geese in the winter, so that one had a little "shmalts" [fat] for Passover...The meat and the fat were kept in the cellar. One dug a special pit in the cellar, put the meat and fat in a particular vessel, which we called "kodke", put stones on it, and it remained fresh until Passover...

11.

I forgot to tell you that in the summer we ourselves led the cattle to pasture. There were indeed drovers, but they herded everyone's animals and there was not enough grass for all the animals [in their pastures]. Therefore, we ourselves drove the animals to other places where there was enough grass to graze. We got up at three o'clock in the morning and drove the animals to the pastures, and at eight o'clock we brought them back for milking. If they had grazed well, they gave a lot of milk...

One then slept for a few hours and afterwards drove the cattle again on the pasture, all this was done during the day. In the evening, the cattle were brought home and milked again... The milk was poured into "ladishtshikes", clay jugs, wrapped in linen cloth and placed in the cellar to produce sour cream and sour milk.

From the sour cream one made butter, and from the sour milk one made cheese. When butter was churned [from the milk cream], a

geblibn aza flisikeyt, vos mir hobn gerufn mashlintse, un dos hobn mir getrunkn, un mir hobn oykh gemakht fun dem kezlekh, vos mir hobn gerufn mashlinke kez. di dozike mashlinke kezlekh hobn mir nit farkoyft, mir hobn dos gebroykht far zikh...	residual liquid remained, which we called "mashlintse" [buttermilk]. We drank this and also made cheese from it, which we called "mashlinke" [sic] cheese. We did not sell this cheese, but consumed it ourselves.
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az mir hobn nit gepashet di behaymes aleyn, nor zey gelozt tsum pastukh, hobn mir gemuzt geyn raysn groz, vayl di behaymes flegn kumen aheym farnakht hungerike. dos iz geven a sakh shverer. mir zaynen gegangen iber di mezhes tsu raysn di groz. mir hobn moyre gehat tomer vet kumen der balebos fun der mezhe un unz gut onshlogn...un dos shlepn dos groz iz oykh geven zeyer shver. men flegt geyn ayngedreyt in drayen...	If we did not drive the cows to pasture ourselves, but handed them over to the shepherd, we had to go and get grass, because the cattle came home hungry in the evening. But that was much harder work. We walked across the furrows and boundaries to pluck the grass and were afraid that the owner of the field would come and beat us up. Dragging the grass was also very difficult, we were completely tangled in it.
az mir hobn opgeshnitn di tvue fun feld, hobn mir avekgetribn di behaymes oyfn opgeshnitenem feld, un zey hobn shoyn dorn gefunen genug pashe...ikh hob shoyn oykh dertseylt, az men flegt mishn di tsehakte shtroy, vos mir hobn gerufn shets(h)ke, mit korn-mel, oder mit kleyen un um vinter gebn di behaymes esn... mir hobn gehat a sakh sholekhts fun bulbes, flegn mir di sholekhts oykh mishn mit der shetshke...	After we cut the grain, we drove the cattle to the harvested field, and the animals still found enough to graze there...I have already told you that the chopped straw, which we called "shetshke", was mixed with the rye flour or bran and given to the cattle to eat in the winter... We had a lot of potato peelings and mixed them with the "shetshke" as well.
az s'zaynen geven groyse frest, hot men gekokht di sholekhts in vaser un men hot dos gegeben di behaymes, zey zoln zikh dervaremen... mir flegn oykh um vinter oysshpraytn shtroy oyf der erd in shtal, zey zoln nit zayn kalt, az zey veln zikh avekleygn...	When there was a big frost, we boiled the potato peels in water and gave this to the animals to warm them up... In winter we also used to spread straw on the earth in the stable so that the animals would not be too cold when they lay down...

mir hobn oykh gehodevet oyfes. mir flegn zetsn di hiner oyf eyer far peysekh, un oyf rosh-hashone hobn mir gekont hobn yunge oyfes un hiner oyf yomkipar far kapores... hobn mir shoyt gehat eyer oykh tsu esn far di kinder...tsum vinter hobn mir gehat zeyer veynik eyer. di hiner hobn vinter geleygt veynik eyer, hobn mir gemuzt amol tsu-koyfn... oyf peysekh hobn mir genutst a sakh eyer. peysekh hobn mir gemakht halkes un oykh pampushkes, hobn mir gemuzt hobn a sakh eyer... fun der shmalts, vos mir hobn tsugegreyt oyf peysekh, flegn mir oykh farkoyfn. un dos hot unz geholfn tsu koyfn far di kinder hemdlekh oyf peysekh...a gants vinter zaynen di kinder gegangen in grobe layvntene hemdlekh. oyf peysekh hot men gekoyft abisl dine layvnt un oyfgeneyt sheyne hemdlekh oyf yontev. mayn mame, vi ir veyst shoyt, iz geven a gute neytork...ikh gedenk, vi di shokhtes flegn kumen tsu mayn mamen zi zol zey tsushnaydn etlekhe hemdlekh far zeyere kinder...mayn mame flegt zey nit nor tsushnaydn or vayzn vi tsu neyen. mayn mame hot dos gehaltn far a mitsve... itst vel ikh aykh dertseyln, vi men flegt oysstroyen di kleyne ingelekh: men hot far zey oyfgeneyt heyzlekh un kamzoylkes fun kort.	We also raised poultry. For Passover we had the chickens incubate the eggs; we had then young poultry for Rosh Hashone [Rosh HaShanah] and chickens for Yom Kippur "far kapores" [for the ceremony of the atonement]. Thus, we also had eggs for the children to eat. In winter we had very few eggs, because the chickens laid only a few, so we had to purchase some... At Passover we processed many eggs, because we prepared "halkes" [dumplings] and also "pampushkes"[fritters], and so we needed many eggs... From the fat we prepared for Passover, we usually sold some too, and that helped us to buy shirts for the children for Passover...All winter long the children went in coarse linen shirts, and for Passover they bought a bit of thin linen fabric to sew nice shirts for the holiday. As you already know, my Mom was a good seamstress... I still remember how the neighbors came to my mother and asked her to cut quite a few shirts for their children...but my mother usually did not just cut them or give instructions on how to sew them. My mother considered [sewing them together] a "mitsve" [religious commandment, good deed]... I'll tell you now how they used to dress up the little boys: they sewed for them little pants and vests made of "kort" [corduroy].
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a kurts dzheketl hot men gerufn a munarke,un a vest hot men gerufn a kamuzoylke. dos hot men geneyt oyf peysekhn...oyf sukes hot men geneyt vareme zakhn. onshtot a munarke hot men geneyt a kapotke, un di kapotke iz shoyn geven untergebet mit vate, es zol di kinder zayn varem. di kamuzoylke iz oykh geven untergebet mit vate, di kinder zoln zikh nit farkiln. di munarke iz geven a kurtse un di kapotke iz shoyn geven a lange, es zol di kinder nit zayn kalt in di fis... az men iz geven abisl reykhher hot men zikh shoyn gekent farginen tsu gebn tsu a shneyder oyftsuneyen far di inglekhn di kleyder...shtivelekh hot men gemakht bay a shuster. men hot nit gekont zey koyfn ergets vu... far di meydlekh hot men oykh geneyt aleyn, a kleydl, oder a spodnitse, un a bluzke. oyftsuneyen a spodnitse oder a bluzke iz nit geven azoy shver vi far di inglekhn. ikh aleyn hob oyfgeneyt far mir zakhn. spodnitses un bluzkes un amol a kleydl oykh... vinter gemuzt trogn a vatofke, pokhozhe (enlekh) tsu an unterkleyd. do ruft men dos a „pedekout“... es iz geven a shnayderke in Odelsk, un az men hot zikh gekent fargunen, hot men gekoyft a shtikl volens un gegeben der shnayderke. az di meydlekh zaynen untergevaksn hot men shoyn getrogn shenere zakhn. shabes un yontev hot men zikh oysgeputst. es zaynen shoyn geven shnayder in di shtetlekh Sokolke, oder Krinik, oder Amdur, un men flegt ahin forn zikh oyfneyen a por kleyderlekh tsi a mantl oyf yontev, tsi oyf a khasene...in di dozike shtetlekh zaynen geven damske shnayder... ven di meydlekh zaynen gevorn elter, hobn zey shoyn gemuzt geyn arbetn in di groyse shtet. dortn zaynen shoyn di meydlekh gegangen nokh der mode...	A short jacket was called a "munarke", and a vest was called a "kamuzoylke", both were sewn for Passover... for Sukkoth warm things were sewn. Instead of a "munarke" one sewed a "kapotke", an overcoat, and this was lined with absorbent cotton to keep the children warm. The "kamuzoylke" was also padded so that the children did not get cold. The "munarke" was short, while the "kapotke" was long, so that the children did not freeze on their legs... If you had a little more money, you could afford to let a tailor sew the clothes for the boys...Boots were made by a cobbler, they could not be bought anywhere else... Also for the girls you sewed yourself, a dress or a "spodnitse" [skirt] [1] and a blouse. Sewing a dress or an underdress was not as difficult as sewing for the boys. I sewed myself things, skirts, blouses and sometimes a dress... In the winter you had to wear a "vatofke", which was something similar to an undergarment. With us [in America] they call it a "pedekout" [petticoat]. In Odelsk there was a dressmaker, and if you could afford it, you bought a piece of woolen cloth and gave it to the [female] dressmaker. When the girls grew up, they already wore nicer clothes. On Shabbat and holidays they dressed up. There were already tailors in the small towns of Sokółka, Krynki or Amdur, and people usually went there to buy some dresses or a coat for the holiday or for a wedding...in these towns there were ladies tailors... When the girls got older, they had to go to the big cities to work. There, the girls were already following the fashion...
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ikh hob fargesn tsu bashraybn vos di inglekhn hobn gemuzt trogn, ven zey zaynen gegangen in kheyder um vinter. un vinter zaynen geven groyse frest un shneyen. men iz gehgangen biz in di kni in shney. keyn kaloshn hot men nit gehat, hobn di inglekhn gemuzt trogn shtivelekh un vareme volene zokn. di zokn hot men aleyn oysgeshtrikt fun grober vol. men hot oykh gemuzt hobn a peltsl, flegt men koyfn bay di goyim a por shepsene felkhlekh un makhn a shepsn-peltsl, di kinder zoln zikh nit farkiln. oyb nit keyn peltsl, hot men gekoyft grobe gevant un unter dem gevant untergebet a barkhe, es zol zayn varemer...	I forgot to write what the boys had to wear when they went to the kheyder [cheder] in winter. In the winter there were hard frosts and a lot of snow; you walked in the snow up to your knees. There were no overshoes, so the boys had to wear boots and warm woolen socks. One knitted the socks oneself from coarse wool. There was also need for a fur coat, so one bought a few sheepskins from the "goyim" to sew a sheepskin coat so that the children would not get cold. If you didn't have a fur coat, you bought coarse cloth fabric and lined it with velvet to make it warmer...
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[1] a spodnitse/ spudnitse is usually a petticoat or underdress, but here Rachel means a "skirt", as she writes on page 62

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12. In der kolonye hobn di inglekhn gemuzt geyn in kheyder, tsi men hot gehat fun vanet tsi nit. nit nor in unzer kolonye, nor in gants Eyrope...a ingele hot gemuzt kenen davenen un abisl lernen khumesh mit Rashi un mayver zayn di sedre ... dos iz geven a kleyn bisl lernen. di inglekhn vos hobn gevolt lernen oykh gemore und mishnayes zaynen oysgevaksn lamdonim... men hot nit gekent hobn tsu esn, hobn di eltern gelien un geborgt un geshikt di inglekhn in kheyder... di oreime eltern, vos hobn nit gehat farvos tsu koyfn a peltsl, tsi a shtikl gevant tsu makhn far di inglekhn vareme zakhn, flegn zey shikn in kheyder in tserisene shtivelekh, in a	12. In the colony, boys had to go to kheyder [cheder] [1], whether you could afford it or not. It was not only in our colony, but all over Europe...a boy had to be able to pray and also learn a little "khumesh" [Pentateuch] with [commentaries of] Rashi and read the "sedre" [the portions of the Torah]. But these were really only basics of the subject matter. The boys who later also wanted to study "gemore" [part of the Talmud] and "mishnayes" [six mishna portions, the oldest texts of the Talmud] grew up to be "lamdonim", Jewish scholars. When there was nothing to eat, the parents hired or borrowed something, but the children had to be sent to the kheyder...The poor parents, who had no means to buy a fur coat or a piece of cloth to sew warm clothes for their boys, sent them off in tattered boots and torn
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tserisene kapotke, fun velkher s'zaynen gehangen shtiklekh. fun di hemdlekh flegn oykh arophengen tserisene shtiklekh... di ingelekh zaynen geven in kheyder fun akht azeyger inderfri biz akht azeyger in ovnt...az es iz geven a frost, oder a shney, hot men zey mitgegebn dem mitog in kheyder...andere oreime mames flegn nebekh shikn di ingelekh in kheyder hungerike. s'iz nit geven vos tsu esn, ober in kheyder hot men gemuzt geyn... itster vel ikh bashraybn dem kheyder, dos heyst, dem Rebens shtibl. dos shtibl iz geven eyn tsimer mit a kamer. in shtibl iz vinter geven nas un kalt. di fenster zaynen geven farshmirt fun bayde zaytn. indroyasn mit leym un ineveynik mit papir. hobn di ingelekh a gantsn tog nit gehat keyn bisl luft. zey flegn nokh amol nyantshen dem rebns kinder un der rebe flegt zey nokh gut onbrekhn di beyner... ober vos der rebe iz geven shtrenger iz far di ingelekh geven beser. zey hobn moyre gehat farn reben hobn zey zikh gelernt beser... andere ingelekh zaynen krank gevorn baym reben in shtub fun der nets un vilgotsh... ikh hob nokh afile keyn tsent kheylek nit geshribn, vos di ingelekh hobn zikh dortn ongelitn, ober zey zaynen oysgevaksn gute idn... di meydlekh ober hot men in yene yorn nit gelernt. men hot zey nit geshikt in kheyder zikh lernen...in di kleyne shtetlekh hot di eltern nit geart, az di meydlekh hobn nit gekent lernen. men hot zikh nor opgegebn mit di ingelekh zey zoln zikh lernen ivre, khumesh, mayver zayn di sedre... az di ingelekh zaynen gevorn elter, tsen oder tsvelf yor, hot	jackets, which were already hanging in shreds; but even from the shirts, shreds were already hanging down... The boys attended the kheyder from eight o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock in the evening...If there was frost or snow, they were given their midday meal to take to school...some poor mothers, unfortunately, even had to send their children off hungry, because when there was nothing to eat, they still had to go to the kheyder... Now I want to describe to you the kheyder, that is, the "shtibl", [the classroom in the house] of the Rebbe. The "shtibl" consisted of a room and a chamber. In winter it was wet and cold. The windows were covered with paper on both sides, so that the boys didn't have a bit of fresh air all day long. They used to feed the Rebbe's children one more time, and the Rebbe used to spank them violently...[2] But it was better for the boys if the teacher was stricter, because if they were afraid of the teacher, they learned better. Some boys got sick from the wetness and humidity in the Rebbe's room... I haven't written the slightest bit about how the boys suffered there, but at least they grew up to be good Jews... The girls were not taught in those years, they were not sent to the kheyder...In the small towns the parents did not mind that the girls could not learn. They were only occupied with the boys, so that they could learn Hebrew, read the Pentateuch and the "sedre" [Torah portions]... When the boys got older, around 10 or 12 years old, they were sent to
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[1] kheyder [cheder]= Jewish elementary school

[2] The original sentence is ambiguous, the original reads: "zey flegn nokh amol nyantshen dem rebns kinder un der rebe flegt zey nokh gut onbrekhn di beyner "... I cannot rule out that the sentence can also be interpreted as meaning that the boys stuffed the Rebbe's little children's mouths too full and he beat them as a result.

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men zey avekgeshikt in di groyse shtet in di talme-toyres un in di yeshives...men hot far zey gekrogn teg tsum esn. dos heyst, gevise balebatim hobn zikh farflikhtet tsu gebn dem yeshive-bokher a tog tsu esn bay zikh in hoyz...az di inglekhn hobn nit gehat keyn genug teg tsu esn, hobn zey gehungert... reykhe eltern hobn tsugeshtet tsu zeyere inglekhn gelt un zey zaynen shoynt nit geven hungerik. di oreime hobn nebekh gehungert, oyb s'hot zey oysgefelt a tog oder tsvey in der vokh, vos zey hobn nit keyn hoyz, vu tsu esn... derfar ober, az zey zaynen oysgevaksn un gekont gut lernen iz zey shoynt geven gut, zey hobn gekrogn a groysn naden un etlekhe yor kest... andere flegn dinge a melamed far zeyere inglekhn, hobn di meydlekhn zikh shoynt oykh gelernt bay im abisl shraybn idish un oykh davnen. dos iz nor geven bay di farmeglekhe mentshn; bay di oreime mentshn un oykh bay di kolonistn iz geven zeyer zeltn, az di meydlekhn zoln kenen shraybn un davnen... 13. In shtetl Odelsk flegn di meydlekhn um vinter flikn federn un krign tsen kopikes a funt. di meydlekhn vos zaynen geven shnel hobn gekent fardinen a rubl a vokh. zey flegn ton andere arbet oykh, vi shtrikn	to the big cities, to the "talme-toyres" [the free community schools for the poor] and to the "yeshives" [Talmud schools]... For them, the "esn teg" [daily meal] was established, that is, certain richer citizens undertook in turn to give the "yeshive-bokher" [student at the yeshive] food in their house for [at least] one day. If the boys were not offered enough days to eat, they had to starve. Richer parents sent money to their boys so that they did not have to go hungry. Unfortunately, however, the poor went hungry when they could not find a house to eat in for one or two days a week... But considering that they grew up and were able to study well, they were lucky, because they later received a large dowry and quite a few years of "kest" [good food]. Some hired a private teacher for their boys. In this way, also the girls could learn a little Yiddish from him, to write and to pray. But this only happened with wealthy parents: Among the poor people and also among the colonists it was very rare that the girls could learn to write and pray. 13. In the shtetl Odelsk the girls usually plucked feathers in winter and got ten kopecks for a pound. Those girls who were nimble could earn a ruble a week. They also did other work, knitting woolen stockings,
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volene zokn un volene hentshkes, un oykh shkarpetkes. az men hot nit getrogn keyn volene zokn oder shkarpetkes un keyn hentshkes, hot men zikh farfroyrn di fis un di hent...in unzer kolonye hobn di meydlekh oykh geflikt federn un gemakht volene zokn, shkarpetkes un hentshkes. zey hobn gearbet far di goyim un fardint a tsvantsik tsi dreysik rubl, un mit dem gelt zikh oysgeklaydt oyf peysekh... far peysekh zaynen di meydlekh oykh gegangen valgern matses in di gresere shtet. dos hot zey oykh aroysgeholfn, hobn zey shoyn zikh gehat mit vos zikh tsu baklaydn oyf peysekh un farn gantsn zumer...um zumer zaynen di meydlekh gegangen shnaydn tvue tsi bay di goyim in Odelsk, tsi bay unz in kolonye, un zey hobn zikh oysgeklaydt oyf rosheshone, yomkipper un sukes... un az men iz shoyn geven baklaydt flegn khol hamoyed peysekh, oder khol hamoyed sukes, kumen bokherim fun Krinik, tsi fun Amdur,	gloves and also socks. If you didn't wear woolen socks, stockings and gloves, your feet and hands would freeze...In our colony the girls also plucked feathers and made woolen stockings, socks and gloves. They worked for the "goyim" and earned between twenty and thirty rubles. From this money they equipped themselves with clothes for Passover... Before Passover, the girls also went to the larger towns, unrolling matzos. This also helped them financially to dress for Passover and throughout the summer... In the summer the girls went to cut grain, either at the "goyim" in Odelsk or at our colony, and for this they dressed for Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur and Sukkoth... And when one had dressed, young boys from Krynki, Amdur or Sokółka used to come on the semi-holidays
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tsi fun Sokolke, un men hot zikh bakant un men iz shoyn a kale gevorn...andere meydlekh, vos zaynen nit geven azoy farrisn, zaynen gegangen in arumike shtetlekh dinen. andere hobn zikh geshemt geyn dinen, hobn zey zikh gematert bay oreime eltern... ven ikh bin geven a kind fun tsen oder tsself yor, hob ikh mit mayn tatn gearbet in a plats, in Bialystok, vu men bakt maztses oyf peysekh. mayn tate iz geven a treger fun di matses, un ikh- a velgerin fun di matses...mayn foter, ven ikh bin alt geven tsen yor iz shoyn geven a bal mishpokhe fun a vayb un fir kinderlekh...keyn sakh feld hot mayn tate	of Passover or Sukkot. One became acquainted with each other and soon one became a bride... Some girls who were not too proud to do so went to the surrounding towns as maids, but some were also ashamed to do so and continued to toil away with their poor parents... When I was a child of 10 or 12, I worked with my father at a place in Bialystok where they baked matzos for Passover. My father was a deliverer of the matzos and I was a "velgerin", that is, I rolled out the matzos. When I was ten years old, my father was already the head of the family of one wife and four children. My father did not own a large
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nit gehat, nor a dritl fun a numer, un oyf keyn leben hot er nit fardint fun feld. un oyf peysekhn hot men gemuzt baklaydn di kinder un batsoln dem reben skhar-limed. flegt mayn tate avekgeyn a por khadoyshim far peysekhn in Bialystok tsi in Grodne un flegt far zikh bashteln a plats in a bekeray tsu trogn matses... der beker, vos hot gebakn matses, velkhe balebatim hobn bay im bashtelt oyf peysekhn, hot gemuzt hobn a mentshn tsu bakn di matses, un a mentshn tsu redlen di matses, un men hot im gerufn a redler; un a kneter tsu knetn di matses, un a treger tsu tsutrogn di matses in di heyzer. mayn tate hot badarft bashteln a plats tsu tsutrogn di matses bay a drey khadoyshim far peysekhn, az men hot zikh farlozn oyf di letste por vokhn far peysekhn, hot men shoyn nit gekrogn keyn plats... der balebos fun der bekeray, vos men hot gerufn „pekarnye“, hot getsolt nit dem treger, nit dem redler, nit dem beker. nit der kneterke, un nit di velgerins. di balebatim, vos flegn bashteln di matses in der bekeray, flegn yedn eynem fun di arbeter gebn a por rubl. der mentsh, vos iz geshtanen baym oyvn un gezen, az di matse zol zikh nit tsubrenen, hot gekrogn merer fun di andere... der redler hot shoyn nit gekrogn azoy fil. der treger hot gekrogn merer afile fun dem, vos iz geshtanen baym oyvn. di kneterke hot gekrogn batsolt merer fun di velgerins. s'iz oykh geven a vaser-giser, dos iz ale mol geven a kleyn ingl oder a kleyn meydil. der vaser-giser hot oykh gekrogn batsolt nit fun dem balebos fun der bekeray, nor fun di balebatim, vos hobn bashtelt di matses. az s'zaynen geven farmeglekhe balebatim, vos hobn bashtelt di matses, hobn di arbeter gekrogn mer. fun oremere balebatim hobn di arbeter, farshteyt zikh,	field, only a third of a field number, and so he could not make a living from it. But one had to clothe the children at Passover and pay tuition to the Rebbe. Therefore, my father went to Bialystok or Grodno already a few months before Passover, to order in advance a place in a bakery as a delivery boy of matzos... The baker who baked the matzos that the "balebatim", the heads and owners of households, ordered from him for Passover, needed one employee to bake the matzos, one to "redlen" the matzos [to perforate with an intended wheel] and one to deliver the matzos to the houses. My father had to order his job as a matzos deliverer three months before Passover, because if you waited the last few weeks before Passover, the job was already taken. The owner of the bakery, which was called "pekarnye", did not pay the deliverer, nor the "redler", nor the baker, nor the kneader or the roller of the dough. The "householders" who ordered the matzos at the bakery gave each of the workers a few rubles. The worker who stood by the oven and watched that the matzos did not burn got more than [most of the others]... In contrast, the "redler" did not get so much. But the deliverer received even more than the man who stood by the oven. The kneader got more than the dough roller. There was also a "water pourer", who was always a little boy or girl. Also the "water-pourers" did not receive their money from the owner of the bakery, but from the "balebatim" who had ordered the matzos.. If the "balebatim" were wealthy, the workers received more; from the poorer "balebatim" they understandably
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gekrogn veyniker...a groyse familye hot gebakn merer matses un a klenere hot gebakn veyniker... a khuts matses hot men gedarft bazorgn oyf peysekh oykh veyn un fleysh un shmalts, un baklaydn di kinder...mayn tate hot far di fardinstn fun trogn di matses gedarft a khuts araynbrenge dem peysekh, oykh gedarft batsoln di khoyves farn gantsn vinter, vos er iz geblibn shuldik tsu mentshn... az mayn tate hot gekrogn a gute bekeray, vu a sakh farmeglekhe balebatim hobn bashtelt zeyer matses, hot mayn tate shoyng gekont i araynbrenge dem peysekh in shtub, un batsoln ale khoyves... ven ikh bin geven a meydln fun tsvelf yor, hob ikh zikh gebetn bay mayn tatn er zol mikh mitnemen keyn Bialystok tsu velgern di matses. ikh hob zikh gevolt baklaydn oyf peysekh. ikh hob gevolt hobn a sheyn klaydl un sheyne shikh, vi andere meydlekh... es iz nit geven azoy gring vi ikh dertseyl aykh. men hot gedarft shteyn oyf di fis in der bekeray fun zibn azeyger inderfri biz akht azeyger baynakht... mayn foter hot nit gehat genug gelt tsu dinge a tsimer far mir in Bialystok, hot er oyfgezuht mayn mames a kuzin, a vaser-treger, vos hot getrogn emer vaser oyf a koromisle tsu oreme balebatim un koym fardint oyfn leben. ven mayn tate hot mikh arayngefirt tsum vaser-treger in shtub, iz mir fintster gevorn in di oygn. es iz geven eyn tsimer, un es iz geven ongevorfn, un s'iz oykh geven a kleyn kind. di froy iz geven nit keyn sheyne, mit a fuln ponim brodevkes un tsegosn vi a katshke. der man irer iz geven a kleyner un oyfgedreyt in dreyen fun shlepn di shvere emer vaser. ober vi orem der vaser-treger iz geven, azoy gut iz	received less...a large family baked [1] more matzos than a smaller one... In addition to matzos, one had to provide wine, meat and fat for Passover and clothe the children...My father had to pay for the festive customs for Passover from his income as a deliverer of matzos, he also had to pay the debts of the previous winter that he had incurred from others. If my father obtained a position in a good bakery where many wealthy "balebatim" ordered their matzos, my father could not only provide for a proper Passover in the house, but also pay off all the debts... When I was a girl of 12, I asked my father to take me to Bialystok to roll out ("velgern") the matzos. I would like to be able to dress for Passover and put on a nice dress and nice shoes, just like other girls... But it was not so easy as I tell you here. No, you had to stand on your feet in the bakery from seven in the morning until eight at night... My father did not have enough money to rent a room for me in Bialystok, so we went to my mom's cousin, a water carrier, who carried buckets of water on a water pole to poor heads of households, and therefore he barely earned a living. When my father took me to see the water carrier in the apartment, I became gloomy. It was only one room, completely full, plus a toddler. The woman was not beautiful, with warts on her face and "splattered wet like a duck". Her husband was short and hunched over from carrying the heavy buckets of water. But however poor he was, he was good to me, and so
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er gevent tsu mir; zayn vayb oykh. nor vi malokhim. ikh bin geven bay zey dray vokhn ven ikh fleg kumen aheym baynakht, fleg ikh muzn esn vetshere, vos di vaser-tregerke hot mir ibergelozt. azoyne tayere mentshn hob ikh nokh nit gezen. oreime un proste, un azoyne gute. a shod vos ikh hob fargesn zeyere nehmen. s'iz shoyn avek a lange tsayt zint demolt, bay dray un zibezik yor. zeyere neshomes zoln ruen in gan-edn... 14. Ikh gedenk, vi mayn tate hot genuimen mayn kleyn bruderl Yehoshue Velvel, im ayngelikht in a talis, im getrogn in Bes-Hamedresh	was his wife. Like the pure angels. I stayed with them for three weeks. When I came home at night, I had to eat for dinner what the water carrier's wife had left for me. I had not seen such dear people before, poor and simple, but so good. What a pity I have forgotten their names, but so much time has passed since then, about 73 years. May their souls peacefully rest in the "Gan-Edn" [Garden of Eden]... 14. I remember how my father took my little brother Yehoshue Velvel, wrapped him in a "tales" [prayer shawl], carried him first to the Bes-Hamedresh
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[1] I think she means "ordered"

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un nokh dem in kheyder, kedey er zol oysvaksn a guter id un kenen lernen. lernen hot er take gekent, ober keyn frumer id iz er nit oysgevaksn. mayn bruder Yehoshue Velvel iz shoyn bald 83 yor alt...es zaynen geshtorbn far Yehoshue Velvel tsvey kinder bay mayne eltern. iz er shoyn geven a tsiteriker, un derfar hot men im getrogn in talis in Bes-Hamedresh, s'zol zayn a shmire ...iz vi ikh hob gezogt, er iz shoyn bald alt 83 yor un er hot itst drey farheyrate zin un a tokhter... ikh bin elter fun mayn Yehoshue Velvel mit tsvey tsvey un a halb yor. nokh Yehoshue Velvel zaynen gekumen nokh kinder. un ikh hob gemuzt nyantshen di kinder, vayl mayn mame iz geven farnumen mit melkn di ki un pashen di beheymes. ikh bin demolt nokh keyn finf yor	and later to the kheyder so that he would grow up to be a good Jew and learn. In fact, he did learn well, but he did not become a pious Jew. My brother Yehoshue will soon be 83 years old and before he was born, two of my parent's children died. Since Yehoshue Velvel was such a tender child, he was carried in the "tales" into the Bes-Hamedresh, this was to serve as an amulet...However, as I said, now he will soon be 83 years old and has three married sons and a daughter... I am two and a half years older than Yehoshue Velvel. After him, two more children were born and I had to feed the children because my mother was busy milking the cows and taking the cattle to pasture. At
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nit alt geven. bay unz in shtub, vi ikh hob bashribn frier, iz nit geven keyn toylet (an optrit) un nit keyn bod. men hot gebodn di kinder in a tseber, vos men hot gegeben di beheymes esn...men hot gedarft trogn di vaser fun brunem... es zaynen nit geven keyn kranen un keyn sink, vi do in Amerike, men zol a drey ton di kranen un s'zol zikh gisn vaser, kalte un vareme. men hot gemuzt trogn fun brunem tsvey emer vaser oyf a karomisle, un der brunem iz geven a drey blok vayter fun shtub... zumer tsayt flegt amol oystrikenen di vaser in brunem... in tseber, vu men hot gebodn di kinder, hobn zikh oykh di dervaksene arumgevashn oyf shabes. dos iz geven a hiltserner tseber, in hiltsernem tseber hot men oykh gevashn vesh. men hot ongevaremt a por emer vaser tsulib dem. men flegt oysshvenknen di vesh un dernokh dem pratsn mit a pranek... in bod flegt men geyn oyf rosheshone. di bod iz geven a vyorst fun der kolonye. un az men hot zikh fargunen iz men gegangen oyf peysekh oykh, ober nor di mener. di kinder hot men nor genumen in bod oyf rosheshone un yomkipen... um zumer iz nit vayt fun unz geven a taykhl, gedenk ikh, vi mir meydlekh flegn geyn tsum taykhl vashn di gret un pratsn mit a pranek, nit oyf a vash-bretl, nor oyf a poshet bretl. di vayber fun der kolonye zaynen gegangen in a bod ven zey hobn gedarft geyn in mikve un amol hobn zey gedarft geyn ale	that time I was not even five years old. As I have written before, there was neither a toilet nor a bathroom in our home. The children were bathed in a tub, from which the cows also ate... You had to carry the water from the well, and there were no faucets or sinks, like in America, where you just have to do a twist to make the cold or hot water run. You had to carry two buckets of water from the well on a "karomisle" [water carrier pole], and the well was three blocks from home...In the summer, sometimes the water in the well would dry up... In the tub, where the children were bathed, the adults also washed on Shabbat. It was a wooden tub, in which one washed also laundry. For this purpose, a few buckets of water were heated. One shook out the laundry and then toiled oneself with it on a board... For Rosheshone [Rosh HaShanah], one went to the bath. The bath was a vyorst [1,06 km] away from our colony, and if one wanted to indulge oneself, one also went there on Passover, but only the men. The children were taken to the bath only on Rosh HaShanah and Yom-Kiper [Yom Kippur]... Not far from us there was a small river and I remember how we girls used to wash out the clothes and wash cloths on a board there in the summer, but it was not a washboard, just a simple board. The women of the colony went to the baths when they had to go to the mikveh and once they had to go every
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monat...in frest un in shneyen zaynen di vayber gegangen...ikh gedenk nokh vi mayn mame flegt mikh mitnemen. di vayber flegn batsoln dem beder tsu finf un tsvantsik kopikes, un er hot shoyn ongevaremt di vaser in bod...	month [1], and even when there was frost and snow. I still remember how my mother used to take me with her. The women paid the "beder" [supervisor in the bath] 25 kopeks, then he heated the water....
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der beder iz shtendik geven an oremer. der beder hot gemegt zayn der shenster mentsh, ober men hot gehaltn im far nit keyn khoshevn mentshn. di meydlekh flegn zikh nit veln khavern mit dem beders meyd, farvos veys ikh nit...

in di groyse frest un shneyen, ven der veg iz geven farshneyt, zaynen di frume vayber gegangen in brunem far a mikve... dos hot mayn mame mir aleyn dertseylt... es flegn oysfaln groyse frest un shneyen gantse berg. men hot gekent farfaln vern, oyb men hot zikh gelozt geyn keyn Odelsk in bod areyn. di mener hobn oysgehakt a polonke in taykh un di vayber hobn zikh getoyvlt do rtn oder in brunem...

amol hot men oysgeshept dos vaser far di beheymes, un amol iz dos vaser farfroyrn gevorn, hot men shoyn gemuzt geyn in mikve in taykh...

mayn mame iz oykh gegangen in taykh tsi in brunem. mayn tate hot tsugegreyt di mikve, vos men hot genutst vinter in di groyse frest un in di zaverukhes...zumer iz shoyn geven gringer...

ikh hob fargesn tsu shraybn, az der brunem iz geven zeyer tif un men hot gemuzt aroplozn di froy mit a shtrik. az es iz nit geven tsu tif, hot men zikh aropgelozt in brunem mit a layter...di vayber hobn nit getort opleygn oyf a tog di mikve. es volt geven di greste aveyre. men volt efsher gegangen in gehenem tsulib dem...

nokh der mikve hot der beder gemuzt shteyn bay der tir un di vayber hobn gemuzt kukn oyf im. der beder hot gemuzt zayn a frumer id. oyb nit keyn frumer hot men nit getort kukn oyf im. oyb s'iz gekumen antkegn der eygener man hot men shoyn gekukt oyfn eygenem man...

The "beder" was always poorly off. He might have been the most beautiful person, but he was not considered a respectable person. The girls did not want to make friends with the daughters of the bath attendant, don't ask me why...

In severe frost and snowfall, when the road was covered with snow, the women went to the mikveh in the well...This is what my mother herself told me. We had heavy frosts and whole mountains of snow. It could have cost one's life to go to Odelsk for a bath. Therefore, the men chopped an opening in the [frozen] river, and the women immersed themselves either there or in the well...

Sometimes you scooped out all the water for the animals or the water was frozen, then you had to go to the mikveh in the river.

My mother also went either to the river or to the well.

My father prepared the mikveh, which was used in winter, during heavy frost and snowstorms. In summer, on the other hand, it was more bearable...

I forgot to write that the well was very deep and one had to let the woman down with a rope. In case the well was not so deep, a ladder was used to go down...The women were not allowed to postpone going to the mikveh for a single day, because it was considered the greatest sin, for which one might go to hell...

After the mikveh, the "beder" had to stand at the door and the women had to look at him. The "beder" had to be a pious Jew. If he was not pious, one was not allowed to look at him. If one's own husband was already approaching, one directed one's gaze at him...

es iz geven a groyse moyre, az khasvesholem, men zol nit bafaln, ven men iz aroys fun mikve, vayl di bod iz geven nit vayt, vu di goyim hobn gevoynt.hobn di vayber oysgefregt dem beder, efsher veyst er, ver fun di shkheynes darfn dem ovnt geyn in mikve, hobn zey shoyn gehat kompanye... di mener zaynen dokh oykh gegangen antkegn, iz shoyn nit geven aza moyre. di mener hobn nit getort visn, az dem shokhns vayb	There was a great fear that, God forbid, one would be attacked after leaving the mikveh, because the bath was not far from the homes of the "goyim". Therefore, the women would ask the "beder" if he knew which of the neighbors would have to go to the mikveh in the evening to have an escort. The husbands also went out to meet [the women], so that their fear decreased. The men were not allowed to know that the neighbor's wife
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[1] see <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mikveh>

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iz oykh gegangen in der mikve, ober ven zey hobn zikh getrofn leben der bod iz shoyn keyn aveyre nit geven...dos farkukn zikh fun di vayber nokh der mikve oyf a frumen idn iz geven a sgule, az zeyere kinder, vos zey veln geboyren, veln zayn frume idn... 15. Itster gey ikh aykh dertseyln fun mayne yorn, ven ikh bin geven a kind fun akht biz tsen yor alt...vi ikh hob geshribn frier hob ikh genyantshet di kinder...vinter tsayt hot men di kinder nit gekont bodn tsu oft hot men nor eynmol a vokh, freytog erev shabes, arumgevashn di kleyne kinder. az ikh dermon zikh in yene tsaytn, geyt mir durkh a skukhe. es hobn zikh geshotn di leyz fun di kep, ven ikh hob zey arumgevashn un genumen kamen zeyere hor. es hot oykh gerunen materye fun zeyere kep. zey zaynen kimat farparshivet gevorn. zey hobn kimat gehat parkhes, un s'zaynen geven azoyne vundn, az men hot zey nit gekont vashn un kemen. di leyz zaynen oykh geven in di hemdlekh un es hot gebisn dos gantse leyb...	had also gone to the mikveh; but if one met [by chance] next to the bath, it was not considered a sin. It was considered a blessing for a woman to look at a pious Jew after the mikveh, because then her children, whom she later bore, would become pious Jews. 15. Now I will tell you about the time when I was a child of eight to ten. As I wrote before, I fed the children [siblings]. In the winter, it was not often possible to bathe the children; the small children were washed only once a week, on the Friday before Shabbat. When I remember those times, a shudder runs through me. Head lice poured from the heads when I washed the children and combed their hair. But there were also [dandruff and] other particles ["materye"] falling from their heads, which were almost completely scabbed over. They had incipient scab, and their sores were such that they could not be washed or combed. The lice were also already in the shirts and all over the body there were bites...
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shabes hot men tsayt, hot men di kinder oysgeluzn un oykh di groyse hobn zikh oysgeluzn... oyf di kinder iz geven a groys rakhmones. di hor oyf zeyere keplekh zaynen geven oysgeleygt in koltenes...nit nor unzere kinder, nor di kinder fun der gantser kolonye zaynen geven farleyzikt mit koltenes. men flegt oysshmirn zeyere kep mit shire mashts un farbindn mit shmates iber nakht. un inderfri aropraysn. di geshrayen zaynen geven in himl... men iz gegangen in kheyder arayn mit veytogn, ober keyner hot zikh nit gedarft shemen, vayl ale kinder hobn gehat um vinter oysgeshotene kep, un ale kinder hobn gehat koltenes oyf zeyere kep. keyner iz nit geven keyn yakhsn... m'zagt, dos iz geven derfar vos m'hot genutst a sakh zamd in hoyz. men flegt haltn di zamd unter di betn, unter di benk, un a sakh oykh. di gantse hoyz iz geven zamd. men hot ongegreyt zamd oyf a gantsn vinter. vinter tsulibn shney hot men nit gekent krign keyn zamd. dokh gedenk ikh, vi ikh un nokh meydlekh, ven der shney iz abisl zikh tsegangen, zaynen mir gegangen zukhn abisl zamd. on zamd hot men zikh nit gekont bageyn, vayl s'iz geven zeyer nas in hoyz...	On Shabbat one had the time to delouse the children; and also the adults deloused themselves... There was a lot of pity for the children. Their hair hung matted and tangled ["in koltenes"]. This was not only the case with our children, but [the hair of] all the children in the entire colony was lice-ridden and tangled. They smeared their heads with gray ointment, tied a rag around them overnight and tore it off early in the morning. The screams reached up to the sky... So you went to the kheyder with pain. But no one needed to be ashamed, because after all, in the winter all the children had rash on their heads, and all the children had frazzled hair, no one was a distinguished aristocrat... It was said that this was because so much sand was used in the house. One had sand to lie under the beds, a lot of it also under the benches; everywhere in the house was sand. One made a stock of sand for the whole winter, because when there was snow in the winter, one didn't get any sand. But I remember when I was a little girl and the snow had thawed a bit, I used to gather sand with another girl. You couldn't get along without sand because it was just very wet in the house...
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ikh hob fargesn, az keyn elektritsitet iz oykh nit geven. nu mit vos hot men gekent makhn likhtik di hoyz? hot men gehat a kerosin lempl un dos glezl iz immer geven farkoptshet un shvarts fun roykh un es hot geshtunken fun kerosin. kerosin hot men gerufn gaz. di gaz hot men gezhalevet. iz veyst ir vos men hot geton? men flegt koyfn sosnove holts un men hot es getriknt, un men hot di holts tsheshnitn un tsehakt un	I forgot to mention that there was no electricity either. Well, with what could one make light in the house? One usually had a kerosene lamp with a little glass that was always sooty and black with smoke, and it also stank of kerosene. Kerosene was called "gaz". And we used the "gaz" very sparingly. You know what we did? We bought pine wood, dried it, cut it and chopped it into small logs. We dried the logs and
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men hot gemakht drazges, un di drazges hot men getriknt un men hot zey geshpaltn zeyer din, azoy vi papir un shmol vi a broyt-meser...

mit di drazges hot men baloykhtn dos hoyz. ober fun dem kont ir farshteyn, az fun dem iz oykh geven a fule hoyz mit roykh. dos lempl mit gaz hot men nor gehat oyf shabes, un ven men hot geflikt federn baynakht...

ven men hot gebrent di drazges hot men moyre gehat far a fayer. ven es volt oysgebrokhn a fayer volt men geven umgliklekh, vayl di heyzer zaynen nit geven farstrakhirt...men hot um vinter geflikt a sakh federn, un az men hot geendikt mit flikn di federn, hot men zikh genumen shtrikn zokn mit shkarpetkes, mit hentshkes, oykh leyblekh, ver es hot gekent, un alts bay dem farkoptshetn lempl...

dos vos ikh shrayb itst iz geven a 77 yor tsurik. ikh bin demolt alt geven bay akht oder neyn yor. ikh hob shoyn gekent oysarbetn sheyne tishtukher un dekes oyf di betn. ikh hob gekent oysneyen feygelekh un katshkes un blumen, un zey oysgehangen oyf der vant... men hot mikh gehaltn far a gerotene. ikh barim zikh nit, nor azoy flegt men zogn oyf mir...

shoyn als kind fleg ikh helfn in hoyz. ven ikh bin alt geven bloyz zeks yor hob ikh shoyn geholfn hodeven di kinder.

16.

ikh hob zikh oysgelernt valgern di matses nokh in der kolonye, ven ikh bin geven azoy yung vi akht yor...yeder balebos in der kolonye hot dokh gedarft hobn matses oyf peysekh, flegn zikh tsenoyfklaybn bay a tsen, oder tsvelf shkheynes, un ver es hot gehat dem grestn oyvn bay der hot men gebakn.

mayn tate un mame hobn dokh oykh gedarft hobn matses oyf peysekh zaynen zey oykh geven shutfim, un ikh hob geholfn

split them into very thin pieces, as thin as paper and as narrow as a bread knife...

With this material, the "drazges", we lit the house. But you can imagine that the whole house was full of smoke from it. Only on Shabbat and when we plucked feathers at night we filled the lamp with "gaz"...

While the "drazges" were burning, we were afraid of a possible fire. If a fire had broken out, it would have meant great misfortune, because the houses were not insured...In winter we plucked many feathers, and when we were done with it, we knitted stockings and socks, gloves and who could, also vests, and everything at the sooty little lamp...

What I am writing here was 77 years ago. At that time I was eight or nine years old and could make beautiful tablecloths and blankets for the beds. I could sew little birds, ducks and flowers and hang them on the wall...one thought I was very talented. I don't want to boast about it, but this is what they said about me...

Even as a child I helped around the house. When I was only six years old, I was already helping to raise the children.

16.

Still in the colony, at the age of eight, I learned to roll out matzos...Every head of household had to have matzos for Passover after all, and so ten to twelve neighbors got together and baked the matzos at the house of whoever had the biggest oven...

My parents, who also needed matzos for Passover, also got together with others, and I helped

velgern di matses...ikh hob fargesn aykh dertseyln az der man vos hot oyf a lopete arayngedrukt di matses in oyvn, hot men gerufn zetser, dos heyst, er hot arayngezetst di matses in oyvn... knetn di matses hot men gemuzt gut kenen. ven a kneterke hot nit gekont gut knetn un ibergelozt a por brekelekh, iz geven khometsdik di gantse meyre un men hot shoyn nit getort nutsn...ikh hob gezen vi di kneterke hot geknotn un ikh hob zikh bald oysgelernt un ikh hob geholfn der kneterke un zi hot mir zeyer gedankt... bay unz in kolonye iz oykh geven a bekeray, vu men hot gebakn matses far alemen, far gelt, un ale farmeglekhe balebatim fun der kolonye un arum di yishuvim flegn bakn matses in der bekeray... di baleboste fun der bekeray flegt tsoln a rubl a tog. ikh fleg fardinen akht oder tsen rubl oyf peysekh un ikh fleg zikh farn gelt makhn a por kleydelekh un a mantl. s'iz geven a groyse frayd, az men hot zikh gekent aleybn bakleydn... di mentshn, vos hobn gehalten di bekeray, zaynen geven shoyn alte mentshn. im hot men gerufn <i>Dovid Leyzer</i>, un ir hot men gerufn <i>Peshe Lea</i>.er hot gehat fun der ershter froy a zun, <i>Avrohem Itse</i>, un zi hot gehat a tokhter fun dem ershtn man. zi hot geheysn <i>Libe</i>. hot men zey baydn khasene gemakht. Libe iz geven a groyse baleboste, bay ir hob ikh zikh take oysgelernt tsu zayn a gute velgerin... Avrohem Itse iz geven a kleyn-geviksiker. er flegt akern dos feld mit oksn. di oksn zaynen geven zeyer groyse...	unroll ("velgern") the matzos...I forgot to tell you that the man who pushed the matzos into the oven on a shovel was called a "zetser," that is, he "put" the matzos into the oven. One had to be good at kneading ["knetn"] the matzos. If a kneader could not knead well and left a few crumbs, the entire matzos dough was considered soured and could not be used...I watched the kneader knead and soon learned to do so, so I could help the kneader and she was very grateful to me... In our colony there was also a bakery where matzos was baked for everyone for a fee, and all the wealthy heads of households in the colony and surrounding villages had matzos baked in this bakery... The wife of the bakery's owner paid one ruble a day. I earned eight to ten rubles at Passover, and made myself some clothes and a coat from the money. It was a great joy to be able to get clothes for yourself... The people who ran the bakery were old. The man's name was <i>Dovid Leyzer</i> and she was called <i>Peshe Leye</i>. He had a son by his first wife, <i>Avrohem Itse</i>, and she had a daughter by her first husband, named <i>Libe</i>. They were married off. Libe was an important boss. From her I learned to become a good "velgerin"... Avrohem Itse was small in stature. He used to plow the field with oxen. His oxen were very big...
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Libe mit Avrohem Itse hobn gehat finf kinder- tsvey tekhter un drey zin. eyn tokhter hot men gerufn Tsirl un mit ir fleg ikh zikh khavern. mir flegn tsuzamen pashen di beheymes oyf di pazerankes. di tsveyte tokhter, Khaye Feygl, iz iz nit geven keyn sheyne. zi hot gehat kasoke oygn... zeyer eltern bruder, <i>Shmuel Yankel</i>, hot khasene gehat in a shtetl Yaneve, nit vayt fun der kolonye, mit a gvirs a tokhter. Shmuel Yankel iz geven a groyser lamdn un derfar hot er gekrogn s groysn nadn un etlekhe yor kest. azoy iz shoyn geven der mineg, az men hot nor gekrogn a lamdn far an eydem, hot men shoyn der tokhter gegeben a sakh nadn un etlekhe yor kest... farshteyt zikh, az oreime eltern hobn nit gekont gebn keyn sakh nadn, hobn zey khasene gemakht zeyere tekhter far arbeter... der tsveyter bruder, <i>Mordekhay Moyshe</i>,	Libe and Avrohem Itse had five children - two daughters and three sons. One daughter was called <i>Tsirl</i>, and I became friends with her. We herded cattle together in the pastures. The second daughter, <i>Khaye Feygl</i>, was not a beauty. She was cross-eyed... Her older brother, <i>Shmuel Yankel</i>, celebrated his wedding in the shtetl Yaneva, not far from the colony, with the daughter of a noble, rich man. Shmuel Yankel was an eminent Jewish scholar, and therefore he received a large dowry and quite a few years of "kest" [financial support]. For such was the custom in those days: you only got a Jewish scholar for a son-in-law if you gave your daughter a large dowry and "kest" for several years.... It goes without saying that poor parents who could not give a large dowry married their daughters to laborers... The second brother, <i>Mordekhay Moyshe</i>,
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hot gehobt smikhes oyf rabones un khasene gehat mit zeyer a reykhns a tokhter un hot gekrogn gor a groysn nadn mit tsen yor kest... mayn khaverte Tsirl hot khasene gehat far eynem fun shtetl Sokhevola, oykh nit vayt fun der kolonye. ire eltern hobn far ir gekont gebn nor drey hundert rubl nadn. dos iz oykh geven shver far di eltern, ober men hot gemuzt ton mit ir a laytishn shidekh tsulib di brider... keyn doktor iz in der kolonye nit geven. az a froy iz gegangen tsu-kind, hot men gerufn Khaye-Peshen, di alte froy, vos bay ir in hoyz iz geven di bekeray... zi hot gehat zeyer a gringe hant. men flegt zi rufn tsu a kimpetorin afile in Odelsk...	had been ordained as a rabbi and married the daughter of a very rich man, he received a very large dowry and "kest" for 10 years... My friend Tsirl had a wedding with one from the shtetl Sokhevola [Suchowola], not far from the colony. Her parents could give only 300 rubles for her dowry, and even this sum was difficult for her to raise, but they had to arrange a prestigious wedding because of her brothers... There was no doctor in the colony. When a woman gave birth to a child, they called <i>Khaye-Peshe</i>, the old woman in whose house the bakery had been...She had very skillful hands, and therefore she was even called by women to Odelsk for or after childbirth...
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s'flegt zikh amol makhn, vos a froy iz gegangen shver tsu kind, hot men gemuzt brengen a doktor fun Krinik tsi fun Grodne...
ven mayn mame iz gegangen tsu kind fleg ikh loyfn rufn Khaye Peshen, vos gikher. zi iz geven a zeltene froy, a tayere neshome...
men hot gerufn Peshe Lea'n: di bobe...
zi iz geven di bobe bay ale mayne shvester un brider...
ven zi iz geshtorbn, iz ir tokhter Libe geven di bobe...

17.

Un itster vil ikh aykh dertseyln, vi men flegt traybn mener mitn etap in Rusland. ikh hob dos gezen mit mayne eygene oygn. ikh bin dan geven a kind. es zaynen geven groyse frest un der shney iz geven bizn dakh. men hot nit gekont aroysgeyn fun hoyz. di zaverukhe flegt fartrogn dem mentshn in der luftn. un do hot men getribn mentshn mitn etap. un ir veyst vos etap hot gemeynt? az men hot gekhapt an oremen mentshn on a pasport, hot men im getribn tsu-fus fun eyn dorf biz tsum tsveytn, fun eyn shtot biz der tsveyter, hunderte meyn biz zayn geburts-ort.

ikh gedenk vi mir kleyne kinder flegn rakhmones hobn oyf di arestantn un epes zey aroystrogn tsu esn. zey zaynen geven hungerik. ikh gedenk azoy vi haynt volt dos pasirt...az men hot zikh mit epes farzindikt in Rusland kegn gezets un az men hot gekhapt, iz geven az okh-un-vey dem gekhaptn. men hot opgeshlogn di lungen un arayngezetst in a kartser, vos dos meynt, a fintsterer kamer...

It sometimes happened that a birth turned out to be difficult, then a doctor had to be brought from Krynki or Grodno...When my mama gave birth to a child, I ran to call Khaye-Peshe as soon as possible. She was a unique woman, a good soul...
Peshe Leye was called "di bobe", "the grandmother".
She, the "bobe", helped in the birth of all my sisters and brothers...
When she passed away, her daughter, Libe, became "di bobe".

17.

And now I want to tell you how men were escorted to Russia as prisoners. I saw this with my own eyes, back when I was a child. There were big frosts and the snow was high up to the roof, so you couldn't go out of the house. The snowstorms could whirl people into the air. In these conditions, people were herded in convoy, and can you imagine what that meant? If a poor person was seized without a passport, they would drive him on foot from one village to another, from one town to another, hundreds of miles, all the way to his birthplace.

I remember how the little children took pity on the detainees and brought them something to eat, because they were hungry. I remember it as clearly as if it had just happened today...In Russia, if one had broken any law and was seized, the prisoner fared very badly. He was severely beaten and put in the "kartser", that is, in a dark chamber...

ikh gedenk, vi mayn tatns a bruder, Artshik, hot zikh farbahalt'n bay unz oyfn boydem. dortn iz gelegn shtroy, flegt er shlofn in der shtroy baynakht in di groyse frest. mayn tate flegt im aroyftrogn esn... eynmol baynakht hobn mir derzen, vi der staroste mit tsvey kolodnikes geyen im zukhn. kent ir zikh shoy'n forshteln unzer shrek. mayn onkl hot zikh aroysgeganvenet durkhn dakh... farvos hot er zikh bahalt'n? men hot im gezolt nehmen in rekrutn. er hot aroysgetsoygn dem grestn numer. ober er hot moyre gehat, az s'vet kumen tsu zayn numer, derfar hot er zikh bahalt'n. ober men hot oysgepilt di mos rekrutn un s'iz nit gekumen tsu zayn numer, un er hot nit gedarft geyn dinen... 18. Itster gey ikh shraybn vegn mayn leben fun dreytsn-fertsn yor biz akhtsn. vi ikh gedenk iz mayn tate avek keyn Bialystok arbetn in a farbarnye. fun feld hot er nit gekont tsien keyn khayune... in der farbanye hobn gearbet nokh etlekhe fun der kolonye, vos hobn oykh nit gekont tsien keyn khayune fun zeyere felder. eyn kolonist hot gevoynt di andere hoyz fun unz. men hot im gerufn <i>Yehoshue Etkes</i>. zayn mame hot men gerufn <i>Etke</i>. azoy flegt men rufn eyner dem andern; oder tsugebn der mames nomen oder dem tatns nomen. der doziker Yehoshue Etkes iz avek frier far mayn tatn keyn Bialystok tsu arbetn in der farbarnye, un er hot shoy'n far mayn tatn oykh oysgebetn a plats dortn tsu arbetn... un ir veyst vifil zey hobn fardint a vokh? drey un a halb rubl. un gearbet hobn zey fun zeks fartog biz zeks farnakht... in der zelber fabrik hot	I remember how my father's brother, <i>Artshik</i>, used to hide in our attic. This was covered with straw, and during the hard frosts Artshik slept in the straw at night. My father carried food up to him... One night we saw the village chief with two convicts looking for him. What a fright we got! My uncle escaped through the roof... Why was he hiding? He was to be drafted as a recruit! Though he had drawn the highest number, he still was afraid that his number would come up. Therefore he hid himself. But it turned out that the necessary number of recruits had already been collected, so that his number did not come up at all. So he did not have to go to the military service. 18. Now I will write about my life when I was about 13 or 14, until I turned 18. I remember that my father went to work in a dyeworks factory in Bialystok. The income from cultivating his field was not enough to support himself. There were other people from the colony working in the factory who could not live on agriculture alone either. One from the colony lived in the house right next to us. His name was <i>Yehoshua Etke's</i>. His mother was called Etke. People called each other by their first name or added their mother's or father's name. The aforementioned Yehoshue Eke's had gone to Bialystok before my father to work in the factory and immediately requested a job there for my father. And do you know what they earned in a week? Three and a half rubles. For that they worked from 6 o'clock in the morning to 6 o'clock in the
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oykh gearbet mayn tatns an elterer bruder... dem fabrikant hot men gerufn <i>Arke Saraske</i>, der grester fabrikant in Bialystok. di fabrik iz geven a por vvorst fun shtot. der hoyf iz geven meyln di leng un di breyt. es iz dorn geven a parovke mit mashines. s'hobn dorn gearbet hunderter mentshn... mayn tate hot mikh genumen tsu zikh mikh oyslernen epes an arbet. mayn tate hot mir opgedungen tsu shteyn kvartir in hoyf fun der farbrik,	evening...My father's older brother also worked in the same factory. The factory owner was called Arke Saraske [alias <i>Aharon or H. Suraski</i>], he was the biggest factory owner in Bialystok. The factory was a few vvorst from Bialystok, and the factory yard was huge, miles in length and in width. There was steam-powered machinery and hundreds of people working there. My father had taken me there to be apprenticed. He rented a place for me to stay in the yard of the factory
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bay an oremen veber, far fertsn kopikes a vokh. dem vebers vayb hot geshpult kete. dem vebers vayb hot mikh oysgelernt tsu shpuln di kete oyf di groyse shpules. az ikh hob zikh oysgelernt tsu shpuln hot men mir shoyn gegeben a plats tsu arbetn. es iz mir geven azoy shver tsu dreyen dos shpin-redl mit der vol, az es flegt zikh mir plontern di pasmes mit der vol... fun der vol zaynen geven konitses, un az es hot zikh mir geplontert, fleg ikh aropraysn gantse shtiker un araynleygn tsvishn di konitses, az men hot ibergeklibn di konitses, hot men gezen az s'iz do tsufil ibergefirte vol...men hot mikh opgezogt. ven ikh hob gearbet leben tatn in eygenem hoyf, flegt mayn tate un andere fun der farbarnye kokhn far zikh esn. hot mayn tate gekokht abisl mer un ikh fleg kumen tsum tatn un opesn. m'shteyns gezogt, vos men hot shoyn gehat vos tsu esn...	with a poor weaver, for 14 kopecks a week. The weaver's wife wound "kete" ["warp"] and she taught me to wind the warp onto the large bobbins. As soon as I had learned to spool, I got a job. But I found it very difficult to turn the spinning wheel with the wool, and constantly the skeins of wool tangled up... The wool had "konitses" [ending bits], and because everything got tangled with me, I tore out whole pieces and inserted them between the end pieces. But when they checked the ending bits, they saw that I had added too much wool there...I was fired! When I worked next to my father in the same factory building, my father and other workers from the factory used to cook food for themselves. My father cooked a little more, so I could go and see him and eat a little too, at least if there was anything left.
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ikh hob aykh shoy'n dertseylt, az mayn tate un di andere arbeter fleg'n krign drey un a halb rubl a vokh skhires. hobn zey gedarft nokh shporn un shik'n farn vayb un kinder... zey fleg'n gey'n zuntog in shtot un onkoyfn oysgebakene grobe broyt, groyfn oyf oyftsukokhn abisl krupnik, a por hering mit lyok, un abisl bulbes, un tunken di bulbes in lyok un farbay'sn mit a shtik'l hering, vos dos iz shoy'n geven a luksus... oyf shabes hobn zey gekoyft fleysh un andere gute zakhn, un es iz shoy'n geven keyad hamelekh... ven ikh hob gearbet leben tatn in der zelibiker fabrik, hot mir shoy'n der tate ongedungen shabes esn baym vebers vayb. ven ikh hob ober farloym mayn shtele, iz mir shoy'n geven zeyer shlekht. ikh bin demolt nokh keyn fuft'n yor nit alt geven. ikh hob gezukht arbet in di fabrikn noent leben tatn, ober ikh hob dortn nit gekont arbetn. dos zaynen geven goyishe fabrikn, un men flegt arbetn zeyer shpet un es iz geven a sakone tsu gey'n aheym baynakht... ikh bin gegangen in shtot zukhn arbet, ober s'iz mir ongekumen zeyer shver, eyder ikh hob gekent epes fardinen... 19. Itster vel ikh bashraybn dem fabrikant, <i>Arke Saraske</i>, vos hot getsolt drey un a halb rubl di arbeter. er iz geven a groyser khosid. flegt forn tsum Volozher reben. er flegt nit kukn oyf keyn	I have already told you that my father and the other workers earned three and a half rubles a week. But they had to save some of that and send it home to their wives and children. They usually went to town on Sunday and bought coarse-grained bread, barley for "krupnik" [barley soup], a few herrings with lyok [herring sauce] and potatoes. It was already considered a luxury if you had herring in addition to the potatoes that you dipped in lyok... On Shabbat they bought meat and other good things, and this was really "keyad hamelekh" [as befits a king]... When I worked near my dad in the same factory complex, he paid for me to dine at the weaver's wife on Shabbat. However, when I lost my job, I was in a very bad way. I was not yet 15 years old at that time. I looked for work in the factories near father, but I could not work there. It was because they were "goyish" [gentile] factories, where people worked until late at night, and it was dangerous to go home at night. So I went to look for work in the city, but it was extremely difficult before I could then earn anything... 19. Now I will describe to you the factory owner <i>Arke Saraske</i>, who paid the workers three and a half rubles. He was a prominent Chasid and used to go to the Volozher [Volozhiner] [1] Rabbi. He did not look after
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[1] see https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chaim_of_Volozhin

vayber, ober az er hot dertapt a yung meydle aley, hot men shoyne gehat groyse tsorens biz men hot zikh aroysgekrign fun zayne hent. un azoy iz geven di gantse famile, di zin un di eydins, farshtelte khasidim, un ale reykhe hultayes... di meydlekh hobn zikh shoyne dervust eyner fun der anderer, az men tor aley nit geyn in kantor fun der fabrik...un azoyne milyonern hobn dos getsolt drey a halbn rubl a vokh tsu a famile-man... ober mit a por yor shpeter zaynen shoyne di mentshn gevorn kluger un men hot shoyne ongehoyn tsu streykn, un oyf di balebatim iz ongekommen a tsore. ober s'iz zey nokh alts geven beser vi di arbeter... itster veln mir tsurikgeyn tsu der tsayt, vos men hot mikh opgezogt fun der arbet... mayn tate iz gegangen in shtot tsu zukhn far mir a stantsye. far a tsimer hot men gedarft tsoln a rubl a khoydesh. iz vi hob ikh gekent tsoln a rubl a khoydesh, az ikh hob nit fardint... hot men mayn tatn gezogt fun epes a plats, vu es hobn gevoynt a vaybl mit ir man, mit ir kleyn meydele...der man iz geven a groyser nar un take an idyot. dos kleyne meydele zeyers iz oykh geven an idyotke, vi ir tate. der man iz davke geven a reykhn a zun, un di vayb iz geven fun oreime eltern. hot men dos farshteyert dem idyot mit der oreime meydle. der reykher foter hot tsugezogt ale gliken abi dos oreime meydle zol khasene hobn far zayn idyot dem zun. der reykher foter hot gehat a hoyf mit heyzer. iz in hoyf geven a kleyn shtibele fun der tsveyter zayt, vu di shkhonim hobn gevashn zeyere vesh... in dem shtibl hobn dos gevoynt dos vaybl mit dem man, mitn meydele.es iz nor geven eyn tsimer un keyn optrit, oder vi men ruft dos	women, but if he caught a young girl who was alone, one had great difficulty in escaping from his hands. Likewise, the whole family, his sons and sons-in-law, were hypocritical Hasids, and all were rich scoundrels... The girls had already agreed among themselves that it was better not to go alone to the factory store... And such millionaires paid a head of a family three and a half rubles a week... A few years later, however, people wised up and started to strike, so the factory owners ("balebatim") got into trouble, but they still had it better than the workers... Now let's go back to the time when I was laid off from my job... My father went to the city to find a place for me to stay. For a room I had to pay one ruble a month, but how could I pay one ruble, I was not earning anything. My father was told about an apartment where a woman lived with her husband and their little girl... The husband was a big fool, a real "idiot", and the little girl was also mentally handicapped, just like her father. In fact, the man was the son of a rich man, but the woman had poor parents. One concealed the truth from the idiot and the young woman. The rich father promised all the happiness in the world if only the poor young woman would marry his son, the idiot. The rich father had a farm with houses. In the back of the yard, where the neighbors washed their clothes, there was a small apartment... In there the woman lived with her husband and the girl. It was only one room, without an "optrit", that is, as we say in America, a toilet. There
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in Amerike, a toylet, oykh nit geven. es iz geven a groyser parkan, hot men oyfgeefnt a bret un dos genutst far an optrit...	was only a high fence from which you could open a board, making use of this as an "optrit".
in dem shtibl hot dos oreme vaybl gehaltn tsvey meydlekh, ikh un nokh a meyd. mir zaynen bayde geshlofn in eyn bet, un vos far a bet! dos iz geven mit a bisl shtroy tseribene...oy iz dos geven a leben azoy vi retakh...	In this room the poor woman had two more girls staying, one of them was me. We both slept in one bed, and that was such a bed! It was just lined with a bit of shredded straw... Oy, that was a life as bitter as radish...
ikh hob zikh gematert a lange tsayt. keyn sakh arbet hob ikh nit gekrign. ikh hob zikh gelernt far a shererke[1]. un tsu zayn a shererke darf men a „pul“, vi men zogt in Amerike...	I toiled for a long time and found no work. I learned to work as a "shererke" [warper 1]. But to be a "shererke" you needed a "pul" [pull, here: recommendation], as they say in America.
hob ikh keyn arbet nit gekent krign tsu shern keten, fleg ikh shpuln abisl kete. dos iz mir gefeln, hobn ikh zikh oysgelern tsu nupn [2]	Since I didn't get a job as a "shererke", I used to work a bit as a warp spooler. This pleased me and I learned to "nupn"[2] the pieces of fabric

[1] The Yiddish occupational title "shererke", in German "Schärererin", in English "warper", is a technical term from weaving. "Warping" is the process of preparing warp yarn tapes for the subsequent weaving process, see <https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sch%C3%A4ren>

[2] The Yiddish verb "nupn" is a technical term from the weaving trade. It refers to an activity of correcting small processing defects in the finished woven fabric, for example, taking out the knots. A woman who practiced this profession was called "nuperke".

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di shtiker tukh, ven zi zaynen fartik gevorn fun veber. men hot gedarft aroysnemen di kniplekh, keyn lekhlekh zoln nit zayn. iz fun a sakh malokhes geven vintsik brokhes...	that the weaver had finished. One had to carefully pick out the "nodules" so that no small holes formed. This made a lot of work, but brought little reward...
az men iz gekumen aheym fun der arbet, hot men dokh gedarft epes optsuesn. do baleboste iz geven a gute un zi hot shoyn tsugegreyt abisl vetshere. un getsolt hob ikh ir ingantsn fuftsn kopikes a vokh. vos far a sort vetshere dos iz geven, iz shoyn az okh-un-vey, ober abi men hot	Arriving home from work, you had to eat something. The "baleboste", the lady of the house, was a good one and had already prepared some supper. I paid a total of 50 kopecks a week. What kind of supper that was, oh my..., but at least it kept one alive.

gehat di neshome tsu derhaltn. oyf shabes flegt zi oykh tsugreytn far mir epes esn... ikh hob fargesn tsu dertseyln, az dos bet iz geven a shlofbank, gehalten dos kind dortn un s'iz geven nas oykh, ober az men kon nit ariber muz men arunter... meyner a yungerer bruder, Yeshoshue Velvel, hot gelernt oyf der zelber gas in Bes-Hamedresh un er iz gekumen esn shabes mit mir. hob ikh shoyngedankt got zol shoyngzayn aza stantsye, abi bay a guter baleboste... hinter dem shtibl iz geven a pratshkarnye. fleg ikh zuntog vashn mayne vesh un oykh mayn bruders, un dos hot mikh gemakht tsu voynen in aza oremen plats...az es hot mir deresn fleg ikh nehmen un avekforn aheym oyf unzer kolonye...opgeven dort abisl tsayt un fleg vider forn keyn Bialstok...oyf shnit-tsayt bin ikh ober alemol geforn aheym shnaydn di tvues, dos iz geven noytiker, vi arumshlepn zikh un nit hobn keyn arbet... 20. di gantse tsayt, vos ikh hob zikh gematert tsu gefinen epes arbet in Bialystok, hob ikh gevoynt bay der doziker froy mitn idyotishn man. un ven ikh hob nit gehat tsu tsoln, hot zi mir gegloybt. un afile ven zi hot shoyngedat drey kinder hob ikh mit nokh a meydlnokh alts gevoynt bay ir. un az ikh fleg avekforn aheym un kumen tsurik, iz geshtanen dos plats leydik...nit ale meydlekh hobn dos gevolt voynen in aza fintstern plats... mayn tatn fleg ikh zen nor eynmol a vokh, shabes. s'iz geven tsu-	The woman also prepared some food for me on Shabbat... I forgot to tell you that our bed was a sleeping bench where the child lay during the day, so it was wet, but, [as they said], "If you can't go over the top, you have to go underneath"... My younger brother, Yehoshue Velvel, studied on the same street in the Bes-Hamedresh and came to eat with me on Shabbat. Then I thanked God that this shabby flophouse had at least such a good "baleboste"... Behind the small apartment was a laundry. There I usually washed my and my brother's clothes on Sunday, and that led me to continue living in such a poor place...When I got tired of it, I went home to our colony, spent a little time there and then returned to Bialystok...At harvest time, I always went home to help with the grain cutting, this was more useful than loitering without work... 20. All the time I was struggling to find some work in Bialystok, I lived with the woman and her moronic husband. If I could not pay, she believed my plight. And even when she already had three children of her own, I and another girl still lived with her. When I returned home and came back, I always found "my apartment" empty ... not all girls wanted to live in such a dark place... I saw my father only once a week, on Shabbat, because his factory
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vayt tsu zayn fabrik...er flegt mit di andere arbeter, unzere shkheynim in der kolonye, vos hobn tsuzamen gearbet in der farbarnye, kumen in shtot...zey flegn zikh tsunoyfnemen in a plats, vos do in Amerike ruft men dos a restoran, dortn hot men dos gerufn a gorkikh... es iz geven a kleyner plats, un di baleboste iz geven an alte froy, ober zeyer a gute. ale flegn zikh dortn trefn. ikh fleg zikh oykh dortn trefn mit mayn tatn...<i>Leye</i> hot zi geheysn di baleboste fun der gorkikh, un zi iz geven a toybe, un zi hot nebekh nit gekont hern. men hot gedarft shrayen tsu ir. bay <i>Leye</i>'n in gorkikh hot gedint a meydil fun unzer kolonye. zi iz geven di tokhter fun Yehoshue-Etke's, vos hot gearbet tsuzamen mit mayn tatn in der farbanye...un do vil ikh dertseyln, az say mayn tate, say Yehoshue Etke's, say andere arbeter flegn shlofn in der fabrik, zikh oysgebet mit vol un zikh tsugedekt mit zeyere kapotkes, oder mit alte koldres, vos men hot gebrakht fun der kolonye... vegn dem Yehoshue Etke's, velkher hot gevoynt di tsveyte hoyz fun unz in der kolonye, gedenk ikh nokh, vi zayn vayb [1] iz gegangen tsu-kind, un men hot gemuzt brengen a doktor fun Krinik, tsvey meyl fun unzer kolonye... ikh gedenk nokh, ven der doktor iz gekumen zaynen ale fun der kolonye zikh tsunoyfgelofn un gekukt oyf im. der doktor fun Krinik, zeyer a groyser doktor, hot shoyn Yehoshue Etke's vayb nit geholfn. ven er iz gekumen iz shoyn geven tsu shpet... ikh gedenk nokh vos es hot zikh opgeton...a lange tsayt hot men nit gekent fargesn dem troyer, nit nor bay Yehoshue Etke's familye, nor bay ale in unzer kolonye...zeks kinderlekh yesoymelekh zaynen geblibn, un hobn zikh nebekh arumgevalgert...	was too far away...He usually came to town with other workers, our colony neighbors who worked with him in the dyeworks factory...They gathered in a place we call a "restaurant" in America, but here we called it a "gorkikh" [1]... It was a small place, and the "baleboste" was an old woman, but a very good one. Everyone met there. I also met there with my father. The "baleboste" from the "gorkikh" was called <i>Leye</i>, and she was almost deaf, unfortunately she heard almost nothing. One had to shout at her. With <i>Leye</i> in the "gorkikh" served a girl from our colony. She was the daughter of Yehoshue Etke's, who worked with my father in the dyeworks factory...and I would like to add that everyone, whether it was my father, Yehoshue Etke's, or other workers, slept in the factory, embedded in woolen cloth, and covered themselves with their coats or with old quilts that one had brought from the colony. As for Yehoshue Etke's, who lived in the house next but one from us in the colony, I still remember how they had to get a doctor from Krynki, two miles from our colony, when his wife [2] was in labor... I remember how everyone from the colony came running together to see him. But the doctor from Krynki, a very eminent doctor, could not help Yehoshue Etke's wife. By the time he arrived, it was too late... I still remember what happened after that...for a long time people could not forget the sad event, not only Yehoshue Etke's family, but everyone in our colony...There remained six orphans hanging around...
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in etlekhe khadoyshim arum hot Yehoshue Etke's khasene gehat mit zayner a kuzine, an elter orem meyd... <i>Khaye Tamare</i>, a meyd fun fertsn yor, hot nit gekont oyskumen mit ir shtif-mame, hot ir tate, Yehoshue Etke's, ir genumen keyn Bialystok un ir avekgegebn dinen in Leye's gorkikh. zi iz dokh geven an elnte, fleg ikh fun tsayt tsu tsayt kumen tsu ir... di Leye fun der gorkikh iz dokh geven a gute. iz az ikh fleg kumen flegt zi heysn Khaye Tamaren mir gebn epes esn. zi hot gevust az ikh fardin zeyer veynik...di dozike Leye hot mikh nokh gekont fun frier, ven ikh un mayn tate hobn gearbet in Bialystok bay matses in der pekarnye, vu zi iz geven a shutfeste...	After quite a few months Yehoshue Etke's held wedding with his cousin, an older poor girl... [Yehoshue's daughter], <i>Khaye Tamara</i>, a girl of 14 years, did not get along well with her stepmother. Therefore, her father took her to Bialystok and gave her to serve in Leye's "gorkikh". Since she was so miserable, I visited her from time to time... Leye of the "gorkikh" was a good woman. When I came, she instructed Khaye Tamara to give me some food. She knew that I earned very little... Leye knew me from before, when I worked together with my father in Bialystok in the matzos bakery, where she was a co-owner...
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[1] gorkikh: derived from the German word "Garküche", cookshop

[2] Based on the author's later statements, the wife mentioned here appears to have died later, so Yehoshue Etke's was a widower for a while, before he married again.

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in Leye's gorkikh flegn amol kumen shlekhte ganovim. hot Leye gehit Khaye Tamaren fun zey. zi hot ir gehit beser vi an eygene mame...ir gorkikh iz geven in same mark, leben shtot-zeyger. 21. ikh hob fargesn tsu dertseyln, ven ikh hob farloyrn mayn plats in der fabrik fun Arke Saraske, hot mikh a shvester-kind fun dem veber, bay vemen ikh hob frier gevoynt, zeyer a gut meyd, mikh gelernt nupn di	Now and then evil swindlers came to Leye's "gorkikh". Then Leye always protected Khaya Tamara from them better than her own mother could. Her "gorkikh" was at the back of the market, next to the town clock. 21. I forgot to tell you that after I lost my place in Arke Saraske's factory, a cousin of the weaver with whom I used to live, a very good young woman, taught me how to "nupn" pieces of cloth that the weaver had
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shtiker tukh, vos zaynen fartik gevorn fun veber. men hot gedarft aroysnemen di kniplekh, es zoln nit blaybn keyn lekher. un oyb der veber hot arayngevebt tsvey fedim far eynem, hot di nuperke gedarft aroysnemen un farrikhtn, az es zol nit zayn kentik. un oyb in andere erter zaynen geven lekher, hot di nuperke gedarft farshtopn...dos iz mir nokh nit geven genug. ikh hob gevolt zikh oyslernen tsu zayn a shererke. a shererke iz beser. es iz shverer, ober men kon mer fardinen... un in Leye's gorkikh flegn zikh tsunoyfkumen ale shabes unzere kolonistn, vos hobn gearbet in der fabrik. men hot in der gorkikh gegesn tsholent. men flegt esn dem tsholent oyf borg, vayl men hot dokh nit getort tsoln keyn gelt um shabes loyt dem idishn din. hob ikh eynmol a shabes dortn getrofn a kolonist, <i>Moyshe Kinze's</i>. er hot gevoynt an akht shtiber fun undz...un grade iz zayn vayb <i>Nekhome</i> mit mayn mamen geven tsekriht... Nekhome's ingl, <i>Avreml</i>, hot zikh tseshlogn mit mayn bruder Yehoshue. er hot gevorn a shteyn un hot getrofn mayn bruder in fus. es hot glaykh opgeshrungen di hoyt fun beyn un es hot ongehoyn tsu foyln, un es iz gevorn vildfleysh. keyn doktor, vi ir veyst shoyt, iz in der kolonye nit geven, nor a feldsher, un der feldsher hot nit farshtanen vos es iz mitn fus, biz es hot shoyt gefoylt. iz mayn mame mit der Nekhomen zikh geven di ergste soynim... ikh gedenk, vi mayn mame iz geforn mit mayn bruder tsum groysn <i>doktor Prage</i> in Bialystok. Prage hot gemakht an operatsye oyf mayn bruders fus un es iz geven a derfolg. er hot nokh dem shoyt gekont geyn, ober es iz geblibn a simen a sakh yorn. mayn bruder, vemen ikh bashrayb, iz itst alt 83 yor...	finished. You had to remove the "knots" without leaving holes. And if the weaver had woven in two threads instead of one, the "nuperke" had to remove it and make sure it was no longer visible. Whenever small holes had formed in other places, the "nuperke" had to plug them...But, that was still not enough for me. I wanted to do an apprenticeship as a "shererke". I liked that better; it was harder, but you could earn more... Every Shabbat the people of our colony who worked in the factory met in Leye's "gorkikh". There they ate "tsholent" [cholent], which, however, had to be credited, because, according to Jewish law, one was not allowed to pay with money on Shabbat. Once on a Shabbat I met one from the colony there, <i>Moyshe Kinze's</i>. He lived in the eighth house seen from us...and at the time his wife, <i>Nekhome</i>, had just fallen out with my mother... Nekhome's boy, <i>Avreml</i>, had been fighting with my brother, Yehushue, he threw a stone and hit my brother on the leg with it. In the process, the periosteum cracked open, and the wound began to rot and form wild flesh. You already know that there was no doctor in the colony. There was only a feldsher there who didn't recognize the nature of the injury to the leg until it had already begun to rot. My mother was very hostile to Nekhome after that... I remember how my mother went with my brother to the eminent <i>doctor Prage</i> in Bialystok. Prage performed an operation on my brother's leg and was successful. He was able to walk again afterwards, but for many years traces remained. My brother, of whom I am writing, is now 83 years old...
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itster vel ikh zikh umkern tsurik tsu Moyshe Kinze's. nit gekukt daroyf, vos mayn mame un zayn vayb zaynen geven shtark broygez, iz ven er hot mikh begegnt in Leye's gorkikh, geven zeyer frayndlekh tsu mir. er hot mir geton zeyer a groyse toyve. der Moyshe Kinze's iz geven a hoykher mit a langer bord un a sheyner oykh. er iz geven a veber un di veber hobn dan geshpilt a groyse role in Bialystok...

ikh hob zikh baklogt far im, az s'iz mir zeyer shver tsu krign arbet un az ven ikh volt zikh oysgelernt tsu shern ketn, volt mir efsher geven beser. ikh hob zikh oykh geklogt far im, az ikh veys nit tsu vemen zikh tsu vendn. zikh lernen shern darf men dokh hobn a gute rekomendatsye fun emitsn, a pul, vi men zogt in Amerike. er hot mikh oysgeherht un gezogt, az in a vokh arum vet er kumen tsu Leye'n in gorkikh esn tsholent, un ikh zol oykh zayn, efsher vet er epes hobn far mir...

haklal, er iz gekumen dem tsveytn shabes mit gute naves, az di shererke in der fabrik, vu er arbet, hot im tsugezogt, az zi vet mikh lernen shern. nit in ale fabrikn hot men gekent lernen. in der fabrik hot di shererke yo gekent lernen, vayl ir bruder iz dortn geven der meyster...

zi iz geven di kale fun eynem a veber in der zelibiker fabrik, mitn nomen *Efraim Itsi Yaner's*. zayn tatn hot men gerufn *Itsi Yaner's*.

Efraim Itsi Yaner's kale hot mikh gelernt shern di ketes. nupn di tukh hob ikh shoyn oykh gekont. iz ven ikh hob zikh gelernt, hob ikh in yener fabrik genupt a por shtiker tukh a vokh. ober tsu fardinen oyfn leben iz geven zeyer shver. afile ven ikh hob zikh shoyn oysgelernt shern. men hot gedarft krign ergets a fabrik, vos zol dikh veln far a shererke. ober keyn fabrik nit gekont krign. nokh nit geven bakant in shtot. geven demolt a yunge meydl fun fuftsn yor.

But now I want to come back to *Moyshe Kinze's*. Apart from the fact that my mother and his wife were very angry with each other, Moyshe was very kind to me when he met me in Leye's "gorkikh". He did me a great favor. Moyshe Kinze's was a tall, handsome man with a long beard. He was a weaver, at a time when weavers played a big role in Bialystok...

I lamented to him that it was so hard for me to find a job, and if I learned to "shern ketn" [to prepare the warp yarn tapes], I might do better. I also complained to him that I didn't know who to turn to, because in order to learn the craft of warping, you would have to get a good recommendation from someone, "a pull" as they say in America. He listened to me and said that he would come back to Leye's "gorkikh" in a week for cholent and I should meet him there, maybe he would have something for me then...

In short, the next Shabbat he came with good news, namely that the "shererke" [warper] in the factory where he worked had agreed to teach me the craft of warping. It was not trained in all factories, and in this factory it was possible for the "shererke" only because her brother was the master there...

She was the bride of a weaver from the same factory, his name was *Efraim Itsi Yaner's* and his father was called *Itsi Yaner's*.

Efraim Itsi Yaner's bride taught me to "shern di ketn" [to prepare the warp yarn tapes]. Previously, I had already learned to "nupn" a piece of cloth, and practiced it even in that factory on a few pieces of cloth a week. But it was very difficult to earn enough for a living, even when I had already finished my apprenticeship as a "shererke" [warper]. I had to find a factory somewhere that would hire me as a "shererke", but I

amol ende vokh fleg ikh yo krign opshern a tsvey ketn, oysnupn a por shtiker tukh. s'iz shoyn geven bay mir a yontev. nit azoy der fardinst, vi dos fargenigen, vos ikh kon shoyn opshern a kete aleyn. zayn a shererke iz zeyer a farantvortlekhe arbet. men kon amol iberfirn a kete, un a kete kost a sakh gelt... dervayl iz gevorn slek (slack), vimen zagt do in Amerike. nit geven keyn sakh arbet, un farloymn afile dos bisl arbet, vos ikh fleg krign ale Donershtog un Freytog. vos zol ikh aykh dertseyln, mir iz mies	didn't succeed. I was not yet known in the city, at that time I was a young girl of 15 years. Occasionally at the end of the week, I got a job to cut two warps and to "nupn" a few pieces of fabric, that were real festive days for me. This was not so much about the earnings for me, but the joy that I could already cut warps alone. A "shererke" was doing a responsible job. After all, she could have ruined a whole warp, and a warp cost a lot of money. In time it became a "slek" [slack], as they say in America. There wasn't much work and I lost even the little bit of work I got on Thursday and Friday. What can I tell you, I got sick
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gevorn zikh tsu shlepn fun eyn fabrik tsu der tsveyter zikh arbet. keyn shererkes darf men in a fabrik nit hobn keyn sakh. tsu tsen veber darf men hobn eyn shererke. shpulerkes darf men hobn tsu tsvey veber. ikh bin in khas gevorn un avekgefor in der kolonye. dervayl zikh opgevoynt fun der arbet un fun di fabrikn, un ven ikh bin gekumen tsurik keyn Bialystok iz shoyn geven far mir fil erger tsu krign arbet... 22. itster heybn zikh on mayne rikhtike tsores: mayn tatn hot men opgezogt fun der arbet, dos heyst, fun der farbanye, un er iz gekumen tsurik in der kolonye. er hot gekoyft a ferdl. keyn gutn ferdl hot er nit gekont koyfn, nu, hot er gekoyft a biligern un a magern, vayl a gut ferdl hot gedarft kostn a sakh gelt. mayn tate hot genumen akern mitn ferdl dos bisl feld vos er hot gehat.	of moving from one factory to the next looking for work. One factory didn't need many "shererkes", there was one "shererke" for every ten weavers, and for every two weavers you needed one bobbin winder. It made me angry, and I went back to the colony. In time, however, I became estranged from the work and the factories, and when I came back to Bialystok, it was even harder for me to get work... 22. Now my real worries began: My father lost his job at the dyeworks factory and he came back to the colony. He bought a horse, but he couldn't buy a good one. So, he bought a cheap and lean one, because a good horse cost a lot of money.
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keyn gut esn hot men dem ferdل nit gegeben. keydey im gebn gut esn hot men gedarft koyfn hober, un tsu koyfn hober hot men gedarft hobn gelt un keyn gelt iz nit geven. hot men genart dos ferdل. men hot im gegeben shetske, dos heyst, gehakte shtroy gemisht mit abisl hober. hot dos ferdل gezogt, az men git mir nit keyn hober vel ikh nit geyn, un tut mir epes. hot dos take oysgefirt un nit gegangen. un az mayn tate iz gegangen akern dos feld, hot er gemuzt shtupn di sokhe mitn ferdل tsuzamen... in Odelsk hot gevoynt a man, vemen men hot gerufn Sokher. er flegt handlen mit tvue. flegt er kumen tsu mayn tatn er zol im firm di tvue keyn Grodne. un ven mayn tate hot nit gedarft arbetn in feld, hot er gefirt Sokher's tvue keyn Grodne un oyf tsurik hot er gefirt produktn tsu di kromen in Odelsk... der Sokher hot oykh gehat a kleyn kreml un a shtikl shenkl un er iz geven a yakhsn. zayn tate iz geven a groyser lamdn un iz gezesn in Bes-Hamedresh un gelernt un gelernt. Reb Shmuel hot men im gerufn. zayn vayb hot geheysn Peshe un hot gehat a bekeray. ikh gedenk nokh, ven ikh bin geven a kleyn meydל, hot mayn mame mikh geshikt tsu Peshen farkoyfn a por funt puter un etlekhe kezlekh, un gekoyft bay ir broyt oder khale oyf shabes.	My father started to plow the small field with the horse, however, he could not give the horse good food. For that he would have had to buy oats, but he didn't have the money. [So,] the horse was fooled. It was given "shetske", that is, chopped straw with a little oats, but the horse said to it, "If you don't give me oats, then I won't go either, you'll see!" And indeed, the horse implemented his plan and refused to go. When my father went to plow the field, he had to pull not only the hook plow, but also the horse... In Odelsk there lived a man called <i>Sokher</i>. He dealt in grain and hired my father to bring his grain to Grodno. So, when my father did not have to work in the field, he transported Sokher's grain to Grodno and on the way back brought products for the stores in Odelsk... <i>Sokher</i>, a man of distinguished lineage, also ran a small store. His father, Reb Shmuel, was a great Jewish scholar who studied and taught in the Bes-Hamedresh. His wife's name was <i>Peshe</i> and she ran a bakery. I remember when I was a little girl, my mother would send me to Peshe to sell her a few pounds of butter and quite a few cheeses, and at the same time buy bread or challah from her for Shabbat.
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der Sokher, mayn tatn's guter fraynt, hot oykh gekent lernen, ober er hot nit gehat keyn tsayt. er flegt a sakh handlen. er iz geven a groyser oreman un a dreykop. er hot gehat a vayb, iz zi geven zeyer a grobe, un er iz grade geven a kleynere. er hot oykh gehat drey meydlekh, oykh	Sokher, a good friend of my father's, was also able to study but did not have the time because he was very busy trading. He was very poor and a fidgeter [1]. He had a wife who was very rough, unlike him, who was rather petite. Besides, he had three daughters, also coarse and very
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grobe un zeyer fete...ikh fleg kumen tsu im in kreml koyfn gaze, likht un tsuker, un ikh hob getrogn ahin puter un kezlekh tsu farkoyfn...mayn mame hot gemakht zeyer gute kezlekh un hobn gehat a shem far di beste...

23.

ikh vel itster abisl bashraybn dos shtetl Odelsk:

inmitn shtetl iz geven der mark, a groys shtik plats. dos shtik plats iz geven fun erd un gekopt, es zol zayn trukn um vinter tsayt, vayl es zaynen geven yaridim kimet yede vokh. fun di yaridim hobn di idn dortn gemakht a leben. di yaridim flegn forkumen zuntog un donershtog...di goyim hobn gebrakht in shtetl in farsheydene heyzer vol tsu makhn zokn, shkarpetkes, un di meydlekh hobn fun der arbet fardint oyf zikh tsu kleydn. un der goy tsi di goye, vos hot gebrakht vol in a hoyz, hot er, oder zi, gekoyft dortn abisl vodke tsu trinken iz keyn nikhtere iz men nit aroys fun hoyz...

andere goyim flegn kumen oyfn yarid in Odelsk koyfn a kelbl, tsi a shepsl, tsi a ku, tsi a ferdl. di goyim flegn kumen fun arum di derfer tsu farkoyfn zeyere produktn: eyer, puter, oyfes, kez, korn, veytsn-mel oyf broyt, arbes, lindzn alts vos di idn hobn nor gedarft... az men hot nor gehat gelt tsu koyfn, hobn di idn shoyn gehat fun aldor guts. s'zaynen ober geven zeyer a sakh oreime un kranke idn...

di farmeglekhe idn in shtetl, nit keyn sakh, hobn shoyn gehandelt groys. zey hobn gehat a sakh gelt un zey hobn gelien dem goy oystsutsoln mit protsent...der goy hot geveynlekh geborgt gelt biz nokh sukes, ven er nemt arunter fun di felder...ver es hot nit gekont gebn dem goy oyf borg hot nit gekent makhn keyn sakh miskher...zaynen in shtetl geven bloyz a por azoyne hendlers, vos hobn gemakht groyse gesheftn, un di andere hobn zikh gematert, vi bay unz in der kolonye.

fat...I usually came to his store to buy "gaz" [kerosene], candles and sugar, and brought him butter and cheese to sell. My mother could make very good cheeses, they had the reputation of being the best...

23.

Now I want to describe you a little bit the shtetl Odelsk [2]:

In the center of the shtetl there was the market, which was a large square with trampled earth to keep it dry in winter. Almost every week, on Sunday and Thursday, fairs were held there. The local Jews lived from these markets...The "goyim" brought wool to various homes, and the girls earned enough from its processing into stockings and socks to clothe themselves. The "goyim" in turn, both the men and the women who brought the wool, bought a little vodka to drink in the houses, and none of them came out of the house sober afterwards...

Other "goyim" came to the fair in Odelsk to buy a calf, a sheep or a horse. The "goyim" came from the surrounding villages to sell their products: Eggs, butter, poultry, cheese, rye, wheat flour for bread, peas, lentils, and anything else Jews needed...

As long as they had enough money to buy, the Jews could have all these good things. However, there were many poor and sick Jews...

The very few wealthy Jews in the shtetl were already wholesaling. They had plenty of money and made interest-bearing loans to the gentiles...The gentiles usually "borrowed" the money until after Sukkot, when the fields were harvested...But those who could not give loans to the gentiles did not do big business. In fact, there were only a few merchants who did big business, and the others had to struggle, as we did in the colony.

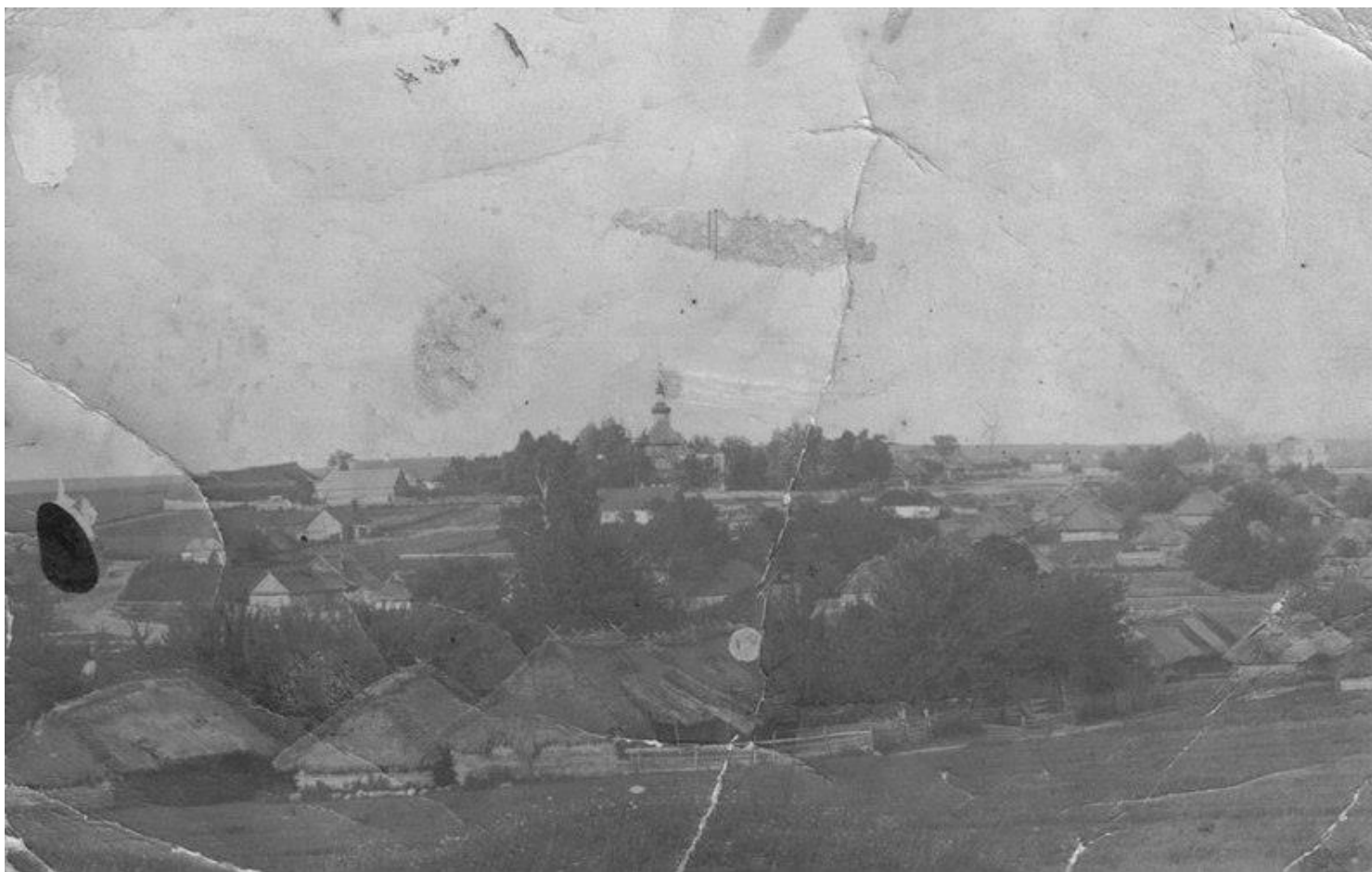
[1] "dreykop"= In primary sense, this word means "schemer", however, I think that another term might be meant here

[2] Odelsk, also called "Adelsk"

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di kolonistn vos hobn gehat a sakh feld un hobn dos alts farakert un farzeyt, un zey hobn gehat ki, oksn un ferd, iz zey geven gut, ober ver es hot gehat a kleyn shtikl feld iz take geven zeyer orem. in shtetl zaynen geven etlekhe shnit-kremer. ikh hob zey ale gekent. di vos hobn nit gekent gebn dem goy oyf borg hobn koyim gemakht a leben... in Odelsk iz geven a groyse tserkve, a kloyster. di tserkve iz geshtanen bay a zayt leben mark. fun arum ale derfer zaynen di goyim gekumen mitn Zubritser veg zuntog tsum kloyster un zey hobn ongebrakht in shtetl a sakh zakhn tsum farkoyfn... der Zubritser veg iz geven leben unzer hoyz. flegn mir zikh aroyskhapn un koyfn bay di durkhfordike goyim eyer, hiner, kelblekh, shepslekh, vol geshpunene...bay unzere hot men gekent koyfn leben unzer hoyz; andere hobn nit gevolt farkoyfn, zey hobn gemeynt az oyfn mark in Odelsk veln zey farkoyfn zeyere produktn far mer gelt. az di goyim zaynen gekumen keyn Odelsk, zaynen zey frier arayn in tserkve zikh molyen, dernokhdem zaynen zey aroysgegangen makhn miskher. dernokh zaynen zey arayn in di shenklekh un zikh gut ongetrunken. kimet yede hoyz in shtetl hot gehat abisl bronfn tsu farkoyfn... donershtog iz geven der greserer yarid. donershtog hot men oyfn mark gehandelt mit oksn, ki, kelber, genz un katshkes... ikh gedenk eyne a	The colonists, who had many fields to cultivate and plant, plus cows, oxen and horses, were doing well. But those who owned only a small patch of land were really poor. In the shtetl there were several dry-goods stores. I knew them all. But those who were not able to give the gentiles goods "on borrow" could hardly make a living from it... In Odelsk there was a large "tserkve", an Orthodox church. It stood sideways next to the market. The "goyim" flocked to the church on Sunday from all the villages in the area on the "Zubritser Way", bringing many things to sell... The Zubritzer Way passed right by our house. We ran out and bought from the passing gentiles eggs, chickens, little calves, little sheep and spun wool... One could buy goods from us right next to our house, but many of the other [colonists] did not want to sell [locally] because they thought they would get more money for their products at the market in Odelsk. When the "goyim" came to Odelsk, they would go to the "tserkve" to pray and then trade. Afterwards they would visit the taverns and get drunk. Almost every house in the shtetl had some liquor for sale... Thursday was the day of the bigger fair. On that day, the market traded oxen, calves, geese and ducks...I remember a woman from our colony.
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froy, zi iz geven fun unzer kolonye. ven zi iz gevorn an almone, hot zi zikh ibergeklibn keyn Odelsk un gehandelt mit leymene keylim, tep, kriglekh, shislen, teler, lodizhtshikes, un andere keylim. <i>Khayke di Teperke</i>, hot men zi gerufn... zi hot gevoynt bay an alter froy, a blinder, men hot zi gerufn <i>Shoshe Merke</i>. men hot gezogt, az zi iz a reykhe. ir hoyz iz geven oyf a bergl. ikh fleg tsu zey aroyfkumen zeyer oft. oyf etlekhe treplekh hot men gedarft aroyfgelyn. mayn mame hot mikh geshikt ahin tsu farkoyfn kezlekh un puter. ikh hob oykh fargesn tsu dertseyln, vi azoy men hot gemakht di kezlekh. di gantse milkh hot men frier gedarft shteln in oyvn oyf a halbe sho zikh opbrien. di opgebrite kez hot men gedarft opzayen. hot men gehat aza layvnte torbe un men hot dortn arayngeleygt di opgebrite kez. di torbe hot men oyfgehangen oyf a shtekn un es hot gemuzt oprunen. vos es hot opgerunen hot men	When she became a widow, she moved to Odelsk and traded with earthenware vessels, with pots, jugs, bowls, plates, milk pots and other dishes. She was called "<i>Khayke di Teperke</i>" (<i>Chaika the Potter</i>)... She lived with an old blind woman who was called <i>Shoshe Merke</i>. She was thought to be a rich person. Her house was on a hill and I often visited her, climbing up several flights of stairs. My mother sent me to her to sell cheese and butter. I forgot to tell you how the cheese was made. You had to put the milk in the oven for half an hour and let it simmer. The scalded cheese then had to be strained. To do this, it was placed in a linen bag. The bag was hung on a stick to drain. The liquid that trickled out,
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Odelsk [Adelsk], old photograph (before 1939), source Edward Trocki, Radzima org., [public domain](#)

<https://be-tarask.wikipedia.org/wiki/%D0%90%D0%B4%D1%8D%D0%BB%D1%8C%D1%81%D0%BA>



Odelsk [Adelsk] between 1915-1918, source Адэльскі летапіс, эл. архіў, unknown author, [public domain](https://be-tarask.wikipedia.org/wiki/%D0%90%D0%B4%D1%8D%D0%BB%D1%8C%D1%81%D0%BA#Page_43)

[https://be-tarask.wikipedia.org/wiki/%D0%90%D0%B4%D1%8D%D0%BB%D1%8C%D1%81%D0%BA#Page 43](https://be-tarask.wikipedia.org/wiki/%D0%90%D0%B4%D1%8D%D0%BB%D1%8C%D1%81%D0%BA#Page_43)

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gerufn sirovetke. ven men hot gemakht di kez hot men gedarft araynleygn in kez-zeklekh un unterleygn a bretel untern kezl un eyn bretl fun oybn. oyfn eybershtn bretl hot men aroyfgeleygt shvere shteyner un men hot di kezlekh gelozt lign iber nakht. oyf morgn hot men aroysgenumen di kezlekh fun di zehlekh, bazaltsn un gelozt zikh trikenen a vokh oder tsvey...

was called "sirovetke" [whey]. Then, when one wanted to process the cheese, one put it in a cheese sack between two wooden boards, one was at the bottom, the other at the top. On the upper board, heavy stones were placed and the cheese was left overnight. The next day the cheese was taken out of the sacks, salted and left to dry for a week or two...

puter hot men geshlogn fun smetene in a klutske. dos iz geven zeyer shver. men hot geshlogn mit di hent. ikh hob dos badarft shrayben frier, ober ikh hob fargesn.

un itster tsurik tsu Odelsk. ven es iz geven a shtikl mark, gedenk ikh, zaynen a sakh idn geshtanen in mark mit zeyer skhoyre oyf di tishlekh. ver s'hot nor gehat abisl skhoyre hobn ale gehandelt in mark. fun dem hobn zey gemakht a gematertn leben. a khuts di, vos hobn gehat groyse kromen.

24.

vi ikh hob geshribn frier, iz leben unzer hoyz in der kolonye geven a veg, vos men hot gerufn, Zubritser veg. der veg hot gefirt fun a sakh derfer keyn Odelsk, keyn Amdur un keyn Grodne...ven men iz nor arayngeforn mitn Zubritser veg in Odelsk, glaykh nokh di meshtshanes, iz geven di groyse krom, efsher di groys vi do in Amerike a blok. der balebos hot geheysn *Zundl*. nu, ver es iz arayngeforn mit tvue, oder mit andere produktn, un dos ales farkoyft tsu Zundlen. keyn gelt hobn zey nit genumen. zey hobn far zeyere produktn genumen skhoyre in der krom un amol nokh tsugeborgt...

in der krom iz geven shnit-skhoyre un kort, un layvnt. ikh kon nit oysshraybn vos far an ashires s'iz geven in krom...hinter der krom iz geven a groyser shpaykhler mit tvue, un es iz geven a lidovne. vinter tsayt flegt men hakn ayz in taykh un dos ayz leygn in der lidovne...

in der lidovne hot men zumer-tsayt gehaltn fleysh un milkhiks, bir un veyn. ikh kon nit oysshraybn vos men hot dortn gehaltn. ikh hob dos aleyn gezen. ikh bin etlekhe mol geven dortn. gants tif hot men nit gekont arayngeyn. men hot gekont derfroyrn vern...

Butter was beaten from cream in a butter churn. This was very hard, you had to beat with your hands. I should have written this earlier, but I forgot.

Now let's go back to Odelsk. When there was market, I remember, many Jews stood there with their goods on the tables. Those who had even the smallest bit of goods traded at the market. From this they led a meager life, except for those who had big stores.

24.

As I wrote earlier, next to our house in the colony passed a road called "Zubritser Way". Coming from many villages, it led to Odelsk, Amdur and Grodno. As soon as you entered Odelsk on the Zubritser Way, just behind the "meshtshanes"[the more privileged citizens], came the huge store, as big as maybe a block in America. The owner's name was *Zundl* Well, whoever went in with grain or with other products sold everything to Zundl. They did not take money but, in exchange for their products, took goods from the store and now and then they, additionally, took something on loan...

In the store there was haberdashery, cheap cloth and linen. I can't even describe what wealth was in this store...Behind the store there was a big granary with grain and also a "lidovne" [a kind of ice cellar in a deep pit]. In winter, ice was chopped in the river, which was put into the "lidovne"...

During the summer, meat and dairy products, beer and wine were stored in the "lidovne". I can't write down everything that was kept there. I saw it myself, because I was there several times. But you were not allowed to go far into the depths, because then you could have

dos ayz iz geven geshnitn in groyse shtiker, azoy vi men flegt do in Amerike koyfn shtiker ayz tsu leygn in di ayz-kastns....bay	frozen to death... The ice was cut into large chunks, just like they use to buy chunks of ice in America to put in the freezers...
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Zundlen in der lidovne hobn a sakh idn gehaltn zeyere produktn, vos konen nokh kalye vern un zumer. men hot im getsolt derfar... nokh der krom hot er gehaltn a shenk. di shtub, vu der shenk iz geven, iz geven a groyse shtub. es flegn dortn shteyn benk un tishn. in shenk hot men farkoyft veyn un bronfn, nit nor tsu di goyim, nor oykh tsu idn oyf simkhes un oyf khasenes. ven ikh bin geven a kleyn meydyl fleg ikh araynkumen ahin koyfn, vos mir hobn nor gedarft, vayl bay dem Zundl hot men gekent krign fun dem klenstn biz dem grestn... Zundels vayb hot men gerufn <i>Mekhlye</i>, a kleyne un abisl tsuboygn, ober a gute geshefts-froy. in molike tsaytn hot zi gekont shraybn un rekhenen un hot geholfn firm dos gesheft zeyer gut... vegn der lidovne vil ikh tsugebn, az men hot zi gegrobn gants tif in der erd bay a dreysik fus di tif un bay a hundert fus di leng un di breyt. dos iz geven vi a groyser keler, un men hot oysgeleygt eyn shtik ayz oyf dem andern, es zol nit tsugeyn... mit an akht un tsvantsik yor tsurik iz mayn bruder Yehoshue geven in Los Andzheles zikh zen mit mir, un dernokhdem iz er avekgeform in San Frantsisko, un dernokhdem keyn Oukland, un in Oukland getrofn Odelsker landslayt, un veyst ir vemen? Zundl's eltern zun, Khayim Hershl, un Efraim Leyke's eltern zun, ikh gedenk nit vi men hot im	In Zundl's "lidovne" many Jews stored their products, which otherwise would have spoiled in the summer. They paid him for it... Besides the store, he ran a tavern in a large house. There were benches and tables, and wine and liquor were sold, not only to the "goyim", but also to the Jews at feasts and weddings. When I was a little girl, I used to go there to buy everything we needed, because at Zundl you could get everything from the smallest to the largest... Zundl's wife was called <i>Mekhlye</i> [<i>Mechlie</i>], she was of small, somewhat bent stature, but a good businesswoman. In those days she could already write and calculate and helped excellently to run the business... As for the "lidovne", I would like to add that it was dug quite deep in the earth, about 30 feet in depth and 100 feet in length. It was a big cellar, and they stored there one piece of ice on top of the other so that it would not melt... Twenty-eight years ago, my brother Yehoshue visited me in Los Angeles before he left for San Francisco. After that he traveled to Auckland and met compatriots from Odelsk, and do you know whom? Zundl's older son, Khayim Hershl and Efraim Leyke's older son. I don't remember what his name was. He also met Sokher's son <i>Gershon</i>, who
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gerufn; oykh Sokher's a zun, Gershon. Gershon hot gehat in Oukland an ayzn-krom, un mayn bruder hot bay Gershonen gearbet a tsvey yor, un dernokhdem iz er avekgeform keyn Nyu York... 25. vi ikh hob dertseylt frier, zaynen a sakh fun unzer kolonye, azelkhe vos hobn gehat vintsik feld, zaynen avek keyn Bialystok, oder gearbet bay veberay, oder in der farbanye. dos bisl feld, vos zey hobn gehat, hobn zey fardungen tsu goyim, vos hobn baarbet dos halb oyf halb. dos heyst, halb tvue, vos hot oysgevaksn, far zikh, un halb tvue farn balebos fun feld...di vos flegn arbetn in Bialystok flegn kumen aheym in der kolonye oyf peysekh un oyf sukes.	had a hardware store in Auckland. My brother worked for Gershon for two years and then left for New York. 25. As I have told before, many from our colony who had little land left for Bialystok to work either in weaving or in the dyeworks. The little land they owned they leased to gentiles who worked it "half on half," that is, they kept one half of the grain ready for harvest themselves and the other half was given to the owner of the field. Those who worked in Bialystok used to come home to the colony for Passover and Sukkot.
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in der kolonye zaynen geven azelkhe, vos a khuts vos zey hobn gehat shtiklekh feld, zaynen zey oykh geven bale-malokhes, vi <i>Kalman Abe</i>'s. Kalman iz geven a shmid. er hot gehat a kuznye un er hot gemakht mesers , un montag iz zayn vayb <i>Reyzke</i> gegangen in Sokolke tsu farkoyfn abisl mesers. dinstag iz <i>Reyzke</i> gegangen in Krinik tsu farkoyfn di mesers, un donerstag iz zi gegangen in Amdur tsu farkoyfn di mesers. Kalman hot gehat zeyer veynik feld, hot er dos fardungen tsu a goy oyf tsvey yor. er hot zikh oysgeboyt a kleyn shtibl mit a kuznye un gekoyft a ku, un azoy hot er zikh gematert... oder lomir nehmen <i>Khayke der teperke</i>'s zun, <i>Moyshe Khaym</i>.er hot zikh oysgelernt far a mebl stolyer in Sokolke, dernokhdem hot er khasene gehat far zayn onkls tokhter, <i>Rokhel Itke</i>, take in der kolonye; gekrogn zayn farshtorbenem tatns feld, vos zayn onkl flegt baarbetn, zikh oyfgeboyt an eygene shtub, gekoyft a por ki, un dos vos s'iz	In the colony there were also people who not only owned a little piece of land, but were also craftsmen, like <i>Kalman Abe</i>'s. Kalman was a blacksmith; he had a forge and made knives. On Monday his wife <i>Reyzke</i> went to Sokółka to sell some of his knives, on Tuesday she sold knives in Krynki and on Thursday in Amdur. Kalman had very little land, which he leased to a gentile for two years. He built a small house with a forge and bought a cow, and so he toiled away... Or, let's take <i>Moyshe Khayim</i>, the son of <i>Khayke di Teperke (the Potter)</i>. He [Moyshe] had learned the trade of cabinetmaker in Sokółka, and after that he married his uncle's daughter, <i>Rokhel [Rachel] Itke</i>, in the colony. He got his late father's field, which his uncle used to work, built his own little house, bought a few cows, and the profit he made
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arayngekumen fun feld, un dos vos er hot gemakht fun stolyeray, hot er shoy'n fardint oyf a sheynem leben... oder lomir take nehmen Khayke der teperke's mans bruder, vos men hot gerufn <i>Velvel Leyzer</i>. er iz geven a dorfs-shnayder. zayn eltern ingl hot men gerufn <i>Yakev-Shiye</i>. hot er im oysgelernt shnayderay un er iz gegangen mit Yakev Shiye'n iber di derfer neyen bay di goyim in zeyere heyzer. freytag farnakht fleg'n zey kumen aheym in der kolonye oyf shabes... Velvel Leyzer dem shnayders tokhter, <i>Rokhel Itke</i>, vos hot khasene gehat far Khayke der teperke's zun, Moyshe Khayim, iz geven mayn khaverte. mir fleg'n geyn tsuzamen oyf di pozeramkes un gepasht behaymes tsuzamen. nokh vil ikh zogn veg'n der kolonye, az a sakh familyes hobn zikh meshadekh geven eyner mit der anderer, un di merste hobn zikh ongeker't eyner mit'n andern... 26. un itster ker ikh zikh um tsu Sokhern. men hot im oykh gerufn Sokher-Arye. er hot nit gehat keyn eygene gelt tsu handlen, hot er gemuzt leyn, oystsoln un vayter leyn. azoy hot er zikh gematert.	from the field and from the cabinetmaking let him live a nice life... Let us tell about <i>Velvel Leyzer</i>, the brother of Khayke di Teperke's husband. He was a village tailor. His older boy was called <i>Yakev-Shiye</i>. Velvel taught him tailoring, and then he and his son, Yakev Shiye went about the villages sewing in the houses of the gentiles. Friday night, however, they came home to the colony for Shabbat. <i>Rokhel Itke</i>, the daughter of the tailor Velvel Leyzer, who married Moyshe Khayim, the son of Khayke di Teperke (the Potter), was my friend. We went together to the pastures and tended the cattle. Concerning the colony, I want to mention that many families intermarried, and most of them were related to each other... 26. And now I come back to <i>Sokher</i>, who was also called <i>Sokher-Arye</i>. He had no money of his own to trade, but had to borrow money. Later, he had to pay back the loan and borrow new money. In this way, he toiled away.
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az er hot oyfgekoyft di tvue un hot zi gevolt farkoyfn in Grodne, iz er immer gekumen tsu mayn tatn, er zol mit zayn ferd un vogn firn di tvue keyn Grodne, un tsurikbrenge'n fun Grodne andere zakhn, vi feslekh hering, tunen gaze, zek mit zalts, zek mit tsuker un mit mel, un andere artiklen...	When he bought the grain to sell in Grodno, he always came to my father and instructed him to drive the grain to Grodno with his horse and wagon and to bring other things from Grodno, such as barrels of herring and kerosene and sacks of salt, sugar and flour.
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un es hot getrofn in a fintsterer nakht, ven mayn tate iz geforn fun Grodne un der veg iz geven farshneyt un groyser frost, hot zikh der vogn ibergekert in a groysn grub...der tate hot gemuzt vartn biz es iz gevorn tog. un ven s'iz gevorn likhtik, hot mayn tate derzen, az er iz nit oyfn rikhtikn veg, un es iz nit geven ver s'zol im helfn aroysnemen di skhoyre fun grub. hot er zikh gemuzt matern aleyn. un ven er hot aroyfgeleygt di mase oyfn vogn, un dos ferdl iz geven gefroyrn un hungerik, hot zikh dos nit gevolt rirn fun ort... vos-zhe hot men oremer tate geton? er hot gemuzt shtupn dem vogn mitn ferdl tsuzamen. er hot geshtelt oyf zikh aleyn. er iz geven zeyer a shtarker man. ven di goyim flegn amol veln opton shodn di idn un oppashn dem korn tsi di veyts, oder dos groz fun unzere felder, iz an mayn tate hot gegeben a geshray fun der vaytns, zaynen zey zikh tselofn vi di farsmte meyz. ober di dozike nakht, ven der vogn hot zikh ibergekert, iz er zeyer krank gevorn un hot gekrign plyurasi, vos es meynt, vaser oyf di lungen. der feldsher, a guter mentsh, hot im nit gekont helfn. efsher ven men volt zikh bald arumgezen, volt men im gekont helfn. men hot dos farlozt. in Krinik iz geven a guter doktor, ober er hot genumen a sakh far a vizit. sof-kol-sof iz mayn mame geforn mit mayn tatn keyn Grodne. dortn iz geven a shpital. hobn di doktoyrim im nit gevolt haltn in shpital on gelt mer vi etlekhe teg...mayn mame hot im gebrakht aheym a krankn... dingen a mentshn men zol akern dos feld iz nit geven keyn gelt, iz er krankerhayt aleyn gegangen akern... der tate iz gevorn alts kranker un kranker un nit gegloybt zikh aleyn, az er iz azoy krank. er flegt zikh aropkhapn fun bet, loyfn in sheyer oysdreshn abisl korn, az men zol konen hobn tsu bakn abisl broyt far di kinder. dem korn hot men gedarft moln oyf mel, un men hot es gedarft trogn in mil, un di mil iz geven a meyl vayt...	In the process, it once happened on a dark night, when my father was returning from Grodno on the snowy road in a great frost, that the wagon overturned in a large pit... My father had to wait until it became day, and when it was light, he realized that he was not on the right path. There was no one here to help him lift the goods out of the pit. He had to struggle with it alone, and by the time he had loaded everything back onto the wagon, the little horse was so frozen and hungry that it wouldn't budge from the place... My poor father, what could he do? He had to push the cart along with the horse, he had to manage everything all by himself. Now he was a very strong man. When the gentiles wanted to harm the Jews and graze their rye or wheat, my father raised such a shout from afar that the gentiles fled like poisoned mice. But that night, when the wagon overturned, my father became very ill and got "plyurasi" [pleurisy], that is, he had water in his lungs. The feldsher, a good man, could not help him. Maybe if they had looked [for a doctor] immediately, they could have helped him, but it was missed. There was a good doctor in Krynki, but he took a lot of money for a visit. Finally, my mother went with my father to Grodno. There was a hospital there, but the doctors there would not keep him more than a few days without payment. My mother brought him home as a sick man... We had no money to hire a person to plow the field, so my father went to plow himself. My father was getting sicker and sicker, but he didn't want to admit that he was so sick. He jumped out of bed, ran to the barn to thresh out some rye so that a little bread could be baked for the children. The rye had to be ground into flour, which had to be carried to the mill, which was a mile away...
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ikh gedenk vi ikh un mayn mame hobn getrogn dem korn tsu der mil, in tsvey zeklekh, ikh- ahelft un zi- a helft. s'iz geven a vint-mil, vu men hot gemoln dem korn, veyts un gershtn, oykh grike. di grike hot men gemoln oyf gretshene groypn, di gershtn-oyf gershtene groypn; fun der veyts hot men gehat di veyse mel un men hot gebakn khale oyf shabes, un gemakht lokshn un farfl oyf shabes... mayn bruder Yehoshue iz geven demolt a ingl fun fertsn yor un mayn tate, vos hot shoyn aleyn nit gekont dreshn di tvue, hot mitgenumen mayn bruder in sheyer. mayn bruder hot nit gehat keyn vareme zakhn ontsuton, flegt er nebekh farfroyrn vern biz er iz gekumen tsum sheyer. in sheyer, ven er hot genumen dreshn mit der tsep, hot er zikh shoyn ongevaremt... der sheyer iz geven vayt fun hoyz, vu in Amerike a blok, un in di groyse zaverukhes hot men gemuzt geyn in shney biz in di kni. un az men iz gekumen tsurik in shtub iz geven dortn zeyer kalt. s'iz nit geven far vos tsu koyfn holts. az men hot nit gekoyft keyn holts in yeshen hot men vinter nit gekent krign, hot men shoyn bemeyle gemuzt kargn mit dem bisl holts. men hot geheyttst mit shtroy. men hot genumen shtroy un gebundn in groyse bintlekh, s'zol haltn di hits... men kon dokh farshteyn, vos far a verde es hot gehat di varemkeyt fun shtroy... frier, ven mayn tate hot fardint, flegt mayn mame forn mit di goyim in vald un onkoyfn berezene holts, vayl berezene holts halt varemkeyt... az men hot gekoyft di berezene holts hot men gemuzt trikenen... men flegt oykh tsukoyfn sosnove holts. sosnove holts, az s'iz geven trukn,iz geven a fargenign mit dem tsu heytsn. ober sosnove holts hot nit gehaltn keyn hits, hot men gemuzt hobn berezene holts un dos	I remember how my mom and I carried the grain to the mill in two sacks, half of it me, the other half my mother. It was a windmill, where the rye, wheat, barley and also buckwheat were ground; the barley became barley pearls, the wheat became white flour, from which the challah was baked on Shabbat and "lokshn un farfl" [egg noodles with egg barley] was prepared. My brother Yehoshue was a boy of 14 at that time. When my father could no longer thresh by himself, he took my brother to the barn. The latter had no warm clothes to wear, so unfortunately he always arrived at the barn completely frozen. However, as soon as he started to thresh with the flail, he quickly became warm... The barn was far from our house, in America it would be "a block," so during big snowstorms you had to walk through the snow up to your knee. When you got back to the apartment afterwards, it was very cold there. We had no money to buy wood. You had to buy wood in the fall, because you couldn't get any in the winter. We heated with straw; for this we tied the straw in big bundles so that the heat was kept a little... You can understand the value of the warmth of straw... In the past, when my father was still earning money, my mother would go to the forest with the "goyim" and buy birch wood, because this keeps the heat well...After buying birch wood, it was necessary to let it dry. Pine wood was also bought, when it dried it was a pleasure. to heat with it. However, it did not keep the heat, you also had to have birch wood and mix it with pine wood...
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gemisht mit sosnove holts... amol hot men gekoyft torf. torf hot zeyer lang gehaltn di varemkeyt, ober es hot zeyer geshtunken. oyb men hot nit farshmirt dem oyvn hot men in hoyz nit gekent aynzitsn, men hot zikh fartshadet. di torf hot zikh oykh gemuzt trikenen un men hot zi gedarft koyfn zumer-tsayt... dos ales hot men gekont oysfirn, ven mayn tate iz geven gezunt un hot fardint. az er hot ongehoynb tsu krenken, dan hobn zikh far unz ongehoynb di rikhtike tsores...krankhey, hunger un kelt, un azoy fil dayges...	Sometimes we bought peat. Peat kept the heat very long, but it stank a lot. If you did not plaster the stove, you could not sit in the house without harming yourself. The peat also had to dry and be bought in the summer...We could do all this when my father was healthy and earning money. When he fell ill, our serious worries began; sickness, hunger and cold, and so many problems...
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um zumer iz nokh geven tsu derlaydn. men hot gehat a drey ki un zumer tsayt hot men zey gemolkn un men hot faroyft di milkhils in Odelsk un gekoyft bay Yehoshue dem beker a por funt broyt. un az men hot shoyn gebrakht dos shtikl frische broyt, iz dos geven oyf a tson. eyder men hot zikh a rir geton iz fun dem gornit geblibn. ven es iz geven a gerotn yor oyf bulbes, hot men shoyn gedankt got far dem khesed. far di kinder iz shoyn geven inderfri opgekokhte bulbes, un oyf mitog, vayter bulbes. un vetshere bulbes, un men hot geloybt un gedankt dem oybershtn... fun dem milkhiks, vi ir veyst shoyn, hot men di kinder nit gegeben, nit keyn milkh, khasvesholem, un nit keyn puter, un nit keyn kez, un oykh nit keyn zoyermilkh. men hot nor gekont trinken di sirovetke, ven men hot opgebrit di zoyermilkh. fun der sirovetke hot men oykh gemakht kez un dos hot men shoyn gegeben di kinder tsu esn... vos hobn unzere eltern gekont ton, az far dem bisl milkhiks hot men gedarft koyfn broyt un andere zakhn, vi a por shikhlekh, abisl layvnt, a hemdl oyfn leyb. men hot gemuzt hobn a tsvey hemdlekh far yedn kind.	In the summer it was still bearable. We had three cows, which we milked in the summer, we sold the milk products in Odelsk and bought a few pounds of bread from Yehoshue the baker. If we only brought one piece of fresh bread, it was already much too little. Before you knew it, there was nothing left. If it was a good potato year, we thanked God for His grace. Early in the morning we had boiled potatoes for the children, potatoes for lunch, and potatoes for dinner. And we praised and thanked the "oybershtn" [the Lord]. As you already know, the children were not given any dairy products. Neither milk, God forbid, nor butter, nor cheese, nor sour milk. Only the "sirovetke", the whey, could be drunk, after the sour milk had been boiled. Cheese was also made from the whey, and only that was given to the children to eat... What else could our parents do, because from the few milk products they had to buy bread and other things, for example, shoes, a bit of linen or a shirt to wear on the body. One needed two shirts for each
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nit keyn gute layvnt, khotsh grobe, ober men hot gemuzt hobn a hemd oyfn leyb... un ir kent zikh shoy'n forshteln farvos unzere eltern hobn nit gegeben tsu di kinder di kez mit der puter... 27. ven mir hobn gehat besere tsaytn, hot di mame gekoyft a groyse krug mit sirop, un a shtikl broyt mit sirop iz geven zeyer gut tsu esn. di mame hot oykh geshmirt far unz kinder a shtikl broyt mit smetene, un dos iz shoy'n geven a yontev. ven mir hobn gehat besere tsaytn, hobn di eltern getsitert iber unz un unz gegeben gut tsu esn... dos bisl feld iz geven gut oysgearbet. der tate hot aleyn geakert un gezeyet un s'iz geven hatslokhe bay undz...mir hobn gehat a kleyn feld, ober mir flegn onshnaydn merer fun di, vos hobn gehat a sakh feld. az dos feld iz geven gerot'n hobn mir gekont hobn merer behaymes... ven mir hobn gehat besere tsaytn, flegn mir hobn holts far a	child, nothing from good, but from coarse linen, but in any case one needed a shirt! And now you can imagine why our parents did not give us children the cheese and butter to eat... 27. When we had better times, my mother bought a big jug of syrup; and a piece of bread with syrup was very tasty! Mom also greased pieces of bread with cream for us, but that was already a feast for us! In better times, parents worried about us and fed us well... Our small piece of land was well cultivated. Father plowed and sowed alone, and it was successful for us. We had only a small field, but we got more out of it than those who had a lot of land. Since our field was so fertile, we were able to keep more livestock... In better times we had wood stored for the
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gants'n vinter un s'iz unz geven varem...ikh gedenk nokh, ven mayn tate iz geven in Bialystok flegt mayn mame in yeshen dingen goyim un forn in vald un onkoyfn a tsen vegener holts. dernokh dem gedungen goyim, men zol tsezege'n dos holts un tsehakn un tseleygn dos, az es zol zikh trikenen... ober dem vinter, vos der tate iz geven krank, hot men zikh zeyer gelit'n fun der kelt...nit vayt fun der kolonye iz geven a vald, flegn di ore me mentshn geyn in vald onklaybn shpener. di shpener hobn gehat'n di hits oykh, vayl di shpener hobn gehat a sakh kore... dos vald hot men geruf'n, Zubritser vald.	whole winter, and it was warm... I remember that while my father was in Bialystok, my mother hired gentiles to go into the forest and buy ten loads of wood. After that, she hired gentiles again to chop the wood and pile it up so that it would dry. But that winter, when my father was sick, we suffered greatly from the cold...Not far from the colony was a forest where the poor people went and collected wood chips. These shavings kept the heat well, because they had a lot of bark... They called this forest "Zubritser Wood".
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in di besere tsaytn, az mayne eltern hobn gehat a sakh behaymes, hobn zey gehat mist oyf tsu mistikn dos feld. ikh meyn dem opfal fun di behaymes. un az zey hobn oysgemistikt dos feld hobn zey gehat a sakh tvues...

ikh gedenk, vi mir hobn gehat fun unzer dritl numer feld, merer vi andere fun a halbn numer...az men iz gegangen fundervaytns hot men shoyng gekent zen, vi gerotn unzer feld iz...

ven s'zaynen geven besere tsaytn hot mayn mame bashtelt far mir baym damskn shnayder in Sokolke zeyer a sheyne kleydl. ale meydlekh hobn mikh mekane geven. ikh gedenk nokh dem kolir fun der kleydl. zi iz geven grin. un geneyt iz geven untu azoy vi mit a tunik un men hot nokh untergeneyt a kishle, az s'zol oyskumen fun untu oykh ongeshtelt...es iz geven zeyer a sheyn kleydl. ikh gedenk, az oyf rosheshone zaynen mir ale meydlekh gegangen in shul hern shoyfer blozn.hobn di meydlekh zikh ayngekukt in mayn kleydl...

mayn tate iz geven zeyer gut tsu mir, un mayn mame oykh. um zumer hob ikh geshnitn di tvues. ikh bin geven zeyer a shnele shniterke. ikh hob geshnitn far tsvey shniter. mayn tate, gedenk ikh, iz gekumen in mitn tog tsu reytn oyf a ferd un mir gebrakht trukene kezlekh, vos mir hobn ongegreyt oyf shnit tsu hobn mittsunemen oyfn feld. mayn tate hot mikh zeyer lib gehat. ikh bin geven in yener tsayt a bas- yekhide. gor shpeter mit yorn iz geboyrn gevorn nokh a meyd, ober ikh bin ahoyndan geven a groys...

az mir hobn opgeshnitn unzer tvue oyfn feld, bin ikh gegangen tsu shkheynim un gekrogn fuftsik kopikes a tog. andere hobn gekrogn 45 kopikes a tog. ikh fleg aroys mitn beyt, vos ikh hob geshnitn,

In better times, my parents had a lot of animals and through them manure to fertilize the field. I mean the waste of the cattle. By fertilizing the field they had a lot of grain...

I remember that we had only one third of a "field number", but we had more yield than those who had half a number. Even from a distance you could see how fertile our field was...

When times were better, my mother ordered a very beautiful dress for me from the ladies' tailor in Sokółka. All the girls envied me for it. I still remember the color of the dress, it was green. And it was sewn at the bottom like with a tunic over it, and there was a pad sewn in so that the dress flared out from the bottom. It was a very beautiful dress! I remember that on Rosh Hashanah we girls went to the synagogue to hear the blowing of the shofar and the girls could not take their eyes off my dress...

My father was very good to me, as was my mother. In the summer I cut the grain, and I was a very fast reaper. I cut for two reapers. My father, I remember, would come riding to me on his horse at noon to bring me dry cheeses we had prepared and sliced to take to the field. My father loved me very much, I was his only daughter at that time. Many years later another girl was born, but by then I was already grown up...

When we had cut our grain in the field, I went to neighbors and earned 50 kopecks a day. Others received 45 kopecks a day. But I finished the bed I was cutting

a sakh frier, derfar hobn di andere shniter gemuzt zikh yogn tsulib mir. zey zaynen geven in kas oyf mir un zey zaynen geven gerekht...haynt veys ikh, az s'iz geven an avle. ober ver hot dos demolt farshtanen...ikh bin geven yung un shtark un hob gekont zikh bavayzn...

28.

fun tsvelf biz fertsn yor zaynen geven mayne beste yorn, denk ikh...oykh bay unz in shtub zaynen dos geven di beste yorn...mayn mame hot gemakht dem shenstn shabes. zi flegt bakn khales, geflokhtene kitkes, un es iz geven far di kinder oyf a gantser vokh...ikh fleg nit lozn mayn mamen knetn di deyzhe mit teyg, ikh hob dos geknotn...es iz geven fun drey pud korn...

veyst ir farvos ikh bin geven azoy shtark?

mir hobn gehat a keler, in vinter hobn mir gehaltn dortn bulbes, un zumer hot men gehaltn dos milkhiks, un ikh bin geven a nasherke, un ven mayn mame iz avek mit di behaymes hintern shtub abisl zey tsu pashen un mikh lozn mit di kleyne kinder, fleg ikh zikh aropkhapn in keler. der keler iz geven zeyer a tifer. es iz dortn geshtanen a groyser layter. men hot zikh gedarft hitn ven men iz aropgegangen. in der gloz vos ikh hob mitgenumen fun shtub hob ikh aropgenumen fun yedn lodiztshik abisl smetene un zikh gut ongetrunken...

iz geven gut az di kinder zaynen geshlofn, ober az es iz gevorn a geshray fun di kinder un di mame hot derhert, iz zi gekumen tsuloyfn un mikh genumen far di bakn un mikh gut ongekeyft. zey zaynen mir geven geshvoln far etlekhe teg...

much earlier, so the other reapers had to hurry because of me. They were angry with me, and they were right! Today I know that there was wrong of me, but who understood it then? I was young and strong and I could prove myself...

28.

I think that my best years were when I was 12 to 14 years old. Also in our home these were the best years...My mother prepared the most beautiful Shabbat, she baked challah, braided bun ornaments, and this was sufficient for the children for a whole week. However, I did not let my mother knead the dough in the kneading trough, but did it myself... The dough was made from three pood [49 kg] of grain...

Do you know why I was so strong?

We had a cellar where we stored potatoes in the winter and dairy products in the summer. And I had a sweet tooth. And when my mother went away with the cattle behind the house to graze, leaving me with the little children, I would go down into the cellar. The cellar was very deep, and there was a big ladder there. You had to be careful when you went down. In the glass that I had taken down from the apartment, I filled a little cream from each milk jug and drank my fill...

Good for me when the children had fallen asleep, but [once], when they started to cry and my mother heard this, she came running, held me by the cheeks and pinched them in such a way that they were swollen for quite a few days...

ikh bin demolt alt geven tsen yor un gedarft farshteyn, az men nemt arop di smetene iz nito keyn smetene, un az s'iz nito keyn smetene, vet shoyt oykh nit zayn keyn puter... mayn tate iz geven zeyer in kas oyf mayn mamen, vos zi hot mir gemakht geshvolene bakn. der guter tate hot gezogt, az dos bisl smetene vet uniz nit oremer makhn, un az ikh bin a gut kind un arbet nokh tsulib far mayne yorn, un far aza kleynikeyt makht men azoyne geshvolene bakn a kind fun tsen yor!...	I was 10 years old at the time and should have known that you can't skim cream, because then there's none left, and you can't make butter either. My father was very angry with my mother for making my cheeks that swollen. My good father said that the little bit of cream would not make us poor, I am a good child and work a lot given my young age, and for such a little thing you still make a child of 10 years swollen cheeks!...
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azoy iz dos geven. men hot gemuzt azoy leben. un efsher iz di mame take geven gerekht. ikh hob zeyer holt gehat a nash tsu ton, ven di mame iz fun hoyz avek un zi hot mikh ibergelozt mit di kinder aleyn... ikh ker zikh um oyf tsurik, ven mayn tate, forndik fun Grodne, hot zikh ibergekert mit dem vogn skhoyre un iz krank gevorn...er hot zikh nit gevolt gloybn, az er iz krank. er hot gezogt: „aza shtarker man vi ikh zol zayn krank! aza kleynikeyt vi aroysshlepn abisl skhoyre fun grub zol ikh zikh nokhgebn, az ikh bin a kranker? neyn!“ nit vayt fun uniz iz geven a shtik feld, vos men hot gerufn baletsina. dos iz geven a gants groys shtik feld, bavaksn mit groz un ale fun der kolonye hobn dortn gepashet di behaymes. men hot oykh avekgefirt ahin di ferd oyf a gantser nakht... arum der balenitsa iz geven a shtik feld arum farzeyt mit korn. men hot dos dozik shtik feld gemuzt fartsamen, az nit voltn di ferd, vos hobn zikh gepashet baynakht in der balenitsa, arayn in kor nun voltn dos oyfgegesn un tsetrotn...	So that was how it was, that was the life we had to lead. And maybe my mother was really right. I loved to snack when mom went away and left me alone with the kids... I come back to my father now, when he was driving back from Grodno, his cart with the goods overturned and he got sick...He didn't want to admit that he was sick. He said: "A strong man like me is supposed to be sick?! Am I supposed to admit that such a little thing as hauling a bit of merchandise out of the pit made me sick? No!" Not far from us was a piece of land called "Balenitsa" [or "Baletsina" or later it is called "Byaleshtsine"]. This was a very large field overgrown with grass, and everyone from the colony left their cattle there to graze, even the horses were taken there to remain for a whole night. Around the "Balenitsa" there was a piece of land where rye was planted. It had to be fenced, because one didn't want the horses grazing on the "Balenitsa" to get to the cornfield at night, to crop it and trample...
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iz mayn tate avek in der balenitsa un hot arum unzer beyt arum gegrobn a grub, az di ferd zoln nit konen arayngeyn un oyfesn dem korn... dan hot zikh ongehoyn unzer groyser umglik. es iz geven zeyer a heyser tog un mayn tate iz geven zeyer dorshtik fun hits. a shtark farshvitster hot er getrunken kalte vaser un bald gekrogn nyumonye...	My father went to the "Balenitsa" and dug a pit around our bed [which was also adjacent there] so that the horses could not get in and eat the grain. After that, our great misfortune happened. It was a very hot day and my father was very thirsty from the heat, he was very sweaty and drank cold water...soon he got pneumonia...
ikh gedenk nit vi lang er iz geven krank. ikh gedenk, vi di mame hot im avekgefirt in Grodne in hekdesht. do in Amerike volt men dos gerufn kounty hospital. in hekdesht iz im nit gevorn beser un er iz gekumen aheym un hot zikh arayngeleygt in bet a geshvolener un iz nokh erger gevorn.	I don't remember how long he was sick. But I remember how my mother took him to Grodno to the "hekdesht", here in America they would call it "county hospital". In the "hekdesht" he did not recover, so he came home again, lay down in bed, his body was swollen, and he was getting worse and worse.
hot im mayn mame a tsveytn mol avekgefirt in hekdesht. s'zaynen shoyne geven azoyne groyse frest, az es iz geven a rakhmones afile a hunt aroystsutraybn in droysn. mayn mame iz geforn in aza frost mit dem tatn nokhamol in hekdesht un mikh ibergelozn mit di kinder in hoyz...	My mother took him to the "hekdesht" once again. There were already such strong frosts that one would not have driven out even a dog out of pity. In such a frost, my mother took him to the "hekdesht" and left me with the children in the house...
keyn shtikl holts iz in hoyz nit geven. s'iz geven abisl milkhiks, hob ikh gemakht etlekhe kezlekh, oysgeshlogn a por funt puter un avek in Adeslk tsu farkoyfn di por funt puter mit di kezlekh, ikh zol konen hobn oyf a	At home there was not the smallest piece of wood. Only a little milk supply was there, so I made some cheese, churned a few pounds of butter and went away to Odelsk to sell the few pounds of butter and the cheese, because I wanted to load my handcart

vegele holts un makhn varem di oreime kinderlekh, un koyfn a shtikl broyt baym beker...	with wood to warm the poor children and I had to buy a piece of bread from the baker...
der frost hot gebrent un der shney iz geven azoy tif un keyn veg hot men nit gekent zen. keyn shliakh iz nit geven. men hot gedarft zukhn dem veg. ikh bin gegangen oyf kidesh hashem. ikh hob geblondzhet. ikh bin geven ingantsn farfroyn...	The frost was burning, the snow was so deep, and I could no longer see a path. There was no big road here. One had to look for the way. I was walking towards "kidesh hashem", my martyrdom. I got lost. I was completely frozen...

men hot in der kolonye keyn „blumers“, vi men ruft zey in Amerike, nit getrogn, nor ofene maytkes.keyn kaloshn zaynen oykh nit geven. men hot gedankt got az men hot kamashn, dos heyst, shikh. keyn varem mantl hob ikh oykh nit gehat... ikh hob koym zikh farshlept aheym. ikh hob zikh gemuzt zetsn mit di fis in kalter vaser, un oykh di hent in kalt vaser. ven men volt gehaltn di farfroyrene fis un hent in varemer vaser, volt geshtokhn vi mit shpilkes... ikh hob ober gebrakht etlekhe funt broyt far di kinder tsu esn. ikh hob gemuzt borgn dos broyt bay <i>Moyshe-Shiyen dem beker</i> in Odelsk. far di farkoyfte kezlekh un puter hob ikh nor gehat oyf a vegele holts tsu koyfn. un ven mayn tate iz gekumen dos tsveyte mol fun Grodne, hot er shoyng evust, az er vet nit leben lang. er iz geven azoy geshvoln, az ikh hob im gornit gekont derkenen. mir hobn zikh tsekusht. dos iz geven dos letste mol. mer hob ikh zikh mit mayn gutn tatn nit gekusht...er iz geven zeyer a sheyner, mayn tate, a hoykher, a blonder, mit royte bakn un mit a langer blonder bord... ven mayn tate iz gekumen fun Grodne iz geven in reskhoydesh shabes er hot zikh opgematert biz dem 15tn tog in khoydesh Iyar un iz geshtorbn. zayn neshome zol ruen in gan-eydn. es iz geven mit 67 yor tsurik. ikh, di shrayberin, bin demolt alt geven 18 yor. ven er iz geshtorbn iz er alt geven bloyz 49 yor. er hot ibergelozt zeks kinder... mayn tate iz geven zeyer a kluger. men hot fartsoygn zayn nomen Leybe oyf Leybeshke, un ven emitser fun unzere kinder hot epes gezogt a klug vort, hot men gezogt az s'hot oyf zikh Leybershkes kop... bay unz in kolonye hot men nit gekent hobn keyn minyen tsu zogn kadish nokh dem gutn tatn. zaynen Notke mit Altern gelofn keyn	In the colony, you didn't wear "bloomers," as they say in America, only open underpants. There were no galoshes either. You thanked God if you had gaiters, that is, shoes. I didn't have a warm coat either. I barely managed to drag myself home, [once there,] I had to sit down and dip my feet and hands in cold water. If I had held my frozen feet and hands in warm water, it would have pierced me as if with needles ... At least I was able to bring a few pounds of bread for the children. I had to borrow the bread from <i>Moyshe-Shiye the Baker</i> in Odelsk. For the cheese and butter I sold, I only got a cart full of wood to buy. When my father came from Grodno the second time, he knew that he would not live much longer. His body was so swollen that I could not recognize him at all. We kissed, this was the last time. After that I never kissed my good father again...He was such a handsome man, my father, a tall, blond, with rosy cheeks and with a long blond beard... My father came back from Grodno on Shabbat Rosh Chodesh. He agonized until the 15th day of the month of Iyar before he passed away. May his soul peacefully rest in the Garden of Eden. This happened 67 years ago. I, the author, was 18 years old at that time. When he died, he was only 49 years old and left behind six children... My father was a very smart man. They later changed his name <i>Leybe</i> to <i>Leybeshke</i>, and when one of our children said something clever, there was a saying that he "has Leybershke's head on him". In our colony we could not get a "minyen" [prayer quorum] to say the Kaddish prayer [2] for our good father. Therefore, Notke and Alter ran
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Odelsk zogn kadish...mayn bruder Alter iz nokh keyn neyn yor nit alt geven, un mayn bruder Note- zibn yor.	to Odelsk to say the Kaddish...My brother Alter was not yet nine years old, and my brother Note was seven.
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(1) Shabbat Rosh Chodesh: When the beginning of a new Hebrew month falls on a Shabbat.

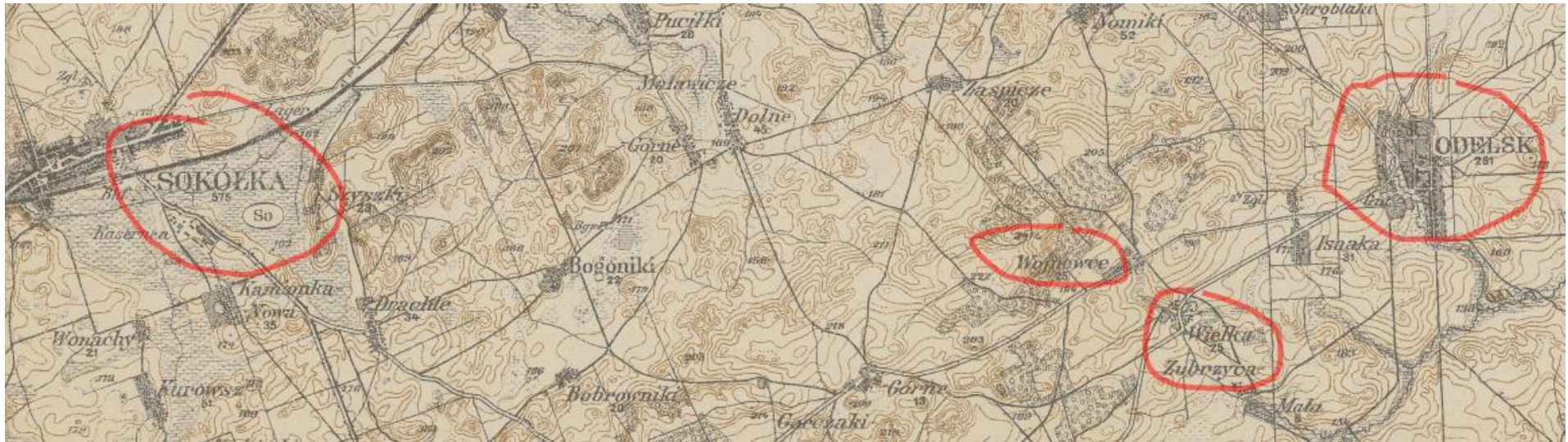
[2] see <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaddish>

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29. ven der tate iz geven krank hot men gedarft hobn dem feldsher un yedn mol ven er iz gekumen hot men im gemuzt batsoln. keyn gelt iz nit geven, hot men farkoyft di tvue...ven der tate iz geshtorbn iz gornit geblibn men zol hobn tsum esn far di kleyne kinder... es iz geven dem tatns familye, ober men iz immer geven broygez eyner oyfn andern... iz geven a guter goy. er hot gebrakht a vogn mit mel oyf broyt. gershtn oyf groypn, arbes, lindzn un bulbes. un dos gegeben mayn mamen...mayn bruder Yehoshue iz geven bay mir tsu gast in Los Andzeles mit a drey yor tsurik un er hot mir dertseylt vegn gutn goy... di produktn vos der guter goy hot gebrakht, hot shoyn mayn mame gehat far di kinder biz men hot aropgeshnitn fun di felder di naye tvue... ven mayn tate iz geven azoy krank hob ikh shoyn abisl gearbet in Bialystok un ikh hob shoyn gekrign amol optsushern a kete. ober az mayn tate iz gevorn azoy krank, hot mir di mame geshribn, az ikh muz kumen aheym helfn akhtung gebn oyf di kleyne kinder. di mame hot	29. When my father was sick, we needed the feldsher, but every time he came, we had to pay him. Since we had no money, we sold the grain...When our father died, there was nothing left for the little children to eat. There was still father's family, but we were always angry with each other... A good "goy" brought a wagon full of flour for bread, barley for pearl barley, peas, lentils, and potatoes, and gave it all to my mother. Three years ago, my brother Yehoshue [Ishye] was my guest in Los Angeles and told me about that good "goy". The produce that the good gentile brought, my mother used for the children until we could harvest the new grain from the fields... When my father was so sick, I already had a little work in Bialystok and was allowed to prepare the warp yarn tapes here and there. But when my father became very ill, my mother wrote to me that I had to come home and take care of the little children. My mother had to go
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dokh gemuzt forn mitn tatn keyn Grodne tsu doktoyrim...shpeter, ven di mame hot gebrakht mayn tatn tsurik fun Grodne, hob ikh zikh mit ir meyashev geven un mir hobn bashlosn, az ikh zol forn tsurik keyn Bialystok... bald nokh peysekh bin ikh avekgeform keyn Bialystok...oyf mayn gants leben fardrist mikh, vos ikh bin avekgeform fun der heym un nit geven bay mayn tatns toyt...ale fun unzer kolonye, vos hobn gearbet in Bialystok hobn gevust, az mayn tate iz toyt, ober keyner hot mir nit gevolt oyszogn...oyf shvues bin ikh geforn aheym... mir hot epes gezogt dos harts, az mayn tate lebt shoyt nit...fun Bialystok biz Sokolke iz men geforn mit der ban un fun Sokolke iz men shoyt geforn mit ferd un vogn.ale unzere kolonistn, vos hobn gearbet in Bialystok flegn forn aheym oyf shvues...men hot gedarft tsoln 25 kopikes fun a perzon tsu forn mit a ferd un vogn fun Sokolke in der kolonye. di oreime zaynen gegangen tsufus. ikh bin oykh gegangen tsufus... ven mir zaynen shoyt geven nit vayt fun der heym, bay a vyorst,	with Dad to doctors in Grodno...Later, when she brought Dad back from Grodno, I consulted with her and we decided that I should go back to Bialystok... Shortly after Passover I left for Bialystok. All my life, I have been saddened by the fact that I left home and was not with my father when he died...Everyone from our colony who worked in Bialystok knew that my father was dead, but no one wanted to tell me...I went home to Shavuot... Inside I somehow felt that my father was no longer alive... One went from Bialystok to Sokółka by train, and from Sokółka one took the horse cart. All our colonists who worked in Bialystok usually went home to Shavuot...One had to pay 25 kopecks per person to go by horse cart from Sokółka to the colony. The poor walked on foot. I also had to walk... When we were already not far from home, only about a vyorst (about 1 km) away,
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dortn iz do a dorf, vos ruft zikh Vonyevits, hob ikh gefregt di bakante goyim, un zey hobn mir oykh nit gevolt oyszogen... az ikh bin shoyt tsugekumen tsu unzer feld un hob ongehoyn geyn mit der mezhe, hob ikh shoyt gevust az mayn tate lebt nit. dos shtikl feld hot zikh ongerufn plats. ikh hob gezen, az der korn oyfn plats iz farvaksn mit vilde grozn, hob ikh shoyt farshtanen, az mayn tate iz shoyt mer nito oyf der velt...	where the village of Vonyevits [Wojnowce?] is located, I asked the gentiles I knew there, but they didn't want to tell me the truth either... When I was already approaching our field and began to walk on the furrow, I knew that my father was no longer alive, because the field (which was called "place") revealed it to me by its condition. I saw that the rye was overgrown with wild grasses and I understood that my father is no longer in this world...
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Excerpt of an old map, courtesy of Dr. Tomek Wisniewski. We can see Sokółka, Wojnowce, Wielka Zubrzyca, Isaaka and Odelsk.

Page 54, Continuation

ikh bin arayn in hoyz un mayn mame hot mir geheysn zikh zetsn shive
oyf a sho. ven emitser shtarbt un es iz shoyn mer vi a khoydesh, darfn
di eygene zitsn shive nor eyn tog, oyb es iz veyniker fun a khoydesh,
darf men zitsn zibn teg...
ikh hob geveynt un geklogt arum a tsvey yor, ober, vos di erd dekt tsu
muz men fargesn...

yo, yo, vey iz unz geven. a groyse familye, zeks kinder. tsvey inglekhn,
Note un Alter, hobn gedarft geyn in kheyder... mayn bruder Yehoshue
hot gelernt in Bialystok in Bes-Medresh. in dem Bes-Medresh hobn
gedavnt reykhe idn un er iz zey gefeln gevorn un im gemakht far unter-

I entered our house and mom instructed me to sit "shiva" [1] for one
hour. If it has been more than a month since someone passed away, the
close relatives only need to sit "shiva" for one day, if it has been less
than a month, one needs to sit for seven days.
I cried and lamented for over two years, but, what is covered by the
earth must be forgotten...

Oh indeed, it was very painful for us. We were a big family with six
children, and two boys, Note and Alter, already had to go to the
kheyder... My brother Yehoshue [Ishye] learned in the Bialystoker Bes-
Medresh [study house]. Usually rich Jews prayed in this Bes-Medresh.

shames. er hot gelernt un oykh aroysgeholfn dem shames un hot fardint a por rubl...ikh hob fargesn, es iz nit geven keyn Bes-Medresh, nor a groyse shul, un men hot es gerufn „di shul“. s'iz geven oyf Yureftser gas. ikh gedenk, vi ikh un mayn bruder flegn kumen oyf peysekh aheym tsu zen mayn mamen mit di kinder. di mame hot ongegreyt matses un vayn, un fleysh- alts vos men hot gedarft hobn oyf peysekh...men hot gemuzt makhn peysekh. oyb a familye hot nit gehat oyf peysekh, hot men arayngetrogn produktn fun der shtot...farvos shrayb ikh azoy fil vegn yontev peysekh? derfar vayl peysekh iz geven der heylikster yontev... ven di mame hot gegreyt tsum tish, tsum seyder, flegt vern in hoyz a groys geveyn, un ales oyfn tish iz geblibn shteyn; di koyse mitn vayn, dos esn, un men hot zikh nit tsugerirt. ale in hoyz zaynen geven farklogt...azoy zaynen avek etlekhe peysakhs... ikh un mayn bruder flegn oyf sukhes oykh forn aheym; zikh nit gevotl arumshlepn in der fremd. zaynen mir gekumen in der kolonye tsu zen der oremer mamen mit di oreme kinderlekh, di kleyne yesoymlimlekh...azoy hobn mir opgetroyert a tsvey-drey yor...	They took a liking to Ishye and declared him a sub-shames. He studied, supported the shames and earned a few rubles...I forgot that it was actually not a Bes-Medresh at all, but a large "shul" [synagogue] called "The Shul". It was located on Yureftser Gas [Jurowiecka Street]. I remember when my brother and I came home for Passover to visit Mom with the children. Mother had prepared matzos, wine, and meat - everything you had to have for Passover. Passover had to be celebrated; if a family didn't have anything for Passover, produce from the city had to be brought in. You wonder why I write so much about Passover? Because Passover was the holiest of holidays... Then, when Mother prepared the table for the Seder, a loud crying arose in the house, and everything remained standing on the table. The wine goblets, the food, nothing was touched, everyone in the house was filled with grief. Thus passed several Passover feasts... My brother and I also went home for Sukkot, so as not to wander around in a foreign country. So we came to the colony to see our poor mother with her poor children, the little orphans...so we mourned for over two, three years...
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[1] see [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shiva_\(Judaism\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shiva_(Judaism))

30.	30.
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ikh bin gevorn khaver in Bialystok mit a meyd *Peshe*, zeyer a gute meyd. zi iz geven a shpulerke un gearbet bay *Preyzmanen* oyf der Yureftser gas. Preyzman iz geven zeyer a groyser fabrikant. zi hot far mir gebetn dem meyster fun der fabrik un er hot ir geheysn mikh rufn. iz zi gekumen tsu mir aza simkhe, az ikh vel shoyhn hobn a plats vu tsu arbetn un nit zikh arumshlepn fun eyn fabrik tsu der tsveyter tsu zukhn optsushern a por ketes.

der meyster hot mikh ongenumen un ikh hob gekrign drey rubl a vokh. ikh hob geshoyrn ketes, un az z'iz nit geven genug tsu shern hob ikh genupt di shtiker tukh. mir iz shoyhn geven gut vi di velt. ikh hob shoyhn gekont shikn der mamen mit di kinder a por rubel...un drey rubl a vokh iz geven a groyser fardinst. di shpularkes hobn nit fardint mer vi a rubl un a halb a vokh...a shererke kon fardinen nokh merer. men ken zikh aroyfarbetn oyf zeks rubl a vokh...

in fabrik zaynen geven zekhtsik shtuln un tsvey leynketnikes. ikh hob in fabrik gearbet a lange tsayt. ikh bin fun Preyzmanen avek tsu *Leyzer Endlern*. bay Leyzer Endlern hob ikh shoyhn gekrign fir rubl a vokh. az men hot gekont shern bay Leyzer Endlern hob ikh shoyhn gekrign fir rubl a vokh. az men hot gekont shern bay Leyzer Endlern iz men geven di beste shererke in shtot...ober bay Leyzer Endlern hob ikh lang nit geshoyrn, efsher a yor un men hot mikh tsurikgerufn tsu Preyzmanen...eyner a Yude Khatseles, vos iz geven a linketnik bay Preyzman, hot gebetn mayn bruder Yehoshue, er zol mikh opreydn fun Leyzer Endlern.

ikh hob shoyhn gekrogn bay Preyzman fir un a halb rubl a vokh...un az es iz geven „bizi“, vi men zogt do in Amerike, hob ikh gekrogn nokh der arbet nokh a kete optsushern. un far a kete hot men gekrogn zekhtsik kopikes, un ikh hob shoyhn gekent helfn mayn mamen mit di kinderlekh...

I made friends in Bialystok with a girl, her name was *Peshe* and she was really a good girl. She was a spooler and worked at *Preyzman* on Yureftser Gas [Jurowiecka Street] [1]. Preyzman was a very big manufacturer. She interceded for me with the master of the factory, and he told her to call me. So she came to me with such joyful news that I had a job and no longer had to move from one factory to another to find a job as a warper.

The master hired me and I received three rubles a week. I prepared the warp yarn tapes, and if there was not enough to warp, I repaired the pieces of cloth. I was as well off as one could be [gut vi di velt“]. I could send mother with the children a few rubles...and three rubles a week, that was a big income! The winders earned no more than one and a half rubles a week. A warper could earn even more, you could work your way up to six rubles a week...

In the factory there were 60 looms and two "leyketnikes" [foremen, masters]. I worked in Preyzman's factory for a long time. After that I went to *Leyzer Endler*. At Leyzer Endler I already received four rubles a week. If you were a warper at Leyzer Endler, it meant that you were the best warper in town. However, I didn't stay with him long, maybe a year, then I was called back to Preyzman... One of the foremen of Preyzman, *Yude Khatseles*, asked my brother Ishye to get me away from Leyzer Endler.

At Preyzman I was already earning four and a half rubles a week...And when it was "bizi" [busy], as they say in America, there was still a warp yarn tape to prepare after work. For such a warp you got 60 kopeks, and so I could help my mom and the children...

ober nokh mayn tatns toyt iz mir geven zeyer shlekht, nit gehat vos tsu esn un nit gehat afile di fuftsn kopikes tsu batsoln far dem tsimer...un a shererke hot gedarft geyn sheyn gekleydt. un fun vanen hobn ikh zikh gekent kleydn, az ikh hob nit gehat keyn arbet, un az ikh hob shoyn mit groyse tsores epes arbet gekrogn, hob ikh dos oysgegebn oyf esn... mayn bruder Yehoshue, vos hot gelernt in shul,	Immediately after my father's death, however, I was in a very bad way, I had nothing to eat and not even the 50 kopecks to pay for my room...A warper had to be well dressed, but from what could I have dressed myself? I still had no work, and when, with great effort, I finally got some work, I had to spend the money on food. My brother Yehoshue [Ishye] was studying in shul,
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[1] see <https://www.jewishbialystok.pl/Prejsman-Preisman-Prejsman-.L.-,5404,4334>

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un az er iz geven hungerik, iz er gekumen tsu mir oyf stantsye. ikh hob epes opgekokht far mir un mayn bruder oyf vetshere...di baleboste iz geven a gute un zi flegt mir heysn ikh zol makhn shabes far mir mit mayn bruder, un zi flegt mir nokh fun tsayt tsu tsayt layen gelt, biz ikh hob epes fardint... mayn bruder hot nebekh gefroyrn um vinter in a dinem rekl un in kurtse hoyzn un in tserisene shikh. s'iz geven a rakhmones oyf im tsu kukn...er iz geven a hoykher, a sheyner, un zeyer a kluger... un az er iz gekumen tsu mir oyf stantsye kedey di neshome tsu derhaltn, hob ikh opgekokht abisl krupnik, farveyst mit abisl milkh, un tsu dem a shtikl shvarts broyt...az ikh hob fardint abisl, hob ikh gekoyft a hering un geteylt oyf etlekhe teg... 31. a por khadoyshim nokh mayn tatns toyt iz geshtorbn mayn kleyn bruderl. kont ir zikh shoyn forshteln, vos s'hot zikh dortn opgeton. ikh bin in der heym nit geven. ikh un mayn bruder Yehoshue zaynen geven in Bialystok un untergehungert...fundetsvegn, az ikh hob nor epes fardint, fleg ikh tsushikn tsu mayn mamen a teyl...	and when he was hungry, he would put up at my place. I would cook dinner for my brother and me...The landlady was a good person and instructed me to make Sabbath with my brother; from time to time she would lend me money until I earned some myself... Unfortunately, my brother had to freeze in winter because he wore only a thin jacket, short pants and torn shoes. It was heartbreaking to look at him...He was a tall, handsome and very smart person... And when he came to me, so as not to starve, I cooked some barley soup, bound with a little milk, and bought a herring, which I cut into pieces for quite a few days... 31. A few months after my father's death, my little brother died. You can certainly imagine what happened there. I wasn't at home; my brother Ishye and I were in Bialystok and we had to starve ourselves. Despite all this, as I earned just a little, I sent some of it to my mother...
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un do iz oysgebrokhn a hunger in unzer kolonye. dos iz geven dos tsveyte yor nokh mayn tatns toyt. es iz farbrent gevorn di tvue oyf di felder un es iz nit geven vos tsu esn far di kolonistn... di regirung hot aroysgegebn kukuruze, ober nit genug, iz bay mayn mamen in hoyz geven a groyser hunger... mayn shvester Sheyne Gitl a kind fun fir yor, mayn bruder Alter in tsentn yor, un mayn bruder Nute in zibtn yor, flegn nebekh esn groz... mayn shvester Sheyne Gitl iz itster a farmeglekhe froy, men ken zogn a reykh oykh, un zi dertseylt in freydn nokh biz hayntikn tog vegn yener tsayt, ven zi hot gegesn groz mit mayne tsvey briderlekh... di tsvey briderlekh zaynen shoyen fun lang geshtorbn un zeyer yung oykh. ikh ker zikh um tsurik tsu yener tsayt nokh mayn tatns toyt. s'iz geven shoyen a yor nokh zayn toyt un di brider hobn shoyen opgezogt kadish, hot mayn mame avekgefirt mayn yungern bruder, Notken, keyn Grodne in	At that time, a famine broke out in our colony. It was in the second year after my father's death. The grain in the fields had burned, and there was nothing left for the colonists to eat... The government issued corn, but not enough, so there was great hunger in my mother's house... My sister Sheyne Gitl, a child of four, my brother Alter, in his tenth year, and my brother Note, in his seventh year, unfortunately had to eat grass... My sister Sheyne Gitl is now a wealthy woman, you can say she is rich, and she still to this day happily tells of that time when she and the two brothers ate grass... The two brothers died a long time ago at a young age. I now return to the time after my father's death. It had already been a year since his death, so the brothers no longer had to say Kaddish. My mother brought my younger brother, Notke, to Grodno, to study in the
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talmud-toyre tsu lernen. in Grodne hot mayn mame gehat a groyse familye, iz zi gegangen tsu zey un hot zey dertseylt, az ir man iz geshtorbn un zi kon zikh keyn eytse nit gebn. ir man hot alts farkrankt un zi hot gebrakht ir ingl Notke keyn Grodne zikh tsu lernen. er iz itst akht yor alt un zi vil az ire eygene zoln akhtung gebn oyf im. er iz dokh azoy yung, kon zi im dokh nit iberlozn oyf hefker... un zoln ire eygene zeen, az er zol khasvekhilile nit laydn fun hunger un nit vern keyn shlekhter ingl. zi hot im bashtelt „teg“, ober nit ale...	"talmetoyre" [free religious community school]. Many members of my mother's family lived in Grodno. She visited them and told them about her late husband and that she did not know what to do, because everything had been spent due to her husband's illness. She said that she had brought her boy Notke to Grodno to study. He was now eight years old, and she asked her family to take care of him. He was still so young, she said, and she could not leave him alone. Her family should please take care that he, "khasvekhilile" [God forbid], does not suffer hunger and does not become a bad boy. She organized for him "esn
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eyner, der mames a kuzin, hot zikh untergenumen gebn Notken drey teg a vokh esn, un er vet shoyrn zen, az s'zol im gornit feln... dem dozikn kuzin hot men gerufn <i>Avrohem Berl</i>. er iz geven der faynster mentsh in der velt. er iz afile geven a vaser-firer. er hot gehat ferd mit vegener un hot gehalten fremde mentshn, vos hobn tsefirt vaser...un a sheyner iz er geven, az s'iz geven a fargenign oyf im tsu kukn, un gut oykh, un a groyser bal-tsedoke. er hot gehat an eygene hoyz, un nokh a por heyzer tsu fardingen...un az er iz geforn mit der vaser un hot ongetrofn Notken geyn lernen in talme-toyre, hot er keynmol nit oysgelozn, az er zol im tsurufn tsu zikh un im fregn, tsi er hot vos tsu esn, un im gebn a tsen kopikes...ober mayn bruderl iz geven a shemevdiker un im nit gezogt dem emes, az es felt im a tog oder tsvey... zayn vayb hot men gerufn <i>Peshe</i>. zi iz geven a hoykhe un a sheyne, un zeyer a gute. azoy gut hob ikh nokh nit getrofn...ven ikh hob nit gehat keyn arbet, fleg ikh amol kumen in Grodne, iz immer geven bay ir ofn di tir. zi iz geven azoy gut, az ikh hob shoyrn nit gevolt geyn tsu keynem fun mayne eygene... <i>Peshe</i> mit <i>Avrohem Berlen</i> hobn gehat drey kinder- tsvey meydlekh mit a ingl. er hot gehat tsvey brider, eyner iz geven a soldat un er iz geven zeyer a sheyner, un er hot shoyrn gedarf bald kumen fun sluzhbe. ikh hob shoyrn fargesn vi men hot im gerufn. ikh vel zikh nokh dermonen. er iz geven der tsveyter fun <i>Avrohem Berlen</i>. dem dritn hot men gerufn <i>Yehoshue (Ishye)</i>, er iz geven a mulyer un fardint asakh gelt. der <i>Avrohem Berl</i> hot dos akhtung gegeben oyf zayne tsvey brider, ven zeyere eltern zaynen geshtorbn zeyer yunge...mayn bruder	teg" [daytime eating of poor students by rich people or relatives], but not for all days... One of them, a cousin of my mother, took on the duty of feeding Notke three days a week and making sure that he lacked nothing...This cousin's name was <i>Avrohem Berl</i>; he was the finest man in the world. In fact, he was a water-carrier. He owned a horse and wagon and engaged strangers who brought and distributed water. He was so beautiful that it was a pleasure to look at him, and he was a good man, a benefactor. He had his own house, and in addition, houses that he rented out...And when he drove around with the water and came across Notke, who was just going to study in the "talmetoire", he never forgot to call him over, ask if he had anything to eat, and give him ten kopecks... But my brother was ashamed and did not tell him the truth that he had no food for a day or two... His wife was called <i>Peshe</i>. She was a tall and beautiful person, and such a good one as I had never met before... When I had no work and came to Grodno, her door was always open. She was so kind-hearted that I almost did not want to go to any other one of my family... <i>Peshe</i> and <i>Avrohem Berl</i> had three children, two girls and a boy. He also had two brothers, one was a soldier, a very handsome man who was soon to return from military service. I have forgotten what his name was. I remember that he was the second brother of <i>Avrohem Berl</i>, the third was called <i>Yehoshue (Ishye)</i>, he was a bricklayer and made a lot of money. <i>Avrohem Berl</i> took care of his two brothers when their parents died very young... My brother
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Notke hot gelernt in Grodne a por yor, vifil gedenk ikh nit...mayn bruder Notke iz geven a darer un a shvakher zayn gants leben. er hot tsufile gehungert in zayne yunge yorn... 32. itster gey ikh shraybn, vos es hot pasirt mit mayn bruder Yehoshue (Ishye). er hot zikh gevolt lernen zayn a veber, ober far'n lernen hot men badarft batsoln hundert rubel...vi ir veyst fun frier, iz er geven an unter-shames, un hot gegesn a tog a vokh bay a balebos, vos hot im lib gehat. <i>Avrohem Tseyteles</i> hot men gerufn dem balebos un er iz geven a leynketnik. mayn bruder hot gebetn dem <i>Avrohem Tseyteles</i>, er zol im oyslernen veibn. - hostu gelt? men darf dokh hobn hundert rubl! hot im mayn bruder geentfert: -ven ikh volt farmogt hundert rubl, volt ikh dokh geven a reykh man un ikh volt mit aykh nit geredt, un volt aleyng gevorn a fabrikant. <i>Avrohem Tseyteles</i> hot gelakht un im arayngenumen in fabrik un im oysgelernt tsu veibn. iz er shoyng gevorn a veber un er hot opgetsolt shpeter di hundert rubl. er hot bay im gearbet a lange tsayt, ober er hot nit fardint keyn sakh. varum, ven men lernt zikh tsu veibn dem tukh darf men zayn zeyer opgehit, un az men makht a feler in shtik tukh darf men batsoln. dariber hot er zikh nit geyogt un keyn sakh gelt nit fardint, az er zol konen aroyshelfn der mamen mit di kinder...	Notke learned a few years in Grodno, I don't remember how many...Notke was scrawny and weak all his life, he had starved too much in his childhood... 32. Now I will write what happened to my brother Ishye. He was eager to do an apprenticeship as a weaver, but for that you had to pay a hundred rubles... As you know, he was a sub-shames and received food one day a week from a well-to-do gentleman who was fond of him. His name was <i>Avrohem Tseyteles</i> and he was a "leynketnik" [foreman, master] in the weaving factory. My brother asked <i>Avrohem Tseyteles</i> to teach him how to weave. [The latter asked him:] "Do you have any money? You have to pay 100 rubles!" But my brother replied: "If I had 100 rubles, I would be a rich man and would not even speak to you, but would become a manufacturer myself!" <i>Avrohem Tseyteles</i> laughed, took him in the factory and taught him to weave. Later, when he was already working as a weaver, he paid off the 100 rubles. My brother worked for him for a long time. However, he did not earn much, because when you learn to weave cloth, you have to be very careful, and if you make a mistake in the cloth you weave, you have to pay for it. Also, he didn't work fast, so he didn't earn enough to help mother out with the children.
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vi ikh hob shoy'n geshribn, iz bay mayn mamen geven aza hunger, az di tsvey kleyne kinder hobn gegesn dos groz oyf der gas. ikh mit mayn bruder hobn nit gevust. mayn mame hot unz nit gevolt shraybn, mir zoln nit hobn azoy fil tsar...fil mol hob ikh nit deresn, ikh zol konen shikn a por rubl der mamen mit di kinderlekh... ikh hob aykh frier dertseylt, vi s'iz geven a trukenish in der kolonye. hobn dokh di ki oykh nit gehat vos tsu esn un zaynen gevorn tsu dar fun hunger un hobn gantse nekht gemeket fun hunger. un az di ki zaynen geven hungerik hobn zey nit gehat keyn milkh. un ikh hob	I have already written that my mother was so hungry that the two little children ate the grass in the street. My brother and I did not know about this. My mother did not want to inform us, so as not to cause us so much grief... Often, I went without eating enough to send a few rubles to mother with the children... I have told you before that there was a great drought in the colony. Even the cows did not have enough to eat and were emaciated, mooing for nights because of hunger. And since they were hungry, they did not give milk. I had already written
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dokh frier geshribn, vi azoy fun der milkh hot men gemakht puter un kez, un farkoyft un gehat mit vos ontsuhaltn dos hoyz, itster, az s'iz gekumen der groyser umglik mit der trukenish, hot di mame shoy'n gornit gekont zikh an eytse gebn...der groyser umglik iz geven far ale kolonistn, ober far mayn mamen, der yunger almone mit kleyne yesoymimlekh-merer vi far alemen. di kinder arumgerisene, nit geven vos zey ontsuton; nit keyn hemdlekh oyfn leyb, un nit keyn shikhlekh oyf di fis, un nit keyn vareme kapotke obtsuton... men hot zikh azoy opgematert on a tatn bay a drey yor, biz ikh hob shoy'n gekrogn a gute fabrik tsu shern ketn... mayn bruder Yehoshue (Ishye) hot oysgelernt mayn bruder Altern tsu vebn di tukh, vos men makht kapotes, dos maynt a veber, un ir veyst vifil mayn bruder Alter iz demolt alt geven? nit mer vi a dreytsn tsi fertsn yor, aza yunger! ober vos hot men gekont ton? es iz ober geven a glik, vos er iz geven a hoykher mit breyte beyner. er hot oysgezen vi a bokher fun akhtsn yor. derfar hot mayn bruder Ishye im gekont araynnemen un hot im	before that they made butter and cheese from the milk and sold the products to maintain the house. However, now, when the great calamity of drought came upon us, mother did not know what to do at all...The disaster affected all the colonists, but my mother, the young widow with the little orphans, it hit more than the others. The children were miserable, had nothing to wear, no shirts on their bodies, no shoes on their feet, no warm long jackets to put on. So they toiled without a father for three years until I found a good factory and could work as a warper... My brother Ishye taught my brother Alter how to weave cloth from which to sew long jackets, that is, he taught him the craft of a weaver. And do you know how old my brother Alter was at that time? Not older than 13 or 14 years, that's how young he was! But, what was to be done? It was just fortunate that he was a tall one with broad shoulders, so he looked like an 18-year-old young man. Therefore, my brother Ishye could take him into the factory and train
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oysgelernt. un Alter iz nokh geven a beserer veber vi mayn bruder Ishye. 33. un az ikh mit di tsvey brider hobn shoy n gearbet iz unz shoy n geven abisl beser...itster hobn mir shoy n genu men trakhtn, vos men kon ton mit der mamen, mit di kinder, mit Notken, un mit mayn kleyn shvesterl Gitlen, tsu brengen zey ale men keyn Bialystok. mayn bruder Ishye hot gelernt mayn bruder Notken, vos iz demolt alt geven dreytsn yor, ve bn. er iz geven a feiker un iz bald gevorn a guter veber...er iz geven a kleyn yingl un hot nokh oysgekukt klener vi zayne yorn, un farvos? ikh hob geshribn farvos: er iz ayngedart geven fun hunger, ven er hot gelernt in Grodne. az s'hot im gefelt a por teg in der vokh tsu esn, hot er nit gevolt oyszogn, un zukhn tsu krign di por teg, hot er zikh geshemt... er hot zikh tsugevoynt nit tsu esn...in kolonye iz geven groz, ober in Grodne zaynen geven gebukirte gasn, hot er nit gehat keyn groz...	him. Alter even became a better weaver than my brother Ishye. 33. And when my two brothers and I were already working, we all felt a little better...We were even beginning to think about how we could manage to get Mom, the kids, Notke and my little sister Gitl to Bialystok. My brother Ishye taught his brother Notke, who was then 13 years old, to weave. And the latter was gifted and became a good weaver...Notke was a small boy and looked much younger than his age. Why was that? I have already written why: he was parched with hunger. When he studied in Grodno, he lacked a few days in the week when food was organized for him, but he did not want to say so and was ashamed to ask to get food on the other days as well... He got used to not eating anything...In the colony there was grass, but in Grodno the streets were paved, there was no grass growing for him...
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ven an inspektor iz gekumen in der fabrik tsu zen, oyb aleding iz in ordenung, flegt mayn bruder Ishye farbahalt n Notken untern shtul, vayl er iz nokh geven tsu yung tsu arbetn...aleyn oyf a shtul hot Notke nokh nit gekont arbetn. er hot a lange tsayt gearbet mitn bruder Ishyen oyf eyn shtul, biz er iz gevorn elter un greser... men iz durkhgekumen a sakh tsores. ikh veys take nit, vi azoy men hot dos gekent durkhlebn...	When an inspector appeared at the factory to check if everything was all right, my brother Ishye used to hide Notke under the loom, because he was still too young to work...Notke could not yet work alone on a loom. For a long time he worked together with his brother Ishye on one loom, until he grew older and taller... We had to go through a lot of suffering, and I really don't know how we endured it all...
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34.

itst gey ikh shraybn, vos ikh hob fargesn tsu shraybn frier:
dos iz geven bald dem zumer, ven mayn tate iz geshtorbn. nit vayt fun
shtub iz geven a groys shtik feld. men hot dos gerufn Byaleshtsine.
inmitn feld iz geven a lonke, vos hot gevaksn oyf ir groz. arum der
lonke hot gevaksn korn, oder veyts, oder andere tvues...a gantsn zumer
hot men dos groz gelozt vaksn, un rosh khoydesh Ov hot men dos groz
opgekoshet un gehat oyf a gantsn vinter far di beheymes. men hot dos
gerufn Minketsner felder, vayl s'hot zikh gegrenitst mitn dorf
Minketse...

fun der zelber Byaleshtsine hot zikh getsoygn nokh a shtik lonke, a
shmoler pas. es iz geven opgeteylt abisl. dem pas lonke hot men gerufn
shmole-blotkes. inmitn iz geven a tol un in dem tol iz geven a taykhl.
bay bayde zaytn taykhl hot gevaksn groz. men hot dos groz gekoshet in
der eygener tsayt, ven men hot gekoshet in Byaleshtsine...

farvos ikh shrayb dos vegn lonkes? vayl demolt iz mayn mame
gegangen shnaydn dem korn un hot mitgenumen mayn kleyn shvesterl
in feld. s'iz geven zeyer heys, hot di mame ir opgebodn in taykhl, un es
hot bald getrofn an umglik. dos gantse leyb bay mayn shvester hot zikh
oysgeshotn mit vundn. oykh dos ponim un di oyern...ikh gedenk, ven
ikh un mayn bruder Ishye zaynen gekumen oyf sukes aheym iz mayn
shvesterl gelegn zeyer krank un di vundn hobn ir shtark vey geton...
mayn shvester iz demolt alt geven drey un a halb yor...

bay unz in kolonye iz geven an alter id, zeyer a frumer, un er flegt ale
Freytog kumen nokh khale-gelt. men hot im gerufn Dovid

34.

Now I'm writing down what I forgot before:

It was right in the summer after my father died. Not far from us was a
large field called "Byaleshtsine". In the middle of the field there was an
area where grass grew.

Around this meadow grew rye, wheat and other grains...one let the
grass grow all summer long and cut it only in the month of Ov [July-
August], so that one had something for the cattle all winter. The
meadow was called "Minketsner fields" because it bordered
directly on the village of Minketse [Miszlkieniki?]....

From the mentioned "Byaleshtsine" there passed another piece of
meadow, like a narrow belt. It was a little bit divided and it was called
"Shmole Blotkes" [narrow swamp]. In its center was a valley with a
small river running through it. Grass grew on both sides of the river,
and this was cut at the same time as the rest of the grass on the
"Byaleshtsine".

Why do you think I am writing about these meadows? Because at that
time my mother went to cut the rye and took my little sister to the field.
It was very hot and my mother bathed her in the river. But soon, a
disaster happened...My sister's whole body was covered with wounds,
even her face and ears...I remember when I came home for Sukkot with
my brother Ishye, my sister was lying there very sick and the wounds
were causing her great pain...My sister was three and a half years old at
that time...

In our colony there was an old, very pious Jew who always asked for
"khale-gelt" [money for challah] on Friday. His name was *Dovid*



Old map: courtesy of Tomek Wisniewski

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Leyzer...mayn kleyn shvesterl iz demolt gelegn oyfn groysn oyvn, un zi hot gezogt tsum altn Dovid Leyzern, az ir tuen azoy vey di vundn, un zi kon nit oyshaltn fun veytog. hot er ir gezogt:
-az ikh vel shtarbn, ikh bin dokh shoyn aza alter man, zol dayn mame dikh brengen un mit mayn toyter hant opkayklen dayn gants leyb...

Leyzer... My little sister was lying on the big stove at that time and said to old Dovid Leyzer that her wounds hurt so much that she couldn't stand it anymore...On that he said to her:
"I am already an old man, and when I have died, your Mom shall bring you to me and stroke your whole body with my dead hand"...

s'hot gedoyert di krankhayt a lange tsayt, mer vi a por yor, un az Reb Dovid Leyzer iz geshtorbn, hot men take mayn shvesterl avekgefirt tsu zayn familye in hoyz. di familye hot zikh abils gekvenklt, over, az di mame hot dertseyt az Dovid Leyzer hot aleyn tsugezogt, hot di familye tsugeshtimt, un men hot mitn toytns hant opgekayklt mayn shvesters leyb un zi iz gezunt gevorn...zayn neshome zol laykhtn in gan-eydn...

35.

ikh hob fargesn tsu shraybn, az ven mayn shvesterl iz alt geven drey khodoshim un mayn mame hot gemuzt geyn shnit-tsayt shnaydn oyfn feld, hot zi nit gekent mitnemen a pitsl kind fun drey khodoshim in feld. hot zi dis ibergelozn mit mayn bruder Altern. er iz nokh keyn akht yor nit alt geven, un er hot gedarft akhtung gebn oyfn kind. er hot gedarft brengen der mamen in feld tsvey mol a tog dos pitsl kind, zi zol dos onzeygn, dos kind zol nit fardart vern un bay der mamen zol di milkh nit iberbrenen...

er hot gedarft trogn dos kind zeyer vayt oyf di Skroblyesker felder bay a tsvey vyorst fun der heym...

iz vos.zhe hot getrofn?

mayn bruder Alter hot geviklt dos kind in vikelekh, dos arayngeleygt in a kischele un zikh gelozt mit dem kischele tsu di felder...un az er iz gekumen tsu der mamen, un az di mame hot genumen dos kischele- oy, vey!

dos kind iz nito...

es iz geven a groyse shrek...men hot genumen loyfn zukhn dos kind, un men hot dos gefunen oyfn eygenem veg, vos mayn bruder iz gegangen. es iz geven a groyse simkhe vesosen...

ikh hob dos gedarft shraybn frier, ober ikh hob fargesn...ikh hob oykh fargesn tsu shraybn, az dos taykhl, vu mayn mame hot gebodn mayn kleyn shvesterl in Shmole-blotkes, hot men amol gezogt, az

The illness lasted for a long time, more than a few weeks, and when Reb Dovid Leyzer died, they actually brought my sister in his family's house...At first the family refused a little, but when Mother told them that Dovid Leyzer himself had promised, the family agreed. The dead man's hand was stroked over my sister's body and she got well. May his soul shine brightly in Gan Eden...

35.

I forgot to write that when my little sister was three months old, my mother had to go to the cornfield to harvest and couldn't take the baby with her to the field...She left it to my brother, Alter. He was not yet eight years old and was supposed to take care of the baby. However, he had to bring the baby to Mom in the field twice a day for breastfeeding...After all, the child should not die of thirst and with Mom the milk should not dry up...

He had to take the baby very far to the "Skroblyesk fields", more than two kilometers from home...

What happened?

My brother Alter swaddled the baby in wraps and put her in a pillow. He set off with the pillow to the fields...

When he arrived at Mom's, she took the pillow from him, but, oy vey! The child was not there!

What a great fright! It was started to look for the baby, and indeed it was found on the way where my brother had gone.

That was a joy and happiness!

I should have written this earlier, but I had forgotten...

I also forgot to write that the river in "Shmole Blotkes", in which my mother had bathed my little sister, had the fame

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teyvlolim zaynen faran in dem taykhl...ikh gedenk, ven ikh bin nokh nit geven keyn groyse meydyl, un mir, a kompanye meydlekh, flegn geyn klaybn yagedes in Shmole-Blotkes, hobn mir moyre gehat optsushteyn eyner fun di andere, az keyn teyvl zol unz nit khapn... ven mayn shvesterl Sheyne Gitl iz gezunt gevorn fun dem oysshit, vos zi hot gepakt in dem dozikn taykhl, iz zi tsurik gevorn dos sheyne meydyl. ikh kon zogn, az zi iz geven a parshoyn a kind, fun azoyne tsores, un nit hobn vos tsu esn, un esn groz, vi ikh hob shoyn geshribn, un dokh gevaksn azoy sheyn... 36. ikh gey itster onheybn a naye geshikhte fun unzer leben: mir iz shoyn gevorn abisl beser. ikh hob shoyn gearbet bay Preyzmanen in a guter fabrik un shoyn fardint drey rubl a vokh... ikh hob shoyn geshikt mayn mamen vifil nor ikh hob gekent. drey rubl iz nit keyn sakh, ober aleyn hob ikh zeyer gekargt, abi ikh zol kenen helfn in der heym, un zen, az di mame mit mayn kleyn shvesterl zoln kenen leben beser... ikh gedenk, vi ikh hob gezen reykhe kinder zaynen gegangen ongeton in oysgeneyte kostyumen, azoy vi di rusishe flegn trogn: a royte lange bluzke oysgeneyt. mit sheyne blumen un a spudnitse, a kleydl- do ruft men dos skoyrt, un di spudnitse iz geven der kolir fun neyvi bloy, un a fartukh fun vayser vare, oykh oysgeneyt in sheyne blumen.	that there were devils in it... I remember when I was not yet a big girl, we, that is a group of girls, used to pick berries in "Shmole Blotkes". We were afraid to lag behind the others, lest some devil should catch us... When my sister Sheyne Gitl recovered from the skin rash that had affected her in that river, she became a beautiful girl again. I can say that she was really a little hero, a child with such problems who had no food and had to eat grass, as I wrote, and yet she grew up as a beauty... 36. Now, I will begin with a new story from our lives: My situation had already improved somewhat. I worked at Preyzman in a good factory and was already earning three rubles a week...I sent my mother as much money as I could. Three rubles was not much, but I myself was extremely thrifty in order to be able to help at home and cause mother and my little sister to live better... I remember seeing rich children walking, dressed in embroidered costumes, like the Russians wore: a red long blouse, embroidered with beautiful flowers and a "spudnitse"- what they call "skirt" here [in America]. The "spudnitse" had a navy blue color, and over it was a white apron, also embroidered with beautiful flowers. [1]
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az ikh hob dos gebrakht oyf yontef far mayn kleyn shvesterl, hot zikh ir azoy sheyn gepast...ikh fleg dos oysneyen bay der nakht, durkhn tog hob ikh nit gehat keyn tsayt. es hot zikh mir zeyer ayngegebn dos oysneyekhts. bay unz in kolonye iz dos geven a groyse iberrashung, vayl in der kolonye hot men azoyne kostyumen nit gezen, ober in Odelsk hot men dos yo gezen... in Odelsk zaynen ayngeshtanen ofitsern un di ogitserishe kinder flegn trogn azoyne kostyumen... ikh hob shoyn geshribn frier, az mayne briderlekh hobn zikh oysgelernt tsu zayn veber. zey zaynen nokh geven azoy yung un zey zaynen geshlofn	When I brought something like that to my little sister on the holiday, it suited her so well...I used to embroider that at night, because I didn't have time during the day. The embroidery I managed very well and in the colony it was a big surprise, because there you did not see such costumes, however, quite in Odelsk... There were officers quartered in Odelsk and their children used to wear such costumes... I wrote before that my brothers had been trained as weavers. They were still very young and slept
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[1] A little mental leap follows; apparently Rachel sewed such a costume for her sister

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in der fabrik, vu zey hobn gearbet. ikh fleg geyn in fabrik un oyfklaybn zeyere vesh. (in Bialystok hot men dos gerufn gret). ikh hob oysgevashn zeyere hemder, zeyere gatkes zeyere shkarpetkes. ikh hob fartsirevet di shkarpetkes men zol nit darfn koyfn keyn naye... in der fabrik, vu ikh hob gearbet, iz geven a parovke (a masheyn vos iz gegangen oyf pare). arum tsvelf dem zeyger hot zikh opgeshtelt di parovke, vayl di arbeter hobn gedarft esn mitog. mir meydlekh hobn gehat a sho tsayt tsu es nun tsu ruen biz di parovke hot ongehoyn vider tsu geyn... in der sho fun mitog hob ikh gevashn dos gret far mayne briderlekh. es iz geven heyse vaser fun der parovke, un di vaser iz geven mit zeyf oykh. nit nor ikh eyne hob gevashn, nokh meydlekh hobn oykh gevashn...un presn hob ikh geprest bay mir oyf stantsye... ikh hob oyfgeneyt far zikh aleyn a sheyne spudnitse in sheyne pasn, vayse mit royte. di spudnitse oyfgeklibn, dos maynt gegedert, azoy vi hayntike skoyrts. ikh hob oykh oyfgeneyt far zikh aleyn a sheyne bluzke fun royter vare, iz dos geven azoy sheyn, az ale hobn zikh	in the factory where they worked. I used to go to the factory to collect their laundry (which we called "gret" in Bialystok). I washed out their shirts, underpants and socks, and darned the socks so that there was no need to buy new ones... In the factory where I worked there was a "parovke" (a machine driven by steam). At 12 o'clock the "parovke" turned itself off, because the workers had to eat lunch. We girls had an hour to eat and rest until the "parovke" started up again...During the hour lunch break I washed my brothers' clothes. There was water heated by the "parovke", and the water already had soap in it. I was not the only one who washed, other girls did it too...and at home, in my quarters, I ironed... I sewed for me a beautiful "spudnitse" [skirts] with beautiful stripes, white and red, and the "spudnitse" was pleated, like today's "skirts". I also sewed for myself a beautiful blouse made of red cloth. It looked so beautiful, it caught everyone's eye...I love to go beautifully dressed.
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ayngekukt...ikh hob azoy holt tsu geyn sheyn gekleydt. ikh gedenk es iz aroys a steyl, a mode, shvartse tepetene kleyder [1] un ikh hob dos bald oyfgeneyt. dos kleyd iz geven geputst mit a sakh morey. morey hot gekost zeyer tayer, dos iz geven in blumen. un dos kleyd iz kimat alts geven oysgeputst in morey...in amoliker tsaytn, ven es iz geven bilik tsu makhn zakhn, hot mir gekost 25 rubl... mir hobn nokh gevoynt in der kolonye, un mir zaynen geforn oyf sukes aheym tsu der mamen. ikh gedenk vos es hot zikh opgeton mit der tayerer kleyd, vos ikh hob oyfgeneyt. keyner in der kolonye hot nokh azoyne sheyne kleyder nit getrogn... bald nokh sukes bin ikh tsurikgeform keyn Bialystok tsu der arbet. dos kleyd hob ikh ibergelozt bay mayn mamen. in a por khadoyshim arum bin ikh ummishne, a Freytog baytog geforn in der kolonye nokh mayn sheyn kleydl. un ir veyst farvos? a meydl in fabrik iz gegangen khasene hobn. ikh hob gehat etlekhe sheyne kleyderlekh mit mir, ober nit azoyne sheyne, vi di vos ikh hob ibergelozt bay der mamen. s'iz take geven dos shenste kleyd oyf der khasene... in a yor oder tsvey zaynen aroysgekumen andere modes. men hot	I remember when a new style, fashion came out, black "tepetene" dresses [1] that I immediately sewed up...The dress was decorated with a lot of "morey" [moire]. "Morey" cost a lot, it was included in flowers. And my dress was decorated almost everywhere with "morey"...In those days, when you could make things cheaply, it cost me already 25 rubles... When our place of residence was still in the colony, we went home to Mom for Sukkot. I remember what was going on regarding the expensive dress I had sewn. No one in the colony had ever worn such a beautiful dress... Shortly after Sukkot I went back to work in Bialystok. I left the dress with my mother. After a few months, on Friday, I went to the colony during the day especially because of my beautiful dress, and do you know why? A girl from the factory was celebrating a wedding! I had had some beautiful dresses with me, but not such a beautiful one, which I had left with my mother. It really was the most beautiful dress at the wedding... In a year or two, other fashions came out. People
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[1] I think that with "tepetene" dresses the author may have meant taffeta dresses. Dresses made of taffeta, moire and metal sequins were high fashion in the 19th century.

getrogn groye kleyder mit sametene arbl. avu ikh hob gevoynt, hobn gevoynt reykh layte un zeyere tekhter hobn getrogn groye kleydlekh mit sametene arbl. ikh hob dos nor derzen un ikh hob shoynt oykh gehat aza groye kleyd mit sametene arbl...	wore gray dresses with velvet sleeves. In the place where I lived, there were also rich people whose daughters wore gray dresses with velvet sleeves. Just as I saw it, I also had such a gray dress with velvet sleeves...
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ikh hob zikh zeyer sheyn gestroyet un es hot zeyer sheyn gepast tsu mir. ikh bin nit geven keyn fete un ikh hob gehat a sheyne talye. derfar hobn di meydlekh zikh gevolt khavern mit mir un zey hobn mikh gehatn fara gelernte. ikh bin nit geven keyn gelernte. ikh hob gekent davenen, leynen gut a tsaytung in yidish. ikh hob gekent shraybn abis rusish un gekent leynen a ruishe bukh. take nit zeyer gut, ober gekent un gevust vos ikh leyn.

shabes zaynen mir ale meydlekh gegangen shpatsirn oyf Varshever gas. ikh gedenk ikh hob getrogn a sheynem plyushenem dzheket. dem plyush hob ikh gekoyft in kontor bay mayn fabrikant oyf oystsutsoln. ikh hob di skhoyre gegeben tsu a damskn shnayder, er zol mir oyfneyen dem dzheket. es iz geven aza min dreyfertldiker mantl. tsu dem hob ikh getrogn a vays-plyushn hitele, azoy vi a menersh. ikh hob oykh getrogn kaloshn, un shabes farnakht gegangen shpatsirn mit mayne khavertes un gehat azoy fil fargenign. a sakh mol fleg ikh geyn shpatsirn mit mayn bruder Ishyen un vos far a fargenigen es iz geven. der frost hot gebrent un der shney hot geshotn...

37.

leben dem plats, vu ikh hob gevoynt, iz geven a krom, azoy vi do a grosery, un ikh hob bay zey alts gekoyft. bay zey iz geven a leydker tsimer, hot mir mayn baleboste geshadkhent ikh zol nehmen dem tsimer far mir mit mayne brider. azoy iz take geven. ikh hob take genumen dem tsimer. zey hobn gehat a dinst un zi hot far unz gekokht vetshere. ikh fleg tsugreytn un di dinst zeyere hot opgekokht di beste vetshere un mayne briderlekh hobn opgelebt...zey zaynen shoynt nit geshlofn in der fabrik...

I had it very nicely finished and it looked very good on me. I was not fat and had a beautiful waist. That's why girls liked to be friends with me and they thought I was very educated. I was not a scholar. However, I could pray and read a Yiddish-language newspaper well. Also, I could write a little Russian and read a Russian book - not really well, but I understood and knew what it was about.

On Shabbat, all of us girls went for a walk on "Varshever Gas" [Warszawska Street]. I remember that I wore a beautiful jacket made of plush. I had bought the plush in the office of my factory owner on installments. I gave it to a ladies tailor to sew the jacket. It was a kind of three-quarter length coat. With it, I wore a white hat made of plush, like a man's hat. I also wore boots, and on Shabbat evening, when I went for a walk with my girlfriends, I had so much fun!

I often went for walks with my brother Ishye, and what fun it was! The frost was burning and the snow was pouring...

37.

Next to the place where I lived was a store, something like a grocery in America, and I bought everything from them. There was a room available and my landlady suggested that I take it for myself and my brothers. That's what happened. I actually took the room. The landlords had a maid who cooked dinner for us. I already prepared it and the maid cooked the best dinner out of it, so my brothers livened up...They didn't have to sleep in the factory anymore...

mir hobn bay di mentshn gevoynt mer vi a yor. zey zaynen geven zeyer gute un gelernte un reykhe... es hot pasirt, az zey hobn farkoyft	We lived with these people for more than a year. They were very good, learned and rich people... However, it came about that they sold
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zeyer krom un mir hobn gedarft aroysgeyn fun zey. mir hobn gevoynt in Yureftser Gas. es iz geven leben Bialystoktsek. oyf der zelber gas iz oykh geven di fabrik, vu ikh hob gearbet, un es iz geven a shod aza gutn tsimer un azoyne gute mentshn...ober ikh hob zikh nit gekent helfn un genumen zukhn an ander tsimer. mir zaynen dokh geven fir mentshn un mir hobn gedarft a groysn tsimer, un men hot gedarft az men zol far unz kokhn...	their store and we had to move out of their place. We lived at that time on Yureftser Gas [Jurowiecka Street] next to Bialystoktsek [Bialystoczek]. On the same street was also the factory where I worked, and it was such a pity about the good room and such good people...But I could not change it and had to go and look for another room. We were four people after all and needed a big room, and besides, we needed someone to cook for us...
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Old Białystok Map, excerpt, courtesy of Dr. Tomek Wisniewski

men hot unz forgeshlogn a tsimer bay nit keyn reykhe familye. der man iz geven an alter un hot nit gekent keyn sakh fardinen. men hot im gerufn <i>Itsi Yankel</i>. zayn vayb hot men gerufn <i>Rokhl Itsi Yankels</i>. zey hobn gehat fir tekhter. tsvey zaynen shoyn geven khasene-gehate. eyne hot men gerufn <i>Dina</i>. ir man hot men gerufn <i>Berl</i>. er iz geven a blekher un a kranker un hot nit gekent makhn keyn leben, un di oreme mame hot zey aroysgeholfn. un vos hot di muter geton? zi flegt geyn in reykhe heyzer kokhn un amol geyn tsu a kimpetoreyn zayn a vakh-froy... fun der tsveyter tokhter hobn shoyn di eltern gehat mer nakhes. ir hot men gerufn <i>Sheyne Bashke</i>; ir man hot men gerufn <i>Yisroel</i>. er iz geven a damsker shnayder un geneyt kleyder far reykhe froyen...iz nor aroysgekumen a naye mode, iz er geven der ershte mit der nayer mode... bay im hobn gearbet etlekhe meydlekh shnayderkes...er iz geven zeyer gut tsu zayn vaybs eltern. er iz geven tsu zey beser, vi a zun, un zey hobn zikh geyakhsent mit dem gutn eydem. di drite tokhter hot men gerufn <i>Dreyne</i>. zi iz geven a nuperke, nit keyn hoykhe, ober a kluge un a sheyne. zi hot nokh nit khasene gehat. mit der Dreyne hob ikh gearbet in eyn fabrik bay Leyzer Endlern. zi hot genupt un ikh hob geshoyrn di ketes. di ferte tokhter iz nokh geven a yung meydle a yor zekhtsn un zi iz shoyn geven a shnayderke, un hot zikh take baym shvoger oysgelernt zayn a shnayderke...farvos ikh bashrayb di dozike familye, vayl zi hot gehat a sakh tsu ton mit mir un mit mayn bruder Ishyen. dos vel ikh shraybn shpeter abisl... di <i>Rokhl-Itsi-Yankels</i>, bay velkher mir hobn gevoynt, flegt koyfn	We were offered a room with a family that was not rich. The man was old and could not earn much. His name was <i>Itsi Yankel</i>. His wife was called <i>Rokhel [Rachel] Itsi Yankel's</i>. They had four daughters. Two were already married. One was named <i>Dina</i> and her husband <i>Berl</i>. He was a plumber, but was sick and could not earn a living, so the poor mother supported them. You wonder what the mother did? Well, she used to go to rich families and cook, and sometimes she went to maternity wards to take care. The parents took more pleasure in the second daughter. She was called <i>Sheyne Bashke</i>, and her husband was called <i>Yisroel</i>. He was a dressmaker and sewed dresses for rich women...As soon as a new fashion came out, he was the first to offer it... He had quite a few girls working for him as tailors. He was very good to his wife's parents, better than a son of their own, and they boasted of their good son-in-law. The third daughter was called <i>Dreyne</i>. She worked as a "nuperke" and although not tall, she was smart and beautiful. She was still unmarried. I worked with Dreyne in the Leyzer Endler factory, she as a "nuperke" and I as a "warper". The fourth daughter was still a young girl of 16, but already a seamstress. She had done this apprenticeship with her brother-in-law...You wonder why I am describing this family? Because it has a lot to do with me and my brother Ishye, but I will write that a little later... <i>Rokhl Itsi Yankel's</i>, with whom we stayed, usually bought
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shpayz far mir mit di briderlekh un ikh hob tsugegreyt un zi hot gekokht far unzh un bay zey iz unzh oykh geven gut... in dem hoyz iz arayngegangen a yungerman. er hot gekent shraybn idish, poylish un fayn rusish. er iz gekumen fun der dinst un er hot zikh nit gehat tsu vos tsu nehmen, hot er gekrign abisl idishe shtundn. er hot fardint efsher tsvantsik rubl a khoykhesh...ikh hob gezen, ven ikh bin gegangen fun der arbet, az emitser geyt mir nokh. ven ikh bin arayn in shtub, iz er oykh bald arayngekumen. mayn baleboste hot mikh bakent mit im, ober ikh hob zikh afile nit interesirt mit im. ikh hob keyn tsayt nit gehat. mayne briderlekh hobn gedarft kumen esn vetshere un ikh hob gedarft tsugreytn. hob ikh gornit geredt mit im un er mit mir oykh nit. er hot geredt mit der baleboste meydlekh. s'hot mikh nit geart ver er iz. ikh hob gehat mayne eygene zakhn tsu bazorgn. es hot im zeyer fardrosh un er iz avek... di baleboste hot mikh nokher gefregt, vi gefelt mir der yungerman? hob ikh ir gezogt, vos hot dos tsu ton mit mir? hot zi mir shoyn dertseylt, az zi vil mir reydn mit im a shidekh...hob ikh ir gezogt, az ikh veys nit tsi ikh bin interesirt. zi hot mir gornit geentfert oyf deroyf... er iz gekumen tsu ir inmitn der vokh un di baleboste hot im gezogt, az zi hot a tokhter, Dina, un zi voynt in der Novi, un zi halt dortn a sod. (a sod meynt a gortn, vu es vaksn frukhtn: epl, barnes, floymen, agresn, vaynperlekh, karshn, alerley.der sezon fun di seder iz inmitn zumer. der rekhter sezon fun ale frukhtn iz in di monatz: Tamez, Ov, Elul. in di monatz geyt men shpatsirn shabes in di seder, meydlekh un ingelekh).	food for me and my brothers, which I prepared before she cooked it for us. We were fine with them too... From time to time, a young man came to our house . He could write Yiddish, Polish and beautiful Russian. He was coming from military service and had no job, so they let him give a few Yiddish lessons, for which he got about twenty rubles a month...I noticed that he followed me when I came home from work. After I entered the house, he also came in shortly after. My landlady introduced me to him, but I didn't take any interest in him because I didn't have time. My brothers would eventually come for dinner, and I had to prepare it. So I didn't talk to the man at all, and he didn't talk to me. He was talking to the landlady's young daughter. I didn't care who he was. I had my own things to get. This probably annoyed him very much, and he disappeared... The landlady asked me afterwards how I liked the young man? I asked her what that had to do with me? Then she told me that she wanted to talk to me about a marital union...I answered her that I didn't know if I was interested. She didn't say anything more. In the middle of the week he came to her again and the landlady told him that she had a daughter. Her name was Dina and she lived in the "Novi" [Nowy Świat], and she had a "sod" there. (A "sod" means a garden where fruits grow: apples, pears, plums, gooseberries, grapes, cherries and so on. Summer is garden season, because this is also the harvest time of the fruits: Tamez, Ov, Elul. In these months, on Shabbat, people walked in the gardens, both the girls and the young boys).
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di baleboste hot opgeredt mit dem yungenman, er zol kumen nokh mitog shabes tsu ir tokhter in sod, vet er mikh dort trefn. (in sod iz geven a pavilyon oykh. in pavilyon in der altanke hot men gegesn di frukhtn un getrunken sode-vaser. sode-vaser flegt men tsapn fun a sifon, azoy vi do in Amerike vos men tsapt do di sode-vaser in a kendi-stor...) az di baleboste hot mir gezogt, az ikh zol kumen shabes baytog tsu ir tokhter in sod zikh trefn mitn yungnman in pavilyon, hob ikh ir geentfert, farvos hot er mir nit gefregt tsi ikh vil geyn in sod...ikh bin take nit gegangen...	The landlady agreed with the young man that he should come to her daughter in the garden on Shabbat afternoon, and that he would meet me there. (There was also a pavilion in the garden. In the parlor of the pavilion one dined on fruits and drank soda water. They used to draw it from a syphon, just as in America they draw soda water in a candy-store.) When the landlady said to me that I should come to her daughter's garden on Shabbat afternoon to meet the young man in the pavilion, I replied to her why didn't he ask me personally to go with him to the garden? In fact, I did not go...
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38. itster gey ikh dertseyln, vos es hot mit mir getrofn mit a drey-fir yor frier.ikh hob zikh itster dermont, vayl ikh hob geshribn vegn a sod...es hot oysgebrokhn in Bialystok di kolyere. dos maynt a mageyfe. mentshn zaynen gefaln vi flign. ikh hob shoyn demolt gearbet bay Preyzmanen in fabrik. ikh bin ayngeshtanen in a tsimer nit vayt fun der Varshever Gas. mayn baleboste hot gehalten a sod un zi hot mikh gebetn ikh zol kumen in sod shabes nokh mitog. zi hot gezogt tsu mir: „vos darfstu zayn a gantsn tog aleyn in shtub; kum beser in sod.“ mir iz take geven umetik in hoyz.	38. Now I'll tell you what had happened to me three or four years before. I remembered only now, when I wrote about the garden...In Bialystok there was an outbreak of cholera, a plague. People were dropping like flies. At that time I was already working at Preyzman's factory. I stayed in a room not far from Varshever Gas [Warszawska Street]. My landlady maintained a garden and asked me to come to the garden on Shabbat afternoon, she said to me, "Why do you have to hang around alone in the parlor all day, come to the garden instead!" I actually felt melancholy in the house.
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ikh hob gehat a sod pletser tsu geyn, ober ikh bin nit gegangen, vayl men hot moyre gehat tsu geyn tsu emitsn tsulib der kolyere. nu, az men hot in ergets nit getort geyn, bin ikh avek in sod un zikh ongegesn mit agresn un mit nokh zakhn. un vos maynt ir hot pasirt? ikh hob bald ven ikh bin gekumen aheym gekrogn di kolyere... ven men hot mikh shabes baynakht tsugenumen in barak, bin ikh geven mer toyt vi lebedik. ikh gedenk, vi mentshn zaynen geshtanen un geredt: „an elnte meydil nebekh. men vet zi bald patern“- az men nemt shoy n in barak kumt men shoy n nit aroys keyn lebedike.... a barak hot gemaynt a hospital. oyf der Gumyaner [Gumienna] Gas hot di shtot tsugenumen a groysn moyer.es iz geven aza groyse gebeyde, azoy groys, vi do in Los Andzheles der „Kaunti Hospital“. in dem dozikn barak hot men gefirt fun der gantser shtot, reykh e un ore me. men hot nit getort haltn in hoyz di vos zaynen geven krank oyf der kolyere, vayl men hot zikh ongenumen eyner fun tsveytn... di vos zaynen geshtorbn hot men bashotn mit vapne un bald oyfn hoyf farbre nt...es iz geven a groser troyer in shtot. fun der familye hot keyner nit getort kumen in barak zikh zen mitn krankn, vayl di gantse familye kin zikh nokh onnemen. andere hot men in di shtiber farbre nt...es iz take geven aza mageyfe, es zol shoy n keynmol in leben nit trefn... ikh un Ishye un Alter zaynen geven in Bialystok. mayn bruder Alter iz nokh geven s bokherl fun ferts n yor.	I knew places in gardens where I could have gone, but I didn't because of the fear of going to someone's house because of cholera. Now that there was nowhere to go, I went into the garden and ate my fill of gooseberries and some other stuff. And, what do you think happened? Shortly after I came home, I got cholera...When they took me in the "barak" on Shabbat evening, I was more dead than alive. I remember people standing there talking: "Alas, a miserable girl, they will soon get rid of her". Because, if you were taken in by the "barak", you didn't come out alive again... A "barak" meant a hospital. On Gumyan Gas [Gumienna Street], the city had seized a large building. It was huge, as big as the "County Hospital" in Los Angeles. People were brought to this "barak" from all over the city, rich or poor. People who were sick with cholera were not allowed to stay at home, because they would catch it from each other. Those who died were doused with lime and immediately burned in the yard...There was great mourning in the town. No one from the family was allowed to come to the "barak" to visit a sick person, because the whole family could get infected. Some were burned in their houses...It was indeed such a bad plague as may never hit you in your life... I, Ishye and Alter were in Bialystok. My brother Alter was still a boy of fourteen.
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mayn bruder Ishye hot im avekgeshikt in der kolonye, az er zol zayn mit der kleyner shvesterl in der heyml un mayn mame zol mikh gikher kumen zen, oyb ikh vel blaybn leben...mayn mame iz bald oyf morgn mikh gekumen zen. men hot ir ober nit tsugelozt... mayn bruder hot zikh gekent mit di doktoyrim, un di doktoyrim hobn im arayngelozt in barak mit dem bading, az er zol helfn in barak...mayn bruder hot a gantse nakht gearbet in shpital bay andere kranke, kedey er zol akhtung gebn oyf mir. er hot akhtung gegebn oyf mir un ikh bin geblibn leben...mit mir iz oykh gelegn nokh a meyd...ir hot men gerufn Roze. zi iz geven eyne fun di geratevete. zi iz geven fun a poylish shtetl Pruzene. zi iz geven a yesoyme. zi hot gedint in Bialystok. in a vokh shpeter hot men shoyn mayn mamen arayngelozt mikh zen. dos iz geven Freytog. di mame hot gemuzt forn aheym, vayl in der heyml iz dokh geblibn mayn kleyn shvesterl mit mayn bruder Altern... ikh bin geven tsvey vokhn in barak, un ikh gedenk, az ven ikh bin aroys fun barak hot mikh mayn bruder gefirt bay der hant, az ikh zol nit umfaln...di mentshn vos zaynen geshtanen oyf der gas un gezen vi mayn bruder firt mikh bay der hant, hobn zikh gevundert, vayl, vi ikh hob gezogt frier, az men hot tsugenumen in barak mit der kolyere, iz men shoyn fun dortn keyn lebedike nit aroysgegangen... itster vel ikh dertseyln, vos men hot geton fara sgules, az di kolyere zol oyfhern: di shtot hot genumen an oremen bokher a yosem un an oreme meyd a yesoyme un men hot zey khasene gemakht oyfn bes-oylem...in di Bote-Medroshim hot men gezogt tilim...in a por khadoyshim arum hot di kolyere oyfgeherht...	My brother Ishye sent him to the colony to stay at home with our little sister, while my mother should come to visit me as soon as possible, if I would stay alive...The very next day my mother came to visit, but she was not allowed to come in to see me... My brother knew the doctors, and they let him into the "barak" on the condition that he help out there...My brother worked all night in the hospital with other sick people to watch over me. He took care of me and I stayed alive! There was another girl lying with me, her name was Roze and she was also one of those who were saved. She came from the Polish shtetl Pruzene [Pruzhan] and was an orphan who worked as a maid in Bialystok. A week later, my mother was already let in to me. It was a Friday, and Mom had to go home again, because after all my little sister was there alone with my brother Alter... I was in the "barak" for two weeks and I remember how my brother led me by the hand when I was let out so I wouldn't fall down. The people who were standing in the street and saw my brother leading me by the hand were surprised, because, as I said before, if someone with cholera was admitted to the "barak", he did not come out of there alive... Now I will tell what antidote was taken to stop the cholera: The city took a poor young man, an orphan, and a poor girl, an orphan, and married them in the Jewish cemetery, and in the Bote-Medroshim [study-houses] they recited psalms...After a few months the cholera came to a halt...
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39.	39.
bay Rokhl Itsi-Yankels hobn mir gevoynt a por yor. der mamen in der kolonye iz geven nit gut. zi hot gehat a sakh tsores fun mayn tatns a bruder. men hot im gerufn <i>Artshik</i> . der Artshik	We lived with Rokhl Itsi-Yankel's for a few years. Meanwhile, our mother in the colony was not well. My father's brother was causing her great grief. His name was <i>Artshik</i> . Artshik

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iz geven a bruder mit mayn tatn fun eyn foter, ober nit fun eyn mamen...unzer shayer iz geven tsugeboyt tsum zeydns. ven mayn tate hot geboyt dem shayer iz nokh Artshik geven a kleyner ingl. ven der zeyde iz shoyne geven geshtorbn, un mayn tate oykh, iz der Artshik shoyne geven der balebos fun tsvey khalokim feld. der sheyer iz dokh geven eyner leben andern, hot Artshik gehat a heter, az bay eygene meg men tsunemen. un er hot take tsugenumen. hot mayn mame tsu im gezogt: „staytsh, farvos hostu bay mir tsugenumen a dvanoske korn?“ flegt er zikh nokh khapn shlogn...er flegt ir ton nokh andere tsulokhesn. az mir zaynen gekumen aheym oyf sukes, hot di mame unz dertseylt, vi zi laydt zikh on fun unzer onkl Artshik. hobn mir zikh baklert, az mir zoln nehmen zukhn a hoyz un brengen der mamen mitn shvesterl keyn Bialystok... bay unz in shtub in der kolonye hot mit mayn mamen gevoynt a familye. dem man hot men gerufn <i>Meyer der royter</i>, zayn vayb hot men gerufn <i>Leye Meyers</i>. hot mayn mame zey fardungen unzer hoyz, farkoyft di beheymes, oysgedroshn di gantse tvue... ikh mit mayne brider hobn dervayl opgedungen a shtub in Bialystok fun zeks tsimern. mir hobn tsugekoyft abisl mebl...mir hobn gekent a	had the same father as my father, but not the same mother...Our barn had been attached to my grandfather's. When my father built the barn, Artshik was still a young boy. When grandpa and my father had already died, Artshik became the owner of two field shares. Since the barns were right next to each other, Artshik had the right [according to the Jewish religious concept] to appropriate our barn. And indeed, he took possession of it. When my mother said to him, "What's this about you taking a dvanoske [1] of rye from me?" he even began to strike. Out of meanness, he did other things to her as well... When we came home for Sukkot, Mom told us how she suffers from our uncle Artshik. So we consulted that the best thing would be to look for a house and bring Mom to Bialystok with our little sister... In the colony there was another family living in our house together with my mother. The man's name was <i>Meyer der Royter [Meyer the Red]</i> and his wife's name was <i>Leye Meyer's</i>. My mother rented them our house, sold the cattle and threshed out all the grain... Meanwhile, my brothers and I rented a house in Bialystok with six rooms. We bought some furniture...We knew a man named <i>Dovid Itsi's</i>.
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man mitn nomen <i>Dovid Itsis</i>. er iz geven a leynketnik. er flegt aroysnemen bay Preyzmanen ketes tsu vebn. er hot oysgeboyt a naye shtub un unz fardungen. di alte shtub iz geven in hoyf. zayn naye shtub iz geven in front (fun fornt, tsu-der-gas-tsu). di gas hot men gerufn Yureftser Gas. es iz geven zeyer noent fun der fabrik, vu ikh hob gearbet... az mayn mame mit mayn shvesterl zaynen shoyng geven mit unz tsuzamen, iz unz shoyng geven zeyer gut. di mame hot far unz gekokht un getrogn farnakht mayne briderlekh esn. vetshere hot men dos gerufn. mir hot mayn shvesterl oykh getrogn esn. azoy vi ikh hob gearbet zeyer noent, hot mir mayn shvesterl getrogn tsvey mol a tog esn... mir hobn oysgemeblt unzer shtub zeyer sheyn. unz iz gegangen nit shlekht. ale hobn fardint. di mame hot nokh fardungen an iberikn	He was a "leynketnik" [a foreman or master in the weaving mill]. He took out the warps [the threads stretched lengthwise in the loom] for weaving at Preyzman's. He built out a new house and rented it to us. His old house was in the yard, and his new house was in front, on the street. The street was called Yureftser Gas [Jurowiecka Street]. It was very close to the factory where I worked... When Mom and our little sister were already living with us, we were doing very well. Mom cooked for us and brought food to my brothers in the evening. We called this "vetshere" [dinner]. My little sister also brought me food twice a day... We furnished our house very nicely. We were not doing badly, all of us earned money. Mom even rented another empty
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[1] a dvojniaczki, a utensil made of clay with two connected pots and a handle

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tsimer in hoyz tsu tsvey meydlekh. zey zaynen geven shvester un unzer mekhutenshaft. zey hobn gearbet mit mir tsuzamen. eyner hot men gerufn <i>Sore</i>, der tsveyter <i>Tsivye</i>. mayn tatns a bruder <i>Rakhmiel</i> fun eyn tatn, ober nit fun eyn mamen, hot khasene gehat far zeyerer a shvester. er iz geven a sheyner yung un gekont shraybn un lernen oykh. er hot dos mikh oysgelernt tsu shraybn a brif in eyn khoydesh... fun im iz do a sakh tsu shraybn. es iz geven a mode, az di bokhrim vos hobn gekent shraybn un lernen, flegn avekgeyn in di derfer tsu reykh posesors (farmer) lernen zeyere kinder...mayn tatns bruder Rakhmiel iz	room in the house to two girls. They were sisters who were related to us by marriage, and they worked together with me. One was named <i>Sore</i>, the second <i>Tsivye</i>. <i>Rakhmiel</i>, my father's stepbrother [he and my father had a common father but not the same mother] married one of their sisters at that time. He was a handsome man, could write and study [1]. He taught me to write a letter within a month... There is a lot to write about him. It was fashionable then for the young men who could write and teach to go to rich farmers in the villages to teach their children. My father's brother, Rakhmiel, was a teacher in the
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dos geven a lerer bay di eltern fun di meydlekh, vos hobn gehaltn bay unz kvartir... zeyere eltern hobn gehaltn a hoyf. dem hoyf hot men gerufn, Krole. es iz geven nit vayt fun unzer kolonye, a fir meyl, un fun Bialystok bay a fir meyl. er hot gelernt mit di inglekhn in dem hoyf, un oykh mit di meydlekh... der posesor iz geven farmeglekh. mayn onkl Rakhmiel hot zikh farlibt in zeyer eltere tokhter. men hot zi gerufn <i>Feygl</i>. zi iz geven a hoykhe, a grobe, a shvartse un hot zikh farhikevet. er hot zikh gekvapet vos zi hot reykhel eltern- a shmalts-grub...iz di shmalts oysgerunen un der grub iz geblibn...zeyer mame iz krank gevorn un iz geshtorbn...zeyer tate hot khasene gehat tsum tsveytn mol un iz faremt gevorn... ale kinder hobn gemuzt antloyfn... mayn onkl Rachmiel iz gekumen in kolonye mit zayn vayb Feyglen. er hot genumen zayn kheylek feld, vos im iz gekumen fun zayn bruder Artshikn... mayn onkl Rakhmiel, ven er iz gekumen in kolonye, hot er shoyngel gehat tsvey meydlekh...ikh hob fargesn tsu shraybn, az dem posesor hot men gerufn <i>Mendl Kroler</i>, un zayn froy hot men gerufn <i>Mindl</i>... farvos hob ikh dos ales farshribn? vayl s'iz farbundn mit mayn onkl, un oykh mit maynem a bruder Alter. ikh vel shpeter derfun shraybn mer... yo, zikh shoyngel nit gedarf arumvalgern in fremde pletser mit mayne briderlekh in eyn tsimer zalbefert, un mir hobn shoyngel gehat zeks tsimern, un mayn mame hot gehaltn zeyer sheyn di shtub...mir hobn zikh zeyer gefreyt. es flegn kumen tsu mir kompani, un tsu mayn bruder Ishyen, un tsu di kleyne kinderlekh oykh...	household at the parents of these two girls who had their quarters with us... Their parents maintained an estate called "Krole". It was not far from our colony, about four miles away, and to Bialystok it was also four miles. He [Rakhmiel] taught the boys and girls of the estate... The farmer was wealthy. My uncle Rakhmiel fell in love with his older daughter, whose name was Feygl. She was a tall, coarse, black, stuttering woman. He desired her because she had rich parents, a "shmalts grub" [gold mine] ...But the gold melted away, only the pit remained. Their mother became ill and died...their father married for the second time and became impoverished... All the children had to flee... My uncle came to the colony with his wife Feygl and took possession of his piece of field, which he could claim from his brother Artshik... My uncle Rakhmiel already had two girls when he came to the colony. I forgot to write that the farmer's name was <i>Mendl Kroler</i>, and his wife's name was <i>Mindl</i>... Why am I writing down all this? Because it has to do with my uncle and my brother Alter. I will write about it later... Well, my brothers and I didn't have any longer to stay in strange places and share a room with four of us, and now we already had six rooms. And my mother took care of the house very nicely...We were very happy. Guests used to come to me, to my brother Ishye and to the little children...
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[1] The Yiddish term "lernen" can also mean to teach

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40. ikh gedenk, vos ikh hob aykh frier geshribn, vegn a yungerman, vos mayn frierdiike baleboste, vu ikh hob bay ir gevoynt, „unter der turme“ hot men gerufn di gas un oykh „Vashlikover Gas“, hot bashtimt er zol zikh trefn shabes baytog mit mir in ir tokhters sod.mikh hot zi afile frier nit ongefreht, un ikh hob zi [2] nit gevolt trefn. der yungerman iz yo gekumen in sod un iz geven zeyer in kas vos ikh bin nit gekumen, un hot gezogt der baleboste, az er hot an ander meyd, vos er hot lib, un hot zikh mit ir shoyngelibt a lange tsayt. mayn frierdiike baleboste, Rokhl Itsi-Yankel's, hot dos mir nokh dem dertseyt... er iz geven fun a shtetele Brok, Tshizever Oyezr Lomzer gubernye un nit vayt fun Lodzh... er, der yungerman, vos ikh bashrayb, hot nit gehat keyn eltern, un er hot zikh gehodevet bay a reykhn feter. un do, ven er hot gehat dem durkhfal in sod, iz er avekgefornt tsum feter un hot im alts dertseyt. der feter zayner iz geven a kluger man un hot im gelernt er zol forn tsurik keyn Bialystok un mikh iberbetn. er hot take gefolgt dem feter un er iz gekumen in Bialystok un iz gegangen tsu Rokhl Itsi-Yankels un ir gebetn zi zol geyn mit tsu mir un mikh betn ikh zol im fargebn... er iz gekumen tsu mayn mamen in shtub mit Rokhlen un er hot ir gefregt avu ikh bin, un zi hot im gezogt, az ikh bin avek tsu a khaverte	40. Let us now return to the young man I told you about before. My former landlady, with whom I lived on a street called "Unter der Turme" ["Behind the Prison"] [1] or "Vashlikover Gas" [Wasilkowska Street], had determined at that time that the man should meet me in her daughter's garden during the day on Shabbat. However, she had not asked me beforehand, and I did not want to meet him [2]. The young man had come to the garden and was very angry, that I did not appear. He then told the landlady that he had another girl whom he loved and with whom he had been in a relationship for a long time. Rokhel Itsi-Yankel's told me this shortly after... He, [the young man I describe], came from the shtetl "Brok", near "Tshizever Oyezr" [Czyżew-Osada], "Lomzer gubernye" [Łomża Governorate], and not far from Lodzh...He had no parents left and had grown up with a rich uncle. And when he had that failure in the garden, he went to his uncle and told him everything. His uncle was a wise man and advised him to go back to Bialystok and to apologize. He followed his uncle, traveled to Bialystok, went to Rokhl Itsi-Yankel's and asked her to go to me together with him to ask for my forgiveness. Together with Rokhel he went to my mother's house and asked her where I was. She answered that I was with my friend <i>Alte</i>, on
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Alte, oyf der Vashlikover Gas [Wasilkowska Street], oykh nit vayt fun der frierdiker dire, vu ikh hob gevoynt. azoy vi ikh zits tsuzamen mit Alten un mir farbrengen, vi es tut zikh an efn di tir un s'kumt arayn Rokhl un zogt mir, az der yungerman, vos zi hot mir gevolt farshadkhenen, shteyt indroyesn un il mikh zen... zog ikh ir, vos-zhe, er vil mir vayter dertseyln, az er hot an ander meyd! Rokhl hot gezen, az ikh vil nit geyn, hot zi genumen betn mayn khaverte Alten, az zi zol mikh betn ikh zol aroysgeyn im zen. hot mayn khaverte Alte mir gezogt: „gey aroys, er vet dokh dir nit oyfesn“... ikh bin aroysgegangen tsu im un im gefregt, vos er vil fun mir un tsulib vos iz er gekumen, mir zogn, az er hot an ander meyd!-tsulib dem hot er zikh nit gedarft bamien. hot er mir gezogt:	Vashlikover Gas [Wasilkowska Street?], not far from my former apartment. As I was sitting and spending time with my friend Alte, the door opened and Rokhl came in to tell me that the young man she wanted to set me up with was standing outside and wanted to see me... I said to her, "oh what, is he going to tell me again that he has another girl?" Rokhl saw that I didn't want to see him, whereupon she asked my friend Alte to persuade me to go outside to see him. My friend Alte said to me, "go outside, he won't eat you up!"... I went out to him and asked him what he wanted from me and why he had come. If it was just to tell me that he had another girl, he need not even bother. He said to me:
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[1] "Unter der Turme": Rachel sometimes uses the word "unter" [under] for "behind" in her regional dialect. In fact, the book "Zikhroynes un shriftn fun a Bialystoker" by Rachel's contemporary, Jacob Jerusalemski, indicates that the street was called "Hinter der Turme" ["Behind the Prison"] by other Jewish residents, see <https://archive.org/details/nybc203150/mode/2up>, page 11 ff

[2] literally "her", but I think it's a typo.

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- ir veyst, az me shteyt lem a vogn un der vogn geyt avek, blaybt men vi opgeshmishn, azoy bin ikh dan geblibn in sod...	"You know how it is when you're standing next to a cart, the cart goes off and you remain standing next to it like you're being pushed away, so I stayed in the garden..."
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mir hobn ongehoynbn tsu shpatsirn un zikh gut oysgeredt. mir zaynen gekumen tsu unzn in hoyz, un bay unzn in hoyz iz geven kompani. es iz gekumen tsu mir mayn shvesterkind, Libke mit ir khosn. ikh hob oykh getrofn bay unzn in hoyz eynem a yungerman fun Odelsk, Yoel hot men im gerufn. er hot zikh gelibt in mir. frier ven ikh fleg kumen oyf yontef in der kolonye, flegt er mikh glaykh kumen zen, s'hot gemegt dunern un blitsn. itster, az ikh bin shoybn mer nit geforn in der kolonye, iz er gekumen keyn Bialystok mikh zen. er iz gekumen mit nokh yungelayt fun unzer kolonye un mir hobn zeyer sheyn farbrakht. Yoel iz geven Henekh dem Feldshers zun. er iz oykh geven a feldsher, un a feldsher in Odelsk iz geven vi a doktor. bay unzn zaynen keyn doktoyrim nit geven. er hot gehat a gutn shem far a gutn feldsher un er hot zeyer gut fardint. er iz geven a hoykher, a sheyner, mit abisl zumer-shprinklekh...di zumer-shprinklekh hobn im zeyer sheyn gepast. er iz geven elegant un hot zikh gekleydt zeyer sheyn nokh der letster mode... er hot mikh zeyer gevolt. ober ikh hob im nit gevolt. ikh hob nit geglikhn keyn feldsher. ikh hob ober lib gehat mit im tsu farbrengen... der yungerman, vemen ikh hob gebrakht in hoyz, iz geven eyferzikhtik oyf Yoeln un Yoeln oyf im. zey hobn zikh kimat gekrigt...tsum sof hoz zikh Yoel opgezegt, er iz avekgeforntsurik keyn Odelsk, un ikh hob shoybn fun demolt mer im nit gezen. der yungerman, vos ikh dertseyl fun im, iz take gevorn mayn khosn...ven di kompani iz avek iz im shoybn gevorn laykhter...es iz geven kalt in hoyz, zaynen mir geshtanen lem der vant fun kleynem oyvele un mir hobn zikh gevaremt, un mir hobn zikh shoybn gut oysgereydt... keyn gute vareme zakhn hot er oykh nit gehat. er iz geven orem. keyn varemen mantl nit gehat, epes an opgekrohenem mantl hot er	We started to go for a walk and had a good chat. When we came to our house, there were guests staying there. My cousin, <i>Libke</i>, had come to visit with her groom, also a young man from Odelsk named <i>Yoel</i>. He was in love with me. Earlier, when I came to the colony on holidays, he came to see me immediately, no matter whether it was thundering or lightning. But now that I no longer went to the colony, he had come to Bialystok to see me. He had come with other young people from the colony, and we had spent a nice time. Yoel was the son of <i>Henekh the Feldsher</i>. He himself was also a feldsher, and a feldsher in Odelsk was considered a doctor. There were no doctors in our country. He had a good reputation as a feldsher and earned very well. He was tall and handsome, and had a few freckles that suited him very well...He was elegant and dressed very nicely according to the latest fashion... He wanted me very much, but I didn't want him. I didn't suit any feldsher, but I liked to spend the time with him... The young man I brought home was jealous of Yoel, and Yoel of him. They almost quarreled. In the end Yoel bade me farewell and went back to Odelsk. Since then I never saw him again. The young man I am telling about actually became my groom...When the company was gone, he felt relieved...It was cold in the house, we stood next to the wall of the small stove, warming ourselves and talking splendidly... He did not own any good warm clothes. He was poor, had no warm coat, but wore just a scuffed cloak. But as soon as I fell in love with
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getrogn...un azoy vi ikh hob zikh shoy'n farlibt in im, hot mikh nit gear't vos er iz orem un er fardint nit keyn sakh. er iz geven a lerer, vi ikh hob shoy'n frier geshribn...ikh hob oyf alts bashtanen, vayl er iz geven a gants sheyner un an atletisher, un a gelernter oykh. hob ikh take zikh farlibt in im un zikh nit gevolt sheydn...	him, I didn't mind that he was poor and didn't earn much. He was a teacher, as I wrote earlier... I agreed to everything then because he was a handsome, athletic and also educated man. In fact, I fell in love with him and did not want to separate...
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ikh hob opgemakht mayn plan, az azoy vi ikh bin a shererke un fardin zeks rubl a vokh, veln mir shoy'n makhn a leben...mir zaynen farknast gevorn...dem khosn maynem hot men gerufn Avrom Itskhok. er iz gekumen mir zen yedn tog in ovnt, vayl baytog hob ikh dokh gearbet. un mir zaynen geven tsufridn... shpeter abisl ober, hobn zikh ongehoynbn groyse tsores. tsu mir iz arayngekumen a lerer mikh tsu lernen rusish un abisl daytsh. mayn khosn iz gevorn eyferzikhtik oyfn lerer un er hot farvert dem lerer arayntsukumen tsu mir. der lerer fun rusish flegt kumen tsvey mol a vokh...un eyn mol, az der lerer hot mir gezogt, az er vet mikh mer nit lernen, hob ikh im gefregt: „s'taytsh, farvos vilt ir mikh mer nit lernen? ikh batsol aykh nit?“ hot er mir geentfert: „ayer khosn hot mir farzogt ikh zol tsu aykh nit kumen. er zogt, az far im iz shoy'n zayn kale genug gelernt“... 41. mayn khosn Avrom Itskhok flegt kumen zeyer oft. ober nit shabes, vayl er hot nit gehat keyn sheyne begodim. es hot oysgezen, az er iz zeyer tsufridn fun shidekh. er iz geven krank oyf di fis un hot afile nit	My plan was that as soon as I earned six rubles a week as a warper, we would make a living...We got engaged. My groom was called <i>Avrom Itskhok</i>. He came to visit me every evening, since I worked during the day, and we were happy... Later, however, great worries began. A teacher came in regularly to teach me Russian and some German. But my groom became jealous of this teacher and forbade him to come to me any more. The Russian teacher used to come twice a week before...And once, when the teacher told me that he would not any longer teach me, I asked him: "How come, why don't you want to teach me anymore? Am I not paying you?" He replied: "Your bridegroom has denied me to come to you any further. He said to me that his bride was already educated enough for him"... 41. My groom, Avrom Itskhok, visited me very often, but not on Shabbat because he did not have nice garments. It seemed that he was very happy with the marriage. As a result of a foot disease,
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gekent geyn oyf zayne shtundn, hot er shoyn gornit fardint un er hot kimet gehungert...er hot gevolt vos gikher khasene hob nun hobn a heym. er hot gevust, az ikh fardin un mit mayn fardinst vet men makhn a shtikl leben. keyn shtub vet men nit dingen dervayl. er hot gevoynt in a tsimer, vet men dervayl voynen in zayn tsimer, biz men vet zikh aynordenen. un libe fodert nit keyn rekhenung. es iz bay mir geven alts gut. men ken dokh farshteyn. s'hot mikh nit geart vos es vet zayn, abi mit im khasene hobn...aza groyse libe iz dos geven bay mir. ober bay im, denk ikh, nit... er hot andersh gedenkt, az er vet khasene hobn mit mir un ikh fardin, un oykh im gebn a faynem nadan, drey hundert rubl, vet men zen vos men vet kenen ton... zayner a bruder hot gehat a shpayz-krom, a grosery, ruft men dem in Amerike. oyf Novy Lipe iz geven di krom, in der shenster	he could no longer go out to teach his lessons, earned nothing and had to starve quite a bit...He now wanted to get married and have a home as soon as possible. He knew I was earning and we would be able to make a living quite well on my earnings. For the time being, we would not rent a house; he lived in a room, so we would live in his room until we were financially settled. Finally, love don't put up a bill. For me everything was good, one could understand that. I didn't care what would happen later, only that I wanted to marry him. He was my great love. However, with him it was probably not like that... He had other thoughts. He would marry me and I would earn the money and give him a fine dowry of 300 rubles. It would be possible to do something with that... His brother ran a "shpayz-krom", a grocery, as they say in America. The store was on Nowolipie [Lipowa Street], the most beautiful
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gas, un er hot gemakht a sheyn leben...mayn khosn hot zikh forgeshtelt, az mit mayne drey hundert rubl naden vet men shoyn epes kenen ton un men vet shoyn nit farfaln vern...ikh hob oykh gehat dem eygenem bitokhn, az mir veln makhn a leben, vi zayn bruder. Moyshe Mendl hot men gerufn zayn bruder... ober es hot zikh ongehoynbn rekhilesn. der lerer fun rusish iz gevorn mit mayn khosn groyse gute fraynt. zey flegn zikh trefn in gas tsi andersh-vu. eynmol iz mayn khosn geven in kas un er hot dertseylt dem lerer, az er vet nit khasene hobn mit mir. er vet nor aroyskrign dem naden, di drey hndert rubl,un vet avekgeyn mitn gelt...	street, and he made a good living...My groom figured that something could be done with my 300 rubles dowry and that one would certainly not go to the dogs... I, too, was confident that, like his brother, we would make a living. His brother's name was <i>Moyshe Mendl</i>... But bad gossip began to make the rounds. The Russian teacher and my fiancé had become close friends. They used to meet on the street or somewhere else. Once my groom got angry and told the teacher that he would not marry me. He just wanted the dowry, the three hundred rubles, and then he was going to run away...
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er hot gekent aroysnemen dem nadn. es iz geven ayngelaygt bay *Moyshe Brukhn*. er iz geven zeyer a reykhher man, der *Moyshe Brukh*, a fabrikant, Arke Saraskes eydem, fun di groyse gvirim, un farantvortlekhe mentshn in Bialystok. mayn bruder Ishye hot gearbet bay Moyshe Brukhn...az der lerer hot dertseylt di rekhiles tsu mayn bruder Ishye, iz er avek tsu mayn khosn Avrom Itshkhok, un er hot im oysgezidlt un hot im getreyslt vi a hering, un er hot zikh dershrokn far mayn bruder...

mayn bruder Ishye iz geven zeyer a shtarker...mayn khosn hot gezogt, az dos iz a groyser lign. er hot dos keynmol nit gezogt. er hot nit gevolt, az der shidekh zol zikh fanandergeyn...

ikh hob dos nit gevust un ven mayn mame hot mir dos dertseylt, hob ikh zikh azoy gekrigt mit mayn bruder Ishyen, az mayn bruder hot gevolt fun shtub avekgeyn. un mir hobn a lange tsayt nit geredt biz tsu der khasene...ikh bin geven azoy krank un tsebrokhn, ikh hob tsu keynem nit gevolt reydn, nor geveynt oyf mayn groysn umglik...

mayn khosn iz oykh geven krank fun ergernish. er hot dos efsher gezogt in a shpas. ober azoyne shpasn zaynen gevorn tsores far unz baydn...

42.

mayn khosn hot eynmol gegesn in der gorkikh nit vayt vu er hot gevoynt. un in der gorkikh iz geven mayne a bakante meydl. hot er gebetn der meydl, zi zol mikh geyn zen. er hot geshribn etlekhe

He [could have taken off with the dowry because he] was permitted to take out it. The money had been deposited with *Moyshe Brukh*, a very rich man and factory owner. He was the son-in-law of Arke Saraskes, one of the powerful men and responsible people in Bialystok. My brother Ishye worked at Moyshe Brukh...When the teacher told the gossip to my brother Ishye, he went to my groom Avrom Itshkhok, insulted him and shook him like a herring so that he became afraid of my brother...

My brother Ishye was a very strong man...My groom said that this was a big lie. He had never said this, he had never wanted the wedding to go off...

I was not aware of it, and when my mother told me about it, I quarreled so violently with my brother Ishye that my brother wanted to move out of our house. We didn't speak to each other for the long time until the wedding...I was sick and devastated, didn't want to speak to anyone, but only cried because of my great misfortune...

My groom was also sick with anger. He might have said that in jest, but those kinds of jokes were now becoming great sorrow for both of us...

42.

Once my groom dined in the "gorkikh" [restaurant] not far from where he lived, where a girl I knew worked. He asked the girl to go and visit me. He wrote a few

verter, az er filt nit gut un ikh muz im zen...iz mayn mame oleo-hasholem avek tsu im un er hot ir gebetn ikh zol kumen tsu im un er vet mir alts dertseyln un ikh vel im farshteyn. dos iz geven a shabes baytog, er iz geven krank un er hot nit gekent kumen mikh zen...

mayn mame hot im tsugezagt, az ikh vel im kumen zen. azoy iz take geven...ikh bin bald avek tsu im...un krank iz er take geven. zayne fis zaynen im geven krank...zey zaynen im gevorn krank, ven er hot gedint dem keyser...yeder soldat hot gemuzt dinen fir yor. ober er, mayn khosn, hot gemuzt dinen finf yor, vayl er iz antlofn fun dinst. az men hot im gekhapt, hot men im arayngezetst in kartser, dos maynt in a fintstern kaltn tsimer, un er iz dortn krank gevorn oyf zayne fis...

ven ikh bin yenem shabes im gekumen zen, hot er zikh zeyer derfrayt un er hot mir gezagt, az a gantse vokh iz er geven zeyer krank un hot zikh nit gekent shteln oyf zayne fis. un ven s'iz im abisl beser gevorn iz er gegangen in der gorkikh..

mir zaynen shoyt gevorn tsurik khosn-kale, un er hot mikh gebetn, mayn mame zol kumen tsu im un men vet zikh opreydn ven di khasene vet zayn...er hot mikh gebetn, ikh zol geyn durkh anander gas, vayl in Bialystok iz geven nit sheyn, az di kale zol geyn tsum khosn in shtub...er hot mikh gevolt farhitn men zol oyf mir nit reyd.

in vos far tsimer er hot dos gevoynt! a fintsterer, on a fentster, un vos sara betl iz dort geshtanen in dem tsimer! dos betl iz geshtanen untergeshpert mit shtiklekh holts. keyn shtul avu zikh tsuzetsn iz oykh nit geven. hob ikh zikh gezetst oyf dem betl. un dos betl hot zikh kimat ibergekert. un vos fara shmates es zaynen geven in dem kleynem kamerl! di baleboste mitn balebos zaynen geven oreme mentshn, zayn balebos hot gemakht a leben fun farlaten alte zakhn. un in shtub zaynen

words that he was not feeling well and I had to come visit him...My mother, rest in peace, went to see him and he passed on to her the request that I should come to him, that he would explain everything to me and that I would understand him. This was on a Shabbat, he was sick and was unable to come to see me...

My mother assured him that I would come to see him. And so it happened...I went to see him immediately, and he was indeed sick. His feet were not healthy. They had fallen ill when he was serving the tsar...Every soldier had to serve four years at that time. But he, my groom, had to serve five years because he had escaped from military service. When he was caught, he was put in the prison, that is, in a dark, cold room, where he fell ill on his feet...

When I visited him that Shabbat, he was very happy and told me that he had been very sick all week and could not get up. Whenever he felt a little better, he went to the "gorkikh".

We became a couple again and he asked that my mother come to him and discuss with him when the wedding would take place...He asked me to go through another street because in Bialystok it did not make a good impression when the bride goes to the groom's house...He wanted to protect me from being talked badly about...

Oh, what a room it was in which he lived! It was dark, without a window, and what a bed it was! The bed was propped up from below with pieces of wood. There was no chair to sit on. So I sat down on the bed, which almost toppled over. And what scraps were lying around in the small room! The landlord couple was poor, the husband made a living by mending old things, and there were old rags that he mended thrown all over the house...

geven ongevorfn ale shmates, vos er hot gelatet... ven ikh bin aroys fun shtub iz mir di baleboste nokhgegangen un mir dertseylt, az fun agmes nefesh iz er krank gevorn, vayl es hot im fardrosh, vos der shidekh iz zikh farnandergegangen. un itster iz er in zibetn himl far frayd, vos mir zaynen shoyn sholem.	When I left the house, the landlady was running after me, telling me that he [my groom] had become sick with grief because it hurt him that the wedding had fallen through. And now he was in seventh heaven with joy that we had reconciled.
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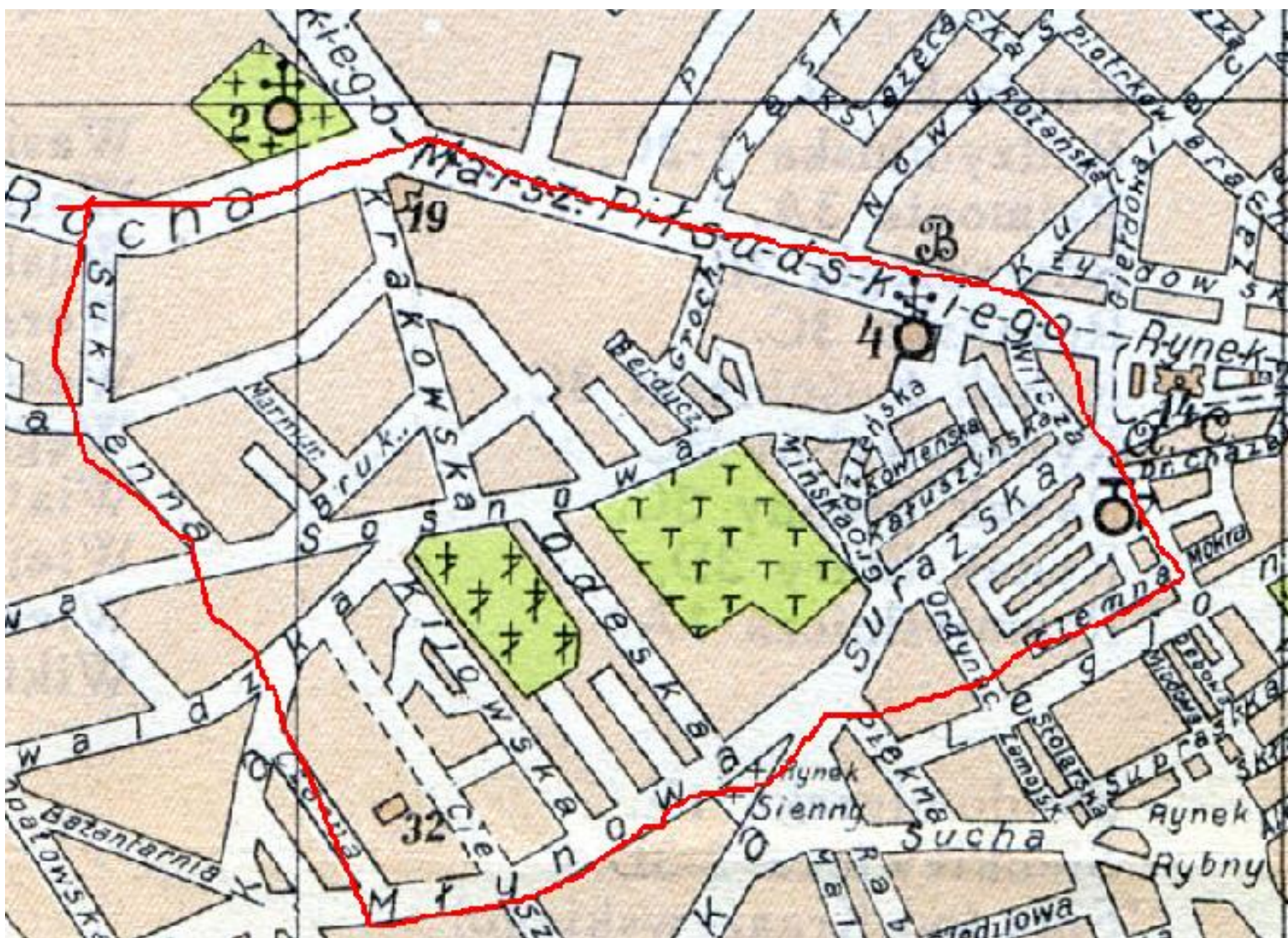
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un libe hot nit keyn rekhenung. ikh hob im azoy gelibt, az s'hot oyf mir nit gemakht keyn ayndruk, vos er iz orem un krank. farkert, ikh hob im nokh heyser lib gehat... 43. mayn mame iz avek zsum khosn un zi hot mit im opgemakht, az di khasene zol zayn a vokh far peysakh. er iz shoyn geven sosn vesimkhe...un men hot zikh shoyn gegreyt tsu der khasene...men hot far im gekoyft a garnitur, do ruft men dos a sut, mit a lange frak. fun untn iz geven mit a langn shpalt, un a varemen mantl oykh, un shikh oykh, un a hoykhn tsilinder. azoy iz geven di mode. un a por sheyne hemder oykh. es hot shoyn gedarft zayn Donershtog di khasene un ikh gedenk, az er iz gekumen mit a tog frier un er hot epes gevolt. ikh denk az er hot gevolt di zakhn vos ikh hov oykh oysgerekhnt, un az er vet zey nit hobn, vet er nit geyn tsu der khupe.un a fuftsik rubl oykh...es iz shoyn geven ongebakt khale, lekakh un broyt...es zaynen shoyn geven	And love demands no reckoning. I loved him so much that it didn't impress me that he was poor and sick. On the contrary, I loved him even more dearly... 43. My mother visited my bridegroom and made arrangements with him for the wedding to take place a week before Passover. There was rejoicing and joy, and preparations were already being made for the wedding. A "garnitur" was bought [1] for him, in our country it is called a "suit", and a long tailcoat with a long slit from the bottom. They bought for him a warm coat, shoes, and also a high top hat, as was the fashion, and a few nice shirts. Thursday was already to be the wedding, and I remember how he came a day early and asked for something. I mean he wanted the things I already listed. If he didn't get them, he wouldn't go to the wedding, and besides, he wanted fifty rubles...There were already challah, gingerbread and bread baked...Poultry, meat and fish were already
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ongegreyt oyfes, fleysh un fish, un es iz geven tsugegreyt far a sheyner khasene...er iz avek in kas. hot men zikh zeyer geshrokn. men hot im shoynt nit gegloybt dem khosn maynem... iz shoynt mayn mame mit der kekhin avek tsu im, vu er hot gevoynit. er hot gevoynit oyf Khanaykes. khanaykes iz geven der oremster gegnt. es hobn oyf di khanaykes gevoynit koymen-kerer un di vos hobn gereynikt di optritn. zey hot men gehaltn far di niderrikste mentshn. es hobn oyf khanaykes gevoynit untermelt-mentshn oykh. es flegn zikh oyfklaybn shabes bokherim un meydlekh un zikh lernen tantsn...es flegn zikh oyfklaybn izvoshtshikes (balegoles), gasn-yungen un shabes hot men zikh gegreyt tsu hulyankes.di gas hot gehat dem ergstn nomen... itst gey ikh tsurik tsu mayn khosn Avrom Itskhok. ikh hob shoynt dermont, az mayn mame mit der kekhin zaynen avek tsu im. er hot gezogt oyb men vet im gebn di fuftsik rubl un koyfn far im di zakhn vos er hot gebetn, vet zayn di khasene. hot men im take shoynt nit gebloybt, ober men hot zikh geshemt es zol vern oys shidekh. un ikh	provided, and everything was prepared for a beautiful wedding...He ran away angrily. Everyone was very frightened and the groom was no longer trusted... Together with the cook, my mother went to see him. He lived on "Khanaykes"[Chanajki], this was the poorest area [2]. On Chanaiki lived the chimney sweeps and those who cleaned the privies. They were considered to be the humblest people. The underworld also lived on Chanajki. On Shabbat, boys and girls used to gather to learn to dance... "Izvoshtshikes" (coachmen) and alley boys used to gather here, and on Shabbat they used to prepare for parties. The street[s] had the worst reputation... I come back to my groom, Avrom Itskhok. I already mentioned that Mom went to him with the cook. He said that if they gave him the fifty rubles and bought for him the things he asked for, the wedding would take place. In fact, they didn't trust him anymore, but they were ashamed to let the wedding go off. And I
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[1] I think that she means "ordered".

[2] Anyone who wants to know more about the Bialystok quarter "khanaykes"[Chanajki] will find a loving, detailed account in Jacob Jerusalimski's biography. Jacob grew up in this quarter and was a contemporary of Rachel, see <https://archive.org/details/nybc203150/mode/2up>, page 14 ff



Excerpt of a Białystoker map from 1935 (with the area of Khanaykes/Chanajki in its center, the red line is made by me), courtesy of Dr.Tomek Wisniewski

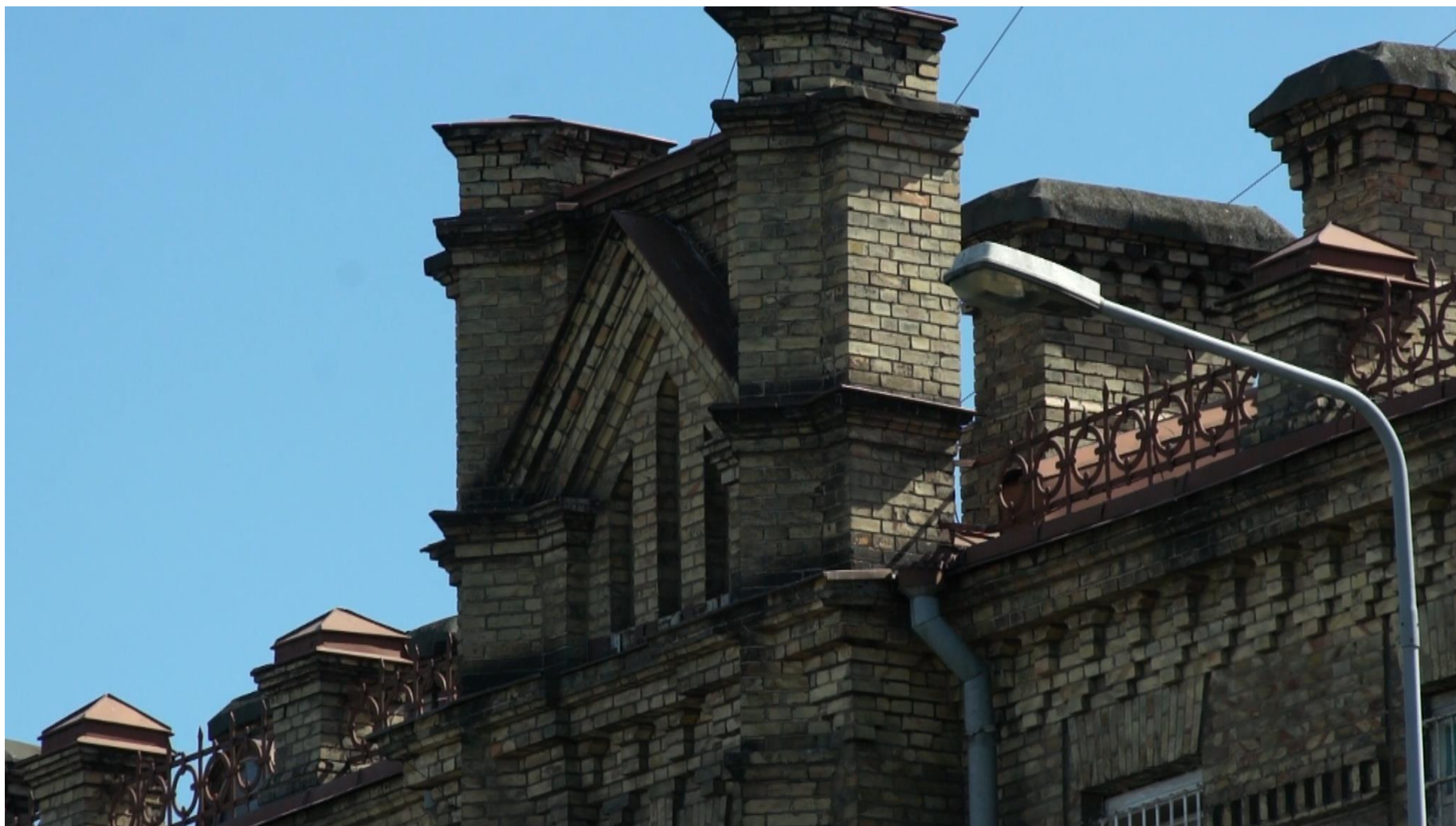


1161. Białystok - Im alten Stadtteil Kainiki.

Old card of Khanaykes/Chanajki/Kainiki, courtesy of Dr. Tomek Wisniewski



The old Białystok prison today, photo courtesy of Dr. Tomek Wisniewski



The old prison in Białystok, photo courtesy of Dr.Tomek Wisniewski



Białystok, Lipowa Street, photo courtesy of Dr. Tomek Wisniewski



Suraska Sreet in Bialystok, old photograph courtesy of Dr. Tomek Wisniewski



Bialystok, old card, courtesy of Tomek Wisniewski

bin nokh geven farkokht in im. nu, hot mayn mame oleyo hasholem im avekgetrogn di fuftsik rubl. er iz avek in a menerkrom un hot oysgeklibn di zakhn vos ikh hob frier oysgerekhnt, un der kremer hot gebrakht di zakhn tsu unz in shtub, un mir hobn batsolt far di zakhn... mayn bruder Shye iz demolt alt geven 18 yor, un mayn bruder Note-15 yor. ikh gedenk, vi mayne brider zaynen geven in tsar. nokh geven azoy yung un zey hobn gezen mer vi ikh hob gezen... 44. di khazene iz geven Donershtog in 1895, un es iz geven zeyer a sheyne khasene...in der fabrik, vu ikh hob gearbet a sakh yorn, zaynen ale geven mayne gute fraynt, un zey zaynen gekumen tsu der khasene. der meyster, a yunger un a sheyner, men hot im gerufn <i>Shmulek</i>, un di vebers, un ale mayne khavertes zaynen geven oyf der khasene. ale fun der fabrik hobn mir gekoyft sheynes droshe-geshank; a samovar mit a sheyner tats, un glezer oykh. Preyzmans fabrik iz geven oyf Yureftser Gas, mir hobn oykh gevoynt oyf Yureftser Gas, un di khasene iz oykh geven oyf Yureftser Gas. es iz geven in a zal oyf Yureftser Gas nit vayt fun unzer shtub. ikh hob zikh oysgeputst in a sheyner, vayser khupe-kleyd un in a galandre un in veyse shikh- alts in vaysn, azoy vi ale kales... ikh hob gekoyft bay mayn fabrikant grinem plyuish un gemakht a keyp, a polerine aza lange biz tsu di shikh. dos iz geven azoy vi a langer mantl nor on arbl. oyf der langer polerine iz geven a kurtse polerine...es hot gekost a sakh gelt. der plyush hot gekost finf rubl an	still had a crush on him... Well, my Mom, oleyo hasholem [may she rest in peace], let him have the fifty rubles. He went to a men's clothing store and picked out the things I listed earlier. The owner of the store brought the things to our home and we paid for them... My brother Ishye was 18 years old at that time and my brother Note was 15. I remember how worried my brothers were at that time, they were so young, but they saw more than I saw at that time... 44. The wedding took place on Thursday in 1895, and it was a very beautiful wedding...At the factory where I had worked for many years, everyone was good friends with me, and they all came to my wedding. The master, his name was <i>Shmulek</i>, a young and handsome man, the weavers and all my comrades were at the wedding. Together, all of them from the factory had bought me a beautiful wedding present: A samovar with a beautiful tray and glasses. Preyzman's factory was on Jurowiecka Street, where we also lived, and where the wedding took place. Not far from our house there was a hall on Jurowiecka Street. I had dressed up in a beautiful white wedding dress, a "galandre" [1] and white shoes-all in white, as befits a bride. I had bought green plush from my manufacturer and had a cape sewn, a long tippet that reached down to my shoes. It was like a coat, only without sleeves. On top of the long tippet was another short tippet...It had cost a lot of money. The plush had cost five rubles per cubit, and sewing it cost about twenty
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eyl, un neyen hot gekost oykh efsher tsvantsik rubl. der untershlak iz geven guter satin. dem plyush hob ikh genumen oyf oystsutsoln... mayne zakhn mit der khasene hobn gekost a por hundert rubl...dos hobn gemakht mayn mame mit mayne briderlekh. mayne brider hobn gearbet un gegeben der mamen zeyer fardinst. mayn mame hot gefirt di shtub-hoytsoes un hot oykh opgeshport oyf der khasene... ikh hob oykh fardint un opgeshport oyf nadn drey hundert rubl.	rubles. The lining fabric was good satin. The plush I had bought on installments... The things for my wedding cost a few hundred rubles...These were taken over by my mother and my brothers. My brothers worked and gave their earnings to my mother. Mom was responsible for the budget expenses and saved for the wedding... I also earned and saved for the wedding 300 rubles dowry.
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[1] a decorative accessory, in this case I think that a veil is meant.

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ven mayn mame iz geven in der kolonye hob ikh gearbet un nit gekont opshporn afile eyn rubl. ikh hob oysgehalt n mayne brider. zey hobn nit fardint un oykh geshikt mayn mamen vifil nor ikh hob gekent...dernokh dem, az mayne brider hobn shoyn oykh fardint, hob ikh shoyn gekont opshporn oyf nadn. on nadn hot men nit gekent ton keyn shidekh. un az ikh hob shoyn gehat di drey hundert rubl, hob ikh shoyn gekont oysklaybn a khosn, velkhn ikh hob gelibt. un dem Avrom Itskhokn hob ikh take zeyer un zeyer lib gehat. mir hot zikh gedakht, az on im vel ikh nit leben... un az men iz shoyn geven in zal mit di klezmer mit di mekhutonim un s'iz shoyn gevorn shpet, un mayn khosn iz nokh nit geven, dos men shoyn zikh vayter geshrokn, efsher hot er shoyn vayter kharote gehat oyfn shidekh. un az er iz endlekh gekumen, iz shoyn vayter geven a simkhe... der gantser oylem iz geven fun unzer zayt. zayn familye iz nit gekumen, vayl es iz geven erev peysekh un es iz geven tsu-vayt far zey tsu kumen. zayne onkls un kuzins hobn gevoynt in a shtetele Brok, un	When my mother was still in the colony, I could not even save a ruble. I had to support my brothers, because they earned nothing. Besides, I sent my mother as much as I could. After that, when my brothers also earned money I could save for my dowry. Without a dowry one could not marry. But when I had the three hundred rubles, I could choose the groom I loved. And I really loved Avrom Itskhok more than anything. I felt as if I could not live without him... However, when we were already all in the hall, with all the musicians, with everyone who attended the wedding, and it was getting late, my groom still had not appeared. So people were still worried that he was already regretting the wedding. But when he finally came, joy came again... The guests were all from our family, his family did not show up because it was close to Passover and it was too far for them to come to us. His uncles and cousins lived in the small town of Brok, which is
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dos shtetele Brok iz geven lem Tshizeve ,vi (vu) men fort keyn Varshe. nor zayn shvester <i>Sheyne Khaye</i> iz gekumen fun Tshizeve. zi iz gekumen aleyn, vayl ir man iz geven in Amerike.zi iz gekumen mit a groysn paruk ibern shtern. hob ikh oykh gemuzt trogn a paruk. er hot zikh gevolt oysfaynen, az er nemt a frume kale... 45. itster gey ikh aykh dertseyln fun nokh der khasene. men hot nit fargreyt keyn mebl, vi do in Amerike. iber shabes zaynen mir geven bay der mamen mit di brider. mayn mame hot gehat a sheyne heym mit zeks tsimern. ober mayn man hot nit gevolt voynen tsuzamen mit zey... iber shabes hot men gemuzt zayn tsuzamen. men hot dokh gemuzt praven sheve brokhes s'iz geven a mode in Rusland, say bay oreme, say bay reykhe, az shabes hot men gepravet sheve brokhes, un shabes hot men oykh gefirt khosn-kale in shul... ikh gedenk nokh, vi es zaynen gekumen vayber, mayne bakante, un men hot mikh gefirt in shul. di	next to Tshizeve [Czyżew-Osada], on the route to Warsaw. Only his sister <i>Sheyne Khaye</i> had come from Tshizeve, and all alone, because her husband was in America. She came with a big wig over her forehead, and I also had to wear a wig. He wanted to boast about marrying a pious bride... 45. Now I'll tell you about the time after the wedding. We didn't stock up on furniture like we did there in America. Over Shabbat we stayed with Mom and my brothers. My mother had a beautiful home with six rooms. But my husband didn't want to live with them... You had to perform the "sheve-brokhes" [the gathering of the guests in the house of the newlyweds on Friday night after the wedding]. It was a ritual in Russia among both poor and rich people to have "sheve-brokhes" on Shabbat and, also on Shabbat, to take the bride and groom to the synagogue... I remember how women, my acquaintances, came and led me to the synagogue...The
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shul iz geven in Yurefzser Gas, nit vayt fun unzer shtub. es iz geven a reykhe shul. di madam Preyzman hot oykh gedavnt in der shul. zi iz tsugekumen tsu mir un mir opgegebn mazl-tov, un mayn mame un ikh hobn shoyrn ir farbetn tsu lekekh un bronfn. zi hot zikh nit opgezogt tsu geyn tsu unzn in shtub un dos iz take geven a groyser koved, vos aza	synagogue was in Jurowiecka Street, not far from our house. It was a rich synagogue. Madam Preyzman also prayed in that synagogue. She came to me and congratulated me, and my mother and I invited her for gingerbread and liquor. She didn't shy away coming to our house, and that was really a great honor that such a rich madam like <i>Hinde Preyzman</i> goes to her workers for gingerbread and schnapps.
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reykhe madam vi <i>Hinde Preyzman</i>, zol geyn tsu ir arbetorin tsu lekekh un bronfn... di madam Preyzman iz geven a fete un nit keyn hoykhe, ober zi iz geven zeyer a kluge. zi hot zikh gemisht in fabrik. yedn tog iz zi mit ir man gegangen in fabrik ibertsukukn, vi di arbet getyt... un az ikh reyde shoyne fun der fabrik vel ikh zi abisl bashraybn. di fabrik iz geven nit nor a veberay, es iz oykh geven a parovke oyf pare („stim“ heyst dos in Amerike), un a farbarneye un mashineri, vos hot tsugegreyt di vol tsum farbn... dos gantse hoyz iz geven mit alerley mashiner. men hot gebrakht di vol fun di shepsn un men hot dortn oysgearbet biz der tukh iz fartik gevorn tsum farkoyfn... in kantor (ofis) zaynen geven bukhhaltern fun der eygener familiye. ikh gedenk, az eyn bukhhalter iz geven a bruder tsu der madam Preyzman. men hot im gerufn Belakh un er hot gevoynt oyf Gumyaner Gas [Gumienna]. di gas hot zikh geshlosn mit Yureftser Gas. nokh a bukhhalter iz geven der elterer eydem. er iz oykh geven a shtikl shutef... der her Preyzman iz geven a hoykher un a sheyner, un hot gekent a sakh lernen. er iz geven a frumer. ikh fleg im zen, ven ikh bin gegangen tsu der arbet fartog, geyn in Bey-Medresh davenen... di madam Preyzman iz oykh geven a frume un hot getrogn a paruk biz ibern shtern. di Preyzmans hobn gehat fir tekhter un tsvey zin. nor eyne, di eltste, iz geven a khasene-gehate. zi iz nit geven keyn gants sheyne. zi iz geven zeyer a fete, koym vos zi hot gekent shlepn di fis. dos iz nit ibergetribn. es iz rikhtik vos ikh shrayb. tsu der eltster tokhter fleg ikh aroyfkumen. zi hot gevoynt oyfn tsveytn etazh in ir eltern hoyz. az zi iz gevorn krank, hot zi nit gevolt keyn ander meydlekh vi mikh. mit	Madam Preyzman was fat and not tall, but she was very smart. She was involved in the factory's affairs, and every day she and her husband went around the factory to see how the work was going... And since I'm already talking about the factory, let me describe it a little bit more. The factory was not only a weaving mill, but it also had "a parovke oyf pare", a steam mill, how they call it in America, and a dye house and related machinery to prepare the wool for dyeing. There were all kinds of machines all over the house. One brought the wool from the sheep and processed it there until the cloth was ready for sale... In the "kantor" (office) worked accountants who were members of [the owner's] family. I remember that one accountant was the brother of Madam Preyzman. His name was <i>Belakh</i> and he lived on Gumyaner Gas [Gumienna Street]. The street led into Jurowiecka Street. Another accountant was the older son-in-law, who also held a small share in the partnership... Mr. Preyzman was a tall and handsome man and could study many disciplines [1]. He was pious, and when I went to work in the morning, I saw him praying in the Bes-Medresh... Madam Preyzman was also pious and wore her wig pulled down to her forehead. The Preyzman's had four daughters and two sons. Only one, the oldest, was already married. She was not really beautiful, was very fat and could hardly lift her feet. This is not an exaggeration, it is true what I write. I used to visit the eldest daughter. She lived on the second floor in her parents' house. When she became ill, she did not want to see any other girl except me. She took pleasure in talking to me and
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mir hot zi hanoe gehat tsu reydin az men hot mikh gerufn tsu in hoyz hob ikh gemuzt geyn. ikh hob afile nit gevolt laydn, ober ikh hob nit gekent helfn...	when they called me to the house, I had to go to her. I did not like this, but I did not know how to help myself.
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[1] The Yiddish term "lernen" can also mean to teach.

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der man irer iz geven a sheyner un a gelernter. ikh hob im afile nit farhert, ober azoy hot men gezogt in shtot... di Preyzmans flegn zukhn shidekhim far zeyere kinder in Oysland, tsi in tif Rusland... 46. itster vel ikh bashraybn Preyzmans shtub, vu zey hobn gevoynt, un di andere gebeydes in zeyer hoyf. zey hobn gevoynt in a hiltserner shtub fun tsvey etazhn. geven dortn akht tsimern untu un a fir tsimern oybn. zey zaynen geven milyonern un men hot gevoynt in a hiltserner shtub...ikh ken nit zogn, az ineveynik in shtub iz nit geven sheyn. es iz geven dortn dos shenste mebl un zeyer a sheyne pyano. di meydlekh hobn geshpilt pyano. far zeyer shtub iz geven di kontor, un nokh der shtub bay der zeyt iz geven a kleyn shtibele, vu ikh un nokh a meydil hobn geshoyrn di ketn...un in dem shtibl hobn di vebers genumen di ketn tsu vebn... nokh dem kleynem shtibl iz geven di parovke mit di groyse koymens. di parovke iz geven a drey etazhike gebeyde. in der gebeyde hot men oysgearbet di vol, vos es iz gekumen tsum veber in zek fun di shepsn...neyn, frier iz dos gekumen fun shpinen, un nokhn shpinen iz dos gekumen tsu di shpularkes un tsu di shererkes, un fun di shererkes	Her husband was handsome and learned. I have not checked this to be sure, but so they said in the town...The Preyzman's used to look for spouses for their children abroad or in deep Russia... 46. Now I will describe Preyzman's house where they lived and the other buildings on their yard [1]. They lived in a wooden house with two floors. There were eight rooms downstairs and four upstairs. They were millionaires and lived in a wooden house... I don't want to say that it was not beautiful inside the house. There was the finest furniture there and a very classy piano that the girls played on. In front of their house was the office, and behind the house on the side was another small house where I with another girl prepared warp yarn tapes...and here the weavers took over the warps to weave... Behind the small cottage was di "parovke" [steam mill] with the large chimneys. The "parovke" was a building with three floors. In this building the wool was prepared, which came in sacks from the sheep to the weaver... No, of course it came before to the spinners, and after the spinning to the bobbin winders and the warpers, and from the warpers
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tsu di veber...nokhher hot men dos genumen un men hot dos avekgeshikt in anander plats. dos plats hot men gerufn „poletur plats“. fun dem dozikn plats iz shoyn geven fartik di shtikl tukh... bay der anderer zayt fun der groyser fabrik iz geshtanen nokh a tsvey etazhike gebeyde. dortn iz geven di veberay. zekhtsik veber hobn dortn gearbet...un ir kent zikh forshteln vos fara tuml dortn iz geven...zeks azeyger inderfri hobn gefeyft di parovkes, un akht azeyger...nokh amol, az di arbeter zoln esn onbaysn, un 12 azeyger- nokh amol, az di arbeter zoln esn mitog. un farnakht, ven di arbeter hobn gedarft geyn aheym, hot di parovke vayter gefeyft... farvos ikh dos bashribn? vayl di Preymans zaynen geven azoyne groyse gvirim un hobn gevoynt in a hiltserner shtub...do in Amerike volt aza milyoner oykh gevoynt tsuzamen mit di fabrikn?	finally to the weavers...After that they took the material and sent it to another place, which was called "poletur "place. And from here, the finished pieces of cloth left. On the other side of the large factory was another building with two floors. Here was the weaving mill. Sixty weavers worked there...and you can imagine what a hustle and bustle there was...Six o'clock in the morning the steams whistled, and at eight o'clock again, because the workers were to have breakfast. Then again at 12 o'clock because the workers were to have lunch. And in the evening, when the workers were supposed to go home, the steam whistled again... Why am I describing this? Because the Preymans were so rich and powerful, but yet lived in a wooden house.... [And] imagine if here in America such a millionaire lived right next to his factories?!
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[1] their house was located on the factory premises.

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ven inderfri, zeks azeyger iz geven azoy fil tuml, un a gantsn tog hot gezhumet un geroysht, un zey hobn dortn immer gevoynt... ikh hob bay zey gearbet biz mayn khasene, akht yor, un nokh der khasene, biz ikh hob gedarft hobn mayn ersht kind...zey zaynen geven di beste fabrikantn in Bialystok. bay zey hobn gearbet idische veber, alte layt mit zin un eydems, yorn lang... farvos hob ikh zey azoy bashribn? derfar vos di Preysmankhe iz geven azoy gut tsu mir dem shabes, vos men hot mikh gefirt in shul un zi iz gegangen nokhn davenen tsu unz	And in such a way that every morning at six o'clock there was a great deal of commotion, and it hummed and roared all day long, and they [the Preyzman's] have always lived there... I worked for them until my wedding, for eight years, and also after the wedding, until I had my first child. They were the best factory owners in Bialystok. Jewish weavers, old people with their sons and sons-in-law worked for them for years. Why am I describing them in such detail? Because Mrs. Preyzman was so good to me on the Shabbat when I was led to the synagogue, and she came to our house for gingerbread and
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oyfn lekekh un bronfn...zi hot gekont mayn man un mayn mans bruder...er hot khasene gehat far ir dinst. zi hot gevust, az mayn man iz a lerer un s'iz zeyer gefeln der shidekh...ikh vel nokh darfn shraybn vegn zey.

nokh mayn khasene hot mayn man nit gevolt voynen mit mayn famile un ikh hob gedarft geyn in zayn tsimerl untern oyvn. ober, az ikh hob im azoy lib gehat, iz shoyn geven bay mir gut un fayn tsu geyn mit afile untern oyvn. keyn fentster iz dort oykh nit geven, ober es iz bay mir geven lib un tayer...

47.

nokh peysekh, glaykh nokh unzer khasene, hob ikh shoyn gedarft geyn tsurik tsu der arbet, vayl mayn man iz dokh geven azoy krank oyf di fis un er hot nit gekent geyn oyf zayne shtundn. inderfri, ven ikh bin oyfgeshtanen, fleg ikh onvaremen a banke vaser un im oysveykn di fis, un nokhher aynshmirt mit aza mashts un farviklen mit a bandazsh; im gegeben onbaysn un avekgegangen in der fabrik arayn...

er iz gelegn a tsvey vokhn. nokhher iz im gevorn beser un er iz aropgegangen zukhn shtundn tsu lernen mit di kinder. ven er iz geven krank, hot er farloyrn zayne shtundn...

ikh gedenk, ven er hot ongefangan nokh peysekh, hot er fardint 19 rubl a khoydesh. a vokh ober far shvues iz shoyn geven tsen rubl a khoydesh. az ikh hob gezen, az er fardint azoy veynik, hob ikh im yede vokh opgegebn mayne por rubl, vos ikh hob fardint, un er hot gefirt di hoytsoe.

schnapps after the prayer...She knew my husband and his brother, because he had married her maid. She knew that my husband was a teacher, and the "shidekh"[the marital union] pleased her very much...I must write more about them later.

After my marriage, my husband did not want to live with my family and I had to go to his small room, "untern oyvn" [behind the stove}. But I loved him so much that everything was fine and dandy for me, even going under the stove with him. There was no window there, yet it was dear to me...

47.

After Passover, right after our wedding, I already had to go back to my work because my husband was very sick in his feet after all and could not go to his lessons. Early in the morning, when I got up, I prepared a vessel of warm water for him, soaked his feet in it, smeared them with ointment and wrapped them in bandages. I prepared breakfast for him and went to the factory...

For two weeks he was bedridden. After that he got better and left home to find employment, teaching children on an hourly basis. When he became ill, he lost his employments...

I remember that when he started teaching after Passover, he earned 19 rubles a month. A week before Shvues [Shavout], however, it was only 10 rubles a month. When I saw that he earned so little, I gave him my rubles every week that I earned, and he kept the household's budget.

er is geven zeyer gut tsu mir. er hot yedn tog mikh bagleyt tsu der arbet un mikh gekumen opnemen fun der arbet. es iz geven gants vayt fun der fabrik oyf Yureftser Gas biz Khanaykes, vu mir hobn gevoynt... azoy hot ongehaltn a finf khadoyshim. nokh di finf khadoyshim iz mayn man gegangen un hot genumen fun nadn abisl gelt un gekoyft a por betlekh un andere mebl, un er hot gedungen a dire nit vayt fun der fabrik, take in der Yureftser Gas leben Bialystotsek. zeyer a sheyne dire. di dire iz geven bay unzern a bakantn. ikh hob bay im alemol gekoyft, eyder ikh hob khasene gehat. unzer bakanter iz geven a beker. er hot gehat a moyer mit a groyser bekerey, un far zikh aleyn a voynung. un vos fara voynung! azoy vi milyonern hot er gevoynt mit zayn mishpokhe. zey hobn gehat lem shtot-zeyger a groyse krom, vu zey hobn farkoyft broyt un khales un alerley gebeks... ober der mentsh trakht un got lakht. es hot epes getrofn mit dem beker, vos veys ikh nit, un er hot gehat oyf zikh a „sod“, a mishpet un men hot im farshikt keyn sibir. zayn vayb iz im nokhgefor un im aroysgeganvet inmitn veg un zey zaynen antlofn keyn Amerike... ven ikh bin gekumen keyn Amerike mit tsen yor shpeter, hob ikh zey getrofn in Nyu-York oyf Eseks Gas. oyf Eseks Gas hobn zey gehat a bekerey, a groyse. ikh hob oykh gevoynt oyf Eseks Gas, un ikh hob bay zey gekoyft broyt, khales un kukhns, azoyne geshmake vi in Bialystok...	He was very good to me. Every day he accompanied me to work and picked me up from there. It was a very long way from the factory on Jurowiecka Street to Khanaykes [Chanajki], where we lived... It went on like that for five months. After the five months, my husband went to withdraw some money from the dowry. He bought beds and other furniture from it, and rented an apartment not far from the factory, actually on Jurowiecka Street, next to Bialystotsek [Bialystoczek]. It was a very nice apartment. It was located at our acquaintance's house, where I used to shop before I got married. Our acquaintance was a baker, he owned a stone house with a big bakery and an apartment for himself. And what an apartment it was! He lived with his family like millionaires. They had a big store next to the town clock, where they sold bread, challah and all kinds of pastries... But man proposes, God disposes. Something happened to the baker, but I don't know what; a "secret" surrounded him, a condemnation, and he was sent to Siberia. His wife went after him, smuggled him out in the middle of the way, and the two of them fled to America... When I came to America ten years later, I met them in New York on Essex Street. They ran a big bakery on Essex Street. I also lived on Essex Street and bought bread, challah and cakes from them, which were just as tasty as in Bialystok...
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zey zaynen geven zeyer gut tsu unz, ven mir hobn gevoynt bay zey in Bialystok, un az ikh bin gekumen keyn Amerike un getrofn azoyne gute fraynt, bin ikh shoyng gegangen tsu zey koyfn ales. ikh bin geven azoy frum oykh in Amerike, un hob getrogn tsholent oyf shabes tsu farrukn bay zey in oyvn... tsu ot dem beker hob ikh zikh ibergeklibn un dortn iz geven mayn ershte dire in Bialystok nokh der khasene. in yener dire hob ikh ibergetrogn mayn eltste tokhter <i>Mine</i>. mayn man hot zikh zeyer gefreyt, vos er hot aza sheyne dire. es iz geven an oyber-shtibl. mir hobn gehat tsvey betn, sheyne, gepolirte. dos hot oysgekukt, vi do, mahagoni. ikh hob gehat tsvey sheyne kapes do ruft men es „bed-spreeds“. ikh hob farbet di betn, vi a kanape (sofa). alts iz geven zeyer sheyn in tsimer...	They were very good to us when we lived with them in Bialystok. And when I came to America and met such good friends again, I promptly bought everything from them again. I was also very pious in America and carried the "tsholent" stew for Shabbat to them so that they would put it in their oven... It was to this baker that I moved, this was my first apartment in Bialystok after the wedding. In that apartment I also bore my eldest daughter, <i>Mine</i>... My husband was very happy to have such a beautiful apartment. It was a garret. We had two beautiful polished beds that looked like they were made of mahogany. I had two beautiful "kapes" for them, here they call it "bedspreads". I laid out the beds like sofas. Everything was very nice in the room...
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48. az der zumer iz avek un es iz shoyng bald gekumen tsu di yomim-toyvim, hot mayn Avrom Itskhok gezogt tsu mir, az er vet forn tsu zayn familye tsu gast in Brok. in Brok hot mayn man gehat zayn gantse familye, feters un kuzins. eyn feter hot er lib gehat. men hot im gerufn Sokher. er iz take geven a sheyner mentsh, a soykher un a reykher oykh. er flegt handlen mit vald tsuzamen mit zayn zun. dem zun hot men gerufn Shloyme. der feter Sokher hot keyn vayb nit gehat un er hot gevoynt tsuzamen mitn zun in dem zuns familye, a vayb un fir kinder...es iz geven zeyer a sheyne shtub, efsher tsen tsimern. eyn tsimer iz geven azoy groys, efsher 50 fus di leng un 50 fus di breyt...	48. When the summer had passed and the holidays were approaching, my Avrom Itskhok told me that he was going to Brok to visit his family. In Brok my husband had his whole family, uncles and kuzines. There was one uncle he liked especially, his name was <i>Sokher</i> and he was really a beautiful person and also a rich merchant. He used to trade with wood, together with his son, <i>Shloyme</i>. Uncle Sokher had no wife and lived with his son and his family, a wife and four children. It was a very nice house with about ten rooms. One room was very large, about 50 feet in length and 50 feet in width [15.24m x 15.24 m]...
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er hot gehat nokh a onkl, yenem hot mayn man nit lib gehat. er iz geven a gegeter, men hot im grufn, der gorush ... er iz geven a reykher. er hot gegeben gelt oyf protsentn. geven a karger. immer gegangen in zelibikn mantl. afile a sheyner, a hoykher un nit keyn nar. er iz mir oykh gekumen zen...mayn man hot gehat a shvester nit fun eyn mamen. zi hot unz ayngeladn oyf kibed... dem feter Sokhers nokh a zun, elter fun Shloymenen, (hot) gevoynt abisl vayter. tsu im in shtub zaynen mir oykh geven farbetn oyf kibed...der feter Sokher hot gehat a tokhter, Khaye, a blinde oyf eyn oyg. ir man hot men gerufn Isroel. er iz geven zeyer a sheyner un hot gekent lernen. der feter Sokher iz geven a reykher, hot er gekent zayn tokhter, blind oyf eyn oyg, khasene makhn fara sheynem bokher. dem feters tokhter hot unz oykh ayngeladn oyf kibed... vos far a fargenigen ikh hob gehat yenem sukes, ven ikh bin geforn mit mayn man in zayn shtetele Brok. dos iz geven mit 59 yor frier. mayn mans familye hot gezogt tsu mayn Avrom Itskhok, az er darf mir gebn fargenigen un mikh nehmen shiflen oyfn Nyeman... dos iz geven hoyshayne rabe. der taykh Nyeman, zeyer a groyser, iz geven untern feters shtub an erekh a halbn blok. mayn man hot genumen a shifl, vos men firt dos mit vesles, un mir hobn zikh geshift etlekhe sho. mayn man hot gekent zikh shifn. der feter Sokher hot gehat etlekhe lodkes (shiflekh).	He [my husband] had another uncle whom he did not like. He was divorced and they called him "<i>the Gorush</i>" [the divorced one]... He was rich and gave interest-bearing loans. However, he was stingy and always wore the same coat. He was actually handsome, tall, and no fool. He also came to see me...My husband had a [half] sister with a different mother from him. She invited us to a guest dinner... A second son of Uncle Sokher, who was older than Shloyme, lived a little further. We visited him too and had a banquet...Uncle Sokher had another daughter, <i>Khaye</i>, who was blind in one eye. Her husband's name was Isroel. He was very handsome and could study [1]. Uncle Sokher was rich, so he was able to marry off his half-blind daughter to a handsome fellow. She also invited us to a guest dinner... What a joy I had on that Sukes [Sukkot] when I went with my husband to his shtetele Brok; this is 59 years ago now. My husband's family said to my Avrom Itskhok that he should give me a pleasure and go rowing with me on the "Nyeman" [Neman]... It was on the 7th day of Sukkot. The Nyeman, a very big river, flowed about half a block away behind the uncle's house. My husband took a boat that you move with oars, and we rowed for a few hours. And my husband knew how to row! His uncle Sokher owned quite a few "lodkes" (boats.)
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[1] The Yiddish term "lernen" can also mean to teach.

ikh denk itst, az demolt bin ikh geven di gliklekhste oyf der velt. mayn gelibter man hot mir farshaft azoy fil glik...dos iz dokh geven mit azoy	I am just thinking that I was the luckiest person in the world at that time. My beloved husband gave me so much happiness...That was so
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fil yorn tsurik, un itster, ven ikh shrayb dos, iz mayn man shoyn 26 yor toyt...

ikh shrayb un s'dakht zikh mir az ot ersht iz dos geven...ober azoy fil yorn zaynen shoyn avek un azoy gliklekh bin ikh dan dos geven. ikh ken gornit oysshraybn. mayn man iz geven a gelernter un a sheyner, azoy vi ikh hob zikh gevuntshn...eyder ikh hob khasene gehat hob ikh zikh gevuntshn, az oyb afile ikh vel darfn geyn arbetn nokh der khasene, ober ikh zol nor tsukrign a man, vos zol zayn sheyn un klug un a gelernter oykh.

un s'hot zikh mir take gemakht aza man...far der khasene iz dokh geven a misfarshendenish un ikh hob moyre gehat, az s'veln zeyn tsores...un az mayn man hot mir yenem sukes aroysgevizn azoy fil libe un zayn familye hot mikh zeyer fayn oyfgenumen, iz tsu mir keyner in der velt nit glaykh geven...

49.

ven mir zaynen gekumen tsurik fun [keyn] Bialystok bin ikh shoyn geven trogedik. hot mayn man genumen di zakh ernst. az a kind vet geboyren vern, vel ikh shoyn nit kenen geyn arbetn, un fun naden iz nokh geven 150 rubel, hot er genumen zukhn epes mit vos tsu handlen. mayn mans bruder, Moyshe Mendl, hot gehat oyf Novi-Lipe a krom un er hot gehat parnose. dertsu iz er nokh geven a protsentnik. men hot im gehaltn far a reykhn man.

er iz take geven reykh. hot mayn man gefunen a kreml antkegn zayn bruder iber der gas. es iz nit geven keyn kreml, es iz geven a pavilyon, vi do in Amerike, a kendi stor...dos iz geven bald, vi mir zaynen gekumen fun dem shtetl Brok, vu mir zaynen geven tsugast. in Amerike ruft men dos „honimun“. mir hobn gehat azoy fil fargenigen, vi do oyf a „honimun“...

many years ago now, and now that I am writing it down, my husband has been dead for 26 years...

As I write, it seems like it was just then...yet so many years have passed, and I was so happy then. I can't even put it into words. My husband was an educated and handsome man, just as I had wished. Before I got married, I wished that even if I had to go to work after the wedding, I would still want to have a man who was handsome, smart and also educated.

And indeed, such a man met me...Although there were misunderstandings before the wedding and I would be afraid that worries would arise...But when my husband had shown me so much love on that Sukkot and his family had welcomed me so finely, he was the very dearest in the world to me...

49.

When we came back to Bialystok, I was already pregnant. My husband took the matter seriously. If our child was born, I would not be able to go to work, and there were only 150 rubles left of the dowry. So he was looking for something to trade. My husband's brother, Moyshe Mendl, had a store on Nowolipie [Lipowa Street] which secured his income. In addition, he was a "protsentnik" [usurer]; he was considered a rich man. He was indeed rich.

My husband found a "store" directly across the street from his brother. But it was not a real store, it was a pavilion, like a candy store here in America. This was all shortly after we returned from the shtetl Brok where we "were on a visit". In America this is called a "honeymoon". We had as much fun as here on a "honeymoon".

gekumen keyn Bialystok. ale fargenigns zaynen shoy'n ibergegangen, hot men zikh genumen tsum takhles. hot mayn man gekoyft dem pavilyon antkegn iber zayn bruders kreml. es iz shoy'n geven vintertsayt, un vinter fun a pavilyon kon men keyn fardinstn nit makhn. iz	So, we came back to Bialystok and all the pleasures were already over. Serious facts now had to be created. My husband bought the pavilion opposite his brother's store. It was already winter, and in winter you cannot make any profit from a pavilion. So
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mayn man gezesn a gantsn tog in pavilyon un er hot gefroyrn, un men hot koy'm gemakht oyf dire-gelt... zumer in pavilyon hot men gemakht a sakh gelt, un men hot shoy'n gehat khayune, un mir hobn gehoft az durkhn zomer vet men shoy'n konen hobn tsum leben. nokh shvues hob ikh gemuzt oyfgebn mayn arbet un rosh.khoydesh Tamez hob ikh gedarft gelegn vern. ikh hob oyfgegebn di fabrik un ikh bin gegangen in pavilyon tsu helfn mayn man... tsum glik hot zikh gemakht nokh a miskher. nit vayt fun shtot iz geshtanen a polk yevonim, dos heyst, soldatn, un men hot gedarft tsushteln far zey esvarg, dos heyst, provyant. mayn mans bruder hot fun dem gevust, hot er tsugenumen mayn man far a shutef. mayn mans bruder hot nit gekent shraybn un reydn rusish, vi mayn man Avrom Itskhok. mayn mans bruder <i>Moyshe Mendl</i> hot nit gekent firn keyn bikher un rekhnungen, un mayn man hot shoy'n akhtung gegeben oyf di bikher. der bruder Moyshe Mendl hot oysgeleygt dos gelt far dem miskher mit tsushteln provyant tsu di soldatn. ikh bin shoy'n gelegn gevorn un nit gekent zayn in pavilyon. flegt kumen mayn shvesterl un shteyn abisl tsayt in pavilyon, biz ikh bin gevorn abisl shtarker. mayn shvesterl iz shoy'n dan alt geven neyn yor, ober a gerotn meydele...	my husband sat in the pavilion all day long and froze, but the income was barely enough for the apartment rent... [At the beginning of the] summer we could make a lot of money in the pavilion, and it was enough for living. So we hoped to have enough to live on all summer. After Shavuot I had to give up my job, and at the beginning of the month of Tamez (June-July) I was to give birth. I gave up the position in the factory and went to help my husband in the pavilion... Fortunately, another business opportunity arose. Not far from the town there was a "yevonim" [regiment of soldiers] and it was necessary to supply them with food, i.e. provisions. My husband's brother found out about it and hired my husband as a partner. My husband's brother could neither write nor speak Russian, unlike my husband, Avrom Itskhok. My husband's brother, <i>Moyshe Mendl</i>, also could not keep books and accounts, so my husband took care of the books. Moyshe Mendl provided the money to supply the soldiers with provisions. I had already given birth [1] and could not be in the pavilion. But my little sister came and stood in the pavilion for a short time until I would have regained my strength. My sister was nine years old then, but already a mature girl...
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di soldatn zaynen mer nit geshtanen vi drey khadoyshim un nakhher avek tsurik keyn Varshe. ikh mit mayn man un mit mayn meydele <i>Mushe</i>, a nomen nokh zayn mamen, vos er hot zeyer holt gehat, hobn gevoynt oyf Yureftser gas. dos kreml, dos maynt der pavilyon, dos maynt oykh, der <i>salon</i>, iz geven zeyer vayt fun unzer dire. ikh hob dokh zikh nit gekent shlepn mitn kind azoy vayt...iz lem salon geven a kamer tsu dingem. az mir veln voynen noent fun <i>salon</i>, vel ikh shoyn konen helfn mayn man...der kamer iz geven tsu kleyn, ober az ikh hob gedarft helfn mayn man, iz dokh keyn ander breyre nit geven un mir hobn oyfgegebn di sheyne voynung un zikh arayngeklbn in kamer. un do hobn zikh ongehoyn di tsores. in dem tsimer, vu mir hobn gevoynt, iz di baleboste geven a idene mit tsvey tekhter. eyn tokhter iz gekumen fun Amerike, un in Amerike hot zi zikh oysgelernt tsu zayn, men ruft dos, a byutishan (beautician), dos heyst, a sheyn-makherin.	The soldiers did not stay longer than three months and then returned to Warsaw. Together with my husband and our daughter Mushe (who was named after his mother, whom he loved very much), I lived on Jurowiecka Street. The store, i.e. the pavilion, and thus also our "salon" [in the sense of our center of life], were located far from our apartment. I could not drag myself so far with the child...But there was a chamber next to the "salon" that could be rented. If we lived close enough to the "salon", I would be able to help my husband...The chamber was too small, but since I had to help my husband, we had no other choice. We gave up the beautiful apartment and moved into the chamber. But here the problems began. The landlady of the chamber where we now lived was a Jewish woman ["a yidene"] with two daughters. One daughter had just returned from America, where she had completed an apprenticeship as a beautician.
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[1] we will hear about her first baby, Mushe, later

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zi hot oyfgeefnt in Bialystok a byuti-parlor, dos heyst, a salon oyf tsu makhn sheyn, un hot fardint a sakh gelt. zi hot gehat a shvester un zi hot ir oykh oysgelernt ir malokhe. ir shvester nebekh iz geven mit a hoyker; iz geven a gants fayner mentsh, a gute oykh. di eltere iz geven nit keyn shlekhte... di tsvey shvester hobn gemakht a sakh gelt. der elterer shvester hot men gerufn tsu di reykhe froyen in di heyzer oystsuputsn zeyere kep. zi hot nokh oykh gekent makhn sheytls. dos hot zi nokh gekent eyder zi iz opgeform keyn Amerike...	She opened a "beauty-parlor" in Bialystok, that is, a salon where one could have oneself made beautiful, and earned a lot of money. She had a sister whom she also taught this craft. Unfortunately, her sister had a hunchback. She was a very fine and good person. The older one, however, was not a bad one either... The two sisters made a lot of money. The older sister was called by the rich women to their homes to beautify "their heads". She could also make "sheytls" [wigs], she had learned that even before she had gone to America...
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zey hobn gevoynt in a sheyner hoyz oyf Novi Lipe, un mir hobn dos gedungen bay zey a tsimer un gekent nutsn di kikh...
ober ikh bin gevorn zeyer eyferzikhtik oyf der elterer shvester, vos zi farbrengt mit mayn man in pavilyon. s'hot mir gemakht azoy nervez, az ikh hob im oysgeredt, farvos, ven ikh kum arayn im tsu helfn iz zi shtendik do in krom...

mayn man hot ir dos dertseylt un zi hot zikh farentfert, az zi zitst in krom, vayl zi khapt a „tshaste“ (pastry) un a gloz vaser, khalva (halvah, dessert) un nokh nasherayen. ikh hob ir gegloybt. dokh hob ikh gehat a fardakht oyf ir, ober ikh denk, az ikh bin geven eyferzikhtik un dos ales.

50.

mayn shvesterl flegt araynkumen un akhtung gebn oyf mayn kleyn meydele. amol flegt oykh araynkumen mayn mame, oleyo hasholem. azoy arum hot shoyt mayn man gekent zikh opgebn mit zayn podryat (tsushteln provyant).

ale tog hot er gekent forn aynkoyfn produktn far di soldatn...in pavilyon iz shoyt geven lebediker oykh. ikh hob gegeben akhtung un es hot shoyt oysgezen sheyn un men hot shoyt gekont arayngeyn in pavilyon, un men hot shoyt geleyzt abisl mer gelt...

es hot zikh ongehoyn a sine tsivishn mayn man un mayn mamen... ven ikh hot nokh gevoynt oyf Yureftser Gas un mayn kind iz geven a tsvey khadoyshim alt, flegt mayn mame mir kumen helfn in shtub un far mayn man optrogn zayn mitog. un azoy vi mayn man hot mir yedn tog gelozt oyf dem tog hoytsoe un es iz nit geven genug, hot mayn mame im oysgeredt.

They lived in a beautiful house on Nowolipie [Lipowa Street]. We had rented a chamber from them and were also allowed to use the kitchen... However, I became very jealous of the older sister because she spent so much time with my husband in the pavilion. It made me so nervous that I approached him about why she was always in the "store" when I came to help him...

My husband told her about it, and she replied that she was sitting in the store having a "tshaste" [pastry], a glass of water, halvah [dessert], or other snack. I believed her. However, I suspected her; now I think I was just jealous, and that's all.

50.

My sister usually came in and looked after my little daughter. Sometimes my mother, oleyo hasholem, [may she rest in peace], also came in, and so my husband could take care of his "podryat" [sub-contract work] of delivering provisions.

Every day he had to go to buy products for the soldiers...In the pavilion it had already become more lively. I took care of it, and it already looked nicer inside, so you could also go inside the pavilion and spend a little more money...

A quarrel started between my husband and my mother... When I was still living on Jurowiecka Street and our child was two months old, my mother used to come to our apartment to help me and bring lunch to my husband. My husband allotted me household money for each day, and when my mother saw that it was not enough, she approached my husband about it.

iz gevorn a sine tsvishn im un	Thus, hatred arose between him and
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mayn mame kimat oyfn gantsn leben. er iz gevorn mayn mamen a soyne far gornit. er hot nit gevust, az men hot a kleyn kind muz men hobn merer... far der sine, vos iz gevorn un eyder ikh hob gehat mayn kind dem ershtn yom-kiper hot er mikh genumen tsu mayn mamen mit mayne briderlekh tsu vintsheven zey a gut yor. ikh dermon zikh, az dan bin ikh geven di gliklekhste in der velt. mir hobn nokh dan gevoynt in dem tsimer untern oyvn, ober yene tsayt iz bay unz geven di beste. ikh hob gedenkt, az di gantse tsayt vet dos zayn azoy gut. ober es iz nit vi der mentsh trakht. der mentsh trakht un got lakht...[1] der zumer hot zikh genumen farendikn un in dem pavilyon hot men shoyn geleyzt zeyer veynik. mayn man hot opgeshport etlekhe rubl, vos er hot gehat fun podryat mit zayn bruder, un er hot oysgerekhnt, az er vet forn keyn London un vet zikh in London oyslernen an arbet, un nakhher abisl shpeter, mikh mitn kind aroysnemen keyn London... un oyb es vet zayn gut un er vet opshporn abisl gelt, veln mir opforn keyn Amerike. ober es iz nit geven vi er hot oysgerekhnt. er hot in London nit gehat vos tsu ton, un keyn balmlokhe iz er nit geven fun der heym. mir hot er ibergelozt dem pavilyon. mayn mame flegt akhtung gebn oyfn kind, un az di mame hot gedarft geyn makhn esn far di brider un firn di shtub, iz gekumen mayn kleyn shvester! tsu zayn mitn kind...	my mother, almost throughout her life. He became my mother's enemy for no reason. He didn't know that with a small child you needed more money... Before this dispute had developed, on the first Yom Kippur with him before I had my child, he had taken me to my mother and brothers to wish them a good year. I remember being the happiest in the world at that time. We were still living in his room behind the stove, but those times were the best for us. I thought then that it would always be that good. But things don't turn out the way man thinks. Man proposes, God disposes...[1] The summer was coming to an end, and we took in very little at the pavilion. My husband had saved up quite a few rubles from the income of the "podryat" with his brother and he planned to go to London, learn a job there, and take me and our child to London a little later... And if everything worked out well and we had a little money saved up, we would go to America. But it didn't turn out the way he thought it would. He couldn't find work in London, and he didn't bring any manual skills from home either. He left the pavilion to me. My mother looked after our child, and when she had to go to make food for my brothers and do the housework, my little sister came to look after my child...
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azoy iz ongegangen a gants vinter. s'zaynen ibergeblibn khoyves fun di yungelayt vos hobn ongenasht un ikh hob ayngemont. ikh hob gehat oyf a gantsn vinter tsu leben un abisl oyf zumer...ikh hob bakumen fun mayn man a briv, az er denkt tsu kumen tsurik aheym. er benkt nokh mir mit'n kind, un fardinen fardint er nit... ikh aleyn mit'n kind hobn oykh nit gehat funvanen tsu leben, un keyn dire-gelt hob ikh oykh nit gehat fun vos tsu tsoln. hot mayn mame mit mayne brider mikh arayngenumen tsu zey. es iz geven abisl eng, ober vos hobn zey gekent ton mit mir un mit nokh a kleyn kind... zey hobn gevoynt in an ibershtibl fun tsvey tsimern... ikh ken gornit oysshraybn, vi ikh hob gebenkt nokh mayn man. er hot mir geshribn, az er plogt zikh zeyer un veyst nit vos tsu ton.	Thus passed a whole winter. Young people left debts to us after taking snacks with us, and I reminded them. I had enough income for the winter and the beginning of summer...I got a letter from my husband that he was thinking of coming home. He was longing for me and the child and had not earned any income... I myself with my child also had nothing left for living, and not even money for the apartment rent. Therefore, my mother and my brothers took me in. It was a bit cramped, but what else could they do with me and a small child...They lived in an attic apartment with two rooms... I cannot describe the longing I had for my husband. He wrote to me that he was struggling a lot and didn't know what to do.
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[1] literally: "der mentsh trakht un got lakht", "man plans and God laughs".

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er vil kumen aheym, ober er hot nit oyf keyn shifskarte. ikh bin gegangen tsu zayn bruder Moyshe Mendl, er zol im shikn oyf hoytsoes. ober er hot fun dem nit gevolt visn. er hot mir geentfert, az Avrom Itskhok hot im nit gefregt tsi er zol forn keyn London, un er vil nit visn fun im. er iz geven a reykher man, ober nit keyn getrayer bruder, un er hot mir oykh gezogt, az derfar iz er oyf zayn bruders khasene nit gegangen, vayl er hot take gedenkt, az er vet nit kenen makhn keyn leben un ikh vel kumen tsu im nokh gelt. dos iz geven der sof. ikh hob im gezogt a gutn tog un ikh bin avek...	He wanted to come home, but had no money for a ship ticket. So I went to his brother, Moyshe Mendl, and asked him to send him the money as an advance. But the latter did not want to know anything about it. He answered me that Avrom Itskhok had not asked him whether he should go to London, and now he did not want to know anything about him. He was a rich man, but no faithful brother. He also told me that this was the reason he did not go to his brother's wedding, because he had already guessed that he would not provide a living and that I would eventually come to him for money. This was the end. I wished him a good day and off I went.
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ven ikh bin gekumen aheym un dos dertseylt mayne brider, hobn zey bald oyf morgn aroysgeshikt fuftsik rubl. er hot nor gebetn fertsik rubl, ober mayne briderlekh hobn gezogt, az men darf im shikn a tsen rubl mer, er zol nit zhaleven a por rubl un hobn oyfn veg genug.

51.

mayne tsvey briderlekh, Note un Alter, zaynen nok geven gants yung. der elterer bruder, Ishye iz shoyne geven farheytrat. er hot khasene gehat bald vi mayn meydele Mushe iz geboynt gevorn un ikh hob nit gekent forn tsu zayn khasene. mayn kind iz nokh alt geven a tsvey khadoyshim. zayn khasene iz geven in Krinik. es iz geven a zeks meyl fun Bialystok. mayn man Avrom Itskhok iz yo geforn oyf zayn khasene...

mayne yungere briderlekh hobn gedarft arbetn un farzorgn der mamen mit mayn shvesterl Sheyne Gitl, un nokh mikh mitn kind, un zey zaynen geven azoy gut un zey zaynen nokh gegangen un gelien gelt tsu shikn mayn man., az er zol kumen aheym...ikh gedenk, ven er iz gekumen aheym, hob ikh gebetn mayn bruder Altern, az er zol betn avu er arbet, men zol mir gebn tsu shern di etlekhe ketn, vos zey hobn dortn. vayl a shererke, az zi zol hobn arbet genug, darf men hobn a groyse fabrik un avu mayn bruder Alter hot gearbet iz geven a kleyn fabrikl.

er hot take gekrogn far mir di por ketn tsu shern, ober es iz nit geven genug oyf khayune....a sakh gute fraynt hobn gezukht far mir arbet, vayl men hot gevust, az ikh bin a gute shererke...

When I got home and told my brothers, they immediately sent 50 rubles to him the next day. He had only asked for forty rubles, but my brothers thought that they should send him ten rubles more so that he would not have to skimp because of a few rubles and would have enough for the trip.

51.

My two brothers, Note and Alter, were still very young. The older brother, Ishye, was already married. He had married soon after my little daughter, Mushe, was born, and I could not go to his wedding. My child was only two months old. His wedding took place in Krynki, which was six miles from Bialystok. However, my husband, Avrom Itskhok, did go to this wedding...

My younger brothers had to go to work and take care of my mother with my sister, Sheyne Gitl, and me and my child. And they were so kind-hearted and also went to borrow money to send to my husband to come home...I remember when he came home, I asked my brother, Alter, to ask for a job at his workplace, if maybe I could prepare the warp yarn tapes there. However, to be assigned enough work as a warper, you have to work in a large factory, and my brother Alter worked in a small factory.

He actually got a small job for me as a warper, but it wasn't enough for living expenses...Many good friends were looking for jobs for me because they knew I was a good warper...



Krynki, photo courtesy of Dr. Tomek Wisniewski



Krynki, photo courtesy of Dr. Tomek Wisniewski

men hot mir ongehoyn tsu rufn in a drey kleyne fabriklekh un mir gegeben arbet. mayn mame mit mayne briderlekh un mayn kleyn shvesterl hobn gedungen a voynung in anander gesl nit vayt un zey hobn unz avekgegebn zeyer shtibl. es iz geven a sheyn shtibl. di fentster zaynen geven tsu der gas tsu. es iz geven zeyer a sheyne gas... ikh hob zikh shoyn ayngearbet in shtibl. mir hobn gehat tsu tsvey betlekh, vos mir hobn gekoyft, ven ikh hob zikh arayngetsoygn in Yureftser Gas, un zey zaynen geshtanen bay mayn mamen...un az mayn mame mit di kinder hobn zikh arayngetsoygn in der anderer dire, iz geblibn dos bisl betl un mir hobn zikh banugnt mit vos mir hobn gehat... ikh gedenk vi tsufridn men iz geven, ven mayn man iz gekumen fun London un hot mikh gefunen bay mayn mamen un briderlekh, un <i>Mushele</i>, vos iz geven a nomen nokh zayn muter, oleyo hasholem, iz geven azoy sheyn, vi di zun, un ikh hob shoyn gehoft, az mit der tsayt vel ikh krign mer arbet, un er vet oykh krign abisl arbet un mir veln shoyn oyskumen... 52. eyn shabes nokh mitog hot mayn man mikh arayngerufn oyf a shpatsir. „unter der turme“ iz geven a breyter veg oyf velkhn men iz geforn keyn Vashilikove. un hert vos er hot gezogt tsu mir. er hot gezogt tsu mir, az er vet nit kenen makhn keyn leben vi es zet oys. vil er, az ikh zol epes ton, az ikh zol keyn kinder nit hobn... zog ikh tsu im, az aza leben vil ikh nit. ikh vel keynmol nit ton es zol krank makhn mayn kerper, un ikh vil hobn kinder. un oyb er, mayn man, vil nit hobn keyn kinder, konen mir zikh getn...zogt er: „zest	They began to call me to three small factories where they assigned me work. My mother, brothers and little sister rented an apartment in another street nearby, and gave us their previous apartment. It was a nice apartment, the windows faced the street, and the street was very nice. I had already settled in at home. We had two beds, which we had bought when I moved to Jurowiecka Street, and which in the meantime stood at my mother's... Now, when my mother moved with the children to the other apartment, the beds remained and we made do with what we had. I remember how happy we were when my husband came back from London. He found me with my mother and brothers. <i>Mushele</i>, who had been named after his mother, may she rest in peace, was as beautiful as the sun. I hoped that with time I would get more work, he would also find a job and we would already get along... 52. One Shabbat afternoon my husband invited me for a walk. We went in "Unter der Turme" ["Behind the Prison"], a wide path on which one went to Vashilikove [Vashlikov]. Now listen to what he told me: He said that as it looked, he would not be able to make a living. Therefore, he wanted me to do something to stop having children... I answered him that I did not want such a life. I would never do anything that would make my body sick, and I wanted to have children.
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dokh, az ikh ken keyn leben nit makhn. vos vet zayn? di kinder veln zikh plogn“... hob ikh im geentfert, az dos veln mir shoyn zen shpeter. ikh hob lib kinder un vil hobn kinder. un ikh hob take oysgefirt!... es hot lang nit genumen un ikh bin trogedik gevorn mitn tsveytn kind...es iz geboyrn gevorn in a heybele. freytog-tsunakht in yor 1898... ikh hob a gantsn tog Freytog gearbet in fabrik, geshoyrn di ketn un farnakht gekumen aheym un nokh gebentsht likht un zikh tsugegreyt tsu esn vetshere. mayn mame hot gekokht far der gantser familye	If he, my husband, did not want to have children, we could divorce... In response, he said: "You can see that I can't make a living. What will be then? The children will only toil"... I answered him that we will see later. I would like to have children and I wanted to have children. And I really carried this out! It was not long before I became pregnant again...My second child was born with a caul, on a Friday night, in 1898... I had worked all Friday at the factory, had been preparing the warp yarn tapes, and when I came home in the evening, I said the Blessing of the Light and prepared for dinner. My mother had cooked for the whole family.
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un zi hot opgekokht lokshn mit beblekh, un ikh hob zikh gut ongegesn mit lokshn un beblekh. es zaynen geven nokh andere zakhn tsu esn. es zaynen avek a tsvey sho un ikh hob shoyn gerufn mayn mamen un m'hot shoyn gerufn der boben. (di idene vos hot opgenumen kinder fun di vayber, hot men gerufn „bobe“...). un ven di bobe iz gekumen iz shoyn dos kind geven geboyrn, un men hot nor gevart oyf der boben, zi zol opshnaydn dem nopl... ale hobn zikh gefrayt, vos a gantsn tog hob ikh shver gearbet, un baynakht tsen azeyger, bin ikh shoyn geven ibergekumen dos hobn un zikh gefilt gants gut. keyn besere simkhe hot men nit gedarft hobn... men tor dokh nit ontsindn keyn fayer um shabes, hot mayn bruder Alter genumen dos pitsl kind tsum sheyn fun fentster, un az er hot derzen dos	She had cooked noodles with beans and I ate my fill; there were also other dishes. After two hours had passed, I called my mother to send for the "bobe" [grandma], (the Jewish woman who "took" the children from their mothers was called the "bobe" ...). When the "bobe" arrived, the child was already born and they were just waiting for her to cut the umbilical cord... Everyone was happy that I had been working hard all day, had already given birth at ten o'clock in the evening and was feeling quite well. There was no better cause for joy... You're not supposed to light a fire on Shabbat. So my brother, Alter, took the tiny child to the window, through which there was a glow of
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oyfele vi es sheynt, hot er geshrien, az es iz dokh a malokhl, dos sheynt dokh vi di zun un di levone. un er hot take dos gehaltn antkegn der sheyn fun der levone un fentster...ir kent zikh farshteln, vi a froy filt, ven zi hot geboyren norvos a kind, un zi heybt oyf dem kop un zet vi ir bruder halt dos oyfele oyf zayne hent, a gegevilkts, un shpilt zikh mit dem antkegn der levone... un maynt ir az er hot gehat a toes? neyn. dos meydele iz geven a sheynhayt...un a nomen hot men ir gegeben <i>Libe</i>, nokh mayn tatn olov hasholem. mayn tatn, vi ir veyst shoyen, hot men gerufn Leybe... un mayn Libele iz gevaksn a sheynhayt un a gerotene, un hot zikh gelernt zeyer gut, un zi iz take a doktorshe, un ikh hob fil nakhes fun ir gehat, un zi iz zeyer gut tsu mir. zi git mir a sakh tsum leben, un az ikh bin in a noyt, git zi mir gelt fil. zi farshteyt, vos mir felt, un ikh hob nit keyn kharote, vos ikh hob gevolt hobn kinder... ikh bin avek tsu vayt, ikh hob dos nokh nit gedarft shraybn...ikh gey oyf tsurik, ven mayn man iz gekumen fun London un er hot nit gehat vos tsu ton. ikh bin shoyen geven meuberes, un ikh hob gehat a tsvey tsi drey fabriklekh....un az men hot gedarft di ketes in ale drey fabrikn in eyn tog, vos-zhe hob ikh geton? ikh hob geshoyrn a kete in eyn fabrik, un shpeter in der tsveyter	light. And when he saw how the little baby shone, he shouted that it was a little angel, because it shone like the sun and the moon. And he was really holding the child against the glow of the moon at the window...You can imagine how a woman feels who has just delivered a child, lifting her head and seeing her brother holding the little swaddled creature in his arms and playing with him in the glow of the moon... Do you think he was mistaken? No. The girl was a beauty! We called her Libe, after my father, may he rest in peace. As you know, my father's name was Leybe... And my Libele grew into a beauty and was so well turned out...She learned very well and is actually a physician, and I have much joy with her, and she is very good to me. She supports me a lot in life and when I am in need, she gives me a lot of money. She understands what I lack and I never regretted that I wanted to have children... But now I'm too far ahead. I shouldn't have written this yet...I'm going back now to when my husband came back from London and didn't have a job. I was pregnant and working in two or three factories...And since in all three factories the warp yarn tapes had to be prepared, guess what I did? I first prepared the warp yarn tapes in one factory, later in the second
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fabrik, un baynakht biz tself azeyger- in der driter fabrik, un avu ikh hob gearbet baynakht, flegt der veber mit mir zitsn un mikh avekfin aheym. un ikh bin shoyn geven in di groyse khadoyshim...

ikh hob fargesn rsu shraybn, az ven ikh hob geboyrn Libele, iz mayn man nit geven inderheym. er iz geven in anander shtot; oykh fargesn tsu shraybn, az ven ikh hob geboyrn Libelen Freytog baynakht, hot bloyz gebrent in hoyz a kleyn kerosin lempl, un s'iz geven fintsterlekh un derfar hot dos mayn bruder genumen tsum fentster tsuder levone...

mit mayn ersht kind, mit mayn Mushelen, iz mir geven zeyer shver dos hobn...ikh bin gegangen a gantsn tog tsu-kind, un men hot mir gehangen oyf a shtrik tsu der stelye. es iz geven a doktor oykh, un men hot gerufn mayn man er zol zayn derbay. dos iz geven far a sgule.

53.

ikh hob gehat a shvester-kind, mayn tatn's a bruder's a zun. dem feter hot men gerufn *Motl Shmuel*, un dem shvester-kind hot men gerufn *Leyzer Meyer*. der Leyzer Meyer iz shoyn geven a khasene-gehater, un oykh shoyn a gegeter. er iz geshtanen bay zayner a reykhher shvester oyf Novilipe Gas. er hot nit gehat vuhin arayntsugeyn un oysreydn zayn tsebrokhn harts, flegt er kumen tsu mir, ven er hot nor gehat tsayt. un az er hot gezen vi ikh plog zikh mit tsvey pitslekh kinderlekh un nokh azoyne sheyne (ikh trayb nit iber, di tsvey meydelekh zaynen geven zelt'n sheyne), zagt mayn kuzin tsu mir:

„her, Rokhl-Ana, ikh vel dir ton a toyve. azoy vi ikh for keyn Amerike, vel ikh ibergebn dayn man mayn shtele“. men hot gedarft zayn a gelernter mentsh, un mayn man iz take geven a gelernter man. di shtele iz geven bay Zinger-mashinen an agent. er hot gedarft zukhn kundn tsu farkoyfn di ney-mashinen. er flegt arumform tsu zukhn kundn, dos

factory, and in the evening until twelve o'clock in the third factory. And there, where I worked at night, the weaver used to sit with me and walk me home because that was when I was already heavily pregnant...

I forgot to write that when I gave birth to Libele, my husband was not at home. He was in a different city. Also, I forgot to write that when I gave birth to Libele on a Friday night, there was only a small kerosene lamp burning. It was dark, and therefore my brother took the newborn to the window, in the glow of the moon...

With my first child, Mushele, I had a very difficult birth. I was in labor all day, and they hung me from a rope on the ceiling. A doctor was present, and my husband was called to be present at the birth, because it was considered a charm.

53.

I had a cousin, he was the son of my father's brother. My uncle was called *Motl Shmuel*, and my cousin was called *Leyzer Meyer*. Leyzer Meyer was already married, but also already divorced. He stayed with his rich sister on Nowolipie [Lipowa Street]. He had no place to go in and to pour out his broken heart to anyone. So he came to me when he had time. And when he saw me struggling with the two tiny children who were so beautiful (I am not exaggerating, the two girls were rare beauties), my cousin said to me:

"Listen, Rachel-Anna, I will do you a toyve [favor]. When I go to America, I will give my job to your husband!" You had to be an educated man to do that, and my husband really was an educated man. It was a job as a sales representative for the Singer sewing machine company. He had to find customers who wanted to buy the sewing

maynt kostimers. un derfar iz mayn man nit geven inderheym, ven ikh hob gehat Libelen. ven er iz gekumen hot er zikh zeyer gefrayt, vos dos kind iz aza sheyns un oykh a gezunts, un vos ikh hob gehat a gring hobn... mayn man hot farrufn zayn farvalter (dos maynt a menedzher)	machines. He used to drive around looking for customers. And this was the reason that my husband was not at home when I gave birth to Libele. When he came back, he was very happy that the child was so beautiful and healthy and my birth so easy. My husband invited his "farvalter", (that is, his manager)
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oyf kibed, ven er vet zayn in unzer gegnt...un az der farvalter hot gedarft kumen un keyner iz nit geven inderheym, ver es zol oyframen di shtub, bin ikh arop fun bet un hob opgevashn di podloge un bin take krank gevorn. tsvey un tsvantsik vokhn bin ikh geven krank. mayn man iz mit mir gegangen tsvey mol a vokh tsu a gutn doktor biz ikh bin gezunt gevorn... eyder ikh hob gehat Libelen, hob ikh oysgelernt mayn kleyn shvesterl shern ketn...mayn shvesterl iz nokh geven azoy yung, mer nit vi bay tsvelf yor alt, un hot gearbet azoy fleysik. zi hot opgeshoyn ale ketn un men hot zikh geteylt mit di fardinstn. ober ikh hob dokh gedarft, az emitser zol akhtung geben oyf di kinder, hob ikh gemuzt emitsn krign. keyn regulere meydyl hob ikh nit gekent haltn, hob ikh gedungen an alte goye, hot zi mir farlozn bay di kinder di kep. ikh ken nit dertseyln, vi shlekht mir iz gevorn, mayn mame iz shoyn in Bialystok nit geven. zi hot nit gekent fartrogn dem veter in shtot. zi iz alemol geven krank, hobn di doktoyrim gezogt, az zi muz forn tsurik in	to eat with us when he would be in our area...And when the manager actually came and no one was home to clean up the apartment, I got up from the crib, mopped the floor and got sick. Twenty-two weeks I was sick. Twice a week, my husband took me to a good doctor, until I got well again... Before I got Libele, I taught my little sister the craft of warping...my sister was so young, no older than twelve, but she was already working very diligently. She prepared all the warp yarn tapes and we shared the work and the earnings. But, I had to have someone to take care of the children, so I had to look for someone. I could not pay for a normal nanny. So I hired an old gentile, however, she neglected my children! [1] I can't tell you how sick I felt. My mother was no longer in Bialystok, she could not stand the weather there in the city and was sick all the time. As a result, the doctors told her to go back to the colony. My
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der kolonye. di briderlekh hobn gegeben gelt mayn mamen un zi hot gekoyft a ku. dos shtikl feld vos zi hot gehat iz geven genug tsu leben far ir aleyn... Alter un Note mit mayn kleyn shvesterl hobn gedungen eyn tsimer un dos shvesterl hot far zey gekokht... ven mayn bruder Alter iz alt gevorn eyn un tsvantsik yor un hot gedarft zikh shteln tsum priziv, un er hot nit gevolt geyn dinen fonyen, hot er zikh gemakht a feler. ober es hot nit geholfn. un men hot im tsugenumen far a soldat. iz er antlofn fun der dinst keyn Amerike. es iz geven a nes fun got vos men hot im nit gekhapt. er iz ober geblibn a kranker oyf zayn gants leben... 54. un itster gey ikh tsurik tsu mir un mayne tsores...mayn mame iz shoyne geven in der kolonye un zi iz geven gezinter un zi hot gevoynt in ir eygener shtub. di shtub hot zi dokh nit farkoyft. zi iz geven fardungen tsu unzern a bakantn. men hot im gerufn <i>Meyer</i>	brothers gave her money so that she could buy a cow. And the piece of field she still owned was enough for her to make a living. Alter, Note and my little sister rented a room and my sister cooked for them... When my brother Alter turned twenty-one and had to report for military service, but did not want to serve for "fonye" [the Tsar], he inflicted damage on himself. However, it did not help, he was enlisted as a soldier. He escaped from military service and went to America, and it was a miracle of God that he was not caught. However, he remained sick all his life... 54. And now I come back to myself and my problems...My mother was already back in the colony, getting healthier and living in her own house, which she had not sold at that time. She had rented it to our acquaintance, whose name was <i>Meyer</i>
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[1] "hot zi mir farlozn bay di kindern di kep": It is likely that she neglected especially the hygiene of the head and hair area of the kids

<i>Leyzer's</i>. zayn tatn hot men gerufn <i>Leyzer der Royter</i>. zayn vayb hot men gerufn <i>Leye Meyer's</i>...az mayn mame iz gekumen in der kolonye un nit gekent krign keyn dire, hot Meyer <i>Leyzer's</i> ir opgegebn di kamer...der mamen iz nokh geven beser. zi hot nit gedarft zayn aleyn in shtub, zi hot gevoynt mit mentshn.	<i>Leyzer's</i>. His father's name was <i>Leyzer the Red</i>, and his [son's] wife was <i>Leye Meyer's</i>... When my mother came to the colony and couldn't get an apartment, Meyer <i>Leyzer's</i> provided her with a chamber... That was even better for Mom, because she didn't have to be alone in the house, but lived with other people.
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eynmol iz zi gekumen keyn Bialystok tsu gast. zi hot zikh gedarft gezegeben mit Notenen. er hot shoy'n oykh zikh gegreyt tsu forn keyn Amerike...zi iz, farshteyt zikh, gekumen tsu mir in hoyz. es iz nor geven oyf a kleyner tsayt biz mayn bruder Notke vet avekfor'n. gedenk ikh, vi mayn man hot gemakht aza groyse krig. er hot zikh genu'men krign un traybn mayn mamen mit mayn shvesterl... vos hob ikh tsu im gezogt? ikh hob im gezogt, oyb du vest epes ton tsu mayn mamen mit mayn shvesterl, vel ikh nehmen a heysn top mit vaser un dikh opbrien... nu, shtelt zikh for, er hot shoy'n fardint a por rubl un ikh zog im, az ikh vel im opbrien mit a top vaser. hot er ongehoyn tsu shrayen, un oyf di geshrayen iz ongeku'men mayn bruder Notke un er hot im genu'men farn hant un im gezogt: „ikh ken aykh tsetreyslen vi a shtroy.“ er hot zikh farshe'mt, un er iz avek... er iz tsvey vokhn nit gekumen aheym...bin ikh avek in kontor (ofis) fun der Zinger-mashin un hob zey dortn dertseylt, az s'iz shoy'n tsvey vokhn, vos mayn man iz nito in der heym. hobn zey mir gezogt, az zey hobn im geshikt in anander shtetl ontsunemen bashtelungen far di Zinger-mashin... dortn in kontor zaynen zey geven zeyer frayndlekh tsu mir un zey hobn mikh gefregt tsi ikh darf gelt. hob ikh zey gezogt, az keyn gelt darf ikh nit, nor ikh veys nit vos tsu klern, vos mayn man iz nit gekumen shoy'n tsvey vokhn. hobn zey mir gezogt, az vi er vet nor kumen in kontor, azoy vet men im shikn aheym...zey hobn farshtanen, az mir hobn zikh tsekri'gt... ven er iz gekumen in kantor, hobn zey tsu im gezogt, az men hot derkent nokh mayn ponim., az ikh bin geven fardayget; hot epes pasirt	Once she came to visit us in Bialystok. She had to say goodbye to Note, who was also preparing to leave for America...She came to my house, of course. It was only a short period of time until my brother Notke would leave. I still remember the quarrel that my husband used to raise with my mother. Always arguing and chasing after my mother and my little sister... What do you think I said to him? I told him, "if you are going to hurt my mother and my sister, I will take a pot of hot water and scald you"... Well, imagine that, he already earned a few rubles and I say to him that I will scald him with a pot of water. He started shouting, and at his shouting my brother Notke came running, grabbed him by the hand and said, "I can shake you like straw!" He [my husband] was ashamed and went away... For two weeks he did not come home...I went to the "kantor" (office) of "Singer sewing machines" and told them that my husband had not come home for two weeks already. They replied that they had sent him to another city to take orders for Singer sewing machines. At the office, the people were very kind to me and asked me if I needed money. But I said that I didn't need money and I just didn't know what to make of the fact that my husband hadn't come home for two weeks. They told me that they would send him home as soon as he came to the office. They understood that we had been arguing... When he came into the office, they told him that they could tell from my face how worried I had been. They asked if something had
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tsvishn unz? iz er shoyn gegangen aheym, eyder nokh er hot zey opgegebn a rekhenung fun di bashtelungen, vos er hot gemakht oyfn veg...az er iz gekumen aheym, hot er zikh nit visndik gemakht. er hot keynem fun mayn familye nit gefunen in der heym. mayn mame iz shoyn gehat avekgeforntsurik in der kolonye. mayn bruder Notke	happened between us? Well, he ran home quickly, even before he had handed in the list of orders he had made on the way...When he got home, he acted as if nothing was wrong. No one from my family was at home anymore; my mother had already gone back to the colony. My brother Notke
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iz avekgefornt in Amerike. mayn shvesterl Sheyne Gitl hot gekrign zeyer a sheynem tsimer bay a muter mit drey meydlekh. di meydlekh zaynen oykh geven sherekes, un zeyer muter hot geshulevet. zi flegt opkokhn esn far ire kinder, hot zi shoyn oykh opgekokht far mayn shvesterl... mayn shvesterl hot gevoynt bay zey, biz zi iz opgefornt keyn Amerike... itster gey ikh vayter tsu mir mit mayn man. es iz gevorn aza bitere leben, vos ikh kon gornit oysshaybn... vos men hot gevolt fargesn di krigerayen vos men hot gemakht, hot zikh yedes mol opgefrisht oyf dos nay...ikh hob gehat azoy fil fardrus oyf im, vos er iz geven azoy shlekht tsu mayn mamen mit mayn shvesterl... ikh fleg onzeygn mayn kleyn meydele un dernokh dem trogn mayn shvester tsu der fabrik esn mitog. farnakht hob ikh far ir getrogn vetshere... freytog hob ikh ir geshikt a shabesdikn moltsayt, ikh hob gezen, az mayn shvesterl zol zikh nit filn elnt...zi hot nit gevolt kumen tsu mir, hob ikh getrogn mayne kinder tsu ir ale shabes...	had left for America. My sister Sheyne Gitl had gotten a very nice room in the home of a mother with three daughters. The girls were also warpers that their mother had trained. She usually cooked food for her children and now she was cooking for my sister as well... My sister lived with them until she went to America... Now I'm coming back to me and my husband. Life became so bitter that I can't describe it... Just when we both wanted to forget our quarrels, they freshened up each time...I harbored so much resentment toward him for being so bad to my mother and sister... I used to nurse my little daughter and then go to my sister's factory to bring her lunch. In the evening I brought [my sister] dinner... Friday I let her have a [festive] Shabbat meal; I made sure that my sister did not feel miserable. Since she didn't want to come to me, I carried my children to her every Shabbat...
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es hot zikh shoy'n ayngeshtilt abisl in shtub. ober, vi ikh hob shoy'n dertseylt, az di alte goye hot farkilt mayne kinder un mayne sheyne meydlekh hobn gekrign shkropl. di yungere flegt fun zikh opraysn di hoyt. di alte goye hot shoy'n oykh nit gevolt zayn bay mir, es iz ir geven tsu shver. zi iz avek. hob ikh gezogt tsu mayn man, er zol akhtung gebn oyf di kinder, vibald ikh muz arbetn, un er arbet nit... hot er shoy'n gehit di kinder.ober, az er flegt avekgeyn in shtot, hot er ibergelozt di kinder bay unzer'n a shokhn. er iz geven a shuster un gearbet in shtub. mir hobn gevoynt oyfn tsveytn shtok, un der shusters shtibl iz geven antkegn unz. mayn man iz gevorn gute fraynt mit dem shuster un mit zayn vayb. der shuster hot dokh ober gedarft arbetn, un er hot dokh nit gekent zikh opgebn mit unzere kinder, un zayn vayb oykh nit. az ikh hob gefunen mayne kinder in aza tsushtand, hob ikh geveynt, ven ikh bin gekumen aheym. er hot gehat faribl oyf mir. hobn mir zikh shoy'n iberanayes gekrigt, un mayn man iz vayter farshvundn gevorn... mir hobn gevoynt bay a baleboste. zi iz geven fun a shtetl Yaneve, un fun Yaneve hot men ir tsugeshikt a meyd, a yunge, a yesoyme. zi iz alt geven 13 yor. un az di baleboste hot gezen	It was already becoming a bit more relaxed at home. However, I told you that the old gentile [neglected] my children, so they got cold, and my beautiful girls developed scrofula. The younger daughter tore off her skin. The old gentile also didn't want to be with me anymore, it was too hard for her. She left me. I therefore said to my husband that he must take care of the children while I am at work, because after all he does not work. So he looked after the children, but when he went away to town, he left the children with our neighbor. He was a cobbler and worked at home. We lived on the second floor, and the cobbler was directly across. My husband became good friends with the cobbler and his wife, but the cobbler had to work. He couldn't spend time with our children, and neither could his wife. When I came home and found my children in a bad condition, I cried. He [my husband] resented me for this. There was another quarrel between us, and my husband disappeared again... We stayed with a landlady. She came from the shtetl Yaneve [Janow Podlaski], from where they sent her a young girl, an orphan. She was 13 years old. My landlady saw
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vi ikh dayge zikh azoy, un az ikh darf geyn tsu der arbet un hob nit oyf vemen tsu lozn di kinder, un ikh ken nokh farlirn mayn fabrik un men vet nit hobn fun vanen tsu leben, hot zi opgegebn dos meyd, tsu mir. <i>Kroyne</i> hot men zi gerufn...di balebost hot oykh gebrakht mayn man. zi	the problems I was facing: I had to go to work, but I had no one to leave the children with, and so I was in danger of losing my job at the factory and with it my whole livelihood. She let the girl work with me, her name was <i>Kroyne</i>...My landlady also brought back my husband.
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hot im gezen ergets oyf a gas, hot zi im gebetn er zol kumen aheym
zikh durkhreydn mit mir. er iz take bald gekumen...

55.

dos meydl fun Yaneve iz nokh geven a kind, zi hot genyantshet mayne
kinder zeyer gut. zi hot nokh opgekokht far unz oykh. di kinder zaynen
geven ful mit shkrofl un zi hot zey gedarft hitn...zi hot gehat a shvere
shtele un zi iz lang bay unz nit geven...

di baleboste hot zikh geklibn keyn Amerike. ir man iz geven dortn, vu
men hot gegrobn gold. dos iz geven arum San Frantsisko,. ir man iz
gehat gekumen tsurik keyn Bialystok bloyz oyf a por khadoyshim un
gekoyft a por heyzer un zikh tsurik avekgeforn keyn Amerike. in eyne
fun di heyzer hob ikh gevoynt. itster, az zayn vayb iz oykh geforn keyn
Amerike, hot zi farkoyft di heyzer. in Amerike hot zi zikh dervust, az
mayn kuzin Yisroel Khayim iz ir shvesters man...

ven Kroyne iz avek fun mir hob ikh geveynt u geklogt. vos zol ikh ton
itster? ikh darf geyn arbetn. mayn man hot nit shtendik gekent blaybn
mit di kinder. er hot dokh oykh gedarft geyn tsu zayn arbet tsu farkoyfn
Zinger-mashinen. hot men vayter gedarft nehmen tsurik di alte goye. zi
iz alt geven bay a 75 yor. men hot nokh gedarft akhtung gebn oyf ir.
aza alte...keyn gute dinst-meydl hot men nit gekont zikh derloybn. hob
ikh avekgegebn mayn shvester tsvey kleyne fabriklekh un hob
genumen eyns. hob ikh zikh shoynt gekent opgebn mit di kinder abisl
merer...

di kinder zaynen shoynt gevorn greser, ober keyn sholem-bais iz shoynt
bay unz nit geven. es iz shoynt geven azoy vi es tserayst zikh epes un az
men farlatet hot dos shoynt nit keyn tam. unzer leben iz oykh geven
tserisn, un vi men hot dos nit farrikht iz dos alts geven tserisn. un vi ikh

She had seen him somewhere on the street and asked him to come
home and have a talk with me. In fact, he came right away...

55.

The girl from Yaneve was still a child, but she nursed my children very
well. She even cooked for us. The children were violently afflicted with
scrofula and she had to take care of them...she had a hard job and she
didn't stay with us for long...

The landlady moved to America. Her husband was already there, near
San Francisco, where they were digging for gold. Anyway, her husband
had come back to Bialystok for a few months, bought a few houses
and then went back to America. I lived in one of those houses. Now,
when his wife also wanted to go to America, she sold the houses. In
America, she learned that my cousin, *Yisroel Khayim*, was her sister's
husband...

When Kroyne left me, I cried and lamented. What was I supposed to do
now? I had to go to work! My husband could not stay with the children
all the time, he had to go back to work and sell Singer sewing
machines. So we had to take the old gentile back. She was already 75
years old and you even still had to take care of her...such an old
woman, but we could not afford a good maid. So I gave my sister my
job in two small factories, and kept only one. This allowed me to take
care of the children a little more...

The children had already grown up, but there was no peace in our
house. There was already something torn between us, and all the
mending was useless. Our life was also torn apart, and since we could
not repair it, everything just fell apart. My great love for him

hob im azoy gelibt azoy iz gevorn	turned into
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biter un finstester. men hot dan keyn respekt nit gehat eyner farn tsveytn. mir zaynen ober geven farantvortlekh far di kinder...un azoy hot zikh dos getsoygn... es iz aroys a naves, az Yapan mit Rusland zaynen in der milkhome. mayn man iz nokh geven a gedinter soldat, hot er zikh dershrokn un zikh tsugegreyt forn keyn Amerike...er hot ayngemont abisl gelt, vos s'iz im gekumen fun di ayntsolungen far di Zinger-mashinen un hot gehat koym oyf hoytsoes... di balebatim zayne hobn nit gekent visn, vayl er flegt say vi say avekforn oyf a por vokhn tsu makhn bashtelungen un aynmonen gelt. er hot mir ibergelozt di bikher mit di papirn, az ven er vet shoyn zayn in Amerike, dan zol ikh zey opgebn... di balebatim hobn zikh ober dervust, az mayn man iz opgeforn keyn Amerike un zey zaynen gekumen tsu mir nokh di bikher un papirn. hob ikh zey gezogt, az zey zoln kumen in a por vokhn arum, veln zey krign di bikher mit di papirn... Fayvl mit Rivke Rokhlen hobn gevoynt oyf Novi Lipe gas un zey hobn dort gehat a groyse krom fun mener-zakhn. farvos hob ikh di papirn mit di bikher avekgetrogn tsu Fayvlen un Rivke Rokhlen? Rivke Rokhl iz geven mayne a shvester-kind fun der zelber kolonye. zi iz geven mayn	bitterness and darkness, and we no longer had any respect for each other. But since we were responsible for the children, it dragged on like that... News was making the rounds. When war broke out between Japan and Russia, my husband was still a conscript soldier. He was very much in fear and was preparing to leave for America... He asked his company for some money from his customers' deposits for the Singer sewing machines, but received barely enough money for his expenses. His superiors could not know what he was up to because he always went away for a few weeks anyway to take orders and claim money. He left me his accounts and the papers. But I was not to hand them in until he was already in America. However, his superiors learned that my husband had gone to America and came to me to demand the accounts and papers. I told them to come a few weeks later and they would get the accounts and papers... <i>Fayvl and Rivke Rokhel</i> lived on Nowolipie [Lipowa Street] where they had a large men's goods store. Why do you think I carried the papers and accounts to Fayvl and Rivke Rokhl? Rivke Rokhl was my
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feter Motl Shmuel's a tokhter. derfar hob ikh zey getroyt di papirn mit di bikher... ven mayn man iz avekgeform keyn Amerike iz mayn elter meydlt alt geven finf un a halb yor un di yungere-drey yor...ikh bin geblibn eyne aleyn mit di kleyne kinder. ale fun mayn familye zaynen shoyn geven in Amerike. nor mayn mame iz nokh geven in Rusland. zi iz geven in Krinik. zi iz geven farheytrat tsum tsveytn man, bin ikh geven aleyn mit mayne tsvey kinder un zey zaynen geven krank oykh un funvanen tsum leben hob ikh nit gehat... dos harts hot mir gezogt, az ikh vel hobn tsores mit mayn man. azoy iz take geven. ven er iz gekumen keyn Amerike hot er geshribn a briv un gemasert oyf mayne brider un oykh oyf mayn shvester. mayn shvester iz dokh geven in kas oyf im. ikh hob dan geshribn, vi shlekht er iz geven tsu mayn shvester un tsu mayn mamen. un derfar hot mayn shvester nit gevolt im opnemen ven er iz ongekumen mit der shif... mayn bruder Ishye Velvel hot	cousin from the same colony. She was the daughter of my uncle <i>Motl Shmuel</i>. Therefore, I trusted them with the papers and the accounts... When my husband left for America, my older daughter was 5 1/2 years old and the younger one was 3 years old. I stayed alone with the small children. All of my family were already in America, only my mother was still in Russia. She was in Krynki and had married for the second time. So I stayed alone with my two sick children and had nothing to live on... My feeling had predicted that I would have problems with my husband. And so it was. When he arrived in America he wrote a letter denouncing my brothers and sister. My sister was still angry with him at that time. I wrote to him that he himself had been very bad to my sister and my mother, which is why my sister did not pick him up when he arrived by ship..... My brother Ishye Velvel lived
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gevoynt in Hoboken, un er iz oykh geven in kas oyf mayn man, vayl er flegt im bareydn...mayn shvester Sheyne Gitl hot gevoynt in Peterson [Paterson], man bruder Notke, nokh a bokher, hot gevoynt bay Altern.	in Hoboken and was also angry with my husband for gossiping...My sister, Sheyne Gitl, lived in Paterson, and my brother Notke, who was still a young lad, lived with Alter.
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un Notke iz take geven der guter un mayn bruder Notke hot im opgenumen fun shif un hot im gebrakht tsu Altern in shtub arayn. er hot im oykh aroysgeholfn mit a por doler...

56.

mayn man hot zikh in Nyu York oysgelernt tsu makhn kinder-heyzkes un fun dem hot er nit gekent fardinen keyn sakh far mir mit di kinder.hot er zikh farlozn oyf mayn bruder Notken. ober Note hot nit gekent mikh ingantsn oyshaltn. hob ikh gemuzt zukhn krign arbet tsu shern ketn...

ober vos hob ikh gekent ton mit tsvey kleyne kinderlekh. ikh hob afile nit gekent zukhn keyn arbet. ikh hob gemuzt nehmen di kinder mit zikh. ober keyner volt mir nitgegebn keyn arbet in a fabrik mit kinder.mayn man's a guter fraynt, a veber, hot gehat epes a deye un men hot mikh gelozn opshern di por ketn...

un vos farva shverenish dos iz geven far mir tsu haltn di kinder lem mir. ven zey voltn geven ingantsn gezunt, volt mir nit geven azoy shver. iz ober geven an umglik, di kinder hobn gehat shkrofl un zey flegn tseraysn fun zikh di hoyt. ober der man, vos hot gezen men zol mir gebn arbet, iz geven zeyer a guter mentsh un er flegt abisl akhtung gebn oyf di kinder, zey zoln zikh nit opraysn di hoyt fun kop un fun ponim.

dem man hot men gerufn *Leybe der Vashelkover* [*Vashlikover?*]. er hot gevoynt in Vashelkove [*Vashlikov?*], ober gevebt hot er in Bialystok...er hot mir geton a sakh toyves. er iz geven zeyer a guter mentsh...tsu im flegt mayn man shraybn briv. az ikh hob gevolt visn, vos es tut zikh, bin ikh mir shoyngegangen un im gefregt un er hot mir shoyn ales dertseylt. ober tsu mir mit di kinder hot mayn man nit

And my brother Notke was really a good-natured person. He picked up my husband from the ship and brought him home to Alter. He also helped him out with a few dollars...

56.

My husband learned to sew children's pants in New York, however, he could not make much for me and the kids. He relied on my brother, Notke. But Notke could not fully support me either. I had to try again to get work as a warper...

But how could I do that with two small children? I couldn't even go and look for work, because I had to take the children with me. And no one would give me work in the factory if I took the children with me. A good friend of my husband, a weaver, had a little influence and gave me a little work as a warper...

But how hard it was for me to keep the kids next to me. If they had been perfectly healthy, then it certainly wouldn't have been so difficult. Unfortunately, however, they had developed scrofula and used to tear their skin off in pieces. But the man who made sure that I was given work was a very good person and took care of the children a little so that they didn't tear the skin off their heads and faces.

The man's name was *Leybe der Vashelkover* [*the Vashlikover*]. He lived in Vashelkove [*Vashlikov*] but weaved in Bialystok... He did me many favors. He was such a good person...My husband used to write to him. If I wanted to know what was new with him, I would go to him [*Leybe*] and ask him and he would tell me everything. But my husband never wrote to me except on Passover or Sukkot, when he

geshribn. amol oyf peysekh tsi oyf sukes hot er geshribn a por verter un geshikt a finf toler. mer vi finf toler hot er nit geshikt,	wrote a few words and sent five dollars. But he didn't send more than five dollars,
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un dos iz geven eyn mol in yor, tsi tsvey mol in yor. az er hot gevolt hot er gornit geshribn. azoy zaynen avek drey yor in azoyne tsores... es hot uniz getrofn a groyser umglik un mayner a bruder iz geshtorbn, plutsling geshtorbn. men hot nit gevust tsi er hot oyfgedreyt di gez, tsi di gez hot zikh farloshn, ober ven men hot im gefunen iz er shoyne geven toyt. nu, hot der umglik azoy gevirkht oyf mayn bruder Notken, az er iz gevorn azoy krank un er hot nit gekent arbetn... frier hot er mir tsugeschikt etlekhe toler, un dernokh dem hot er mir shoyne gornit gekent tsushikn keyn gelt...ikh hob zikh zeyer gematert a lange tsayt biz er iz gezunt gevorn...ikh mit di kinder hobn kimat nit gehat vos tsu esn. fleg ikh borg nun leyn, un vi ikh hob gekrign abisl arbet hob ikh batsolt... azoy iz avek a lange tsayt un ikh hob gearbet un gehoft, az er vet mir shikn fun Amerike gelt un ikh vel batsoln. ober di kremerke hot alts gevust, vos s'hot zikh getrofn in unzer famile un zi hot zikh shoyne ongehoybn tsu kvenklen. ven ikh bin arayn nemen on gelt, hot zi gezogt, az s'iz shoyne tsufil- „ikh ken nit oysleydikn mayn kreml.“ hob ikh ir gebetn, az zi zol hobn geduld, vi es vet mir nokh kumen fun Amerike a por rubl, vel ikh ir bald batsoln.	and this only once or twice a year. When he didn't feel like it, he didn't write at all. So three anxious years passed... A great misfortune struck us at that time, and my brother died quite suddenly. It was not known whether he himself had turned on the gas, or whether the flame had gone out (and the gas continued to flow out]. Anyway, when they found him, he was already dead. Well, the misfortune affected my brother Notke in such a way that he became very ill and could no longer work... Before that, he had sent me quite a few money, and after that, no more money could be sent to me at all...For a long time, I was in great pain until he got well again...I had almost nothing at all to eat for myself and my children, and had to borrow or lend everything, and when I got a little work, I paid it back... A long time passed like that. I worked and hoped that he would send me something from America and I could pay my debts. But the grocer already knew what had happened in our family and began to dither. When I took some goods again and had no money, she said that it was too much, I couldn't clean out her store. I asked her to be patient, because I would get a few rubles from America and I would pay her back immediately.
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un vegn kurirn di shkrofl bay mayne meydlekh, hob ikh gedarft geyn in shpital. keyn doktor far gelt hob ikh zikh nit gekent derloybn. in shpital hob ikh gehat bakante doktoyrim, hobn zey geton dos beste far mir mit di kinder. zey flegn mir unterschraybn, az ikh zol krign umzist meditsin un oliv eyl tsum shkrofl far di kinder. un in shtub iz geven azoy kalt un ikh hob nit gehat far vos tsu koyfn a vegele holts. dos hob ikh gemuzt krign fun tsdoke (in Amerike maynt es tshariti)... iz veyst ir shoyrn, vos ikh hob zikh ongelitn di drey yor, vos mayn man iz geven in Amerike...fun tsayt tsu tsayt fleg ikh tsu im shraybn un oysshraybn mayne maternishn, ober er hot zikh gemakht nit visndik... 57. un es hot zikh gemakht far mir a glik.nit vayt fun Bialystok iz do a shtetl Vashilkove [Vashlikov], tsvey meyl fun Bialystok. un fun Vashilkove zaynen tsu mir gekumen drey meydlekh far a tsimer tsu dingen, ober	Because of my daughters' scrofula disease, I had to go to the hospital. I could not afford a doctor whom I would have had to pay. There were doctors working in the hospital who were acquaintances of mine. They did their best for me and my children. They wrote prescriptions for me to get free medicine and olive oil in view of my children's scrofula disease. At home it was bitterly cold and I had no money to buy a cart of wood. I had to get it from the "tsdoke" (in America we say charity)... Now you know how I suffered for the three years when my husband was in America...every now and then I wrote to him and described my agony, but he pretended not to know anything... 57. But things turned out well for me. Not far from Bialystok, two miles away, is a shtetl, Vashilkove [Vashlikov]. And from Vashlikov three girls came to me to rent a room.
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keyn tsimer hob ikh nit gehat, ober di fale (do ruft men dos a front rum) iz geven zeyer a groyse un lem tir iz, ven men iz arayngegangen, geven a kleyn tsimerl, un nor far eyn meyd. zaynen tsvey meydlekh geshlofn mit mir un mit di kinder un eyne iz geshlofn in kleynem tsimerl. di meydlekh hobn gehert tsum profes, dos iz geven fun di poylishe	Well, I didn't have a separate room for them, but my "fale" (here we call it front room) was very big, and next to the door, where you went in, there was another little chamber, just for one girl. So two girls could sleep together with me and the daughters, and one slept in the little chamber. The girls belonged to the "Profes", they were members of
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fareynen. zey hobn gezen, az di arbet in di fabrikn zol geteylt vern far alemen glaykh. keyn yunyons zaynen demolt nit geven. vemen der fabrikant hot beser gelibt, un ver es hot gekent shneler arbetn, der hot gekrign mer arbet. di mentshn fun profes hobn gezen, az in di fabrikn zol oysgeglaykht vern di arbet. men flegt arayngeyn tsum balebos un zogn, az oyb er vet nit makhn keyn ordenung in fabrik, veln zey tsunemen di arbetorer u keyn andere veln zey nit krign. der fabrikant hot zikh take dershrokn un er hot ongezogt zayn meyster, az er zol oysteyln di arbet tsu yedn arbetorer glaykh, oyb nit vet er hobn kharote... ikh bin oykh geven fun di gekrivdete...ikh hob a por mol in vokh geshoyrn a por ketes un amol merer. zaynen di meydlekh, vos hobn bay mir gevoynt, avek tsu di firer fun fareyn un zey hobn gefregt dem meyster, az oyb er kon zikh nit bageyn mit eyn shererke, dos heyst, oyb zi ken nit oysarbetn di gantse arbet, muz er mir gebn a helft fun der arbet. dem meyster hot dokh nit geshat vos ikh hob gekrign dos bisl arbet, er hot dokh zayns nit derleygt, ober es hot im geshtokhn vi mit mesers, farvos mentshn zoln kumen un im zogn a deye, dos iz dokh nit zeyer fabrik. er hot gezogt mir un der shtendiker shererke, az men imgegebn a prikaz (bafel), az er muz teyln di arbet, az nit vet men im hargenen. un er iz a tate fun kinder un a man fun a vayb. dos andere meyd, di shererke, hot oykh gehert tsu zeyer fareyn. frier hot zi gezen dos mer ketn tsu shern, ober itster hot zi zikh gornit geampert, un zi hot genumen di zakh azoy vi ir art nit. ober baym meyster iz dos geven, vi men hot bay im tsugenumen dos leben...shpeter abisl hot er zikh	Polish associations. They made sure that the work in the factories should be distributed equally to all the workers. At that time there were no trade unions. Those who were more appreciated by the factory owner or worked faster got more work. The members of the "Profes" made sure that the work was distributed fairly. They used to go to the factory owner and threaten that if he did not establish a fair order in the factory, they would take the workers away from him and make sure that he did not get any other workers either. The factory owner was then usually frightened and instructed his master to distribute the work equally to each employee, otherwise he would regret it... I too was affected by this. Sometimes I only got a few orders a week to prepare warp yarn tapes, sometimes more. As a result, the girls who lived with me went to the supervisors of their association. They then asked the master [of my factory] if one warper was not enough for all the work that needed to be done? If not, that is, if she could not do all the work alone, the master would have to give me half of her job. The master was not harmed by the fact that I got a little more work, it did not affect his position, but it stung him like with knives that people could come and influence him, although it was not their own factory. He said to me and the regular warper that he had been given an order to divide up the work. If he did not do this, they would kill him. And, after all, he was the father of children and had a wife. The other girl, that is, the other warper, also belonged to the association. In the past, she had watched to prepare as many warp yarn tapes as possible, but now she didn't argue about it anymore and accepted the matter unmoved. For the master, however, this was as if his life had been taken away from
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fargesn un zikh tsugevoynt un er hot shoyn aleyn gezen tsu teyln di arbet far alemen glaykh... itster iz far mir shoyn geven a besere tsayt. mayne meydlekh zaynen shoyn untergevaksn un zey flegn geyn mit andere kinder	him...A little later it was forgotten and he got so used to it that he already took care all by himself to divide the work equally for everyone... Now a better time was already dawning for me. My girls had grown up and used to go for walks in the forest with other children.
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in vald shpatsirn, un ales hot shoyn oysgezen, az s'iz beser un ikh hob shoyn gepruvt opshporn a por rubl ikh zol forn keyn Amerike... vos es hot zikh getrofn mit mayn bruder Alter hob ikh nit gevust...darf zikh makhn, az a tsigeynerke kumt arayn avu ikh hob geshoyrn di kete un zi bet mikh, az ikh zol ir lozn oysleygn kortn. hob ikh zi gelozt un di tsigeynerke hot mir gezogt, az in Amerike iz geshtorbn mayner a bruder, un zogt tsu mir: „host a bruder in Amerike?“ efsher hot ir emitser dertseylt...a sakh in fabrik hobn gevust, az mayn bruder Alter iz geshtorbn...Alters vayb, Sore, hot gearbet in der eygener fabrik, eyder zi iz geforn in Amerike. in der fabrik hot Sore gehat fraynt fun ir familye, un zey hobn ale gevust. ikh denk, az der tsigeynerke hot men geshikt, zi zol mir dos zogn... ikh bin bald avek tsu mayner a kuzine. zi hot gevoynt oyf Novi-Lipe un hot gehat dortn a groyse mener-krom un ikh hob ir gefregt, velkher bruder iz bay mir geshtorbn. un zi hot mir nit gevolt zogn. zi hot gevust, ir man iz gekumen fun Amerike mit a por khadoyshim frier. ir	Everything was looking much better, and I even tried to save a few rubles to go to America... I did not know what had happened to my brother Alter. It happened that a gypsy woman came to me at my workplace and asked me to let her read my cards. I allowed it, and the gypsy told me that one of my brothers had died in America. She asked me: "You have a brother in America, don't you?" Perhaps someone had told her...Many in the factory knew that my brother Alter had died. Alter's wife, Sore, had worked in the same factory before she went to America. Sore had family friends in the factory, and they all knew...I think they had sent the gypsy woman to tell me... I then went straight to my cousin's house. She lived on Nowolipie [Lipowa Street] and had a large men's goods store there. I asked her which of my brothers had died, but she wouldn't tell me. Her husband had returned from America a few months earlier and she knew from
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man hot ir gezogt, az keyner iz nit geshtorbn fun mayn familye, ober mayn bruder Note iz geven krank, un derfar hot er mir nit geshribn. ikh hob nit gegloybt mayne shvester.kinder. ikh hob gehat an onkl Rakhmil. er hot gearbet bay zeyf un avu er hot gearbet iz geven oyf a feld. bin ikh avek tsu im un im gefregt: „velkher bruder iz bay mir geshtorbn?“ hot er mir shoyn gezogt, az mayn bruder Alter iz geshtorbn un vos es hot getrofn. zayn vayb, dem feter’s , iz geven a shvester tsu Alter’s vayb Sore. ikh hob zikh shoyn dervust, az mayn bruder Alter iz geven zeyer krank. er hot dokh nit gevolt geyn dinen fonyen un er hot zikh epes gemakht a tsore. er iz geven gebrikht un es hot im zeyer gematert di krankheytt, un er hot nit gevolt leben. er hot gezen, vi ale yungelayt arbetn un er iz azoy krank. di doktoyrim hobn im farbotn tsu arbetn in shap. er iz geven a veber bay zayd. zayn vayb Sore hot shoyn gehat kinder, tsvey yinglekh, iz eyn ingl geshtorbn, der yungerer. er iz geven a yor alt. dem eltern hot men gerufn Luie, nokh mayn tatn Leybe...az mayn bruder Alter hot shoyn nit gekent arbetn in	him that none of my family had died. However, my brother Note had been ill, and therefore he had not written to me. I did not believe my cousin. I had an uncle, <i>Rakhmil</i>, who worked in a field making soap. I went to him and asked: "Which one of my brothers died?" And he told me that my brother Alter had died and what had happened. My uncle's wife was a sister of Alter's wife, <i>Sore [Sara]</i>. I had known before that Alter had been very sick. He had not wanted to be drafted into the Russian military service at that time, after all, and had done himself harm. He was frail, and the illness tormented him so much that he no longer wanted to live. He saw how the young people were all working, and he himself was so sick. The doctors forbade him to work in the factory. He was a silk weaver. His wife Sore already had children, two boys, but the younger of the two died when he was one year old. The older boy was called <i>Luie [1]</i>, after my father Leybe...When my brother Alter could no longer work
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[1] On the part of the family it is said that he was called "Leib".

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in fabrik, hot er gekoyft a krom, a kleyne, a groseri (a shpayz-krom)...di vebers zaynen geven fareynikt un az s’hot epes getrofn mit a man fun fareyn hobn zey aroysgeholfn. zey hobn zikh farflikhtet tsu helfn Altern, un zeyer hilf iz geven, vos zey hobn gekoyft bay Altern in kreml alts vos zey hobn badarft. Alter’s un Sore’s landslayt hobn oykh bay zey gekoyft... zey hobn ober gedarft arbetn lange shtundn, flegn zey zikh baytn. inderfri flegt er geyn, un baytog iz zi gekumen im iberbaytn. shpeter,	in the factory, he bought a store, a small grocery... The weavers had formed an association, and if something happened to a member, they helped each other. They undertook to help Alter. Their help consisted of buying whatever they needed from Alter's store. Alter's and Sore's compatriots also bought goods from them... But they both had to work long hours during the day, so they took turns. Early in the morning he went to the store, later in the day she
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farnakht, hobn zey shoyrn bayde badint zeyere koynim. un vos es hot mit im gerofn veysn mir nit.

58.

ikh hob fargesn tsu dertseyln, az ven mayn Mushe iz geven in zibetn yor, fleg ikh, eyder ikh bin avek tsu der arbet, ongreytn vos tsu kokhn, un zi hot shoyrn opgekokht un di klenere hot ir tsugeholfn...

inderheyim zaynen dokh nit geven azoyne oyvns vi do in Amerike. es iz geven an oyvele azoy vi a plite un dos iz geshtanen oyf a tishl. ven zi hot aroyfgeshtelt dos tepl kokhn iz geven nit shver, ober ven zi iz gegangen opshoymen dos tepl, hot zi zikh nit gehit, un dos tepl hot oysgegosn un zi hot zikh opgebrit s'gantse ponim.

shtelt aykh for, vos ikh hob zikh demolt ongelitn. in di tsayt shteyt nit oyf eyn ort. mayne meydlekh zaynen abisl untergevaksn, un es iz gevorn a idishe shule in Bialystok, un ikh hob zey oysgeputst in sheyne kleydlekh, broyne spodnitses mit royte bluzkes, mit shvarse fartikher un zey geshikt in shule. der shkropl hot zikh oysgeheyit un zey zaynen geven zeyer sheyne meydelekh...

dervayl hot oysgebrokhn di revolutsye in Rusland. s'iz geven in 1905. der meyster, Shmuel hot hot men im gerufn, geyt areyn in fabrik un shrayt oys, az ale zoln geyn aheym. er denkt, az men vet shpeter nit kenen geyn aheym. dos iz geven bay fir azeyger farnakht. mir hobn gehert, az men vet efenen di turme un men vet bafrayen di arestantn...

ikh hob genuimen loyfn gikh aheym. ikh hob gevoynt nit vayt fun turme...azoy vi ikh bin aroys fun hoyf fun fabrik, azoy ze ikh, vi mayn

came to relieve him, and in the evening they both served their customers. What exactly happened to him, we do not know.

58.

I forgot to tell you that when Mushe was seven years old, I always prepared something to cook before I went to work. She, Mushe, was already cooking and her younger sister was helping...

At home, however, there were not such stoves as in America; there was only a small stove ("oyvele") like a plate that stood on a small table. Mushe did not find it difficult to put the pot to cook [on the stove]. But once when she wanted to skim off the pot, she was not careful and burned her whole face.

Imagine how I suffered back then. But time does not stand still. My girls grew up, and a Jewish school was founded in Bialystok. I dressed up my girls in the most beautiful clothes, with brown skirts, red blouses and black aprons, and sent them to school. Their scrofula disease had healed and they were very beautiful girls...

Meanwhile, the revolution had broken out in Russia. It was 1905. The master, his name was *Shmuel*, came to the factory and loudly announced that everyone should go home. He assumed that we would not be able to come home later. It was in the evening ["farnakht"] at four o'clock. We heard that one was going to open the prison and free the prisoners...

I hurried home, because I lived not far from the prison...Just as I left the factory yard, I saw that my

meyster <i>Shmuel</i> geyt oykh aroys fun hoyf un zayn feter Preyzman geyt im nokh, shrayt oyf im er zol nit geyn, men vet nokh shisn. di turme vet men efenen on im. hot der meyster geentfert zayn feter, az er vil dos zen un vet bald kumen... ven er iz tsugekumen tsu der turme iz shoyn dortn geven ful mit soldatn. di sotsyalistn, tsi di revolutsyonern, hobn take geefnt di toyern fun der turme, azoy hobn di soldatn ongehoynb tsu shisn. mayn meyster Shmuel iz dershoshn gevorn der ershter. nokh a sakh umshuldike zaynen dershoshn gevorn...ikh gedenk, vi zayn levaye iz geven, ikh bin gelofn oyfn beys-khayem, es iz geven a kleyne levaye. nor zayn familye iz nokhgegangen. men hot moyre gehat far an onfal... ikh gedenk vi zayn feter hot geveynt...zayn feter iz shoyn geven an alter man, arum 75 yor. der feter iz geven zayn mames a bruder. der reykhster in Bialystok. ale hobn gevust di Preyzmans. di familye hot azoy getroyert. der Shmuel hot ibergelozt a vayb mit drey kleyne kinder. er iz geven zeyer a feiker mentsh un der gantser firer fun der fabrik. er iz ongekumen tsu zayn feter in fabrik a bokherl fun a yor 15, un er hot zikh oysgelernt zsu zayn a veber, dernokh dem iz er gevorn der meyster un der gantser balebos fun der fabrik...zeyn bruder <i>Mikhl</i> iz nokh zayn bruders toyt gevorn der oyfzeer fun der fabrik...	master, <i>Shmuel</i>, was also leaving the yard, and his uncle, Preyzman, was following him, shouting that he should not go any further because he would be shot at. The prison would be opened even without him. But the master answered his uncle that he wanted to watch and would be right back... When he reached the prison, the place was already full of soldiers. The socialists and the revolutionaries actually opened the gates of the prison, and immediately the soldiers started shooting. My master Shmuel was the first to be shot. Many more innocent people were shot...I still remember his funeral. I too went to the cemetery. It was only a small funeral procession, only his family walked behind, because they were afraid of an attack... I remember how his uncle cried...his uncle was already an old man, about 75 years. He was the brother of Shmuel's mother, the richest man in Bialystok. Everyone knew the Preyzmans. The family mourned greatly. Shmuel left behind his wife with three small children. He was a very capable man and the head of all the departments in the factory. He had joined his uncle in the factory as a boy of 15 and had learned the weaving trade, after which he worked his way up to master and became the boss of the whole factory...After Shmuel's death, his brother, <i>Mikhl</i>, became the supervisor of the factory...
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in di gasn hot men nit gekont geyn. zey zaynen geven bavakht mit militer un kozakn oykh mit di bloyze shverdn. azoy a lange tsayt. men hot afile moyre gehat tsu geyn tsu der arbet. men flegt geyn mit di untergeslekh...es hot ongehaltn a lange tsayt... az s'iz shtiler gevorn hot men shoyn tsurik genumen zikh filn fray. men iz shoyn gegangen in zakzishn gortn shaytsirn. un ikh gedenk, az mayne tsvey meydlekh zaynen gegangen iz shtotishn gortn mit nokh a sakh kinder fun di shkheynim, un zey flegn geyn durkh Sarazer gas. oyf der Sarazer gas flegn zikh arbeter tsunoyfklaybn un ophaltn mitingen...di politsey hot geshosn un a sakh yungelayt zaynen farvundet gevorn, un di andere hot men arestirt. dos iz geven a shabes farnakht. mayne kinder zaynen gekumen tsuloyfn dershrokene...	It was not possible to walk in the streets, because they were guarded for a long time by the military and also by the cossacks with bare swords. We were afraid to go to work. We walked in the side streets...The situation continued for a long time... When it became quieter, we began to feel freer again. We went for a walk in Saxon Garden again. I remember my two girls walking with many neighborhood children in the urban gardens and through Sarazer [Surasker] Street. On Surasker Street workers used to gather and hold meetings...Once, the police were shooting and many young people were injured, the others were arrested. This was on a Shabbat evening. My children came running home terrified...
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azoy hobn zikh vayter ongehoyn di shiserayen. men hot vayter moyre gehat tsu geyn in gas. es hot azoy ongehaltn fun dem kristlekh naye-yor biz shvues. di gantse velt hot gevust un men veyst nokh haynt oykh fun dem groysn un troyerikn pogrom in Bialystok... 59. Kh'gedenk, vi der nayer meyster <i>Mikhl</i> iz geven azoy tshetrokn un mit a shtime fun geveyn oysgerufn: „geyt vos gikher aheym. s'vet zayn a pogrom oyf di idn!“ di kholigans zaynen shoyn geven oyf Nayshtot, arayn in shpitol un geharget ale idn, vos hobn zikh gefunen dortn. zey hobn oysgeharget	And so the shootings continued and we were again afraid to walk in the streets. So it went on since the Christian New Year until Shavuot. The whole world learned about the great and sad pogrom in Bialystok, and even today it is known. 59. I remember how frightened the new master, <i>Mikhl</i>, was and how he exclaimed in a tearful voice: "Go home as soon as possible, there is a pogrom against the Jews!" The hooligans were already in the "New Town", ran to the hospital and murdered all the Jews who were there. They killed all the Jewish
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ale idishe doktoyrim un krankn-shvester, un ver es iz nokh geven fun di idishe patsyentn... es iz epes geven a kristlekher yontef un di kristn zaynen gegangen in a protsesye. zey hobn aroyfgeshikt emitsn oyf a dakh er zol oysshishn. men hot geshosn emitsn fun der protsesye. es iz geven a geplanevete zakh, zey zoln kenen hargenen iden... s'iz geven a reykhe familye. men hot zey gerufn di <i>Lapiduses</i>. zey hobn geht a fabrik fun tukh. di Lapiduses hobn gehat zin un tekhter- akht kinder, ale gelernte. di kinder zeyere zaynen oykh gegangen oyf Nayshtot tsu zen vi di protsesye geyt on...a por zin hot men bald geshosn. zey zaynen arayngelofn in shpital-hoyf, un di pogrom-shtshikes zaynen zey nokhgelofn un geshosn... es iz geven in shpital eyner, <i>Shloymke der Feldsher</i>. er iz geven zeyer an ongenemer man. er flegt badinen yedn mentshn, vos iz gekumen in shpitol. di pogromshtshikes hobn Shloymken derharget. di gantse shtot un ale shtetlekh arum hobn geveynt nokh im. er hot ibergelozt a vayb mit fir kinder, kleyninke... di pogromshtshikes zaynen gegangen fun shtub tsu shtub oyf Varshever gas, oyfgebrokhn di toyern, un vemen zey hobn nor getrofn, hobn zey derharget... un itster gey ikh dertseyln vegn zikh. azoy vi der meyster iz arayn in fabrik un alemen tseshikt aheym, hob ikh ongehoyn loyfn aheym. es iz geven a leydiker feld. ikh hob genumen loyfn mit dem leydikn	doctors and nurses, and all the Jewish patients who were still there... It had been a Christian holiday, and the Christians had gone in procession. A [provocateur] had been sent to the roof to shoot into the crowd, and he shot a participant in the procession. It was a planned thing to have an excuse to kill Jews... There was a rich family called "<i>the Lapiduses</i>." They owned a cloth factory and had sons and daughters, eight children in all, all educated. Their children had just gone to the New Town to watch the procession...Several of the sons were shot soon after. They had still run into the courtyard of the hospital, but the "pogromshtshikes" [the pogromists] ran after them and shot them... In the hospital worked a man named <i>Shloymke the Feldsher</i>. He was a very pleasant man who served all the people who came to the hospital. The pogromists killed Shloymke, and the whole town and all the surrounding small towns mourned him. He left behind a wife with four small children... On "Varshever Gas" [Warszawa Street] the pogromists ran from house to house, broke open the gates and killed whoever they came across... And now I will tell you about myself. Just as the master had come to us in the factory to send us all home, I started to run home. I had to cross an empty field and I began to run faster
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feld. ikh hob getrogn a patsheyle in vayse un shvartse kestelekh. hob ikh tsugedekt dem kop, men zol mikh nit derkenen az ikh bin a idene. dos feld hot zikh geshlosn lem der turme. ven ikh bin shoyn geven lem	I wore a headscarf with black and white squares. I pulled it deep into my face so that I would not be recognized as a Jew. The field was next to the prison. When I was already next to the prison, I saw the pogromists,
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der turme, zaynen shoyn di pogromshtshikes geven nit vayt fun mir...ikh bin shoyn lem Vashlikover Gas, efsher a 50 fus vayter fun mir. zey hobn mikh nit derkent, vayl ikh hob zikh mit der patsheyle farshtelt dos ponim...

ikh bin gelofn tsu di kinder un hob zey shoyn nit gefunen in shtub...es iz geven a froy, men hot zi gerufn *Leye*, zeyer a frume un a gute oykh. ire kinder hobn zikh geshpilt mit mayne. zi hot gevust az ikh bin bay der arbet, hot zi mayne kinder arayngenumen tsu zikh in shtub un zey nit aroysgelozt biz ikh bin gekumen zey opnemen...ven ikh hob gefirt di kinder aheym, iz geven a pakhed un a moyre.

un az ikh bin shoyn geven mit di kinder in shtub, hobn mir di meydlekh, vos hobn bay mir gehalten stantsye, gezogt, az ale shkheynim fun unzer hoyf zaynen gegangen tsum balebos bay vemen mir hobn ale gevoynt. er iz geven a daytsh. im hot di regirung farhit, es zol im gornit trefn...

esn hot men shoyn nit gegesn. mir zaynen arayngelofn hungerike un in moyre. mir zaynen geven bay dem balebos biz shpet baynakht...der daytsh hot gehat shtiber un groyse moyern. tsvey hoyfn mit heyzer...mir zaynen geven zeks shkheynim in eyn hoyf un ale idishe. in tsveytn hoyf zaynen oykh geven ale idishe. nir ale hobn zikh bahaltn baym balebos un opgeven dort biz tsvelf baynakht...

60.

az s'iz shtil gevorn, zaynen ale gegangen tsu zikh in shtub hungerike un tseshrokene. ver hot gekont visn, vos iber nakht vet trefn, tsi men vet gor oyshteyn lebedike...

not far from me...I was already next to Vashlikover Gas [Wasilkowska Street], about 50 feet away. But they didn't recognize me because I was covering my face with my headscarf...

I ran to my children, but I did not meet them at home... There was a good and pious woman, called Leye, whose children used to play with mine. She had taken my children to her home, knowing that I was at work. She would not let them outside until I came to pick them up...When I brought my children home, there was terror and fear.

When I arrived home with my children, the girls who stayed with me told me that all the neighbors of our yard had gone to the landlord in whose apartments we all lived. He was a German and the government made sure he was spared.

We did not feel like eating. We ran hungry and full of fear to our landlord and stayed there until late at night...The German owned apartments and large stone houses, including two courtyards with houses...We were six neighbors, all Jews, and lived in one courtyard, and in the second courtyard all tenants were also Jews. We hid at our landlord's and stayed there until 12 midnight...

60.

When it became quiet, everyone went to their homes, hungry and scared. Who knew what would happen during the night and whether we would still be alive and up the next morning...

di nakht iz geven shtil. hobn zikh ale aroysgekhapt epes tsu koyfn baym beker, tomer vet men shpeter nit kenen geyn epes koyfn. ober der beker hat nit gebakt, nor es iz ibergeblibn epes fun Donershtog un men hot nokh epes gekrign far di kinder.	The night remained quiet. Everyone crept out to buy something from the baker, because maybe later they would not have the opportunity. But the baker had not baked, there were only leftovers from Thursday, but at least you could get something for the children.
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Freytog tsen azeyger hot men shoyn derhert vayter shisn un geshrayen. nu, vos ken men itst ton mit di kinder? avu bahalt men zey? men geyt tsum balebos. er hot shoyn kharote un hot shoyn nit arayngelozt...hot men genumen klern avu men zol itster farbahalt'n di kinder? un di pogromshtshikes zaynen shoyn nit vayt fun unz... es iz geven a brayte gas, un di gas hot men gerufn Vashlikover Gas. a paradne gas. oyf der gas zaynen gelofn „konkes“ ...antkegn ib'er der gas iz geven a reykh'er eygntimer un er hot gehat a por moyern. in di moyern hobn gevoynt ofitsirn. bin ikh gelofn mit di kinder betn baym eygntimer, velkher iz geven a id, er zol unz araynlozn. der doziker hoyf iz geven farhit fun pogromshtshikes. bay di toyern zaynen geshtanen soldatn un gehit... ober es iz shoyn geven tsu-shpet. men hot mikh mit mayne kinder nit arayngelozn. es zaynen shoyn dortn geven a sakh mentshn...vos hob ikh shoyn gekent ton?...hob ikh derzen, vi andere vayber firm di kinder tsum beker. der beker hot genumen ale kinder un hot zey aroyfgezetst oyf oyvn. es iz geven a groyser oyvn... es zaynen tsum beker gekumen zelvshuts [self-defense], yungelayt greyt tsu shisn oyb di pogromshtshikes veln tsukumen tsu der bekeray...	Friday morning at ten o'clock we heard shooting and screaming again. Well, what should we do with the children now? Where could we hide them? We went to the landlord. But he had already repented of his behavior and was not letting anyone in...So we consulted where we could hide our children, because the pogromists were not far from us... We were in a wide street, the "Vashlikover Gas" [Wasilkowska Street], a boulevard. Horse-trams were moving on the street, and opposite, on the other side of the street, lived a rich owner of some stone houses. Officers lived in these houses. I ran with my children to the owner, a Jew, to ask him to let us in. The yard in question was screened off from the progromists, for soldiers stood guard at the gates... But it was already too late. They wouldn't let me and my children in because there were already too many people there...What could I do now? I saw other women taking their children to the baker. The baker let all the children in and sat them on his oven; it was a big oven... The "self-defense" arrived at the baker's, young people who were ready to shoot if the pogromists approached the bakery...
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a tsvey hundert fus vayter hobn di khuligans shoyn pogromirt di oreme kremlekh, alts tsugenumen, di gantse skhoyre. vemen zey hobn gefunen in krom tsi in hoyf, hobn zey keyn lebedikn nit gelozn. di kishens mit di perines hobn zey tsugenumen, dos iberike hobn zey tsetretn di tsikhlekh un aroysgelozt di federn mitn vint. di gantse gas iz geven ful mit federn... ikh bin geshtanen baym fentster un zikh tsugekukt. di poylishe khuligans mit ayzerne shtekns hobn gebrokh'n di tirn mit di fentster fundi idishe kremlekh, keyn moyre hobn di khuligans nit gehat. di ofitsirn hot gezogt di pogromshtshikes, az zey hobn a rekht tsu ton mit di idn, vos zey viln nor aleyn. 61. lem unz hobn zey nit geshosn...ikh hob dokh shoyn geshribn, az ibern veg hobn gevoynt ofotsirn un avu ikh hob gevoynt iz der balebos geven a daytsh un vu men ruft dos do in Amerike, a siti	Two hundred feet away, the hooligans were already pogroming the poor stores. They robbed all the merchandise, leaving none of those they found in the yard or in the store alive. They also took the pillows and feather beds, everything that was left, including bed covers, they crushed and let the feathers blow out with the wind, and the whole street was full of feathers... I stood at the window and watched. The Polish hooligans broke the doors and windows of the Jewish stores with iron bars. The hooligans had no fear, because the officers had told the pogromists that they had the right to do with the Jews as they pleased... 61. Next to us they did not shoot...I already wrote that officers lived across the street, and where I lived the landlord was a German, and thus, as they say in America,
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sen (a birger). in andere heyzer hobn di idn aroysgeshtelt tslomim in di fentster. zey hobn gelien di tslomim bay zeyere goyishe gute fraynt... ven di pogromshtshikes hobn opgebushevet oyf unzer gas, hobn zey zikh fardreyt durkh andere gasn un zey zaynen arayn oyf Novi-Lipe gas. dortn hobn zey gekhapt vemen s'hot zikh gemakht. zey zaynen arayn in a shtub, dortn iz geven a tate mit a zun. hot der zun farshtelt dem tatn. hobn zey baydn dershosn.	“a citizen”. In other houses, the Jews put crosses in the windows, borrowed from their good gentile friends... After the pogromists had run riot on our street, they went through other streets and came to Nowolipie [Lipowa Street]. There they grabbed everyone they could get. They stormed the apartments, there was a father with his son, the son stood protectively in front of his father, and so they shot them both.
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zey hobn gekhapt kleyne kinder un aroysgetsoygn zeyere tsingelekh. ikh hob dos aleyne gezen mit mayne eygene oygn durkhn fentster...dos iz geven Freytog inderfri. Freytog farnakht hobn zey zikh vayter tsebushevet un tsurik marshirt tsu unzer gas, „unter der turme“. mir hobn zey gezen fundervaytn. vos zol men itster ton? men hot shoyt nit gehat vu zikh tsu bahaltn.. bay mir, vi ikh hob frier geshribn, zaynen geven meydlekh fun Vashlikove. zey hobn gearbet in di fabrikn. tsu zey zaynen arayngekumen zeyere bakante bokherim. zey hobn gehert tsu der selbstshuts. zey hobn shoyt gevust, az bald veln di pogromtshikes zayn lem unz... di bokherim fun zelstshuts hobn mir geratn ikh zol geyn ibern veg un betn dem balebos fun di moyern, a id, az er zol betn di soldatn, vos zaynen geshtanen baym toyer, az zey zoln mikh araynlozn mit di kinder. in zayne moyern veln di pogromshtshikes nit shisn, vayl s'voynen dokh dortn ofitsirn. vi nor ikh bin arayn tsum man un ikh hob afile keyn vort nokh nit oysgeredt, hot men ongehoyn tsu shisn in di fentster. ale vos hobn zikh dortn gefunen, zaynen ale gelegn unter di betn, mantsbiln mit vayber tsuzamen...di pogromshtshikes hobn zikh fargesn, az in di moyern voynen ofitsirn un zey hobn geshosn, ober es hot keynem nit geshat... der man fun di moyern iz aroys in hoyf un gebetn a soldat er zol mikh ariberfirn di gas, un der soldat hot mikh take aribergefirn di gas. ikh hob zikh ibergedekt mit a patsheyle dem kop... dos iz geven Freytog tsu nakht. ven ikh bin ibergegangen di gas, zaynen gelegn dershosene idn...di kinder mayne hob ikh getrofn, danken got, lebedike. zey hobn zikh bahaltn unter di betn mit di meydlekh.	They grabbed little children and ripped out their tongues. I looked through the window and saw this with my own eyes! It was Friday morning. Friday night they raged on and marched through our street again, "Unter der Turme" [Behind the Prison]. They saw me from far away. What was I to do now? There was no place to hide anymore. As I wrote before, girls from Vashlikove were staying with me. They were working in the factories. They were joined by young boys whom they knew, they were from the "self-defense". They already knew that soon the pogromists would come... The boys from "self-defense" advised me to go to the opposite side of the street and beg the landlord of the stone houses, a Jew, to ask the soldiers to let me and the children in. In his stone houses the pogromists would not shoot because officers lived there. But just as I came to the man, and had not yet spoken a single word, they began shooting into the windows. All those who had been there, men and women, were already lying together under the beds...The pogromists had forgotten that officers lived there in the buildings, and they shot, but they didn't hit anyone... The owner of the stone houses came running into the yard and asked a soldier to take me across the street, and sure enough, the soldier took me across. I had covered my head with a headscarf... It was on Friday evening. When I crossed the street, there were shot Jews lying there...I met my children alive, thank God. They were hiding under the beds with the girls.
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in unzer shtub hot men nit geshosn, vayl, vi ikh hob frier geshribn, der balebos iz geven a daytsh. di bokherim fun selbstshuts zaynen	In our house one had not shot because, as I wrote earlier, the owner was a German. The fellows from self-defense were
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geven greyt tsu shisn oyf di pogromshtshikes, oyb zey voltn zikh arayngerisn in unzer shtub. nit vayt fun unz oyf der zelibiker gas iz geven a tartak, dos maynt in Amerike a „lumberyard“, un dortn hobn zikh oyfgeklibn a sakh mentshn. es iz shoyn geven zeyer shpet baynakht, un di pogromshtshikes zaynen arayn in tartak un hobn dortn oysgeharget zekhtsn mentshn... nit vayt fun tartak hot gevoynt a familye. der man iz nit lang gehat gekumen fun Amerike. er un zayn vayb, a meuberes, trogndik, mit a kleyn kind, hobn zikh okh farbahalt'n oyfn tartak. der man hot gehalt'n dos kind oyf di kni. hobn zey im tsugenumen dos kind un dos avekgegebn zayn vayb un im dershosn. di vayb hot zikh gebet'n men zol zi oykh derhargenen, ober di merder hobn nit gevolt. der man hot zey gevizn di papirn, az er iz an Amerikaner sitisen (birger), ober zey hobn afile nit gekukt oyf di papirn... di naves vegn Bialystoker pogrom iz gegangen iber der gantser velt...di gazetn hobn geshribn iber gants Rusland un in oysland... di forshteyer fun di rusishe idn hobn zikh gevendt mit a bite tsu Amerike, az zi zol opshteln dem pogrom, un Amerike hot aroysgegebn a prikaz (a bafel), az oyb in 24 sho vet Rusland nit opshteln di pogromen, vet Amerike opshnaydn di triti mit Rusland. Rusland hot zikh dershrokn un zi hot bald opgeshtelt di pogromen...	ready to shoot at the pogromists if they stormed into our house. On the same street, not far from us, was a "tartak," which in America is a "lumberyard". Many people gathered there. It was already very late at night when the pogromists stormed into the lumberyard and killed sixteen people... Not far from the lumberyard lived a family. The man had returned from America not long ago. He, his pregnant wife with their small child were also hiding in the lumberyard. The man was holding the child on his knees. They [the pogromists] took the child from him, handed it to his wife and shot him. The wife asked to be shot as well, but the murderers did not want that. The man had shown them his papers beforehand that he was an American citizen, but they didn't even want to look at the papers... The news about the pogrom in Bialystok spread all over the world. The newspapers wrote about it all over Russia and abroad...The superiors [representatives] of the Russian Jews turned to America with the request to stop the pogrom. America then issued a "prikaz" (decree) that if Russia did not stop the pogrom within 24 hours, America would annul the treaty with Russia. Russia was frightened and immediately stopped the pogroms...
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62. shabes inderfri hot men shoy'n gevust, az der pogrom hot zikh geendikt un men hot shoy'n frayer opgeotemt...ikh hob geefnt a fentster un gezen, vi men hot oyfgeklibn ale derhosene mentshn, vos zaynen gelegn oyf der gas. men hot zey gefirt oyf groyse vegener. ikh hob azoy geklogt un geveynt... azoy vi s'iz geven shabes un shabes tor men dokh nit ton keyn shum arbet, ober der Rov hot gepaskent, az men meg di derhargete yo oyfklaybn. men hot zey opgefirt tsum shpital-hoyf un dortn zey oysgeleygt... zuntog inderfri zaynen ale gegangen tsum spital-	62. On Shabbat morning we already knew that the pogrom had come to a halt and we breathed more freely...I opened a window and saw the shot people lying in the street being collected. They were being taken away on large carts. I lamented and cried a lot... Since it was Shabbat, and one is not allowed to work on Shabbat, the Rov [the Rabbi] had issued the decision that, exceptionally, the murdered people could be collected. They were taken to the courtyard of the hospital and laid there... On Sunday morning, everyone went to the courtyard of the
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hoyf...s'zol zikh shoy'n keynmol nit trefn, vos men hot dortn gezen. es zaynen gelegn oysgeshtprayt 160 toyte mentshn oyf shtroy...farvundete zaynen geven a fuler shpital...ikh bin gegangen fun shpital mit tselozene hor vos ikh hob gerisn fun zikh... Montag iz di gantse shtot mentshn gegangen tsu der levaye. men hot getrogn di kleyne derhargete kinderlekh frier, un dernokh dem di dervaksene mentshn...ale korbones hot men oyfn beys-oylem in eyn grub bagrobn, afile di kleyne kinder...oyfn grub hot men ofgeshtelt a moyer mit a groyser vant, un oyf der vant iz geven oysgeshtribn yedn eynems nomen... mayn mame hot gevoynt in Krinik, a zeks meyl fun Bialystok, un az zi hot derhert vegn pogrom iz zi bald gekumen. zi hot shoy'n gevust vegn Altern ir zun, az er iz geshtorbn in Amerike. zeyer a tseveytoge hot zikh mikh mit di kinder genumen keyn Krinik. ir tsveyter man hot mikh	hospital...May it never happen again that we have to look at something like this. There, spread out on straw, lay 160 dead people. The hospital was full of wounded people. I came back from the hospital with loose hair, which I tore out. [1] On Monday, people from all over the city went to the funeral. First the murdered little children were carried, then the adults...All the victims were buried in the cemetery in a collective grave, even the little children...On top of the pit a large brick wall [2] was erected, on which the names of each victim were written... My mother lived in Krynki, six miles from Bialystok, and when she heard about the pogrom, she came immediately. She had already been informed that her son, Alter, had died in America. Filled with pain, she took me and the children to Krynki. Her second husband
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mit di kinder zeyer fayn oyfgenumen...ikh bin ober geven in Krinik a kleyne tsayt, bloyz eyn vokh... ikh hob dokh gemuzt kumen tsu der arbet. di kinder hobn nit gevolt farblaybn bay mayn mamen on mir. ven ikh mit di kinder zaynen gekumen tsurik fun Krinik, iz di shrek geven nokh alts groys. men hot moyre gehat aroystsugeyn oyf der gas...az men iz gegangen in fabrik iz men gegangen mit di untergeslekh... oyf di hoypt-gasn zaynen geshtanen kozakn mit bloyze shverdn...mayne meydlekh zaynen gegangen in shule durkh andere vegn... ven ikh bin farnakht gegangen fun der fabrik aheym, zaynen mir oysgegangen di koykhes, eyder ikh hob zey derzen lebedike... mayn ingere meydele, Libele, iz krank gevorn oyf di mozlen...eynmol a farnakht, ven ikh hob genumen makhn vetshere-un men shist shoyn vayter! ikh hob genumen mayne tsvey meydlekh un aroysgelofn mit zey untern shtub un mayn Libele iz ful geven badekt mit di mozlen... vos hot men geshosn? a sheygets mit a shikse hobn zikh tseyushet un gevolt men zol zikh shrekn... mayn eltere meydele Mushe iz geven azoy krank fun di shrekenishn, az zi hot a vokh nokhanand nit gevolt esn. men hot ir gemuzt efenen dos moyl ir tsu gebn epes esn, ober zi hot beshum-oyfn nit gevolt aropshlingen. zi iz shoyn geven azoy krank, az ikh bin gefloygn tsum doktor <i>Khazanovitsh</i>. er hot gevoynt oyf Novi-Lipe	accommodated me and my children very kindly...However, I stayed in Krynki only briefly, only a week... After all, I had to go to work, and the children did not want to stay with my mother without me. When I came back from Krynki with the kids, the fright was still deep. People were still afraid to go out on the street... When we went to the factory, we went through the side streets... On the main streets there were cossacks with bare swords. My girls went to school through other ways... When I went home from the factory in the evening, I ran out of strength worrying about seeing them alive again...My younger girl, Libele, came down with measles. One night, as I was preparing supper, there was shooting again! I took my two girls and ran out with them behind the house. My Libele was full of measles spots. Who had shot? A gentile lout and a young Christian woman had gone out of control and wanted to scare everyone... My older girl, Mushe, got sick from all the horrors. For whole a week she wouldn't eat. One had to open her mouth and put some food in it, but she just wouldn't swallow it. She was already so sick that I ran to Doctor <i>Khazanovitsh</i>, who lived on Nowolipie [Lipowa Stree].
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[1] a Jewish gesture of mourning, the "hair sacrifice".

[2] literally "a moyer with a groyser vant" = a building made of bricks with a big wall. However, I have based my translation on the lore of Rachel's family.



Memorial Pillar in Białystok with the victim's names of the 1906 pogrom [possibly also including the names of the 1905 pogrom described by Rachel]. Old photos, courtesy of Dr. Tomek Wisniewski.

gas. Khazanovitsh iz geven a guter doktor ober oykh a nerveyisher. ikh hob nit opgetrotn fun zayn hoyz biz er iz mit mir geforn in der droshke tsu mayn hoyz. er iz ober geven azoy nerveyish, az er hot mikh gevolt shlogn, geshrien oyf mir un mikh gevolt shlogn, geven alemol nerveyish, ober itster merer vi alemol...

63.

in Amerike hot men dan gehert di naves, vos es tut zikh in Bialystok. iz mayn bruder Note geforn fun Paterson keyn NyuYork tsu mayn man, er zol helfn ariberbrengen zayn familye, dos heyst, mikh mit di kinder. hot er aropgenumen di hant fun hartsn un mir geshikt abisl gelt. mayn bruder Notke hot oykh oysgeleygt abisl gelt un geshikt shifskarte...

ikh hob zikh shoyng geklibn forn in Amerike, derhalt ikh a briv fun mayn man, ikh zol nit forn. mit der tsayt vet zikh aynshtiln, vet er kumen aheym. ober ikh hob im nit gegloybt un im shoyng mer nit ongefregt. ikh hob bashtelt an agent un er hot mikh bazorgt mit a gubernatorski pasport far mir mit di kinder...

ikh hob batsolt ale khoyves un mir iz gornit geblibn oyfn veg. dem balebos far dire-gelt hob ikh nit batsolt. ikh hob im gekumen 36 rubl dire-gelt far tsvelf khadoyshim. ikh hob farkoyft dos bisl mebl, vos ikh hob gehat, far tsvelf rubl. vi ikh hob shoyng geshribn, iz der balebos geven a daytsh. dem ershtn tog gun pogrom hot er yo arayngelozt di idishe shkhneynim zikh bahaltn. dem tsveytn tog hot er shoyng kharote gehat un nit arayngelozt. derfar hob ikh zikh nit gedayget vos ikh hob im nit batsolt...

Khazanovitsh was a good doctor, but also very quick-tempered. I did not leave his house until he went with me in the cab to my house. But he was so quick-tempered that he already wanted to hit me, he shouted at me and wanted to hit me; he was always so quick-tempered, but this time more than usual.

63.

When the news got around in America about what was happening in Bialystok, my brother Note went from Paterson to New York to see my husband. He urged him to help his family, that is, me and the children, to get across. He [my husband] showed some mercy and sent me a little money. My brother Note also laid out a little money for me and sent a ship's ticket...

I was already preparing to go to America when my husband sent me a letter telling me not to go, that it would calm down with time, and then he would come back home. But I did not believe him and did not inquire with him anymore. I ordered an agent to provide me and the children with a governor's passport.

After I paid off all my debts, I had no money left over on the trip. I was not able to pay rent to my landlord. I owed him 36 rubles for 12 months. I sold the few pieces of furniture I had for 12 rubles. As I have already written, the landlord was a German. On the first day of the pogrom he let the Jewish neighbors in to hide. On the second day, however, he regretted it and did not let anyone in.

Therefore, I didn't worry about not paying him the rent...If I had the

ven ikh volt geven hobn gelt, volt ikh im yo batsolt, zol er nit reydn oyf di idn. ober eyn got hot gevust, az ikh hob afile nit gehat keyn rubl oyfn veg far mir mit di kinder... mayn mame iz gekumen fun Krinik mit mir zikh gezegeben. zi hot mir gegeben drey rubl. zi hot gekent gebn mer, ober zi hot dokh gehat a tsveytn man un zayn gelt tor zi nit gebn... es hot mir geshat di shif. ikh hob opgebrokhn a gantse vokh.	money, I would have paid it to him so that he shouldn't speak badly about Jews...But God knew that I really didn't have a ruble left on the way for me and the children... My mother came from Krynki to say goodbye to me. She gave me three rubles. She could have given me more, but it would have been from her second husband, and she was not allowed to give money from him... I missed my ship. I had to postpone the trip for a whole week...
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di kinder zaynen nor geven krank a por teg, flegn zey geyn tsum ershtn klas, vu di reykhe zaynen geven, un zey hobn zey gegeben nasherayen... es iz take geven shlekht, az men fort aza langn veg on gelt. mer vi drey vokhn hot gedoyert der veg... m'hot unz frier gefirt oyf a kleyn shifl keyn Liverpool. in Liverpool hobn mir gevart oyf der groyser shif tsen teg. mir zaynen ayngeshtanen in an akhsanye oyf der shifs kompani kostn...ober on gelt hob ikh mayne kinder gor keyn fargenign nit gekent gebn. ober men iz geven tsufridn, vos men zet nit keyn pogromshtshikes oyf di gasn...di kinder hobn opgelebt... eynmol hot pasirt, az di kinder zaynen farblondzhet gevorn in Liverpool, un in Liverpool zaynen do a sakh frantsoyzn un zey zaynen geven gut un gebrakht di kinder in akhsanye. zey hobn farshtanen di frantsoyzn, az mayne meydlekh shteyen in der akhsanye dar emigrantn...	The children were sick (only) for a few days. They went up to the first class, where the rich people were, and these gave them nibbles. It was really bad to travel such a long distance and have no money. The trip took three weeks... First, a small ship took us to Liverpool. There we waited for ten days for the big ship. We stayed in a hostel at the expense of the shipping company. But without money I could not give my children any pleasure at all. At least we were happy that there was no pogrom on the streets...The children livened up ... Once, it happened that my children got lost in Liverpool. But in Liverpool there were many Frenchmen, good people, and they brought the children back to the hostel. The French already thought that my girls lived in the hostel for emigrants.
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mit mir hot oykh getrofn aza zakh. ikh hob nit gehat mayn bagazh mit mir. ven mir hobn zikh gezetst oyfn kleynem shifl iz mayn bagazh avek mit an ander shifl keyn NyuYork. ikh hob nit gevust. ikh bin gegangen vu di shifn kumen un men hot mikh arumgefirt in ale pletser un ikh hob nit gekent gefinen mayn bagazh. un vi tsu geyn tsu mayn akhsanye hob ikh nit gevust, un velkhe „konke“ tsu nehmen hob ikh oykh nit gevust, un gelt mit mir hob ikh oykh nit gehat. shtey ikh a fartsveyflte, vos zol ikh itster ton? un reydn kon ikh nit. kumt on a man un fregt mikh, vos ikh vil, vayz im dem adres. hot er mikh genumen tsu a konke, vos iz gelofn tsu der akhsanye, un hot gezogt dem konduktor, er zol mikh aroplozn bay der akhzanye un er hot batsolt far mir... ven ikh bin gekumen aheym hob ikh getrofn mayne kinder shtark farveynte. zey hobn nit gevust vos ibertsuklern... 64. s'iz ongekumen keyn Liverpool di groyse shif fun London un mir zaynen opgeforn keyn NyuYork...vos men hot zikh ongelitn...es zaynen geven azoyne groyse vintn. es hot gevorn di shif aroyf un arop un mer vi himl un vaser hot men nit gezen...es hot zikh gedakht, az men vet shoyn keynmol nit zen keyn land un men vet shoyn azoy blaybn oyfn vaser...	A stupid story happened to me as well. I did not have my luggage with me. While we took our seats in the small ship, my luggage was going to New York on another ship. However, I did not know that. I went to the arrival point of the ships, they took me to all the places, but I couldn't find my luggage anywhere. I also didn't know how to get back to the hostel and which "konke" [horse-tram] to take. I also didn't have any money with me. I stood there in despair, what could I do? I could not speak [the language] either. But a man came up to me and asked what I wanted. I showed him the address. Then he took me to the "konke" that went to the hostel, told the conductor to let me out at the hostel, and paid for me... When I got home, I met my children all teary-eyed. They didn't know what was going on... 64. Finally the big ship came from London to Liverpool, and we left for New York. What we had to endure! The winds were so violent that the ship was tossed up and down, and we saw nothing but sky and water. We thought we would never see land again and would have to stay on the water forever...
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ven s'iz geven shtil, nit keyn vintn, iz der himl geven azoy bloy un sheyn antkegn vaser. s'iz geven a fargenign tsu kukn di sheynkayt fun himl mit vaser...un ven di zun mit ire shtraln hobn geloykhtn in vaser	When it was calm and there was no wind, the sky contrasted so beautifully and blue against the water. It was a pleasure to look at this beauty of the sky and water...And when the sun cast its rays into the
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arayn, iz di sheynkayt ken ikh nit bashraybn....un banakht, ven di levone mit ire shtern hobn geloykhtn oyf dem yam hot keyn oyg nit gekent zikh aynkukn vos far a sheynkayt s'hot zikh opgeshpiglt oyfn vaser... ven di vintn zaynen geven, iz geven a moyre un a pakhed tsu zayn oyfn dek...s'iz geven in a baynakht, di matrosn hobn alemen oyfgevekt, az men zol vos gikher aroysgeyn fun kayute oyfn dek, vayl eyn zayt fun shif iz geven ful mit vaser. es hot zikh ayngengebn un men hot oysgepompert dos vaser un geratevet di mentshn fun dertrunken vern. mir ale zaynen aroys fun di kayutes oyfn dek nakete un borvese, un di kinder tsheshrokene... es hot ongehaltn der vint mer vi a nakht mit a tog...mir, di mentshn oyfn shif, hobn zikh nit gerikht, az mir zoln blaybn leben. es iz geven a groyser nes un der yam hot zikh ayngeshtilt un ale hobn geloybt got... mir zaynen gekumen lebedike keyn Amerike. mikh mit di kinder hot men gefirt keyn Boston. farvos hot men unz gefort keyn Boston? derfar vos ikh hob moyre gehat ontsugebn az mayn man vet mikh mit di kinder aropnemen fun der shif, vayl er hot dokh nit gevolt mir zoln forn keyn Amerike, vet er zayn in kas un vet unz nokh shikn tsurik... eyder ikh hob zikh gelozt forn keyn Amerike, hob ikh geshribn mayn man a brif, az ikh hob moyre tsu blaybn in Bialystok, vayl s'kon nokh, got zol ophitn, trefn an ander pogrom. ikh hob im oykh geshribn az ikh vel kenen arbetn in Amerike oykh, un er zol zikh gornit zorgn, ikh vel mayn shtetl bashteyn un im helfn tsu makhn a leben. er zol nor zayn gut tsu mir mit di kinder... mayn man hot demolt gearbet in ingelvud bay kinder-heyzkes.mayn bruder Ishye hot gevust vu mayn man arbet, iz er geform keyn Ingelvud	water, the beauty of the sight was so magnificent that I cannot describe it. And at night, when the moon and the stars glow on the sea, the eyes could not get enough of what beauty was reflected on the water... But when the wind came up, we were terrified on the deck...It happened at night that the sailors woke us all up. We were told to leave the cabins as quickly as possible and go out on deck, because one side of the ship was full of water... They managed to pump out the water and save the people from drowning. We had all run out of the cabins naked and barefoot, and the children were terrified... The storm lasted longer than a night and a day. We, the people on the ship, no longer expected to stay alive. But a great miracle happened, the wind calmed down, and everyone praised God... We arrived in America alive. I and the children were taken to Boston. Why, you ask, to Boston? Because I was afraid to declare that my husband would pick me and the children up from the ship. After all, he didn't want us to go to America. He would be angry and send us back... Before I left for America, I wrote a letter to my husband saying that I was afraid to stay in Bialystok because, God forbid, another pogrom might follow. I also wrote him that I could work in America, and he should not worry. I would be able to stand on my own feet and help him make a living. He should just be good to me and the children... My husband was working in Englewood at that time, making children's pants. My brother Ishye knew where my husband worked. He went to
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un hot im gevolt gebn gelt, er zol unz aropnemen. hot er zikh opgezogt mayn man iz glaykh gekumen keyn Boston unz aropnemen. ikh mit mayne kinder zaynen gekumen an ovnt far Yom-Kiper in Bostoner kesl-gardn [1]...ikh gedenk, vi men hot unz alemen gegebn gute esns...	Englewood and wanted to give him money to pick me up from the ship. My husband refused the money and immediately drove to Boston to pick us up. My children and I arrived the night before Yom Kippur at the Boston "Kestl-Gardn" [Castle-Garden[1]]...I remember how we all got a good meal...
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[1] "Kestl-Gardn"= Castle Garden. Until 1890, immigrants to the United States were received and registered at "Castle Garden," at the southern tip of Manhattan. Apparently, this term became so ingrained that it was sometimes later used as a synonym for a receiving station.

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inmitn tog yom-kiper zaynen arayn di baamte fun kesl-gardn un tsu mir gezogt:“ayer man iz zeyer tsufridn, vos ir mit di kinder zaynen do. er volt shoyne aykh mit di kinder gevolt zen, ober er ken aykh nit zen biz morgn inderfri. yom-kiper gibn mir nit aroys keyn pasazhirn“... di mentshn vos hobn gezen mayn man in hoyf fun kesl-gardn, hobn tsu mir geredt, vos far a sheynem man ikh hob un er iz azoy freylekh, vos ikh bin do in Amerike mit di kinder. er zet oys tsu zayn a voyler mentsh...“ yom-kiper iz demolt geven shabes, un zuntog inderfri hob ikh oysgeputst mayne meydlekh in sheyne zakhn, in shvartse spodnitses un royte bluzkes. ikh hob farflokhtn zeyere tsep mit royte lyentes inmitn fun di tsep mit groyse shleyfn...un mayn man hot zey derzen, hot er zey gehaltn in zayne hent etlekhe minut, un er hot zikh nit gekent zat onkukn in zey, azoy sheyn zaynen zey geven... 65.	In the middle of the day of Yom Kippur, the officials of the "castle-garden" came in to me and said: "Your husband is very happy that you are here with the children. He already wanted to meet with you, but he can't see you until tomorrow morning because we don't let passengers out on Yom Kippur..." The people who had seen my husband in the courtyard of "castle-garden" spoke to me because I had such a handsome husband who was so happy that I and the children were now in America. He looked like a good and happy man... Yom Kippur fell on a Shabbat at that time. On Sunday, early in the morning, I prettied up my girls, dressed them in beautiful clothes, black skirts with red blouses, and braided red ribbons with big bows in their braids...And when my husband saw them, he held them in his arms for several minutes and couldn't get enough of them, they looked so beautiful... 65.
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mayn man hot unz gebrakht tsu a shif, vos iz geforn keyn Paterson. er hot unz gekoyft bananes un tometos un mir hobn nit gevust mit vos men est dos. mir hobn dos nit gevolt esn. er hot unz gelernt vi zey tsu esn... ikh hob zeyer geveynt forndik in shifl un er hot mikh gefregt, vos ikh veyn azoy. hob ikh im gezogt, az ikh veyn nokh mayn bruder Alter, vos iz geshtorbn. hot er tsu mir gezogt, az er iz geven bay mayn shvester Sheyne Gitl, vos men hot gerufn in Amerike, <i>Gosye</i>, un zi veynt gornit, nor der gantser klog iz nor oyf mir... er hot unz gebrakht tsu mayn bruder Ishyen. zayn vayb <i>Rokhl</i> iz geven a gute un fayne froy un a sheyne oykh. mir zaynen geven zeyer gute fraynt, eyder mayn bruder hot khasene gehat mit ir. zi hot mir zeyer sheyn oyfgenumen. mayn bruder Notke hot gevoynt mit mayn bruder Ishyen... nit vayt fun mayn bruder hot gevoynt mayn shvester Sheyne Gitl un zi iz bald gekumen. mayn shvegerin Rokhl hot gemakht a sheynem mitog	My husband took us to a ship that was going to Paterson. He bought us bananas and tomatoes, but we didn't know what to eat it with, so we didn't want to eat it. But he taught us how to eat it... I cried a lot. When we were riding in the ship, he asked me why I was crying so much. I told him that I was crying for my brother Alter, who had died. He then said to me that he had been with my sister, Sheyne Gitl, who was called <i>Gosye</i> in America. She had not cried at all, all the sadness just weighed so heavily on me... He took us to my brother, Ishye. His wife, <i>Rokhl [Rachel]</i>, was a good, beautiful and fine woman. We had been very good friends even before my brother married her. She took me in very kindly. My brother, Notke, lived with my brother, Ishye... Not far from my brother lived my sister, Sheyne Gitl, and she soon joined us as well. My sister-in-law, Rachel, cooked a fine lunch
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un oyfdernakht iz mayn man avekgefornt tsurik keyn Ingelvud...in a vokh arum iz er unz gekumen zen un gezogt, az vi nor er vet krign a tsimer veln mir kenen voynen tsuzamen. keyn sakh fardint hot er take nit, ober men vet shoynt zen vos tsu ton... er hot gedungen bay a froy a groysn tsimer un hot mikh mit di kinder aribergenumen keyn Ingelvud. in kikh hob ikh gekent kokhn un esn, un di baleboste hot mikh gelernt vi tsu kokhn oyf der Amerikaner mode...	and in the evening my husband went back to Englewood...After a week he came to visit us and said we would live together as soon as he could get a room. He really didn't earn much, but we would make it work... He rented a large room from a woman and took me and the children to Englewood. I was allowed to cook and eat in the kitchen, and the landlady taught me how to cook the American way...
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es hot nit genumen keyn tsvey vokhn un mayn man hot geleyent in der tsaytung, az men zukht in a groysn shap a kontraktor bay kindershe heyzkes. iz mayn man bald avekgeform keyn Nyu York un hot geshribn mit zey a kontrakt. er hot gehat a por hundert toler un er hot ayngoordnt etlikhe mashines, un hot gedungen shtepers (opereytors)un a tsushnayder (kater), un es iz im avek nit shlekht. er hot gemakht a faynem leben. aleyn hot er oykh gearbet.

mir hobn gedungen a voynung in 322 Eseks Strit oyfn dritn shtok. mir hobn gekoyft abisl mebl genutste. di dire iz geven nit keyn shlekhte. es iz geven eyn groyser tsimer mit a kleyn kamerl untern tir. mayn man hot gebrakht a border, zayns a kuzins a zun. men hot im gerufn *Zalmen*. er iz geven a gants fayner bokher. er iz geven abisl krank.

shpeter mit nayn khadoyshim hon ikh geboyrn a meydl, zeyer a sheynike. ikh hob ir a nomen gegeben Gosi...es hot oysgekukt alts iz fayn un es vet zayn gut...mayn man hot azoy geglikhn dos pitsele. er iz gegangen un hot gekoyft a sheyn kinder-vegele. di andere tsvey meydlekh zaynen geven eyferzikhtik oyfn eyfele; flegn kukn mit kas oyf ir un amol gegeben a petshl oykh...

keyn sakh gelt hot mayn man mir nit gegeben. er hot gegeben finf doler a vokh. er hot getsolt dire-gelt un hot gekoyft far di kinder zakhn...ikh bin geven gliklekh, aza sheynike meyele geboyrn, ver iz tsu mir glaykh...ikh hob zikh gefrayt mit mayn mazl vos ikh mit di kinder hobn zikh aroysgeratevet fun di pogromen, un ikh hob nokh a drit kind, un mayn man makht nokh a leben far mir...

Not two weeks passed and my husband read in the newspaper that they were looking for a contractor for children's pants in a large factory. So my husband immediately went to New York and signed a contract. He had a few hundred dollars and arranged quite a few machines, hired operators and a cutter, and did not do badly. He made a fine living and was even able to work independently.

We rented an apartment at 322 Essex Street, on the third floor, and bought some used furniture. The apartment was not bad. It was a large room with a small closet behind the door. My husband brought in a lodger, his cousin's son, his name was *Zalmen*. He was a very decent young man, but a bit sick.

Nine months later I gave birth to a girl, a great beauty. I gave her the name *Gosi*. It looked like everything was going to be fine and dandy now...My husband was so proud of the baby. He went out and bought a beautiful stroller. The other two girls were jealous of the little girl, they looked at her angrily and sometimes they even gave her a little slap...

My husband did not give me much money, only five dollars a week. He paid the rent for the apartment and bought things for the children...I was happy that I had given birth to such a beautiful girl, someone should try to imitate me...I was happy about my luck, that I had saved myself from the pogroms with my children and had a third child, and that my husband provided for our living.



(Possibly) Rachel with her three daughters, photo courtesy of her grandson, Dr. Norton Snyder



Rachel with her three daughters, photo courtesy of Rachel's grandson, Dr Norton Snyder

66. es hot ongehaltn di frayd mayne knape tsvey yor un es hot zikh als oysgelozt tsum shlekhtn...es iz shoyn keynmol nit geven gut... mayn man hot zikh tsekrikt mit dem forman un afile zikh geshlogn un mayn man hot tserisn dem formans hemd oyf shtiklekh. kon men shoyn farshteyn, az er hot farlozn dem dzhab... vos hot er geton? er iz avekgefor keyn Paterson un hot dortn gedungen tsimern un mikh mit di kinder ibergelozn in Paterson un aleyn tsurikgefor keyn NyuYork, un er hot zikh geplogt in NyuYork, un ikh in Paterson...fardinen hob ikh nit gekent. ikh hob dokh gehat a kleyn kind...farvos hot er mikh avekgefirt in Paterson? tsu nehmen nekome, hot er gezogt, fun mayn familye, farvos ikh bin gekumen keyn Amerike... er hot opgeshport a drey hundert dolar, iz a hunderter avek, ven er iz mit uniz gekumen keyn Paterson...in Nyu York hot er keyn arbet nit gekrign. er hot genumen makhn aleyn kinder-heyzkes un gebrakht keyn Paterson tsu farkoyfn, un keyn leben nit gekent makhn... hot er gepruvt vayter tsu neyen in Paterson heyzkelekh, hot er gekoyft rekhtlekh (remnitses) un aleyn geshnitn un geneyt, un ikh hob im aroysgeholfn, un es iz nit geven gut... er iz vayter avekgefor keyn Nyu York un hot zikh arumgedreyt un koym fardint far zikh aleyn...ikh mit di kinder hobn nit gehat vos tsu es nun oyf keyn dire-gelt tsu tsoln...hot men mikh aroysgeshtelt fun der dire...es iz geven in a shabes gedenk ikh, es zaynen gekumen di mentshn fun gerikht un mir gegebn a papir, az ikh muz zikh aroysklaybn.	66. My joy lasted barely two years, before everything took a turn for the worse, and was no longer good at all... My husband fell out with the foreman, he even fought with him and tore his shirt to pieces...you will understand that he quit his job after that... You ask what he did after that? He went away to Paterson, rented an apartment for me and the children, then left us there to go to New York alone. He toiled away in New York, and I toiled away in Paterson. I couldn't earn anything, because I had a small child after all. Why did he take me to Paterson? He wanted to take revenge on my family, he said, because I had come to America... He had saved up three hundred dollars, one hundred dollars was already spent when he went with us to Paterson...In New York he couldn't get a job. So he started making children's pants on his own and taking them to Paterson to sell, but it wasn't enough to make a living... He tried to sew children's pants in Paterson, bought scraps of fabric for that, cut them on his own and sewed them together, and I helped him, but the situation was not good... So he went back to New York, whirled around, but barely earned anything for himself. My children and I had nothing to eat and no money for apartment rent...so I was terminated. It was, I think, on a Shabbat when people from the court came and gave me a document that I had to move out.
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ikh hob dan gevoynt oyf Voder Gas. az oyf shabes iz gekumen mayn man und erzen vos es tut zikh in shtub, az men muz shoyn hobn an andere dire, iz er gelofn zukhn un gedungen drey fintstere tsimern in Nort-Vest gas, oyfn tsveytn shtok. der shlof-ztsimer iz geven zeyer kleyn. mer vi a betl hot men nit gekent araynshteln, un s'iz geven on a fentster oykh...un veyst ir vos er hot geton? es iz geven in gresern tsimer a fentster, hot er dos farshlogn mit tsvekes, iz gevorn vilgots in shtub, zaynen mir ale krank gevorn... far dos direle hot men getsolt akht rubl a khoydesh un dem kleynem rent hot men oykh nit gehat...	I lived on Voder Street [Water Street] after that. When on Shabbat my husband came and saw what had happened and that we needed a new apartment, he ran to look for something and rented three dark rooms on Northwest Street, on the second floor. The bedroom was very small. You couldn't put more than a little bed in it, and it didn't have a window. And you know what he did? There was a window in the larger room, but he had nailed it shut, so it got damp in the apartment and we all became sick. For this small apartment was to pay eight rubles [1] rent a month, but even this money we did not have...
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[1] It can be assumed that she means "dollars".

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ikh hob genumen trakhtn, vos ken men ton tsu mahn a leben. mayne brider hobn gehat zeyer gute fraynt, fabrikantn fun zayd. eynem hot men gerufn <i>Finklshteyn</i>, dem shufetf zaynem hot gerufn <i>Daymant</i>. hob ikh bay zey zikh gelernt tsu pikn [1] shtiker zayd...mayn mame, oleyo hasholem, hot akhtung gegeben oyfn kleynem kind un oykh gekokht far unz aleman... mayn mame hot nit gevoynt mit mir. zi hot gevoynt mit mayn bruder Notken. er hot nit lang khasene gehat far a meyd, vos iz oykh geven a veberke. hobn zey bayde gevebt. hot mayn mame gekokht vetshere far mayn familye un mir flegn kumen in mayn kleyn shtibl esn... 67. volt shoyn geven gut, iz ober fun der shlekhter dire bin ikh krank gevorn un mayne kinderlekh oykh...az ikh bin nit geven in shtub a gantsn tog, hob ikh zikh nit arumgekukt, vos mit di kinder tut zikh...	I began to rack my brains as to what I could do to earn a living. My brothers had very good friends, silk manufacturers. One of them was named <i>Finklshteyn</i> [<i>Finkelstein</i>]. His associate was called <i>Daymant</i> [<i>Diamant</i>], and the two of them taught me to "pikn" [1] silk pieces... My mother, may she rest in peace, looked after my little child and cooked for all of us. My mother did not live with me, but with my brother Notke. He had married a woman shortly before who was also a weaver, so they were both weaving. My mother cooked dinner for my family and we would meet to eat in my little apartment... 67. It would have been good if I and my children had not gotten sick from the bad apartment. Since I was not at home during the day, I did not pay close attention to what was happening to the children. One day, on
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eyn tog, a shabes, ikh tu a kuk oyf mayn Mushen un ikh ze, vi eyn zayt fun ir rekhtn aksl iz aroys fu plats, un di gantse pleytse iz oysgeboygn...oy vey iz mir! vos ken ikh ton? ikh hob opgerufn mayn shvegerin, zi iz bald gekumen un ikh hob ir gevizn vos mit mayn Mushen hot getrofn. zi iz mit mir bald gelofn tsu a groysn beyn-doktor, un er hot gezogt, az zi hot fartserung (konsompshan) fun di beyner...er hot geheysn ir trogn a shtolenem breis [brace] tsvey yor, un er hot farzikhert, az zi vet gezunt vern nokh di tsvey yor... ikh bin oykh gevorn krank, un ikh hob nit gekent geyn in shap arbetn. hob ikh gebetn Mister Finklshteynen, er zol mir gebn di shtiker zayd tsu pikn in hoyz. er hot mir takegegebn...s'iz ober geven shver tsu trogn di shtiker zayd mit di rolers. hob ikh im gebetn, er zol mir gebn on di rolers. ikh hob afile on a roler oykh nit gekent trogn. hobn mayne kinder inderfri, eyder zey zaynen gegangen in shul, avekgetrogn di fartike shtiker zayd un gebrakht andere tsu pikn... mayn eltere meydl, vos iz geven krank, iz shoyn geven beser un iz shoyn geven in dreytsntn yor. Libe iz geven in elftn yor. mayn Libele hot ibergekukt di fartike, vos ikh hob opgepikt un hot mir nokh geholfn tsu pikn di frishe, vos zi mit ir shvester hobn gebrakht, ven zey zaynen gekumen fun shul...	a Shabbat, I took a look at Mushe and saw that her right armpit was hanging down and the whole shoulder was deformed, oh, I felt so scared! What could I do? I called my sister-in-law to me. She soon came, and I showed her what had happened to my Mushe. She immediately ran with me to an eminent bone doctor, and he said that she had consumption of the bones...He instructed her to wear a steel brace for two years and promised us that after the two years she would be healthy... I also became ill and could no longer go to the "shap" [factory] and work. So I asked Mister Finklshteyn to give me the silk pieces to take home to "pikn" them there. And he actually gave them to me...But it was hard to carry the silk pieces together with the rollers. So I asked him to give me the silk without the rollers. However, I could not carry the silk pieces even without the rollers. As a result, early in the morning, before they went to school, my children would carry the finished silk pieces to the factory and bring new pieces so that I could "pikn" them... My older girl, who had fallen ill, was getting better, and she was already thirteen years old. Libe was eleven years old. My Libele checked the finished pieces that I had "opgepikt" and helped me "pikn" the new ones that she brought with her sister when they came from school...
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[1] pikn/oppikn shtiker zayd= I think that this term might be about cutting pieces of silk, and cleaning up the finished cut pieces at the edge.

azoy hobn mir zikh gematert etlekhe yor. azoyne yunginke kinder hobn gedarft shlepn di shtiker zayd fun shap inderfri, ven der frost iz geven azoy groys un der shney azoy tif, az s'iz geven an aveyre a hunt aroystsutraybn indroydn...

fun pikn zayd hot men keyn leben nit gekent makhn, hobn zikh dervust soseyeti leydis un hobn mir gegeben tsvey doler oyf milkh ale tsvey vokhn...ikh gedenk, ven ikh hob gedarft shvartsn mayn ponim un geyn tsu zey nokh di tsvey doler, s'iz geven khanuke, hobn zey mir gegeben fir doler, 2 doler far milkh un 2 doler far mayne meydlekh khanuke-gelt...

un di kinder zaynen geven zeyer krank. mayn kleyne Gosi iz krank gevorn un mir hobn nit gevust vos tsu ton tsum kind. hot getrofn a nes un es iz gekumen der farmer, vos flegt mir brengen milkh yedn tog, un hot derzen, vi mayn Gosile ken dem otem nit khapn. zogt er : „gikher ruf a doktor!“ hobn mir bald gerufn a doktor un men hot zi koym derratevet...

s'hobn zikh dervust unzere landslayt, az ikh mit di kinder zaynen krank. hobn zey gemakht an unternemung un di unternemung hot arayngetrogn zekhtsik doler, un men hot unz geshikt keyn liberti...

68.

in Liberty zaynen mir geven zeks vokhn.ikh hob gekokht aleyn. mayne tekhterlekh hobn mer nit gehat yede eyne, vi tsu eyn kleydl. yedn tog bin ikh oyfgeshtanen inderfri un oysgevashn di kleydlekh un oysgeprest, un az zey zaynen arayn in zal, vu ale zumer-gest zaynen geven, hobn zey oysgezen beser un shener vi di kinder fun di reykh. ikh trayb nit iber, zey zaynen geven di shenste kinder in dem plats, vu mir zaynen ayngeshtanen...

In this way we toiled for several years. Such young children had to drag pieces of silk from the factory early in the morning, in heavy frost and deep snow. Even to drive a dog outside would have been a shame...

We could not make a living from "pikn" silk. Society Ladies found out about us and gave me two dollars every two weeks for milk...I remember how embarrassed I was to go to them for the two dollars. It was just Hanukkah. Therefore, they gave me 4 dollars, 2 for milk and 2 dollars of Hanukkah money for my two daughters...

My children were very sick. My little Gosi got sick and we didn't know how to help the child. But a miracle happened. A farmer who brought me milk every morning came and saw that my Gosile could not breathe. He said, "Quick, call a doctor!" We immediately sent for a doctor, and she could barely be saved...

Our compatriots knew that I and my children were sick. They arranged for an "undertaking", and this brought in sixty dollars, besides sending us to Liberty [1]...

68.

We were in Liberty for six weeks. I cooked myself. My daughters had no more with them than one dress each. Every day I got up early in the morning and washed and ironed the clothes, and when my daughters came into the hall where all the summer guests gathered, they looked better and more beautiful than the children of the rich. I am not exaggerating, they were the most beautiful children there where we stayed.

yedn frimorgn fleg ikh geyn oyf a farm, vu men hot gemolkn di ki un ikh hob gegebn di kinder frische milkh. zey hobn zikh take zeyer fayn farrikht.... biz hayntikn tog veys ikh nit ver fun mayne landslayt zaynen dos geven azoy gut tsu mir un hobn geton shikn mir mit di kinder oyf zeks vokhn keyn Liberty in dem zumer-plats...di kinder zaynen take gekumen aheym a sakh gezinter un frisher, vi zey zaynen geven in Paterson...	Every morning I went to the farm where the cows were milked and gave the children fresh milk. They actually recovered very well... To this day, I don't know which of my compatriots had been so good to me, and had arranged the six-week shipment to Liberty for the summer retreat. The children really came home much healthier and fresher than they had been before at Paterson...
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1. [1] note of Susan Pasquariella: There were 2 sanatoria that were established in Liberty, New York in the early 1900s. One was the Loomis Sanitorium and the other was established by the Workmen's Circle, a leading Jewish Fraternal Association. See <https://www.townofliberty.org/about/history/>

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ikh hob geshribn mayn man, az mir kumen aheym. er iz geven immer in Nyu York... mir hobn im getrofn inderheym...abisl shpeter hot er geleyent in der tsaytung az men hot geefnt a shap fun kinder-heytskes in Paterson. nu, iz shoyn geven di simkhe azoy groys. er vet shoyn zayn inderheym mit unz un arbetn un ikh vel shoyn nit darfn onkumen tsu di tsvey doler oyf milkh tsu di soseyeti leydis... hert, vos s'hot pasirt. di firer fun der tsadoke (tshariry) gezelschaft hobn arayngerufn mayn man in ofis un hobn im oysgeredt farvos er git nit akhtung oyf zayn familye. hot er zey gezogt, az er hot nit fardint un az er aleyn iz oykh geven nit gezunt...hobn zey im gezogt, zey viln zen az er zol hobn besere arbet un er vet fardinen, ober er zol zen, az zayn familye zol nit darfn onkumen tsu tsadoke (tsharity). er hot zey tsugezogt, er vet zen dos beste far zayn familye...	I wrote to my husband that we were coming home. He was in New York all the time... We met him at home. A little later he read in the paper that a factory for children's pants was opening in Paterson. Well, that was great joy that he would now stay home with us and work, and I would no longer have to depend on the two dollars for milk from the Society Ladies... Listen to what happened. The superiors of the Charity Society summoned my husband to their office and confronted him why he did not pay attention to his family. He told them that he had no earnings and was not healthy himself. They said that they wanted to see that he got a better job where he earned more. However, he should make sure that his family does not have to rely on charity. He promised them that he would do the best for his family...
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er hot fardint 16 doler a vokh, ober er iz geven azoy nerveyish. far yeder zakh, vos iz im nit gefeln gevorn, zaynen geven krigerayen. ober beser iz mir geven. tsu tsadoke bin ikh shoyt nit gegangen... ikh aleyn hob dokh oykh gearbet bay pikn zayd un fardint. ven mayn man zol nit geven zey nerveyish, volt men shoyt gekent oyskumen... nit vayt fun unz hot a man gearbet mit im in zelbn shap. zey flegn geyn tsuzamen tsu der arbet, un fun der arbet. flegt er oyf mir onreydn vos in der kort shteyt ...er iz geven in kas oyf mayn mamen, un zi hot gemuzt voynen bay fremde mentshn. mayn bruder Notke iz krank gevorn oyf di lungen un er hot gemuzt avekform keyn Kalifornye, hot nebekh mayn mame gemuzt zayn bay fremde mentshn... 69. eyder mayn bruder iz avekgeform keyn Kalifornye, hot er gevoynt oyf Soykril Evenyu oyf a barg in finf tsimern. hobn mir ibergenumen di tsimern. ikh hob dokh geshribn, az mir hobn gevoynt in Nord-Vest Gas zeyer niderik, in drey kleyne tsimerlekh, mit eyn fentster oyfn tsveytn shtok un derfar zaynen mir ale geven krank...	He earned 16 dollars a week [1], but he was incredibly hot tempered. There were arguments over everything he didn't like. But in general I felt better and I didn't have to go to the charity anymore... I myself earned money with "pikn" silk, and if my husband had not been so hot tempered, we would have got along well... Not far from us lived a man who worked with him in the same factory. They used to go to and from work together. In the process, my husband spread all kinds of things about me...He was angry with my mother, which is why she had to live with "fremde mentshn" [strangers]. My brother Notke had become ill with lung disease and had to go to California, so unfortunately my mother had to live with strangers... 69. Before my brother went to California, he had lived on "Circle Avenue", on a mountain, and had five rooms. We took over the apartment. I did write that we lived on Northwest Street, very poorly, in three small rooms with one window, on the second floor. And we had all become ill there from the living conditions...
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[1] Here's a little mental leap. Apparently, he was actually given a job.

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untn hobn gevoynt a shikerer daytsh. er hot gehat a meydil arum eyn un tsvantsik yor un oykh a groysn bokher. az er iz geven shiker, hot er nor gevolt hargenen zayn tokhter un zun. zey hobn zikh bahalt'n bay unz, vayl tsu unz hot der daytsh nit gevagt aribertsukumen...	Downstairs had lived a drunken German. He had a daughter of 21 and an adolescent son. Once when he was drunk, he wanted to kill his daughter and son. They hid with us, because the German did not dare to come over to us...
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az mayn bruder Notke mit zayn vayb Flore un mit zeyer 3-khadoyshimdik zaynen avekgeform keyn Los Anzheles, hot mayn man ibergenumen di voynung. mir hobn opgekoyft dos mebl un mir hobn shoyng gevoynt in a laytisher dire...ikh mit mayn man hobn gearbet un shoyng gekent tsoln dire-gelt... es hot zikh shoyng oysgevizn az es iz gut, iz gekumen an andere tsore. ikh bin shoyng geven a lange tsayt krank un mayn Gosile iz oykh krank gevorn oyf di lungen. zi hot gehat nyumonye, iz ir farblibn di krankheytoyf di lungen...ikh bin geven gel vi vaks. yeder eyner, vos hot mikh gekent, hot gedayget vos vet vern fun di drey oremer kinderlekh, az di mame zeyere iz azoy gel...ikh hob gemuzt geyn mitn kind tsu doktoyrim, un der tate irer hot zi gedarft trogn oyf di hent, hot zi nit gevolt un gemakht koyles. iz er geven in kas oyf mir, az ikh lern azoy di kinder zey zoln im faynt hobn un nit veln geyn tsu im oyf di hent...er hot take nit gevolt ikh zol zi trogn. er hot moyre gehat, az mir vet dos trogn ir oyf di hent farshatn... az mayn Gosile iz alt gevorn drey yor iz zi gevorn gezunt un ikh bin oykh gevorn gezinter. es hot zikh shoyng farbesert dos leben. men hot zikh shoyng azoy fil nit arumgekrigt... mayn Gosile iz shoyng geven in fertn yor un nit vayt fun unzer hoyz iz geven a kinder-gortn un ikh hob ir geshikt in kinder.gortn. fun onfang hot zi mir gebrakht oysgeshnitene fun papir alerley tsatskes...es hot nit lang genumen, hot men ir ibergeshikt in a hekhern klas, shoyng nit in kinder-gortn avu men hot shoyng gelezn un geshribn... eynmol kumt zi aheym un brengt mir a papir, az zi iz mit di hekhere kinder...	When my brother Notke, his wife Flore [1] and their three-month-old child left for Los Angeles, my husband took over the apartment. We bought the furniture and lived in a posh apartment...My husband and I worked and we could already pay the rent... When everything was proving to be fine, a new problem arose. I had already been sick for a long time, and now my Gosile also became ill and contracted pneumonia that would not heal...I myself was yellow as wax. Everyone who knew me was worried about the fate of the three poor children because their mother looked so yellow. I had to go to the doctor with my child, and her father had to carry her in his arms to do so. However, she did not allow this and screamed... Thereupon, my husband was very angry with me, I would incite the children against him, so that they did not even want to be carried by him...My husband did not want me to carry her, because he was afraid that the dragging would harm me... When my Gosi was three years old, she had recovered, and I had also become healthier. Life improved, we didn't fight so much anymore... When my Gosile was four years old, I sent her to kindergarten, which was not far from our house. From the very beginning she brought me little paper cut-out toys. It wasn't long before she was sent to a higher class, where reading and writing were already being done, and she stopped going to kindergarten. Once she came home and brought me a document that she had come to the children of a higher grade...
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zi hot mir dertseylt, az der printsipal hot ir gezogt:“ zog dayn mamen, az du vest amol zayn a groyser mentsh“... iz mayn frayd geven zeyer groys...	She told me that the principal had said to her, "Tell your mother that you will become an important person one day!" My joy was very great...
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[1] According to family lore, she was also called "Faiga".

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70. un ir veyst, vos mayn Gosile flegt ton nokh shul? zi iz avekgegangen vayt fun der heym in Voder Gas. dorn flegn zayn mitingen fun di vebers, di vebers hobn gestreykt. dan flegt <i>Heyvud</i> der groyser [1]agitirn di arbeter tsu streykn far besere badingungen. s'iz geven a froy, Bet Flin [1], zi hot oykh organizirt di arbeter. mayn kleyn meydele hot zi lib gehat... mir hobn nit gevust, vuhin zi iz ahingekumen, un az mayn man flegt kumen fun der arbet un hot ir nit gefunen, hot men shoy n it gekent zitsn in shtub... men hot ir arumgezukht un men hot ir shtundn lang nit gekent gefinen. biz men hot zikh dervust, az zi gefint zikh in Voder Gas, hot men shoy n gevust vu zi tsu gefinen... az zi flegt nit kumen aheym iz zi gevorn fartruknt un zi iz ongegrifn gevorn in di lungen. ikh hob gezen, az epes iz der mer mit der meydele un ikh bin avek mit ir tsum doktor. der doktor hot akhtung gegeben oyf unzer gantser familye, oykh oyf mayn bruder un shvester...der doktor	70. And do you know what my Gosile used to do after school? She went to the Voder Street [Water Street], far from home. Meetings were held there by the weavers who were on strike. At that time, "<i>Haywood the Great</i>"[1] agitated the weavers to strike for better working conditions. The movement included a woman, "<i>Beth Flynn</i>," [1] who organized the workers. My little daughter liked her very much... [The first time] we didn't know where she had gone, and when we came home from work and couldn't find her, we couldn't sit quietly at home... We looked for her everywhere for many hours, and could not find her until we learned that she was at Water Street. Later we already knew where to find her... Once, when she did not come home, she became dehydrated and her lungs were attacked. I noticed that something was wrong with the girl and went with her to the doctor. The doctor paid attention to our whole family, including my brother and sister...The doctor knew that Gosile
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hot gevust, az ven mayn Godile iz alt geven a yor un a halb, hot zi gehat lungen-antsindung (nyumonye). der doktor hot ir unterzukht un hot oysgefunen, az zi hot shtarkn bronkheyts... azoy vi er hot gekent di gantse familye oysgebundn, un hot gevust yedn eynems krankeyt, er hot oykh gevust, az mayn bruder Notke iz in Kalifornye. er hot take avekgeshikt mayn bruder Notken keyn Kalifornye tsu heyln zayn lungen.krankheyts. hot der doktor gezogt tsu mir, az ikh muz shoyrn forn keyn Kalifornye tsu rateven dos kind... az ikh bin gekumen aheym un dertseylt mayn man, vos der doktor hot gezogt, hot er nit gegloybt un iz aleyn avek tsu im. der doktor hot im nokh mer ongestraset, im gezogt, az men muz umbadingt avekforn mitn kind keyn Kalifornye...ober keyn gelt hobn mir nit gehat, bin ikh avekgeforn keyn Nyu York tu mayn bruder Ishye , er zol mir leyen 50 doler. ober mayn bruder hot oykh nit gehat. er iz geven a id an oreman. er hot zeyer shver gearbet tsu makhn a leben far zayn familye...er flegt tsufirn in di heyzer broyt, khale, zeml, beygl...er hot gehat a vayb mit fir kinder. dire-gelt in	had pneumonia when she was one and a half years old. The doctor examined her and found out that she suffered from severe bronchitis... Since he knew the entire family, he also knew about everyone's illnesses, and also that my brother Notke was in California. He himself had sent my brother Notke to California to cure his lung disease. Now the doctor said to me that I must go to California to save my child... When I got home and told my husband what the doctor had said, he didn't believe me and went to see him himself. The doctor scared him even more and told him that it was absolutely necessary to go to California with the child. But we didn't have any money. So I went to my brother Ishye, in New York, and asked him to lend me 50 dollars. But my brother didn't have that much money either. He was a poor Jew, he had to work very hard to support his family. He delivered bread, challah, rolls and bagels to the houses...he had a wife and four children. The apartment rent
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[1] “Big Bill” Haywood (William Dudley) and Beth Flynn (Elizabeth Gurley Flynn) were leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), see https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bill_Haywood and https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Elizabeth_Gurley_Flynn

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Nyu York iz geven tayer, un men hot gedarft di kinder kleydn. zayn vayb hot gehat a kleyn kreml embroydery (oysheftung).	in New York was very expensive, and the children also had to be clothed. His wife had a small embroidery business.
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bayde hobn gearbet un es iz nit geven keyn hatslokhe...mayn bruder hot gehat groys tsaar vos er ken mir nit helfn ingantsn. er hot gehat 16 doler, vos hot zikh opgeshtelt bay im fun zayn tsefirn gebeks iber di heyzer, un er hot zey mir opgegebn...

ikh hob gefilt azoy shlekht, vos ikh hob oysgetreyslt mayn bruders keshenes...mayn man iz arayn in ofis, vu er hot gearbet un hot zey dertseylt, az a kind iz im krank gevorn un zayn vayb muz shoyn forn mit dem in Kalifornye. der balebos fun ofis hot opgerufn dem doktor, un der doktor hot gezogt, az es iz emes, der balebos hot im gelien etlekhe doler un er hot im yedn vokh aropgerekhnt a por doler.

71.

in Los Andzheles hot gevoynt mayn shvester Sheyne Gitl mit ir man, un zi hot shoyn gehat a ingl fun a yor akht...ven mayn bruder Notke iz avekgeform keyn Los Andzheles hot er nor gehat eyn ingele fun drey khadoyshim. itster hit er shoyn gehat tsvey inglekht; dem ershtn hot men gerufn *Lui*, dem tsveytn, *Moyshe*. er iz alt geven a yor un a halb. er iz geven aza sheyner, a blonder, mit lange gekreyzlte hor. er iz geven groys, vi a ingl fun drey yor.

ikh bin farforn tsu mayn bruder Noten, un mayn bruder mit zayn froy hobn mikh tsugenumen zeyer fayn. ober es hot lang nit ongehaltn di frayndlekhkeyt fun mayn shvegerin Flore oleyo hasholem...
ikh hob gepruvt tsu ton ales in der hoyz, abi es zol zayn sholem, ober mayn shvegerin hot gevorn an imkheyn oyf mir un poshet nit gekent mikh onkukn...

un vos hob ikh gekent ton mit a krank kind. aleyk bin ikh oykh geven krank. ikh hob gezukht epes tsu ton, ober ikh hob nit gekent gefinen in mayn fakh arbet...ikh hob dokh nit gevolt zayn ongehangen oyf mayn

They both worked, but they were not lucky. My brother was very distressed that he could not help me at all. He had 16 dollars that had accumulated from his pastry delivery service and gave it to me.

I felt so miserable that I had emptied my brother's pockets...My husband went to the office [of the factory], where he worked, and told there that his child was sick and his wife had to go to California with her. The office boss called the doctor, and he confirmed that it was the truth. As a result, the boss lent my husband quite a few dollars, which he deducted from his weekly salary...

71.

In Los Angeles, my sister Sheyne Gitl lived with her husband, and they already had a son of eight years...When my brother Notke left for Los Angeles, he only had his three-month-old son with him. But now he already had two boys. The first one was called *Louie* [1], the second *Moyshe*. He was one and a half years old and such a beautiful child, a blond with long, curly hair...He was as tall as a three-year-old boy.

I went to my brother Note, and my brother and his wife received me very kindly. But the kindness of my sister-in-law Flore, may she rest in peace, did not last long...
I tried to do everything for the peace of the house, but I fell out of favor with my sister-in-law and she just could not see me anymore...

What should I do now with the sick child; I myself was not healthy either. I tried to find some work, but there was none in my trade...I did not want to be dependent on my brother

bruder mit mayn shvester...tsu mayn bruder flegn araynkumen reykhe froyen tsu koyfn milkhiks...er flegt tsufirn iber di heyzer puter, kez, eyer un andere shpayz-produktn. er hot gemakht a sheynem leben.	and my sister...Rich women used to come in to my brother's house to buy dairy products...He delivered butter, cheese and other food to the houses. He led a nice life.
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[1] From the family side it is said that he was called "Leib".

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keyn ander arbet hot er nit gekent ton. er iz dokh gekumen mit kranke lungen. ober oyf der luft arumforn iz im geven beser. tsvishn di froyen, vos zaynen arayngekumen tsu mayn bruder tsu koyfn milkhiks, iz geven eyne a froy, <i>Lize</i>, zi iz geven zeyer a gute. ikh hob zikh fanandergeredt mit ir. zi hot mir dertseylt, az zi hot gearbet in a shap bay nayen klouks un der bos hot zolh farlibt in ir un zey hobn khasene gehat... ikh hob ir dertseylt vegn mayn bitern leben, vi ikh hob ibergelozt mayn man mit tsvey meydlekh in Paterson. mayn man fardint nit keyn sakh, un er darf dokh oyshaltn di kinder, ken er unz gornit shikn. ikh hob zi gebetn, zi zol far mir epes ton... ir man's shap iz geven oyf 443 Spring Sreet. ikh hob gevoynt in Boyl Hayts. zi hot gebetn dem forman fun shap men zol mikh oyslernen feln di ontsugn mit di mantlen. ikh hob zikh shnel oysgelernt. di ershte vokh hob ikh shoyn fardint zeks doler...mayn meydele fleg ikh iberlozn nokh shlofndik. es iz geven leben shtub a shule. mayn shvegerin flegt ir gebn iberbaysn, un zi iz gegangen in shule. tsself azeyger flegt mayn Gosyle kumen tsurik in hoyz esn mitog... fun onfang iz ongegangen zeyer gut, ober abisl shpeter hot zi mir getribn fun hoyz. zi flegt zogn tsu mayn bruder, az er ken mir gebn gelt vifil er vil, ober in hoyz vil zi mikh nit...bin ikh krank gevorn, un dos iz geven shabes tsu nakht. azoy vi ikh hob gehat bronkheyts hob ikh a gantse nakht zeyer gehust...	He could not do any other work, because he came as a lung patient, but when he drove around outside in the air, he felt better. Among the women who came in to my brother to buy dairy products was a woman named <i>Lize</i>, she was a very good one. I had a talk with her. She told me that she had worked in a factory where they sold new cloaks; her boss had fallen in love with her and they got married... I told her about my bitter life, that I had left my husband and the two girls back in Paterson and that my husband didn't earn much. He had to pay for the girls' upkeep, so he couldn't send anything. I asked her to do something for me... Her husband's factory was located at 443 Spring Street. I lived on Boyle Heights [1]. She asked the foreman of the factory to teach me how to line the suits and coats. I learned it very quickly and made six dollars the first week. I left my daughter when she was still asleep. Next to our apartment was a school, and my sister-in-law prepared breakfast for her. Gosile went to school and usually came back to the house at 12 o'clock to eat lunch... At the beginning it went very well, but a little later she drove me out of the house. She used to tell my brother that he could give me as much money as he wanted, but she didn't want me in the house...I got sick, it was on Shabbat night. I suffered from bronchitis and coughed very violently all night...
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mayn shvester Sheyne Gitl flegt kumen ale zuntog tsu mayn bruder far mitog, zi mit ir man un mit ire tsvey inglekhn...mayn shvegerin hot gemakht dem bestn mitog far ir mit ir man un mit ire kinder. oyf mir hot zi ongeredt far mayn shvester. hob ikh geveynt. vos zol ikh ton mit a kleyn kind? hot mayn shvester mir gezogt: „vos vilstu, az Neyten zol zikh getn tsulib dir?“ nit vayt fun mayn shvegerin hot gevoynt mayn shvesters a frayndin, <i>Eyde Miler</i>, un zi hot gezogt tsu mir: „geyt avek fun Floren, vet ir gezunt vern...“ nit vayt fun mayn bruder iz geven a tsimer tsu fardingen. iz Mises Miler mit mir gegangen un ikh hob gedungen dem tsimer. di baleboste hot mir tsugezogt, az zi vet far mir kokhn un zi vet akhtung gebn oyfn kind... iz dokh geven vi gevuntshn, hot dos vayter nit getoygt. di baleboste hot gehat a ingl in zelbn elter vi mayn	My sister, Sheyne Gitl came to my brother's house every Sunday for lunch, along with her husband and two boys...My sister-in-law cooked the best lunch for her, her husband and her children. [But] she blasphemed about me to my sister. I cried [and asked my sister], "What should I do with my little child?" My sister answered me: "Do you want Note to divorce his wife because of you?" Not far from my sister-in-law lived my friend's sister, <i>Eyde[Ida] Miller</i>, and she said to me: "Just get away from Flore, and you'll get healthy, too!" Not far from my brother there was a room for rent. Mrs. Miller went there with me and I rented this room. The landlady promised to cook for me and take care of my child... That came as requested, but it was no good. The landlady herself had a boy the same age
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[1] About Boyle Heights and its Jewish history, see <https://www.laconservancy.org/jewish-american-heritage> and <https://scalar.usc.edu/hc/jewish-histories-boyle-heights/index>

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Gosile, un er flegt ir shlogn...er iz geven a shtarker un mayn meydele iz dokh geven a shvakhe... mer vi dem ingl hot di baleboste nit gehat. zi iz shoyn geven in di mitele yorn...eynmol, az der ingl hot gegeben mayn meydele in hartsn mit zayn foyst, hot mayn meydele im opgegebn...hot shoyn nit	as my Gosile, and he beat her...He was strong, and my girl was a weak one after all... My landlady didn't have more children than this boy, she was already middle-aged...Once, when the boy punched my girl in the chest, she punched back...No, there was no point anymore. When I got home from
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getoygt...ikh bin gekumen fun der arbet, hot di baleboste mir gezogt, ikh zol shoy'n aroysklaybn...ikh bin avek tsu der Mises Miler un zi hot mir gezogt, az iber nakht ken ikh mit mayn meydele ibernekhtikn bay ir...

72.

in shap hot gearbet a preser, eyner a *Goldberg*. ikh hob im dertseylt vegn mayne tsores mit mayn baleboste un er hot mir gezogt: „ikh hob far aykh a tsimer un ir kent shoy'n, ven ir vet kumen farnakht fun der arbet, zikh araynklaybn. ikh vel nit nehmen tsu tayer fun aykh. mayn vayb vet kokhn far aykh un oykh akhtung gebn oyf ayer kind...“ der tsimer iz geven leben „Brid Strit“ un lebn der zelber shule antkegn...zey hobn oykh gehat kinder, vos zaynen gegangen in shule, un zey flegn oykh mitnemen mayn kind.

ikh hob nit gevust vi got optsudanken, vos er hot mikh oysgeleyzt fun azoyne tsores, fun mayn shvegerin un fun mayn shlekhter baleboste...gekumen farnakht aheym fun der arbet hob ikh shoy'n getrofn an opgekokhte vetsherer far mir mit mayn kind. di Misis Goldberg hot gut akhtung gegeben oyf mayn meydele...

un az ikh hob shoy'n gekrign arbet bin ikh zeyer krank gevorn un *doktor Bles* hot gezogt, az ikh muz geyn far an operatsye, di oybershte kishke hot zikh mir aropgelozt...bin ikh avek in shpital un dortn iz gekumen tsvey mol a vokh a froyen-doktor. zi iz geven a spetsyalistin oyf froyen krankheyten. zi hot gezogt, az an opertsye vel ikh nit farzamen tsu hobn un zi hot epes geton tsu mir un ikh bin take gevorn beser. ikh hob nokh afile biz itst nit gehat keyn operatsye. dos iz geven in 1913.

mayn bronkhey'tis iz shoy'n gevorn beser, ober az ikh hob gehat a sakh tsores un ikh gedenk, az a gantse nakht bin ikh gelegn un

work, the landlady told me to move out...So I went away to see Mrs. Miller, and she told me that I could stay with her that night along with my daughter...

72.

There was an ironer named *Goldberg* who worked at the factory. I told him about my problems with my landlady, and he told me: "I have a room for you and when you get home from work tonight you can move in already. I won't rent it to you too expensive, my wife will cook for you and also take care of your child"... The room was next to Breed Street and across from the same school...They, [the Goldbergs], also had children going to school and they took my child with them.

I didn't know how to thank God for delivering me from all these problems, from my sister-in-law, and from my bad landlady...When I came home from work in the evening, a hot meal was already prepared for me and my child, and Mrs. Goldberg took good care of my girl...

But when I had already got work, I became very ill, and Doctor Bless said that I had to have an operation, because I was suffering from a sagging of the upper bowel...So I went to the hospital, where a women's doctor came twice a week, who was a specialist in gynecological diseases. She said that I would still have time before surgery was needed. She treated me and I actually got better. I have not had any operation even to this day, and it was then in 1913.

My bronchitis had already gotten better, but I had a lot of grief, and I remember lying there at night

gehust. ikh hob gemuzt shlofn leben fentster mitn kop indroyesn. ikh bin avek tsum doktor Bles un er hot mir gezogt, az ikh tor nit arbetn, ikh vel krign lungenentsindung...bin ikh avek tsum plats vu ikh hob gearbet. tsvey shutfim hobn gehaltn dem shap, eyner *Moris Seks*, un eyner a *Mister Ketsop*. ikh hob zey gezogt, az der doktor Bles hot mir farbotn tsu arbetn, vayl ikh bin krank.

oyf Nort Brodvey iz geven a groyser shpital, dortn zaynen geven gute doktoyrim. bin ikh avek in yenem shpital, un es zaynen dortn take geven gute doktoyrim, un eyn doktor, a spetsyalist, hot mikh akzaminirt un er hot zikh gut oysgelakht fun doktor Bles, vos er hot mir gezogt, az ikh tor nit geyn arbetn. s'iz nor a farkilung, hot er gezogt. mir gegeben a meditsin un geheysn kumen shpeter mit a vokh. durkh der vokh iz mir gevorn beser un ikh hob shoyn keyn meditsin nit gedarft.

hob ikh zikh zeyer gedayget, vos ikh hob zikh opgezogt fun dem plats, vu ikh hob gearbet...bin ikh avek tsurik tsum balebos, un ikh hob im gezogt, az ikh hob gemakht a groysn toes, vos ikh hob zikh opgezogt fun dzhab. s'iz bloyz geven a farkilung un di farkilung iz shoyn avek. der balebos, Mister Ketsop, hot gezogt, az er iz zeyer tsufridn, vos mir iz beser, un ikh ken zikh shoyn zetsn arbetn. ikh bin geven azoy gliklekh, az ikh hob nit gevust vi got tsu dankn...ikh hob shoyn demolt fardint zibn rubel a vokh...

73.

nu, kumt vider a tsore, es iz gevorn slek (vintsik arbet) un ikh hob gedarft hobn gelt tsu shikn nokh mayne kinder in Paterson.dervayl kumt tsu tsu mir mayner a bakanter un fregt mikh, efsher vel ikh geyn

coughing. I had to sleep next to the [open] window, with my head outside. I went to Doctor Bless and he said I must not go to work or I would get pneumonia...So I went to my place of work, a factory which was run by two shareholders, *Morris Sachs and Mister Katsop*. I told them that Doctor Bless had forbidden me to work because I was sick.

On North Broadway there was a big hospital with good doctors. I went to this hospital and there were really good doctors there; one of them, a specialist, examined me and had to laugh very hard at Doctor Bless and his statement that I should not work. He said to me that I just had a cold, gave me some medicine, and instructed me to come back in a week. Within the week I was feeling better and didn't need any more medicine.

I was very worried about the fact that I had quit my job...So I went back to my employer and told him that I had made a big mistake quitting my job. I had only had a cold and it was now over. The employer, Mister Katsop, said that he was very happy that I was feeling better and I could go right back to work. I was so happy that I didn't know how to thank God...

At that time I was already earning seven rubles a week...

73.

Well, and again problems came up. There were very few work assignments left, but I still had to send money to my children in Paterson. Meanwhile, an acquaintance came to me and asked me if I

tsu a kimpetorin oyf tsvey vokhn. hob ikh gefregt tsi men vet mir derloybn mit mayn Gosile...hot der man zikh ongefregt bay der kimpetorin un gezogt, az yo. ikh hob bay der kimpetorin gearbet zeyer shver. es iz bay ir geven fir kleyne kinder. ikh hob gedarft inderfri makhn far der kimpetorin un ire fir kinder iberbaysn, oykh ontan di kinder un shikn zey in shul...ikh hob gedarft akhtung gebn, s'zaln zayn reyne deypers (vikelekh) farn pitsele, un oykh opkokhn vetshere far der gantser	would work for two weeks with a "kimpetorin" [a woman who had just given birth]. I asked if I could come with my Gosile...My acquaintance asked the "kimpetorin", and she said yes. I had to work very hard at the "kimpetorin". There were four small children with her. Early in the morning I had to prepare breakfast for the woman and her four children, dress the children and send them to school...I had to make sure that the baby wraps were clean and also cook dinner for the whole
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familye...di arbet iz nit geven azoy shlekht, vi di kinder...zey flegn onhargenen mayn meydln un ir nit gelozn esn un zikh shpiln. ikh hob koym ibergelebt di tsvey vokhn un fardint 45 doler...ikh bin gegangen tsu mayn shvester Sheyne Gitl un ir gebetn, az zi zol mir leyn 50 doler. zi hot mikh geshikt tsu ir man in krom. ir man hot mir gezogt, az bay im iz nit keyn bank... mayn shvester mit mayn shvoger zaynen geven gants reykh. zey hobn gehat a groyse dreyguds dry goods (galanterey) krom oyf der Naynter Gas un Sentral Evenyu. un az mentshn zaynen reykh, zaynen zey shlekht... bin ikh avek fun mayn shvester mit a tsebrokhn harts...ikh hob gedarft brengen di kinder fun Paterson. ober vos zol ikh itster ton? iz dokh do mayn guter bruder <i>Neyten</i> un er hot genumen mayne fuftsik tuler un hot nokh tsugeleygt zayne fuftsik tuler un er hot dos gelt avekgeshikt tsu mayn man in Paterson... Mushe iz geven in sibtsentn yor, Libe iz geven in fertsntn yor.	family... The work wasn't as bad as the kids...They used to beat my daughter and did not let her eat or play. I barely lasted the two weeks and made 45 dollars...I went to my sister Sheyne Gitel and asked her to lend me 50 dollars. She sent me to her husband at the store. Her husband answered me that he was not a bank... My sister and her husband were very rich. They had a big dry goods store on Ninth Street and Central Avenue. And when people have become rich, they become bad...I left my sister with a broken heart...I had to get my children out of Paterson. But what was I supposed to do now? My dear brother, Neyte [Note], was there for me. He took my 50 dollars and added another 50 dollars, and he sent the money to my husband in Paterson... Mushe was seventeen years old and Libe was fourteen. Unfortunately, the hundred dollars was not enough to bring my family to Los Angeles.
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ober di hundert tuler zaynen nit geven nokh genug aribertsubrengen keyn Los Andzeles mayn familye. iz mayn man geforn keyn Nyu York tsu mayn bruder Ishyen un Ishye hot im gegeben, ikh denk, 50 tuler, un zey zaynen gekumen tsuzamen mit mayn mamen... un vegn mayn mamen vil ikh dertseyln, az eyder mayn bruder Note iz avekgefornt mit zayn familye keyn Kalifornye, iz zi geven bay im. dernokh dem iz zi geforn keyn Nyu York un iz geven bay mayn bruder Ishyen. ober bay Ishyen iz zi geven etlekhe khadoyshim. zi hot nit gekent oyskumen mit di kinder. mayn bruder Ishye hot gehat eyn meydyl. men hot zi gerufn <i>Enye</i>, un drey inglekhn. der elterer iz immer geven in kas oyf zayn boben, farvos di bobe iz geven zeyer a frume un hot im gelernt idishkeyt. men hot im gerufn <i>Louie</i>. er iz nokh geven a yunger ingl, efsher tsen yor alt... di andere inglekhn zaynen geven zeyer yunge kinder un hobn zi gefolgt. di eltere meydyl iz geven zeyer gut tsu der boben, dos heyst, tsu mayn mamen...mayn mame hot gekokht far der gantser familye, vayl mayn shvehgerin iz in hoyz nit geven. zi hot gehat a krom fun embroidery (oysheftung) un zi hot aleyng gearbet oyf a mashin... eyder mayn mame iz gekumen voynen mit mayn shvegerin iz geven bay ir in hoyz eyn sort keylim. ven mayn mame iz gekumen voynen mit ir hot zi shoyng gekoyft milkhike keylim un fleyshe keylim.	As a result, my husband went to New York to see my brother Ishye, and Ishye gave him, I think, fifty dollars. They could now come together with my mother... About my mother, I would like to tell you the following: Before my brother Note went to California with his family, she was with him. Then she went to New York and stayed with my brother Ishye. She stayed with him for several months, but she did not get along with his children. My brother Ishye had a daughter named <i>Enye</i> and three boys. The older son, his name was <i>Louie</i>, was always angry with his grandmother because she was so pious and taught him "Jewishness". He was a young boy, maybe ten years old... The other boys were still very small and obeyed her. The girl, she was already older, was very good to her grandma, that is, to my mother...My mother cooked for the whole family because my sister-in-law was not at home. She had an embroidery store after all and worked alone on a machine... Before my mother came and lived with my sister-in-law, there was only one kind of cooking vessel in her home. When my mother came and lived with her, she bought separate cooking vessels for milk and for meat [according Jewish Law].
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ober di kinder hobn zikh nit gehit. mayn mame hot dos nit gevolt laydn un dertseylt dos mayn shvegerin. hot mayn shvegerin, zeyer a fayner mentsh, ir gegeben finf tuler un mayn mame iz gekumen in Paterson...	But the children did not care. My mother couldn't stand it and told my sister-in-law. My sister-in-law, a very fine person, then gave her 5 dollars, and my mother went to Paterson...
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dos iz geven nokh dem, vos mayn bruder Note mit zayn familye iz shoyne geven in Kalifornye, iz mayn mame geshtanen bay mayn shvester Sheyne Gitl. mayn shvester un ir man zaynen geven zeyer gut tsu ir. er iz geven a veber bay zayd un zi hot gepikt di zayd. mayn mame hot akhtung gegebn oyf mayn shvesters familye... s'hot zikh ober gemakht, az mayn shvoger hot farloyrn zayn dzhah un keyn gor gezunter man iz er oykh nit geven, hot er geshribn tsu mayn bruder Noten, az er hot farloyrn zayn dzhah, keyn andern kon er nit gefinen... hot im mayn bruder Note geshribn, az er zol alts farkoyfn un kumen keyn Kalifornye, in Los Andzheles...iz mayn shvester mit ir man un mit zeyer ingele (a groyser shtifer geven) geforn keyn Los Andzheles... mayn mame iz geblibn in Paterson un zi hot gedungen a tsimer bay fremde mentshn. bay mir hot zi nit gekent zayn, vayl mayn man hot nit gehat keyn gutn leben mit ir. ale mol hot er gehat taynes tsu mayn mamen... un ikh hob dokh oykh gemuzt forn keyn Los Andzheles, hob ikh ibergelozt di tsvey meydlekh in Paterson mit mayn man un mayn mame flegt far zey kokhn un ales geton far zey... un az ikh hob geshikt nokh mayne tsvey meydele iz shoyne mayn mame tsuzamen mit zey gekumen in Los Andzheles... 74. ven di kinder fun Paterson zaynen tsu mir gekumen, hob ikh gevoynt mit mayn Gosilen in a tsimer. iz iz danalt geven finf yor. un in dem tsimer zaynen tsugekumen mayn mame mit di tsvey meydlekh.	After my brother Note and his family had already gone to California, my mother stayed with my sister, Sheyne Gitl. My sister and her husband were very good to her. He was a silk weaver and she used to "pikn" the silk. My mother looked after my sister's family... But it happened that my brother-in-law lost his job. Moreover, he was not a healthy man. Therefore, he wrote to my brother Note that he lost his job and could not find another one... My brother wrote him to sell everything and come to California, Los Angeles. So my sister went to Los Angeles with her husband and her boy (he was very naughty)... My mother stayed in Paterson and rented a room with strangers. She couldn't stay with me because my husband didn't get along with her. He was constantly objecting to my mother... Besides, I had to go to Los Angeles. So I left my girls in Paterson with my husband, and my mother cooked for them and did everything for them. And by the time I went to catch up with my two girls, my mother had already arrived in Los Angeles with them... 74. When the children from Paterson came to live with me, I lived in one room with my Gosile, who was five years old at the time. And now in addition, my mother and the two girls moved into that room.
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mir zaynen geshlofn oyfn dil, biz mir hobn gekrign a dire. di dire iz geven fun fir tsimern...vos fara shtub dos iz geven! nit gefarbt, nit keyn vaser oyf a vane. men hot gedarft varem dos vaser un arayngisn un nokhdem oysshepn un oysgish in toylet...ikh fleg farmatert vern eyder ikh hob gemakht a bod far di kinder...	We slept on the floor until we got an apartment. And this apartment had four rooms, but what an apartment it was! The walls were not painted, there was no water for the bathtub. You had to warm the water, pour it [into the tub], and then scoop it out and pour it into the toilet...I was exhausted before I even started bathing the children...
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di dire iz geven bay a goye, un zi hot gornit gevolt ton far unz. men hot zi gebetn, az zi zol oysfarbn, hot zi gezogt, az „du vilst nit kenstu zikh aroysklaybn“. mir hobn nit gekent krign keyn ander dire far dem gelt vos mir hobn getsolt. tsvelf doler a khoydesh hobn mir getsolt. s'iz take geven zeyer bilik, ober ikh hob far der troyeriker dire oykh nit gekent tsoln... in hoyf hot men nit gekent arayngeyn. es iz geven farshmutsikt un farvaksn. men hot moyre gehat, az keyn meyz zoln zayn in hoyz...der dil tselekhert un shvarts. keyn oyvn iz oykh nit geven. men hot gekoyft an eyvele un dos geshtelt oyf tsvey kestlekh. men hot moyre gehat, az es zol zikh nit iberkern mit di teplekh... dos eyvele hot gekost a tuler. kon men zikh shoyn forshteln vos far a metsie iz dos geven...un oyf dem eyvele hob ikh gedarft varem vaser tsu bodn di kinder... keyn mebl hob ikh nit gehat.in a zuntog iz gekumen mayn shvester un hot mir gegeben in a fatsheylke a goldenem finf doler shtik. mayn bruder hot far mir gekoyft mebl far fertsn doler: an alte bet, un a betl vos hot	[We rented] the apartment from a gentile woman who didn't want to do anything for us. When we asked her to paint the apartment, she said, "If you don't like it like this, you can move out!". For the money we had to pay, we couldn't get another apartment, it cost \$12 a month, so it was really very cheap, but even that money I couldn't pay for the poor apartment... You couldn't enter the yard, it was all dirty and overgrown. We were afraid that mice would get into the house...The floor was pitted and black, there was no stove. We bought a stove and put it on two boxes, but we were afraid it would tip over with the pots... The little stove cost a dollar, so you can imagine what a cheap thing it was...And on that stove I had to heat water to bathe the children... I didn't have any furniture. One Sunday my sister came and gave me a gold five dollar piece in a little scarf. My brother bought me furniture for fourteen dollars: an old bed and another bed that was already falling
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zikh tsenumen, un a tishl mit shuplodn, un a por alte shtuln, veys-gefarbte, un men hot zikh moyre gehat oyf zey tsu zetsn... mer vi tsvey shtuln hot men nit gehat. un az mentshn zaynen gekumen, zaynen geven a por kestlekh, un oyf di kestlekh iz men gezesn...un mit zibn doler a vokh, vos ikh hob fardint, hob ikh gedarft leben mit di kinder un mit mayn mamen oleo hasholem... mayn bruder olov hasholem hot tsefirt iber di heyzer puter, kez, milkh un eyer un andere shpayzn, hot shoyn mayn bruder Note mikh nit farlozn...tsvey mol a vokh flegt er durkhforn di gas, vu ikh hob gevoynt un hot mir gebrakht puter un kez un milkh un eyer, un andere shpayzn. azoy far a langer tsayt... 75. mayn man iz gekumen keyn Los Andzheles mit a yor shpeter un hot zikh nit gehat tsu vos tsu nemen. er hot nit gekent krign zayn arbet. er hot dokh gearbet bay kinder-heyzkes...do iz nit geven aza arbet...er hot gekrign abisl arbet bay ayzn, ober er hot zeyer veynik fardint...	apart a bit, a table with drawers and a few old chairs painted white that you were afraid to sit on. We had no more than two chairs, and when visitors came, there were a few little boxes to sit on...With the seven dollars a week I earned, I had to live with my children and my mother, may she rest in peace... My brother Note, may he rest in peace, delivered butter, cheese, milk, eggs and other food to the houses, and he did not abandon me...Twice a week he drove through the street where I lived, bringing me butter, cheese, milk and eggs and other food. It went on like this for a long time... 75. A year later my husband came to Los Angeles but he did not know how to live. He couldn't find a job, he worked in the production of children's pants, but there was no such work here. He was only able to work a little bit as an an iron junk dealer, but he earned very little...
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ikh gedenk, eyn tog mitog tsayt, bin ikh gezesn in shap un gegesn. kumt aroyf an opereytor un zogt mir, az mayn man vart oyf mir. bin ikh gikh aropgelofn in gas. hot er mir gezogt, er veyst az es vet mikh nit frayen vos er vet mir zogn. er geyt forn tsurik in Paterson, oder in Nyu York. vos iz der takhles do zikh tsu matern, er ken nit fardinen. hob ikh zeyer geveynt. hot er tsu mir gezogt:	I remember sitting in the factory one lunchtime eating. An operator came up to me and told me my husband was waiting for me. I quickly ran down on the street. He [my husband] told me I wouldn't be happy about what he was going to tell me. He would have to go back to Paterson or to New York. There was no point in struggling here anymore, he couldn't earn anything here. I then cried bitterly, and he said:
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„ikh veys az dir iz zeyer shlekht, ober, vos zol ikh ton, az ikh ken do keyn leben nit makhn. az ikh vel fardinen, vel ikh dir shikn a por tuler...“ un gloybn hob ikh im nit gekent, az er vet mir shikn gelt... ikh hob azoy geveynt, az er hot tsu mir gezogt: „veynt nit un klog nit, ikh vel nokh epes geyn pruvn. ikh hob do landslayt, efsher veln zey epes ton far mir.“ un er iz avek tsu zaynem a fraynt, men hot im gerufn <i>Goldshteyn</i>. er hot gepedlt mit dzhonk (altn ayzn, brukhvarf). er hot gehat aza sheynem ferd un aza sheynem vogn. es iz geven gefarbt grin un veys. es iz geven zeyer a sheyner geshpan... vu mir hobn gevoynt iz geven a groyser hoyf un a shtal, vu men hot gekent haltn dem ferd...ikh ken nit fargesn vi sheyn dos ferd iz geven, a royte un a sheyne fel...er hot gebrakht dem vogn mitn ferd mir tsu vayzn oyb mir gefelt. mir iz take gefeln gevorn... mayn man hot nit gehat keyn gelt tsu koyfn dem ferd un vogn. nu, vos tut men itster? iz er gegangen zukhn gelt. mayn bruder Neyten hot im gelien 75 doler. er iz gegangen tsu mayn shvesters man, er zol far im garantirn in gmiles khsodim oyf 50 doler. ober mayn shvoger hot opgezogt... iz mayn man avek tsu mayn bruders a shokhn, men hot im gerufn <i>Faynberg</i>, er zol far im unterschraybn a garanti far 25 doler. er hot untergeshribn di garanti der <i>Faynberg</i>. er iz geven a shnayder fun froyen-kleyder. iz shoynt danken got. er hot gepedlt mit alte ayzn un nis.es volt shoynt geven nit azoy shlekht. er hot gegeben finf doler a vokh in hoyz, ober er hot gevoynt in Anaheim, a fuftsn meyl fun Los Andzheles. dortn hot im Goldshteyn farkoyft dem „raut“ (pedlen teritorye) un er hot dortn gevoynt. shabes baytog flegt er kumen aheym in Los Andzheles mit	"I know you are in a very bad way, but what can I do? I can't make a living here. As soon as I will earn, I will send you a few dollars"...But I did not believe him that he would send me money. I cried so much that he said to me: "Don't cry and complain. I will go to try something else. I have some compatriots here, maybe they can do something for me." And he went to his friend, whose name was Goldshteyn. He was peddling junk. He had a beautiful horse and a beautiful cart...It was painted green and white and had such a beautiful harness... Where we lived there was a big yard and a stable where you could keep a horse. I can't forget how beautiful the horse was, with reddish-brown, beautiful fur...He [my husband] brought the horse with the cart to show me and ask if I liked it...And indeed, I liked it... My husband had no money to buy the horse and cart. Well, what should we do now? My brother Neyte [Note] lent him 75 dollars. He [my husband] went to my sister's husband and asked him to guarantee a "gmiles khsodim" [interest-free loan from the cooperative loan fund] of 50 dollars. But my brother-in-law refused... My husband went to my brother's neighbor named Faynberg and asked to sign a guarantee for 25 dollars. <i>Faynberg</i>, a tailor of women's clothing, signed the guarantee. So thank God he could already peddle junk and nuts. It wasn't bad at all. He gave five dollars a week for the household, however, he lived in Anaheim, fifteen miles from Los Angeles. There was the route to scrap peddling that Goldshteyn had sold him, and there he lived. Over Shabbat he used to come home to Los Angeles with his merchandise...
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zayn skhoyre... men hot nit gekent oyskumen mit di finf doler a vokh, hot men	We couldn't get by on five dollars a week, so
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zikh gekrign un er iz in kas gevorn un iz nit gekumen aheym... oykh hot im mayn bruder geshribn a briv, az er darf di finf un zibtsik doler. iz mayn man gevorn in kas un hot oysgelozt dem tsorn oyf mir mit di kinder... er iz avek tsu a loyer, <i>Leyens</i> hot men im gerufn, zeyer a kluger loyer... er hot oysgehort mayn mans taynes...der loyer hot im gezogt er zol kumen zuntog a zeyger drey un ikh mit di kinder zoln oykh kumen. <i>Leyens</i> [<i>Lyons</i>?] hot mir geshikt a loyer-briv, ikh zol kumen mit di kinder... ikh mit di kinder hobn zikh azoy geshrokn, az mir hobn nit gevolt geyn. mayn bruder hot gezogt, az mir zoln yo geyn...der loyer hot gevoynt in a gesl leben templ, in zeyer a sheyner hoyz...mayn man hot unz opgevart leben der kar un iz tsugelofn tsu Gosilen. er hot zi zeyer lib gehat. zi iz dan alt geven zeks yor. zi hot tsu im gezogt: "mer keyn seykhel hostu nit un du shemst zikh nit unz rufn tsu a loyer?" mir zaynen arayn in hoyz tsum loyer. er hot forgeleygt zayne taynes, mir hobn forgeleygt unzere taynes. der loyer hot gepasknt, az er zol unz opgebn far di tsvey vokhn, dos heyst, tsen doler, un kumen aheym oyf shabes un brengen an oyf (a hun) un oykh gebn far der hoyz zeks doler a vokh. er hot gebrakht tsvey hiner, un gegeben zeks doler a vokh far a langer tsayt...mir hobn nokh alts gevoynt oyf Feyrmont Gas...	we argued, he got mad and stopped coming home... My brother also wrote him a letter that he needed the 75 dollars. My husband went into a rage and took his anger out on me and the kids... He went to a lawyer named "<i>Leyens</i>" [<i>Lyons</i>], a very smart lawyer... He listened to my husband's complaints. After that, he told my husband to come back on Sunday at three o'clock; and I and also the children should come with him. <i>Lyons</i> sent me a lawyer's summons to come with the children... My children and I were very frightened. We didn't want to go, but my brother said that we should go very well...The lawyer lived in a small street next to a temple [1], in a very nice house...My husband was waiting for us next to the "kar" [street car] and immediately ran to Gosile, he loved her very much. At that time she was six years old. But she said to him, "Are you off your rocker, and aren't you ashamed to have us called to a lawyer?" We went to the lawyer's house. He [my husband] presented his complaints. We presented our complaints. The lawyer ruled that he [my husband] must pay us alimony for the two [past] weeks, which is ten dollars, must come home on Shabbat and bring a chicken, and must give us [in the future] six dollars a week for the household. He [my husband] brought two chickens and gave us six dollars a week for a long time...We still lived on "<i>Feyrmont</i>" [<i>Fairmount</i>] Street...
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mir hobn shoy'n gehat abis! beser mebl. mayn man hot opgekoyft bay a landsman, vos iz geforn tsurik keyn Nyu York, makhmes er hot nit gekent makhn keyn leben in Los Andzheles, zeks shtuln un tsvey dresers (shafes). oykh hot er ergets opgekoyft a tish fara doler.ikh hob dem tish opgelakirt. itst iz der tish in der mode; shtuln oykh. zey zaynen nokh zeyer sheyn. dos vos ikh shrayb iz geven in 1913. dos gantse mebl iz nokh haynt oykh gut...dos alts iz geven, ven ikh mit mayn man un mit mayne kinder hobn gevoynt oyf Feyrmont Gas... 76. itster gey ikh abisele tsurik: eyder mayne tsvey meydelekh zaynen gekumen keyn Los Andzheles, hot	We already had somewhat better furniture. My husband had bought six chairs and two cabinets from a countryman who went back to New York because he couldn't make a living in Los Angeles. He had also bought a table somewhere for a dollar. I painted over the table, and now the table is in fashion, and also the chairs. They are still very nice. It was in 1913, and the furniture is still good even today...This was all when I lived on Fairmount Street with my husband and children... 76. Now I'm going back in time a little bit: Before my two girls came to Los Angeles, my Libe
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1. [1] see <https://scalar.usc.edu/hc/jewish-histories-boyle-heights/cong-bani-jacob-fairmount-street-shul-2833-fairmount-st>

mayn Libe mir geshribn, az zi vil nit kumen keyn Los Andzheles, vayl in Paterson iz zi arayn in Hay-skul (mitl-shul) un nokh shul arbet zi in a department stor (krom) un fardint drey doler a vokh... s'iz geven a groyse department krom oyf Nort Meyn Gas. dem eygntimer, a id, hot men gerufn <i>Shpits</i>, un bay Shpitsn hot zi gekrign arbet nokh shule un um shabes...zi vet kenen geyn in Hay-skul un shpeter in kaledzh...Mushe hot oykh gearbet a por teg a vokh bay Shpitsn...	wrote me that she didn't want to come to Los Angeles because she had just started high school in Paterson and was working after school at a department store where she was making three dollars a week... It was a large department store on North Main Street [1]. The owner, a Jew, was named <i>Shpits</i>, and from him she had received work after school and on Shabbat...With this she was able to go to high school and later to college...Mushe also worked a few days a week at Shpits...
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ikh hob do gehat a bakante familye fun Bialystok, zeyer a reykhe. zey hobn gehat a groyse department-krom, froyen-zakhn, di tayerste mantlen un kleyder. zey hobn gemakht aleyh hitelekh, di shenste un di beste in Los Andzheles...farvos shrayb ikh dos? vayl s'hot tsu ton mit gefinen arbet far mayn Libelen... men hot zey gerufn di Tsitrins. zi kon nokh mayne brider. ikh hob ir amol gezen in Bialystok...ikh hob gearbet mit ir tatn un mamen in eyn fabrik bay Preyzmanen. ir foter iz geven a veber un ir muter iz geven a shnelerke.ikh mit ir muter zaynen geven gute fraynt. ikh fleg mit ir farbrengen farnakht, ven ale arbeter hobn gegesn vetshere. mir zaynen alemol gezesn baym oyvn un zikh gevaremt. ven ir meydl flegt ir brengen vetshere, hob ikh zi gezen. ven zi iz alt gevorn fertsn yor iz zi avekgefornt tsu an onkl in Amerike. der onkl iz geven ir muters a bruder. ir tatn hot men gerufn <i>Zalmen</i>, a hoykher un a sheyner. di mame iz geven a blonde, a sheyne. di tokhter iz oykh geven a blonde mit gekreyzlte hor. ir mamen hot men gerufn Khaye Leye [<i>Chaye-Leah</i>], zeyer familye nomen iz geven <i>Zilbert</i>. Khaye-Leyes tokhter iz dos di Mises Tsitrin... freg ikh mayn bruder, vu voynt di Mises Tsitrin? zogt er mir, ikh zol nit geyn un zikh makhn narish...es flegt arayngeyn tsu mayn bruder Mister Tsitrins a bruder. hob ikh im gezogt, az ikh volt gevolt zen der Mises Tsitrin un betn ir, efsher vet zi kenen araynnemen mayn Libelen in krom. hot er gezogt, az tsu der Mises Tsitrin ken keyner nit tsukumen... ober es hot mir nit opgelozn der gedank. bin ikh avek tsu irer a shvegerin un oysgefunen vu zi voynt un ven men kon kumen tsu ir in shtub...zi hot gevoynt in Hohenbek Park nit veyt fun mayn bruder in Boyl Hayts. zi hot dakht zikh gehat a hoyf mit heyzkelekh...arum	I had a family here that I knew from Bialystok, very rich people. They had a big department store with women's stuff, the most expensive coats and dresses. They also made their own hats, the most beautiful and best in all of Los Angeles...why am I writing this? Because it has to do with my Libele and finding work for her. [The family] was called <i>Tsitritin</i> [<i>Citrin</i>]. They also knew my brothers. I had seen her [<i>Mrs. Tsitritin</i>] once in Bialystok. I worked with her father and mother in the Preyzman factory. Her father was a weaver, her mother a "shnelerke". I was good friends with her mother and used to spend the evenings with her when all the workers had their evening meal. We used to sit together by the stove and warm ourselves. I saw her daughter when she came to bring dinner to her mother. When she was fourteen years old, she went to visit her uncle in America. The uncle was her mother's brother. Her father's name was <i>Zalmen</i>, a tall and handsome man. Her mother was blond and beautiful. Her daughter was also blond and had curly hair. Her mother's name was <i>Khaye-Leye</i> [<i>Chaye-Leah</i>], and her family name was <i>Zilbert</i>. Khaye-Leye's daughter was the Mrs. Tsitritin... I asked my brother where Mrs. Tsitritin lived. But he told me not to go to her and make a fool of myself... My brother was often visited by Mrs. Tsitritin's brother. I told the latter that I wanted to visit Mrs. Tsitritin to ask her if she could take my Libele into her store. He replied, however, that no one could approach Mrs. Tsitritin. But I didn't let go of the idea. So I went to her sister-in-law and found out where she [<i>Mrs. Ts.</i>] lived and when you could visit her...She lived in Hollenbeck Park, not far from my brother in Boyle Heights. Apparently she had a yard of houses...At
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1. [1] a note by Susan Pasquariella: Libe probably worked at Quackenbush's Department Store at 192 Main Street in Paterson. Quackenbush and his partner Mason sold the store to the Spitzes, who had been in business in Union City. See <http://davisullblog.blogspot.com/2008/09/department-store-building-of-week-vol.html> and <https://allthingsquackenbush.blogspot.com/2019/12/peter-quackenbush-quackenbush-company.html>

tsen azeyger inderfri bin ikh tsugekumen tsum hoyz, ongeklapt in tir un Mises Tsitrin hot aroysgekukt durkh a kleyn fentsterl. zi hot mikh gefregt, ver ikh bin, hob ikh ir gezogt, az ikh bin Neyten <i>Grundens</i> a shvester un ikh vil a toyve fun ir... zi hot mikh glaykh arayngerufn in shtub, un ikh hob ir dertseylt, az ikh ken ire eltern un ikh hob mit zey gearbet bay Preyzmanen un ongerufn zey bay zeyere nehmen, un ir dertseylt, vos mayn Libele hot mir geshribn, az zi vet nit kumen keyn Los Andzheles, oyb zi vet nit hobn vu tsu arbetn... di Mises Tsitrin hot mir gezogt, ikh zol mayn Libelen shraybn bald a briv, az zi zol kumen keyn Los Andzheles un zi vet ir gebn arbet bay ir in krom. azoy iz take geven... ven mayn Libele iz gekumen keyn Los Andzheles, bin ikh avek mit ir tsu der Mises Tsitrin, un mayn tekhterl iz ir zeyer gefeln gevorn un zi hot ir geheysn kumen tsu der arbet. zi hot ir arayngenumen vu men hot gemakht froyen-hitelekhn...mayn Libele hot oykh gelernt der Mises Tsitrin tsvey meydlekhn.eyne iz geven a kripl...nokh shule hot mayn Libele gearbet bay der Miss Tsitrin, un shabes a gantsn tog.	ten o'clock in the morning I came to her house and knocked on the door. Mrs. Tsitrin was looking through a small window. She asked me who I was, and I replied that I was the sister of <i>Neyte Grundens</i> [Note Grudski] and wanted to ask her a favor... She called me right in to her house, and I told her I knew her parents, had worked with them at Preyzman, and was on a first-name basis with them. And I told her that my Libele had written me that she would not come to Los Angeles unless she had a job there... Mrs. Tsitrin told me to write a letter to my Libele right away to come to Los Angeles, because she was going to give her work in her store. And so it really happened... When my Libele came to Los Ageles, I took her to see Mrs. Tsitrin, and she took a great liking to my daughter and directed her to come to work. She took her into the department that made women's hats...My Libele additionally taught Mrs. Tsitrin's two daughters, one of whom was a cripple...My Libele worked at Mrs. Tsitrin's after school and throughout Shabbat.
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zi hot ir getsolt fir doler a vokh...zi hot bay ir gearbet a lange tsayt biz zi hot farendikt hay-skul un zi iz avekgeform keyn Boyrkli, Kalifornye, zikh lernen in kaledzh... 77. ikh hob dokh geshribn in vos far a shtub mir hobn gevoynt in Feyrmont Gas...mir hobn zikh dervust, az in Kornval Gas iz do a hoyz tsu dingen, a sakh beser vi di hoyz vu mir hobn gevoynt. iz mayn <i>Mini</i> avek un gegeben a depozit (an aderoyf). ober nokh emitser fun unzere bakante hot oykh gegeben a depozit...der lendlord (hoyz-eygntimer) hot nit gevust vemen er zol fardingen dos hoyz. iz mayn Mini avek tsu im un hot im bavizn, az mir zaynen geven di ershte vos hobn gegeben im a depozit... mir hobn gegeben glaykh tsum lendlord dem depozit, un yener hot gegeben tsum lendlords a shvoger... hot heyst es mayn tokhter gekrign di shtub un es iz oyf unz geven a groyse simkhe...in der hoyz oyf Feyrmont Gas, vu	She paid her four dollars a week...She worked for her for a long time until she finished high school and went to Berkeley, California, to study at college. 77. I already wrote what kind of apartment we lived in on Fairmount Street...We learned that there was a house for rent on "Kornval" [Cornwell] [1] Street. It was much better than the house where we lived. My Mini [2] went to pay a deposit [for the house]. However, one of our acquaintances also paid a deposit...The house owner didn't know who to rent the house to now. But my Mini went to him and proved to him that we had been the first to give a deposit... However, we had given the deposit right away to the owner, while the other had given it to his brother-in-law... So my daughter "got" the house, and that was a great joy for us...In the house on Fairmount Street, where
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(1) see <https://www.redfin.com/CA/Los-Angeles/318-Cornwell-St-90033/home/6938105>

[2] Mini, Minnie= Mushe

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mir hobn gevoynt, iz geven vayt fun Bruklin Evenyu...un oyf Bruklin Evenyu hot men gekent koyfn in di kromen broyt un fleysh un milkh, un vos ir vilt...Kornval Gas iz nokh nit vayt fun Bruklin Evenyu... ven mir hobn gekrign di naye shtub, ver iz shoyn geven glaykh tsu unz! es iz geven nokh a fayer, hot der balebos ibergeboyt di hoyz un oysgefarbt. es iz take geven a sheyne hoyz, a mekhaye, tsu voynen. es	we lived, it was far to Brooklyn Avenue. But there, on Brooklyn Avenue, you could buy bread, meat, milk, and anything you wanted in the stores...Cornwell Street was not far from Brooklyn Avenue... When we got the new house, I don't think anyone was as happy as we were! There had been a fire [in the house] before, so the owner restored the house and painted it. It was really a beautiful house, it was a joy to
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iz geven kimat a naye shtub. di kinder hobn opgelebt...es iz shoyn dorn't geven a bod, vos men hot nit gedarft onvaremen oyfn oyvn vareme vaser un gisn in bod, un nokhdem aroysgisn... di hoyz oyf Kornval iz nokh nit geven moderne, ober fun yener dire biz der, iz dos geven vi fun gehenem arayn in ganeydn...di hoyz iz geven a fir heyzer fun Bruklin Evenyu, hobn mir shoyn gekent krign in di kromen vos mir hobn gedarft in hoyz tsum esn... s'iz oykh geven gut tsu forn tsu der arbet. in Feyrmont Gas hobn mir gedarft geyn tsu der royter kar barg arop, un ven men iz gegangen tsurik fun der arbet hot men gedarft geyn barg aroyf. iz geven zeyer shver, koym vos men iz aroyfgekrokhn oyf'n barg...nokh a zakh, az men hot gedarft geyn tsu der kar, hot men gedarft geyn untern brik, men hot zikh alemol geshrokn, vayl untern brik flegn zikh gefinen shikurim. un az men iz gegangen fun der arbet iz shoyn bafaln s groyse shrek...un in der hoyz oyf Kornval Gas, lem Bruklin Evenyu, vi men iz nor aroys fun shtub iz shoyn geven di kar. az mir hobn gevoynt oyf Feyrmont Gas zaynen mayn Mushe un Libe geven groyse meydlekh un zey flegt oyskumen tsu geyn fun kompani shpet baynakht, hot men zikh azoy geshrokn, az men flegt geyn durkh Soto Gas. a sakh mol hot men zey nokhgeyogt...in yene tsayt iz nokh Soto Gas nit geven farboyet... ikh hob dokh gearbet in 448 Spring Strit, iz mir shoyn geven gringer. vi nor ikh bin arop fun kar hob ikh shoyn gekent aynkoyfn...	live there. It was almost like a brand new house and the children livened up...There was already a bathroom there, where you didn't have to prepare extra hot water in the stove and pour it into the tub, and then pour it out again afterwards. The house on Cornwell [Sreet] was not modern, but by moving from that house to the next, we were virtually going from hell to paradise. The house was four houses from Brooklyn Avenue, so we could already get all the groceries we needed at the stores... It was also conveniently located for going to work. On Fairmount Street we had to walk down the hill to the red street car, and when we came from work we had to walk up the hill. That was very tiring, you could barely manage to crawl up the hill...And one more thing, to get to the street car you had to walk under a bridge and you were always afraid to do so because there were drunks under the bridge. And when we came from work, we were already struck with a great fear...And in the house on Cornwell Street, next to Brooklyn Avenue, the street car stopped right in front of the entrance door. When we still lived in Fairmount Steet and my Mushe and Libe were already grown-up girls, it happened that they came back late at night from a meeting with friends, and they were so scared when they had to go through Soto Street. Often people would chase them...In those days, Soto Street was not yet built up... I worked at 448 Spring Street, and it was easier for me now. As soon as I got out of the street car, I could go shopping...When I came back from
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ven ikh bin gekumen fun a tog shverer arbet hob ikh nokh gemuzt kokhn vetshere far di kinder. derfar ken ikh nit fargesn fun dem shvern leben, vos ikh hob dan ibergelebt... in der nayer shtub iz di bod geven azoy kleyn vi a klozet (shrank). ober es iz shoyt geven a boyler (a heytsen). az men hot gedarft makhn	a hard day's work, I still had to cook dinner for the kids. In view of this, I will never be able to forget what a hard life I led then... In the new house, the bathroom was as small as a closet; but there was already a [warm water] boiler. If you wanted to take a bath,
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a bod, hot men gemuzt nutsn a shvebele, hot men shoyt gehat vareme vaser...es iz dort mer keyn fayer nit geven vi fun boyler. az men iz gezesn in vane iz men farkilt gevorn vinter-tsayt... es iz geven zeyer bilik dos dire-gelt(rent)...mayn man hot nit gevoynt in der heym. rer hot gevoynt in shtetele Anaheym. er hot dortn gehat zayne pletser, vu er hot farkoyft zayn skhoyre bay di farmers. ober shabes flegt er kumen aheym. Montag flegt er tsurik forn... 78. der landlord (hoyz-eygntimer) hot gevoynt in Inglvud. eynmol a Montag, ven mayn man iz nit geforn tsurik keyn Anaheym un geshtanen in hoyf un sortirt zayn skhoyre, iz der landlord gekumen nokh dire-gelt... er hot gezogt tsu mayn man: „du veyst vos ikh vel dir zogn? biz haynt hostu getsolt 15 toler a khoydesh, itster vet dir kostn 16 toler a khoydesh...dem dritn khoydesh veys ikh shoyt nit vifil es vet dir kostn, vayl morgn gey ikh farkoyfn di shtib.“ fregt mayn man:“ vifil viltsu far der hoyz?“ zogt er, 2800 doler. fregt im mayn man:“vifil darf men ayntsoln?“ zogt er, 800 doler, un di iberike 2000 darf men oytsoln tsu 75 toler yede drey khadoyshim.	all you needed was a match and there was hot water. However, you couldn't make a fire, like in a bath stove. And when you sat in the tub in the winter, you cooled down.... The rent was very low...My husband did not live in our house, but in the city of Anaheim. There were the areas where he sold his goods to the farmers, but on Shabbat he always came home, and on Mondays he went back... 78. The landlord lived in Englewood. One Monday, when my husband had not gone back to Anaheim, but was standing in the yard sorting his merchandise, the landlord came to him about the rent... He said to my husband, "You know what I have to tell you? Until today you paid 15 dollars a month rent, from now on it will cost you 16 dollars a month. And what is to be paid by you in three months, I don't know, because tomorrow I will sell the house." My husband asked, "How much do you want for your house?" He answered, "2800 dollars." My husband asked: "How much is the down payment?" He said, "800 dollars; and the remaining 2000 must be paid off every three months in installments of
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zagt tsu im mayn man : „ikh voyn shoyn bay dir bald zeks yor. bin ich mer barekhtikt vi yener koyne, darfst mir di shtub farkoyfn“... mayn man hot im shoyn nit opgelozt un aroysgenumen fun bank hundert toler un im gegeben an aderoyd (depozit)...oyf morgn inderfri iz er gegangen mitn balebos in eskro [escrow] un er hot im gegeben nokh akht hundert toler un getsolt 75 toler ale drey khadoyshim. di shtub iz geven fun tsvey voynungen, oybn un unt...mayn man hot fardungen dem opsterz (fun oybn) far 20 toler a khoydesh, der tenant (shokhn) hot shoyn dortn gevoynt frier... ikh hob zikh dervust, ven ich bin gegangen fun der arbet, loyft mir mayn Gosile antkegn un zagt mir, az der tate hot gekoyft di	75 dollars!" My husband said to him, "I have been living with you for six years. Surely I have privileges over other customers, so sell me your house!" My husband did not let him go, withdrew from the bank a hundred dollars as deposit and gave it to him...The next morning he went with the owner to the escrow, and gave him an additional 800 dollars; he also paid him 75 dollars every three months. The house had two apartments, one upstairs, one downstairs...My husband rented out the upper floor, where a tenant had already lived before, for 20 dollars a month. I found out about it when I came home from work and my Gosile came running to meet me and told me that Father had bought
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shtub...ikh hob zikh zeyer gefreyt...ikh hob oykh gemuzt untershraybn mayn nomen in eskro, azoy hot der balebos gevolt... di kinder hobn gedungen a farber un ibergefarbt di shtub velkhn kolir zey hobn gevolt. dos hobn geton di eltere tsvey meydlekh: Mushe un Libe. dos kleyne meydele mayns iz alt geven tsen yor un zi hot nokh gornit gehat vos tsu zogn... di kikh iz geven a kleyne. es iz geven a pentri (shpayz-kamer) un dortn iz geven a kleyner fentster. in kikh iz geven a groyser fentster. hobn mir zikh barekhnt, az mir zoln betn mayn man, er zol unz lozn aroysnemen di pentri fun der kikh un mir veln hobn a groyse un sheyne kikh...di	the house. I was very happy...I also had to sign with my name on the [escrow papers] as the owner required it... The children hired a painter and repainted the apartment with the colors they wanted. The two older girls, Mushe and Libe, carried out this work. My little daughter was only ten years old and still had nothing to say... The kitchen was small and had a pantry with a small window. In the kitchen itself was a large window. We agreed to ask my husband to let us take the pantry out of the kitchen so that it would be bigger and nicer...The pantry only made the kitchen smaller and was so dark with
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pentri hot gemakht kleyn di kikh un fintster mit eyn fentster. di pentri iz geven greser fun der kikh. mir hobn getrakht, az mir veln poter vern fun der pentri, veln mir makhn fun kleynem fentster a groysn, vet di kikh hobn tsvey groyse fentster un mir veln hobn zeyer a sheyne un likhtike kikh... ikh mit di kinder hobn zikh genumen tsu mayn man er zol unz lozn makhn a sheyne un bakveme kikh...es iz geven zeyer a shvere zakh bay im tsu poyeln...mir hobn ober azoy lang getaynet biz er iz avek tsu zaynem a bakantn. zayn bakanter hot gehat a sakh heyzer, un im dertseylt vos mir viln. hot der bakanter gezogt: „az ir hot shoyn an eygn hoyz, to farvos zol ayer vayb mit di kinder nit hobn vos zey viln?“ yener man hot gehat oyf im an aynflus, un er hot geheysn dem man shikn a stolyer, un mir hobn take oysgefirt. mir hobn gehat a sheyne kikh un mayn man afile iz geven tsufridn... yede zakh, vos mir hobn gedarft ibermakhn, iz unz ongekumen mit shverikeytn, ober mir hobn azoy lang gedarft mit im ayntaynen biz er iz mid gevorn un er hot shoyn gelozn...nu, az men hot shoyn oysgefirt mit der kikh un oysgefarbt di shtub, hot men shoyn ongehoybn denken fun hobn abisl mebl in hoyz... vos kon men vayter ton mit im? vi azoy kon men onheybn reydn mit im? ober di kinder hobn zikh meyashev geven, er iz dokh alemol in Anaheim, veln zey koyfn dos mebl un brengen aheym... es iz geven unzerer a landsman, mister <i>Miler</i>, zaynen mir avek tsu im un gekoyft bay im a koutsh (kushetke) mit tsvey groyse shtuln. es iz geven di mode, ledern mebl. gekoyft hot dos	its small window. The pantry was bigger than the whole kitchen. We felt that if we had the pantry taken out and had the small window made into a large window, the kitchen will be very nice and bright with two large windows... So, together with my children, I asked my husband to have a nice and practical kitchen made for us...It was a very hard thing to get through to him...But we argued until he went to his acquaintance. His acquaintance owned many houses, and he told him what we wanted. The acquaintance said: "If you already have your own house, why shouldn't your wife and children have what they want?" That acquaintance exerted great influence on him, so my husband instructed him to send a carpenter, and everything was really implemented. We had a beautiful kitchen and my husband was even satisfied with it... Every matter we wanted to change caused us difficulties and we had to discuss with him until he got tired and allowed it..Now, when we had already finished the kitchen and painted the apartment, we thought of having some furniture in the house... But how should we explain it to him? How should we start a conversation with him about it? The kids thought that he was always in Anaheim anyway, so they could buy the furniture and have it delivered home... There was a fellow countryman, <i>Mister Miller</i>, who we went to and bought a couch and two big chairs from. It was leather furniture that was in fashion at the time. My daughter Mushe
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mayn tokhter Mushe. zi hot dos genumen oyf oystsutsoln...pasirt, az grade dem tog, vos mister Miler hot gehaltn in arayntrogn dos mebl, iz mayn man ongekumen un hot genumen shrayen oyf mister Milern er zol tsunemen di por shtiklekh mebl, az nit vet er im onbrekhn di beyner...ober ikh mit di kinder hobn zikh geshtelt kegn un nit derlozn s'zol kumen tsu a geshleg...es iz geven a groyse kharpe. er hot gemakht aza geshray, az men iz zikh tsunoyfgelofn fun gantsn blok...

79.

hobn mir shoy'n gehat abisl laytish mebl in hoyz un mayne meydlekh flegn shoy'n araynbrenge'n kompani in hoyz...mayne tekhterlekh hobn zikh bakant mit meydlekh, bokherim un zey flegn makhn simkhes (partis)...der lederner kotsh (kushetke, sofe) iz unz oykh tsunuts gekumen baynakht far a bet. men hot dos gekent efenen. baytog iz dos geven a sheyn shtikl mebl...
mir hobn opgelebt. ober mayn man iz nit geven tsufridn. es hot im keyn zakh nit gefreyt. ale mol in kas un nit geredt mit mir un oykh nit mit di kinder...

az er iz amol geven in a guter shtimmung un hot shoy'n oysgeredt a por verter iz bay unz geven freylekh...keynmol hobn mir nit gevust tsi er makht gute gesheftn oder shlekhte gesheftn. er flegt dertsey'n zayne fraynt, ober nit mir un di kinder...azoy iz kimat avek dos gantse lebn...alemol tsekrikt...un az er iz nit geven in shtub, hot er gegeben zeyer veynik tsum leben, bloyz zeks doler a vokh.

un az ikh hob zikh genoytikt in gelt un protestirt, hot er shoy'n gegeben zibn doler a vokh...ikh volt mit di zibn doler a vokh nit gekent oyskumen, ober ikh hob gearbet bay kloaks (mantlen) un fardint 23 doler a vokh. ober dos iz geven, ven s'iz geven genug arbet, ober

bought them. She bought them on installments...It happened, however, that on the very day Mister Miller was about to carry the furniture in, my husband arrived and started yelling at Mister Miller to take the furniture back because if he didn't he would break every bone in his body... But my children and I stood in between and didn't let it come to a brawl...It was a great shame, because he made such a shout that people came running from the whole block...

79.

Now we already had some presentable furniture in the house and my girls could bring friends to the house...My daughters were acquainted with girls and boys and used to make parties.
The leather couch also came in handy because we could use it as a bed to sleep on. It could be pulled apart. And during the day it was a beautiful piece of furniture...
We livened up. Only my husband was not satisfied. Nothing pleased him, he was always angry and did not talk to me or to the children...

Once he was in a good mood and spoke a few words, there was a happy mood with us...We never knew whether he was doing good or bad business. He used to tell his friends, but never me and the children...That's how almost all my life passed...Always quarreling...And when he was not at home, he gave us little to live on, only six dollars a week.

When I was in need of money and protested, he gave me seven dollars a week...I would never have gotten by on those seven dollars a week. But I worked in the coat factory and earned 23 dollars a week. At least when there was enough work. Because several months went by when

s'zaynen avek etlekhe khadoyshim, vos s'iz nit geven genug keyn arbet, iz durkh'n yor oysgekumen oyf a vokh nor elf doler... es hot oysgebrokhn a groyser streyk un fun Nyu-York iz gekumen <i>Shlezinger</i> [1] un hot gemakht azoy, az di feler-hent [Feller Hand] (2) zoln krign getsolts, vi in Nyu York. iz dokh shoyn geven merer... in a tsvey yor shpeter iz vider oysgebrokhn a streyk un di feler-hent hobn shoyn gekrogn 21 doler a vokh. dos iz geven der minimum prayz. ikh hob ober	there was hardly any work, and so I only averaged 11 dollars a week... A great strike broke out, and <i>[Benjamin] Schlesinger</i> [1], who came from New York, enforced that the "feller hands" [2] should receive the same pay here as those in New York. We got more wages then... Two years later, another strike broke out, and the "feller hands" were paid 21 dollars a week. That was the minimum wage. But I
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[1] Benjamin Schlesinger, see https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Benjamin_Schlesinger

[2] "feler hent"= Feller Hands, the persons, who have a job which falls under the category of sewing machine operator

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gekrign 23 doler a vokh. ikh hob gearbet di beste arbet. ikh hob opgeton farsheydene arbet far di opereytors un derfar hob ikh dos gekrign mit tsvey doler a vokh merer vi di andere... ikh hob ober zeyer shver gearbet. inderfri hob ikh gemuzt makhn far di kinder iberbaysn un tsugreytn far vetshere, az ven ikh vel kumen farnakht fun der arbet, zol ikh shoyn hobn ongegreyt tsu kokhn. az es zol nit nehmen keyn sakh tsayt, vayl di kinder zaynen dokh geven hungerik. ikh hob zikh geyogt, az zey zoln nit iberkhaleshn di hertser un khas-vesholem nit vern krank... azoy zaynen avek a sakh yorn in tsar, vos es iz nit geven keyn sholem-beys... frier flegt er kumen oyf shabes, nokhn krig iz er shoyn azoy oft nit gekumen afile oyf shabes... un az er iz yo gekumen flegt er zikh	got 23 dollars a week because I was assigned the best work. I did various jobs for the operators and for that I got two dollars more a week than the others... However, I also had to work very hard. Early in the morning I had to make breakfast for the children and prepare dinner, because when I came home from work in the evening, everything had to be ready to cook. It should not take too much time then, because the children were hungry after all. I rushed off so that they wouldn't go hungry or, " khas-vesholem "[God forbid], get sick. So many sad years passed when there was no peace in the house.... My husband used to come home at least for Shabbat, but after our quarrel he often did not even come home for Shabbat... And when he did come,
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arumvashn un loyfn esn in a gorkikh (restoran).... bay unz iz dos geven di greste shtrof... ikh hob gezen vi ale familyes leben zikh besholem, nor bay mir iz aza umglik... ikh bin dokh nit geven keyn nar un keyn shlimazlnitse, un keyn sholem mit mayn man hob ikh nit gekent onhaltn...di kinder zaynen shoyn geven dervaksene meydlekh un oykh geven ongeshtoysn oyf im. dos hot nokh getribn tsu mer sine. er hot aroyfgeleygt di gantse shuld oyf mir, az ikh makh di kinder zey zoln im nit lib hobn... ikh hob ober gevolt, az di kinder zoln zayn gut mit im, vet er zayn mer tsugebundn tsum hoyz. ober es hot not geholfn...zey hobn gezen di kinder, vi ikh arbet azoy shver a gantse vokh un zuntog tsevash ikh di vesh un pres oys, di kinder zoln hobn reyne kleyder oyf a gantser vokh...zey zaynen gegangen reyner vi bay di mames vos hobn nit gearbet in fabrik... ikh hob mekane geven mayne shkheynim vos zuntag iz bay zey geven der bester tog. zey flegn zikh oysputsn un oysforn mit zeyere mener un kinder. ikh hob avekgeshikt mayne kinderlekh zey zoln geyn aleyn, un mayn man hot zikh oysgeputst un iz avek aleyn...es flegt mir tseshprungen vern mayn harts fun veytog un fun kas. 80. mayn Libele iz shoyn alt geven 18 yor. zi hot geendikt hay-skul un hot zikh gegreyt tsu forn keyn Boyrkli in Kaledzh...in dem	he used to just wash up and run to the restaurant to eat...This was the worst punishment for us... I saw how many families lived in domestic harmony, only with us was such a misfortune... And yet I was neither a fool nor a jinx! But I could not live peacefully with my husband...The children were already grown-up girls and were also annoyed by him. But this led to even more hostility. He assigned all the blame to me for inciting the children against him so that they should not love him... However, I just wanted the children to get along well with him so that he would feel more attached to our home. But it was no use. The children saw how hard I worked all week, washing and ironing clothes on Sunday, so that they would have clean clothes all week...And they were dressed cleaner than the children of the mothers who didn't work in the factory... I envied my neighbors, for whom Sunday was the most beautiful day. They put on nice clothes and went out with their husbands and children. I sent my girls off to do something on their own, and my husband preened himself and went out alone... My heart felt like bursting with pain and anger. 80. My Libele was already 18 years old. She had graduated from high school and was preparing to go to college in Berkeley...The
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frimorgn, vos zi hot gedarft avekforn, iz mayn man geven in hoyf un sortirt ayzn. ikh hob nit gevolt, az zi zol avekforn un nit gezegenen zikh mit ir tatn. er kon nokh vern mer oyfgeregt...mayn tokhter Libele iz geven zeyer in kas oyf im un zi hot nit gevolt geyn in hoyf zikh gezegenen mit im. ober ikh hob ir genumen untern hant un tsugefirt tsu ir tatn un zi hot im gegebn di hant.

er iz geven zeyer tsufridn...er hot ir geheysn vartn iz arayn in shtub un ir gegebn 25 doler...

es iz shoyn geven shtil in shtub...er iz shoyn geven beser tsu mir un tsu di kinder. er iz nokh gegangen tsu zayne bakante un zikh barimt, az zayn tokhter iz avekgefor in Boyrkli kaledzh...

in a drey khadoyshim arum iz oysgebrokhn di flu in 1920. a sakh mentshn zaynen geshtorbn. es iz nit geven keyn eyn shtub, vu men iz nit geven krank. mayn man iz geven in Anaheim. dortn hot oykh gebushevet di flu. er hot zikh dershrokn un er iz gekumen aheym. mayn Gosile iz dan geven in elftn yor un zi hot zikh ongenumen mit der krankheyf fun a shkheynish hoyz...

az zi iz krank gevorn bin ikh shoyn nit gegangen arbetn...bald bin ikh oykh krank gevorn, un mayn eltere tokhter Mini iz krank gevorn mit a sakh hits...aleyn iz er oykh geven gut krank. ober er hot zikh arumgeshlept ibern hoyz un hot akhtung gegebn oyf di kinder...

mir hobn gehat a bakantn doktor, un az er iz gekumen tsu unz un hot gefunen unz alemen azoy krank, hot er geshikt a noyrs (a krankn-shvester) un zi hot shoyn akhtung gegebn oyf unz alemen... ikh bin geven zeyer krank mit a sakh hits. ikh gedenk vi ikh hob gehaltn in eyn brekhn...di noyrs hot mir gehaltn in eyn gebn shvartse kafe, ale veyl a lefl shvartse kafe, un zi hot mikh opgeratevet...

morning she had to leave, my husband was in the yard sorting things. I didn't want her to leave without saying goodbye to her father. He would only get more upset...My daughter Libele was very angry with him and didn't want to go into the yard to say goodbye to him. But I took her by the arm, led her to her father, and she shook his hand.

He was very pleased...He instructed her to wait, went in the house and gave her 25 dollars...

It had already become quiet in the parlor...He was behaving better to me and the children. He also went to his acquaintances and boasted that his daughter had gone to study at Berkeley college.

Three months later, in 1920, the [Spanish] flu broke out and many people died. There was not a single house where no person was sick. My husband was in Anaheim, the flu was raging there too. He was scared and came home. My Gosile was eleven years old at the time and caught the disease in a neighbor's house...

When she got sick, I stopped going to work. Shortly after, I also got sick, as did my older daughter Mini, who got a high fever...He himself [my husband] was also very sick. But he dragged himself around the house to take care of the children...

Among our acquaintances was a doctor, and when he came to us and found us all sick together, he sent a nurse to take care of us all... I was very sick and had a high fever. I remember how I had to vomit constantly...The nurse kept handing me black coffee, always a spoonful of black coffee, and she saved me...

mir iz shoy'n geven beser, mayn man oykh, un er hot avekgeshikt di noyrs...Mini iz zeyer krank gevorn un gekrogn nyumonye. iz shoy'n mayn man inmitn der nakht gelofn tsum doktor <i>Dzheykobson</i> un hot im gebrakht tsu Minin... der doktor hot geheysn ir glaykh avekfin in hospital...hobn mir dokh nit keyn gelt tsu tsoln dem hospital, hot mayn man gezogt tsum doktor, az er vet im gebn dem trok, vos er fort pedlen, hot im der doktor gezogt, dos vet men shoy'n zen shpeter... dervayl hot mayn Mini shoy'n nit gekent otemen un hot aroys-	I was already feeling better, and so was my husband, so he sent the nurse away...Mini [Mushe], however, became very ill and got pneumonia. My husband ran to Doctor <i>Dzheykobs [Jacobs]</i> in the middle of the night and brought him to Mini... The doctor instructed us to have her taken to the hospital right away...but we didn't have money to pay for the hospital after all. So my husband told the doctor that he would give him the truck he was peddling with. But the doctor said that we would see later... In the meantime, Mini could no longer breathe and
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geshtekt dem tsung...der doktor hot opgerufn dem hospital. es iz geven tsvey azeyger baynakht. ven zi iz shoy'n geven in hospital hot men ir arayngenumen in a kest un unter a mashin mit pare. men hot ir arumgeleygt mit heyse leylekher un men hot ir geratevet... un hert vos oyf morgn hot getrofn. mayn Libele iz dokh geven in Boyrkley kaledzh. zi hot gehert vos di tsaytungen hobn geshribn fun Los Andzheles, az es bushevet dortn di flu un a sakh mentshn shtarbn. iz zi avek in kaledzh, vu zi hot gelernt un gezogt, az zi fort aheym. zi iz glaykh gekumen aheym mit a maske oyfn ponim. ven ikh hob ir derzen, hob ikh ir nit derkant. zi iz geven in a vaysn khalat, vi di noyrses geyen ongeton. zi hot gezogt, az dos harts hot ir gezogt, az in der heym hot epes pasirt...zi iz bald avek in frentsh hospital [1] zen Minin. Mini hot shoy'n gekent reyd... 81.	stuck out her tongue... The doctor called the hospital, it was two o'clock in the night. When she [Mini] was already in the hospital, they put her in a box under a machine that produced steam. They put hot linen cloths around her and saved her... And hear what happened the next day. My Libele was at Berkeley college after all. She had heard what the newspapers were saying about Los Angeles, that the flu was raging there and many people were dying. And she left her college where she was studying and told them [the officials] she was going home. She came home immediately with a mask on her face. When I saw her, I didn't recognize her. She was wearing one of those white coats that the nurses wore. She said that she had felt something had happened at home...She immediately went to the French hospital [1] to visit Mini. Mini was already able to speak again... 81.
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mayn Mini iz geven in shpital zeks teg. der doktor Dzheykobs hot oysgearbet men zol nit tsoln keyn sakh, nit mer vi 44 doler. s'hot gedarft kostn drey mol azoy fil...doktor Dzsheykobs iz geven zeyer gut tsu unz...er iz geven unzer hoyz-doktor un hot zeyer veynik genuimen batsolts... mayn man hot zikh ibergebitn, er hot zikh zeyer gefreyt vos mir ale zaynen geblibn leben. er iz shoy'n in Anaheim nit geforn un gepelt neenter...ale tog iz er gekumen aheym mit zayn skhoyre un er hot gegeben in shtub 15 doler a vokh...az es hot zikh ayngeshtilt hot er vider gepedlt in Anaheim. dortn flegt er makhn mer gelt. di farmers hobn im farkoyft di rern fun di oyl-brunems. in di rern iz do kuper un fun dem kuper iz der gantser fardinst. ober er hot take zeyer shver gearbet. keyn shtarker man iz er nit geven. ikh hob oykh zeyer shver gearbet. ikh hob gevolt, az mayne kinder zoln zikh lernen... mayn Libele hot zikh zeyer gut gelernt in Boyrkli. dem ershtn yor hot zi nokh'n lernen gearbet bay a reykher familye. zi hot akhtung	My Mini was in the hospital for six days. Doctor Jacobs had arranged that we didn't have to pay much, no more than 44 dollars. It would have actually cost three times as much...Doctor Jacobs was very good to us...He was our family doctor and took very little remuneration... My husband was completely changed, he was very happy that we all had stayed alive. He was already no longer going to Anaheim but peddling more nearby. ...Every day he came home with his goods and gave us 15 dollars a week for the household. When the situation calmed down, he peddled again in Anaheim. There he could earn more. The farmers sold him the pipes of the oil wells. There was copper in the pipes, and that brought all the profit. But he really worked very hard, and he was not a strong man. I also worked very hard. I wanted my children to be able to study... My Libele learned very well at Berkeley. During the first year she worked after college with a rich family. She looked
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[1] see https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:French_Hospital,_Los_Angeles,_California,_1909.jpg and <https://www.latimes.com/local/lanow/la-me-chinatown-hospital-closes-20171218-story.html>

gegeben oyf zeyere kinder...ven zi hot opgelernt eyn yor un iz gekumen oyf ir vakatsye, hot zi mir gezogt, az s'iz ir zeyer shver tsu arbetn nokh shule. zi vet nit kenen makhn ir heym-arbet...dos ershte yor hot mir gekost 450 doler. ikh hob ir gezogt, az zi zol ongeyn mit kaledzh, ikh vel zen ir helfn...	after their children. When she had studied one year and came to me during her vacations, she said that it was very difficult for her to work after school. She would not be able to do her homework in the long run...The first year cost her 450 dollars. I told her to continue with the college, I would try to help her...
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ven zi iz gekumen aheym oyf vakatsye, iz zi bald oyf morgn avekgegangen arbetn...zi hot gemakht durkh ir vakatsye a drey hundert doler. dos iberike hob ikh shoy n opgeshpart...di andere tsvey yor hot shoy n gekost yed n yor tsu 750 doler...ven zi flegt avekforn lerne n, hot me n geze n, az zi zol hob n bay a finf hundert doler. shpeter flegt me n ir tsushik n dos iberike gelt. tsu fil gelt hot zi nit gehat, ober zi hot gevust vi tsu leben shporevdik...

zi hot gelernt oyf doktor drey yor in Boyrkli un dernakhdem hot zi gelernt in Nyu-Orlyens. in Nyu-Orlyens hot shoy n gekost 1150 doler a yor, un dos drite yor 1250 doler. dem drit n yor hot zi gedarft oyslernen di „steyt leysens“ [state license] un derfar hot gekost mer...

got hot geholfn un zi hot dergreykht ir vuntsh. zi hot oysgeshtudirt oyf doktor. di doktoyrim hob n gevolt ir geb n 150 doler a khoydesh ober zi hot zikh nit gevolt opshteln in Nyu-Orlyens, un zi iz gekumen aheym tsu mir...

un shtelt aykh far di groyse simkhe vos ikh hob gehat...ikh hob dokh gearbet az zi zol dergreykhn vos zi vil...es iz mir geven nit tsu shver tsu arbet n in shap, in hoyz, abi zi zol dergreykhn vos es iz gut geven far ir...ikh hob getrogn alte kleyder un far mayne kinder gemakht alts naye kleydlekh...

ikh hob tsugegebn zeyer fil mut mayn tokhter Libelen, az ven zi iz arayngegangen in kaledzh, hot me n zikh gedarft lerne n bay toyte mentsh n un zi hot gevolt antloyfn. hob ikh geshrib n, az zi zol zikh shtark n un zikh nehmen in di hent. itster darf zi zikh lerne n oyf toyte, ober shpeter vet zi zikh kene n lerne n oyf lebedike un brengen fil nuts n di mentsh n.

When she came home for vacations, she left the very next day to work. She earned three hundred dollars during the vacations. I had already saved up the excess money...The other two years already cost 750 dollars each...When she went away to study, we made sure she had about 500 dollars, and we sent the rest of the money to her later. She never had too much money, but she knew how to live frugally...

She studied medicine for three years in Berkeley and after that she studied in New Orleans. In New Orleans one year cost 1150 dollars, and the third year 1250 dollars. In the third year she had to study for the "state license", and therefore it cost more.

God helped, and she was able to fulfill her wish. She finished her studies as a doctor. The doctors there wanted to give her 150 dollars a month, but she didn't want to stay in New Orleans and came home to me...

And just imagine my great joy...After all, I had worked for her to achieve what she wanted...For that, no work in the factory and in the house was too hard for me; the main thing was that she achieved what was good for her...I wore old clothes and let my children go in newly sewn clothes...

I was talking my daughter Libele into a lot of courage, because when she went to the college, you had to learn on dead people, and she already wanted to run away. I wrote to her that she should strengthen herself and pull herself together. Now she would still have to learn on dead people, but later she would be able to learn on living people and bring much benefit to the people.

ikh hob ir oykh geshribn, az a doktor kon ton fil gutes far mentshn ven er iz gut. ikh hof az du vest oykh zayn a guter doktor un vest kenen ton guts tsu mentshn...zi hot mir geshribn, az zi vet mikh folgen un zi hot mikh take gefolgt un zi hot keyn kharote nit gehat.	I also wrote to her that a good doctor could do much good for people. And that I hoped she would also become a good doctor and be able to do good for people...She wrote to me that she would follow me; and she actually listened to me and did not regret it.
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82. ven zi iz gekumen fun Nyu-Orlyens hot zi shoyn oysgelernt oyf doktor meditsin far kinder. zi hot nokh gedarft praktitsirn a yor in a shpital in San Frantsisko. nokh dem yor iz zi gekumen keyn Los Andzheles un hot gearbet in a kinder-shpital in Holivud. dorn hot zi oykh gearbet a yor un nokh dem hot zi geefnt an ofis. zi hot ober keyn sakh patsyentn nit gehat un zi hot gedarft oyshaltn dem ofis un zikh aleyn oykh. zaynen geven doktoyrin, vos hobn gemakht operaztyes, un ven men hot gedarft aynshlefern dem patsyent hot men zi gerufn un zi hot gekrign gut batsolt... hot zi shoyn gekont oyshaltn dem ofis un far zikh oykh gehat dos vos zi hot badarft. ven zi hot gedarft efenen dem ofis iz zi gegangen tsu mayn shvester leyn 300 doler. hot mayn shvester ir geheysn geyn tsu ir man, un ir man hot gezogt, az bay im iz nit keyn bank...mayn bruder Neyten olov hasholem hot ir gegeben di 300 doler... er hot ir oykh oysgelien dem ershtn khoydesh tsu tsoln dire-gelt. s'iz geven hundert doler a khoydesh. dem tsveytn khoydesh hot shoyn mayn tokhter Libe gehat mit vos tsu tsoln...	82. When she arrived from New Orleans, she had already completed her medical studies as a doctor for children. However, she had to practice at the hospital in San Francisco for one more year. After that year, she came to Los Angeles and worked at a children's hospital in Hollywood. She also worked there for a year and then opened an "office". However, she did not have many patients and had to maintain the office, apart from her living expenses. [Anyway], there were doctors who performed surgeries. They called for her to perform anesthesia on their patients, and she was paid well for that. This way she could keep the office and additionally have enough for her own needs. When she had to open her office, she went to my sister to borrow 300 dollars. My sister, however, referred her to her husband, and her husband said he wasn't a bank. ...My brother Neyte, rest in peace, gave her the 300 dollars... He also lent her the rent for the first month, it was a hundred dollars a month. The second month my daughter Libe could already pay with her own money...
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zi iz nokh nit geven bavust in shtot, hot zi gehat shverikeytn, ober nit lang hot dos ongehaltn. ir ofis iz geven leben nokh an ofis. der man vos hot gehalten dem ofis, a tseyndoktor, iz nokh geven a bokher nit keyn farheyrater. er iz nokh oykh geven a yunger doktor, ober er hot gehat mer hatslokhe fun mayn Libelen. er hot gehat a groyse familye un oykh a reykhe. s'zaynen gekumen tsu im ale zayne fraynt, un zayne fraynt hobn im rekomendirt tsu zeyere fraynt... tsu dem dentist iz arayngekumen der hoypt-doktor fun „board ov helth“ (shtotisher opteylung fun gezunt) tsu heyln zayne tseyner. er hot gezogt dem dentist, az bay im in ofis darf er hobn a kinder-doktor. hot der dentist im gezogt, az er hot far im a doktor a froy. dem dentist hot men gerufn <i>Lesly Shvoder</i>. der dentist hot bald arayngerufn mayn tokhter un zi iz gefeln gevorn dem hoypt-doktor un er hot ir glaykh ongenumen mit a groyse gehalt. bald hot er zi aroysgeshikt iber di skuls (shules) in di kleyne shtetelekh. zi hot nokh nit gehat keyn oytomobil, hot zi gelien bay	She was not yet known in the city, so she still had some difficulties, but that did not last long. Her office was next to another office, that of a dentist. He was still a youthful, unmarried man and a young doctor, but he was more successful than my Libe. He had a large, rich family. All his friends came to see him, and his friends recommended him to their friends... This dentist was once visited by the head doctor of the Board of Health (the city's health department) to have his teeth treated. He told the dentist that he needed a pediatrician in his office. In response, the dentist told him that he had a pediatrician for him, a woman. The dentist's name was <i>Lesly Shvoder</i>. The dentist immediately called my daughter in, and the head doctor liked her, so he hired her right away with a high salary. He soon sent her through the schools of the small towns. She didn't have a car yet and borrowed
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a fraynt 600 doler un zi hot gekoyft an oytomobil, ikh denk a dadzh [dodge]...dos iz geven mit 28 yor tsurik, in 1924. 83. di „board ov helth“ hot ir geshikt untertsuzukhn di kinder fun di oreime farmers, vos hobn zikh gelernt in di skuls...mayn tokhter hot mir dertseylt, az keyn oyvns hobn di oreime farmers nit gehat, hobn zey gekokht indroyesn in hoyf. di kinder hobn di mames nit gebodn a gantse vokh. mayn tokhter hot gegeben a farordnung, az di mames zoln bodn di kinder ofter, un zen, az zeyere keplekh zoln zayn reyn...zi hot oykh	600 dollars from a friend so she could buy a car, I think it was a "Dodge". That was 28 years ago, 1924... 83. The Board of Health sent her to examine the children of the poor farmers who were studying in the schools...My daughter told me that the poor farmers had no cooking stoves, so they cooked outside in the yard. The mothers did not bathe their children for a whole week. My daughter issued a decree that the mothers should bathe the children more often and make sure their heads were clean...She also saw to it
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gezen, az di kinder vos hobn nit vos tsu esn keyn mitog, zoln di shul-farvalter zen, az men zol zey gobn vos tsu esn... mayn tokhter hot take gut akhtung gegeben oyf di kinder un derfar hot zi gekrign kheyn bay alemen oyf velkhe zi hot gegeben akhtung...ober zi hot zeyer shver gearbet arumtsuorn vinter in di keltn, un zumer in di hitsn, un in di regns um vinter. gants fri flegt zi aroysorn fun der heym un shpet baynakht flegt zi tsurik kumen. zi hot gedarft forn zeyer vayt, zi iz ober geven tsufridn, vos zi ken makhn a leben un zi iz shoy n a guter doktor... un ir mamen hot zi oykh nit farlozn. zi hot mir gegeben fuftsik doler yedn khoydesh...zi iz geven zeyer gut tsu mir un tsu mayn glik hot zikh keyner nit gekent glaykhn... ikh hob yedn tog gedankt got, voser hot mir geholfn un ikh hob shoy n nakhes fun mayn Liben. ober az men hot nit keyn mazl iz khotsh tsereys zikh helft nit...azoy vi ikh hob gearbet bin ikh dokh inderheym a gantsn tog nit geven...mayn Gosile, shoy n 13 yor alt, flegt praktitsirn piano, ven zi iz gekumen fun skul (shule)... ikh hob ir gekoyft a piano, un mayn bruders a ingl iz oykh arayngekumen nokh shule tsu mir in hoyz. er iz alt geven bay 11 yor... un azoy vi mayn bruder Neyten hot gehat a groseri (shpayz-krom) un zayn vayb Flore flegt oykh araynkumen in krom im helfn, flegt zeyer ingl kumen tsu unz nokh shule. mir hobn gevoynt in der zelber gas nit vayt eyner fun dem andern. mayn kleyn meydele hot ale tog praktitsoirt oyf der piano. ikh hob shoy n geshribn, az mayn man hot shoy n gepedlt in Los Andzheles, iz er dokh gekumen yedn farnakht aheym...	that the school administration made sure that the children who had nothing for lunch got something to eat..... My daughter took really good care of the children and was therefore liked by everyone she looked after...But she worked very hard, having to drive around in the cold and rain in winter and in the heat in summer. She left home very early in the morning, and came back home late in the evening. She had to travel very far, but was satisfied that she had her living and was already a good doctor... And she never abandoned her mother. She gave me fifty dollars every month...She was very good to me and no one was as lucky as I was...I thanked God every day for helping me and I had joy with my Libe... Well, you can tear yourself apart as much as you want, but if you are not blessed with "mazl" [luck], nothing helps. While I was at work, I was not at home all day...My Gosile, already 13 years old, used to practice the piano when she came home from school... I had bought her a piano, and my brother's son also came to my house after school, he was about 11 years old... Since my brother Neyte had a grocery, and his wife Flore also came to the store to help him, their boy usually came to us after school. We lived on the same street, not far from each other. My little girl practiced the piano every day. I already wrote that my husband [had started] peddling in Los Angeles, so he came home every evening...
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eyn farnakht iz er gekumen aheym. er iz geven zeyer nerveyish un ongehorevet...azoy vi mayn tekhterl hot geshpilt di piano un mayn plimenikl hot gezungen, hot er nit gevolt laydn. er iz geven zeyer a heyser mentsh, hot er geshrien oyf di kinder... ikh veys nit rikhtik vi es hot pasirt, ober es iz gevorn a groyser krig tsvishn im mit di kinder. er iz tsugelofn tsum telefon un er hot genuken rufn mayn bruder. mayn Gosile hot es nit gelozn, az er zol masern oyfn ingl...ven ikh bin gekumen aheym hob ikh im shoyn nit getrofn... mayn meydele hot gehat azoy tsar, zi hot mir gezogt:“ s’tut mir azoy layd vos es hot pasirt, vayl er hot dokh alemol veytogn in kop. gloyb mir, az ikh bin nit geven shuldik“... un vider amol iz er geven in kas oyf mir, mikh bashuldikt, az ikh lern nit di kinder zey zoln im lib hobn. es iz nit geven mayn shuld. shtendik iz er arumgegangen ongeblozn un in kas. derfar zaynen di kinder immer oykh geven in kas oyf im...az di kinder geyen arayn tsu zeyere khavertes un zeen vi zeyere tates reydn tsu zeyere kinder azoy sheyn, un bay zey in shtub iz freylekh, der tate mit der mamen zaynen alemol in gutn mut, geyt mit der mamen farbrengen, hobn di kinder derekherets... mayne kinder hobn gevolt, az zey zoln kenen araynbrengen zeyere khavertes un bakante in hoyz un az zey darfn shoyn avekloyfn in andere heyzer zikh tsu farvayln, brengt dos shoyn tsu a misfarshendenish, un yede minut kon oysbrekhn milkhome. dos hot getrofn bay mir. ikh bin avek inderfri tsu der arbet a freylekhe un az ikh bin gekumen aheym iz geven aza katastrofe...	One evening when he came home he was very irritable and worn out...He couldn't stand the way my little daughter was playing the piano and my nephew was singing along to it...He was a very hot tempered person and yelled at the kids... I don't know exactly how it happened, but it escalated into a big fight between him and the kids... He ran to the phone and wanted to call my brother. But my Gosile wouldn't let him complain about the boy...When I got home, I didn't meet him [my husband]... My girl was in so much worry, she said to me, "I am so sorry for what happened, because he has a headache all the time. But believe me, it wasn't my fault"... And once again he was angry with me and accused me of not teaching the children to love him. But it was not my fault. He was constantly walking around in a bad mood and angry. That's why the children were always annoyed with him...The children went to their girlfriends and saw how nicely their fathers talked to their children and how cheerful it was at their homes, how father and mother were always in a happy mood, and the father went out together with the mother to spend time; there the children would also have respect... My children liked to bring their girlfriends and acquaintances home and also to leave to stay with others in the house. But that alone brought misunderstandings, and war could break out at any moment. This affected me. When I went to work in the morning, I was cheerful, and when I came home, disaster awaited me...
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es hot zikh shoyn keynmol nit oysgeheylyt; er hot nit gevolt vern sholem. er hot oyfgehert tsu gebn di fuftsn doler a vokh... ikh hob im gezogt, ven men vil nit gebn keyn gelt darf men nit esn hot er mir gekhapt shlogn. mayn Mini hot derzen az er shlogt mikh, hot zi zikh ongenumen far mir. zi hot im tsegrablt dos ponim... nu, kent ir zikh shoyn forshteln. mir hobn gemuzt antloyfn fun hoyz. ven mir voltn nit geven aroys fun hoyz, volt geven der grester umglik. Minin hob ikh aroysgeshtupt durkhn fentser. mir zaynen arayn tsu a shokhn un mir hobn oysgevart biz er iz avek fun hoyz. dan iz shoyn tseshtert gevorn dos gantse leben...	It did not heal up anymore; he did not want to reconcile. He stopped giving us the fifteen dollars a week... I told him that if he didn't want to give money, he wouldn't get food anymore. He then grabbed me to hit me. My Mini saw that he was hitting me and stood up for me. She scratched his face... Well, you can already imagine that we had to run out of the house. If we hadn't run out of the house, the biggest disaster would have happened. I pushed Mini through the window, we ran to a neighbor and waited until he left the house. But with that, our whole life was also destroyed...
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84. er iz avek tsu a loyer un hot mikh ongeklagt oyf a get. mir zaynen shoyn dan geven bald in di zekhtsiker yorn. fun a kleyner vund iz gevorn aza groyse, az es hot zikh shoyn keynmol nit oysgeheylyt. ikh badoeyer dos afile intster. un s'zaynen shoyn avek fun demolt neyn un tsvatsik yorn. mayn harts vert tserisn fun veytog... er hot gehat in hoyf a sakh ayzn, hot er dos farkoyft un zikh aroysgeklbn keyn Anaheim. ikh hob mayn Minin geshikt ale por vokhn im zen. un az ikh hob zi afile nit geshikt, iz zi aleyn geforn zen ir tatn...ven zi iz im gekumen zen, flegt er zikh frayen. Minin hot er zeyer lib gehat. zi iz geven a nomen nokh zayn mamen... ikh hob oykh fargesn tsu dertseyln, az eyder er iz avek fun hoyz hot er geshikt rufn mayn tokhter Libe, di doktorshe, un az zi iz gekumen hot	84. He went to a lawyer and filed a divorce suit against me. We were already in our sixties then. A small wound had become such a big one, because it was never healed. I regret that even today, and yet twenty-nine years have passed since then. But still the pain tears my heart... He had stored a lot of iron on the yard, which he was now selling. He moved to Anaheim. I sent my Mini to visit him every few weeks. And if I didn't send her once, she also went to visit her father by herself...When she came to see him, he was happy. He was very fond of Mini who had received her name after his mother... I forgot to tell you that even before he moved away from us, he had my daughter Libe, the doctor, called to him. When she came, he told her
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er gezogt, az vos zi vet zogn azoy vet zayn. zi iz geven in kas hot zi im geentfert, az oyb er vil avek fun hoyz zol er geyn... nokhher hot er zikh geklogt far zayne bakante, az zayn tokhter di doktorshe hot im gezogt er zol zikh aroysklaybn fun hoyz, derfar klaybt er zikh aroys un vet shoyn keynmol nit kumen aheym... ikh hob azoy geklogt, gedayget un geveynt. ikh bin avekgelofn tsu mayn bruder Neytenen in groseri oyf Kort Gas. mayn bruder Shie [Ishye] iz oykh dan geven in krom. mayn bruder iz gekumen fun Nyu-York un gearbet mit Neytenen in krom. ikh hob geklogt far mayne brider, az ikh vel dos nit oyshaltn... un azoy vi ikh reyd mit mayne brider ruft men oyfn telefon, az es iz vayter a skandal in hoyz. bald iz mayn bruder Neyten avekgefornt tsu mir in hoyz un hot koyt ayngeshtilt mayn man, vos hot zikh gekrigt mit mayn Gosile. mit a por teg shpeter hot mayn man opgerufn mayn bruder Neytenen, az er vil zikh durkhreydn mit im un mit Ishyen. men zol zikh trefn bay a landsman, vos men hot gerufn <i>Falti</i>. mayne brider zaynen take gekumen tsum landsman, ober er iz nit gekumen...ven er volt geven kumen, volt men efsher gemakht sholem... itster, ven ikh shrayb dos, iz dos 1954, un der umglik hot getrofn in 1925...azoy iz mayn leben avek in dayges...yeder	that her opinion would decide how he would behave, but she was angry with him and told him to leave if he wanted to move out... After that, he complained to his acquaintances that his daughter, the doctor, told him to move out of the house. Therefore, he was moving out and would never come home again... I was lamenting, worrying and crying so much. I ran to my brother Neyte, to the grocery on "Kort Gas" [Cord Ave]. At that time, also my brother Shie [Ishye] was in the store. He had come from New York and was working in the store with Neyte. I was complaining to my brothers about my suffering, and that I couldn't stand it... And just as I was talking to my brothers, a call came that there was another scandal in our house. Immediately Neyte went to my house and just managed to calm my husband, who had argued with my Gosile. A few days later, my husband called my brother Neyte, saying he wanted to talk to him and Ishye, and wanted to meet them at a compatriot's house called <i>Falti</i> [<i>Waldy?</i>]. My brothers actually came to the compatriot, only my husband did not come...If he had come, we might have reconciled... Now, as I write this, it is 1954, and the accident happened in 1925...So my life passed in sorrow...Everyone
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eyner, vos vet leynen mayn shraybn, kon zikh shoyn forshteln di yesurim vos ikh hob demolt zikh oysgelitn...ver kon dos ingantsn oysshraybn. men shemt zikh nokh tsu dertseyln vos es tut zikh in	who will read my lines can surely imagine the sufferings I went through then...Who can fully put all this into words... After all, you are still ashamed to tell what you feel deep in your heart... A good friend has no
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hartsn...a guter fraynt hot dokh nit keyn nakhes un a soyne hot dokh nekome un men bareydt nokh oykh...

ot mit azoyne tsores bin ikh arumgegangen...ober got git di refue far der make. mayn tokhter Libele hot shoynt demolt fearbet in „board ov helth“. zi hot gevoynt mit mir un mir gegeben funftsik doler a khoydesh...

85.

ikh hob dokh shoynt geshribn, az mayn man hot gekoyft a hoyz, un gedarft oystsolt dem balebos ale drey khadoshim 25 doler. es iz nokh geblibn 300 doler oystsutsolt dos hoyz...es zaynen ariber zeks khadoshim in der man vos hot farkoyft dos hoyz iz gekumen tsu mir oyfmonen zayn gelt...

er hot gezogt, az mayn man kumt im nit tsolt far der hoyz. dervayl hot er zikh dervust, vos bay uniz hot getrofn, hot er mir gezogt:“ ikh hob gekent bay dir tsunemen dos hoyz, vayl dayn man hot nit getsolt. ober ikh vel nit ton aza aveyre“...

er iz geven zeyer a fayner mentsh, der doziker balebos. a goy. er hot gevoynt in Inglewood.

mayn tokhter Libele hot gehat 75 doler opgeshort, un ikh hob oykh gehat 75 doler opgeshort un mir hobn avekgefirt dem goy dos gelt...ven mir zaynen geforn tsurik fun Inglewood oyf anader veg, bay di zaytn fun veg iz geven tif azoy vi a grub. men hot dortn farrikht dem veg. oyf dem shmolt veg hobn mir geblongzhet. mayn tokhter hot gedarft zikh rukn mitn oytomobil tsurikvegs, efsher a por meyl. mir hobn azoy moyre gehat, zi hot zikh nit lang oysgelernt traybn, derfar hobn mir zikh azoy geshrokn...

joy in it, and an enemy pays you back and gossips about you on top of it...

Such worries and problems have accompanied me on my way.... But God gives the remedy for such plagues. My daughter Libele was already working in the "Board of Health", she lived with me and gave me fifty dollars every month...

85.

I have already written that my husband bought a house and had to pay the [previous] owner 25 dollars every three months. There were still 300 dollars to pay for the house...Six months passed and the man who had sold the house came to me to collect his money...

He said that my husband was no longer paying for the house. But in the meantime, he had found out what had happened to us and told me, "I could take the house away from you, since your husband has not paid everything. But I will not sin..."

The [previous] owner was a very fine person, a gentile who lived in Inglewood.

My daughter Libele had saved 75 dollars, and I had also saved 75 dollars, so we brought the gentile the money...When we came back from Inglewood, we drove on another road. On both sides of the road it went down deep, like into a pit. The road was being repaired there. We got lost on the narrow road, though, and my daughter had to reverse her car for a couple of miles. We were very scared, because my daughter had learned to drive only a short time before...

ikh gedenk nokh itster, vos sara moyre es iz geven oyf mir mit mayn tokhter biz mir hobn gefunen dem rikhtikn veg...	I still remember what a great fear my daughter and I had until we found the right way...
dos iz shoyne zeyer a lange tsayt avek. haynt, ven ikh bashrayb dos bin ikh shoyne alt 86 yor...geven azoyne shlekhte tsaytn un dokh zey	That was a long time ago. Today, when I describe it, I am 86 years old...They were such bad times, and yet

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ibergelebt...ober, az got vil git er dem mentshn koykhes un men lebt iber ale tsores...men zogt, az fun keyn nakhes kon men nit leben un fun keyn tsores ken men nit shtarbn...un dos iz take an emes, farkert, vos mer tsores ikh hob ibergelebt alts shtarker bin ikh gevorn... ikh denk, az got hot mir ggeben koykhes azoy fil obertsutrogn un akhtung gebn oyf mayne kinder. zey zaynen nit gut op...alemol treft zikh a krankhayt. in zeks khadoyshim shpeter, nokh dem vos ikh un mayn Libele zaynen geven in Inglevud hobn mir batsolt di andere 150 doler, un unzer hoyz iz shoyne geven reyn fun khoyves... un mayn man, vos hot gekoyft dos hoyz, hot gor zikh gevalgert in a kleyn tsimerl, oder in a garadzh in Anaheim bay an alter goye. ikh bin dortn keynmol nit geven. ven ikh hob geshikt mayn Minin, az er zol zikh iberbetn un kumen aheym, hot er gezogt, az er vet nit kumen. er fardint dortn gut fun pedlen mit ayzn, mit nis un mit andere farsheydene zakhn... un ven Mini flegt kumen fun Anaheim iz mir mayn harts oysgegangen fun yesurim, voser darf zikh valgern dortn in der fremd in a kleyn tsimerl oder a garadzh...afile itster, ven ikh shrayb di geshikhte, vaynt in mir dos harts...	I survived them...Because, if God wills, He gives man the strength to get over all sorrows...They say that you can't live on any joy and you can't die from any sorrow...and that is really true. On the contrary, the more sorrow I went through, the stronger I became... I think God has given me enough strength to endure so much and to take care of my children. For a while they were not well, they were sick all the time. Six months later, after I was in Inglewood with my Libele, we paid the remaining 150 dollars, and our house was debt-free. My husband, who bought the house, had to stay in a small room or garage in Anaheim at an old gentile's home. I never went there. When I sent my Mini to tell him to reconcile and come home, he said he would not. He was making good money there peddling iron and nuts and other various things. And when Mini came home from Anaheim, my heart was torn with sorrow because he had to stay there in a small room or a garage in a foreign country. Even now, as I write this story, my heart cries inside me...
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86. dortn in Anaheim iz er zeyer krank gevorn un gekrign a kenser (rak). er iz gekumen keyn Los Andzheles un opgerufn oyfn telefon un hot mir gezogt, az der doktor hot im gezogt, az er iz krank un tor nit arbetn. arbet er shoyt nit fun a tsayt, ober gringer iz im nit gevorn, geyt er itst in Kaspar-Kohn hospital... dan iz Kapspar-Kohn hospital geven oyf der zibeter gas, leben Vityer Bulvard, di gas vu men fort tsum khosed shel emes [khesedshelemes] oyfn beys-oylem... itster, vu der hospital iz geshtanen, iz a kleyn parkl, un Kaspar-Kohn hospital iz itst „Siders ov Lebanon“ hospital in Holivud...er hot unz gezogt, az vi men vet im nor araynnemen in hospital vet er unz oprufn nokhamol. oyf morgn hot er unz opgerufn, az er iz shoyt in shpital, iz mayn Mini avek im zen, hot er gezogt, az der doktor hot im gezogt, az	86. There in Anaheim, he got very sick and got cancer. He came to Los Angeles and called to tell me that the doctor had told him he was sick and not allowed to work. He hadn't worked for a while, but he hadn't gotten better, so now he was going to Kaspere-Cohn Hospital [1]... The Kaspere-Cohn Hospital was on Seventh Street, next to Whittier Boulevard, which is the street where you go to the cemetery to lay a deceased person to rest ["khesed-shel-emes"]...[2] Now there is a small park where the hospital was, and in place of Kaspere-Cohn Hospital is now Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood. He told us that he will call us again as well as he will be admitted there. The next day he called that he was already at the hospital. When my Mini visited him, he informed her that the doctor told him,
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[1] see <https://www.jmaw.org/kaspere-cohn-los-angeles/> and <https://scalar.usc.edu/hc/tuberculosis-exhibit/movetoboyleheights> and <https://www.jmaw.org/cedars-sinai-jewish-los-angeles/> and https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cedars-Sinai_Medical_Center

[2] khesed-shel-emes or Chesed-Shel-Emeth:

- a) The commandment to escort a deceased person to his or her final resting place,
- b) Name of the Chevra Chesed Shel Emeth (Jewish Free Burial Society) in LA, who founded Los Angeles' first Jewish cemetery <https://scalar.usc.edu/hc/jewish-histories-boyle-heights/home-of-peace-memorial-park-and-jewish-cemeteries-in-east-los-angeles>
- c) Name of a Jewish cemetery in Missouri

er darf hobn an operatsye un az men vet dos muzn aroysnemen durkhn haldz. epes iz ongevaksn in haldz...er vil nit az emitser fun unz zol kumen tsu der operatsye...er hot nit gezogt ven er vet hobn di operatsye...shpeter, ven mayne tekhter un ikh zaynen im gekumen zen, hot er unz aroysgetribn... mir zaynen avek aheym, ikh hob ober geshikt Minin ale oyfdernakht im zen. ikh hob ir geheysn im zogn, az oyb er vil kumen aheym iz er velkom, vi es volt keynmol gornit getrofn un men vet akhtung gebn oyf im. hot er gezogt, az er hot gute fraynt un zey veln shoyen far im zorn... zayne gute fraynt hobn gebrakht a loyer, vos hot geheysn <i>Lansen</i>. er hot gevust di gantse geshikhte. zayne gute fraynt hobn gezogt tsum loyer, az er hot a tsvey-shtokige hoyz, zol men halb ibershraybn farn inkoyreybl hospital (umheylbarer shpital) un men zol dortn akhtung gebn vi lang er vet leben. hot er gezogt tsum loyer, az er vet zikh barekhenen... es iz geven far rosheshone un a froy fun zaynem a khaver, a landsman fun eyn shtetl, Brok, iz geforn oyfn beys-oylem tsu ir man oyf keyveroves. tsurik fun beys-oylem iz zi arayngegangen in shpital im zen. hot zi tsu im gezogt: „ir hot a familye un a gute vayb, zey veln oyf aykh akhtung gebn nokh mer vi in umheylbarn shpital. ir zolt nit opshraybn far keynem nor far ayer froy un kinder“... oyf morgn hot er opgerufn mayn bruder Neytenen, az er vil kumen aheym un mayn tokhter Libele zol im kumen nehmen...mayn tokhter	he had to have surgery and something had to be taken out through his neck, there was a growth there. He did not want anyone to come for the operation and did not say when the operation would be performed...Later, when my daughters and I came to visit him, he chased us out... We went home, but I sent Mini to visit him every evening. I told her to tell him that he was welcome if he wanted to come home, as if nothing had ever happened and I would take care of him. However, he said that he had good friends who took care of him... His good friends brought a lawyer named <i>Lanson</i>. He knew the whole story. His good friends told the lawyer that he had a two-story house and that one half should be given to the hospital for the terminally ill and that he should be cared for there as long as he lived. He [my husband] said that he would think about it... It was before Rosh Hashanah, and the widow of one of his comrades, a [deceased] compatriot of the small town, Brok, went to her husband's grave. When she returned from the cemetery, she went to the hospital to visit him [my husband]. She told him, "You have a family and a good wife, they will take care of you even more as in the hospital for terminally ill people. Don't sign over anything to anyone except your wife and children." The next day he called my brother Neyte that he wanted to come home and that my daughter Libele should pick him up...My daughter Libele
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Libele iz take geforn nokh im un men hot im gebrakht aheym...ikh bin tsu im tsugegangen un im gegeben di hant, oysgebet dos bet, un mayn Libele hot geheysn im unterleygn a perene untern zayt, vayl er iz geven azoy dar, nor hoyt un beyner... ikh gedenk nokh, vi mayn Libele hot geveynt un mir gezogt, az di doktoyrim hobn im gezogt, az er hot a kenser... er iz nokh geven krank eyder er iz avek fun der heym. der doktor Dzheykobs hot im geheysn aroysnemen di tseyn, az nit vet er hobn a kenser.er hot dan aroysgenumen di tseyn, ober vi es zet oys, dos hot nit geholfn.	actually went to him and brought him home...I went up to him and gave him my hand. I made his bed and my Libele instructed me to put a feather bed under his one side because he was so thin, just skin and bones... I still remember my Libele crying and telling me that the doctors had told her that he had cancer... Even before he left home, he had been sick. Doctor Jacobs had ordered his teeth pulled, if not, he would get cancer. In fact, he had his teeth pulled then, but it looks like it didn't help...
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87. ikh hob zeyer gut akhtung gegeben oyf im un er iz geven zeyer tsufridn. ikh veys az er hot opgerufn zayne gute fraynt un tsu zey gezogt: „ikh bin shoyn in mayn eygener heym.“ dos iz geven rosh-hashone un di fraynt zaynen gekumen im zen fun shul. di shul iz geven leben unzer hoyz... ikh hob gevolt oyfgebn di arbet un gut akhtung gebn of im, hot er nit gelozn. mayn eltere tokhter hot gevolt oyfgebn di arbet, hot er oykh nit gevolt...inderfri, yedn tog, im tsugegreyt krim ov whet (cream of wheat) far berbaysn, un oyf mitog fleg ikh im opkokhn abisl zup fun hun. er hot keyn zakh nit gekont esn, nor shmotshtken a beyn... mit dem bisl zup un mit shmotshtken dem beyn hot er gelebt. nebekh nit gekent aropshlingen keyn esn...	87. I took good care of him and he was very happy. I know he called his good friends and told them: "I am back in my own home." It was Rosh Hashanah and the friends who returned from the synagogue came to visit him. The synagogue was next to our house... I wanted to give up my job to take good care of him, but he wouldn't let me. My older daughter also wanted to give up work, but he did not want this either...Early in the morning I prepared cream of wheat for him for breakfast every day and for lunch I cooked some chicken soup for him. He couldn't eat much, just suck out a bone... He lived on the little bit of soup and sucking out bones, unfortunately he could not swallow food...
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di matratsn fun di betn zaynen geven harte, oysgeribene. ibern veg, oyf bruklin evenyu, iz geven a groyse krom fun matratsn. iz er gegangen mit mir un gekoyft drey matratsn, freg ikh im: „vos darfstu drey matratsn?“ zogt er, az s’past nit tsu koyfn far zikh a matrats un far di iberike nit... un batsolt hob ikh take far di matratsn, nit er. gedenk ikh nokh, vi zayn landsmans vaybl iz im gekumen mevaker khoyle zayn, hob ikh ir dertseylt, vos es hot pasirt mit di matratsn... zogt zi tsu mir:“ m’shteyns gezogt, vi a mentsh iz dos farnart un farshteyt nokh nit, nebekh, az er iz azoy krank un iz nokh azoy karg“... di froy iz geven mises <i>budne</i>. zi iz geven di vayb fun zayn bestn khaver un gutn fraynt, vos iz shoyt geven toyt elf khadoyshim... s’iz geven a groseri oyf nort soto gas tsu farkoyfn, zogt er tsu mir, er vet dos geyn koyfn di groseri un es vet zayn gringer dos leben. ober a mentsh trakht un got lakht. er iz nor geven drey khadoyshim in hoyz un s’iz im gevorn erger. der doktor hot im gezogt, az er muz hobn nokhamol an operatsye. men hot im gemakht di operatsye un dos mol iz geven gants shlekht...men hot im gebrakht aheym, iz er geven zeyer shvakh. er hot shoyt nebekh gornit gekent shlingen. fun oybn iber di shultern zaynen geven aroysgeshlogn	The mattresses on the beds were hard and worn. Across the street, on Brooklyn Avenue, was a large mattress store. He took me to buy three mattresses. I asked, "why are you buying three mattresses?" and he replied that it was not opportune to buy one mattress for himself, but not for the others... However, it was me who paid for the mattresses, not him. I remember when the wife of his late compatriot paid him a visit and I told her about the mattresses... She said to me, "Oh dear, I am sorry to say that man is so foolish and stingy and does not realize how sick he is". The woman was Mrs. <i>Boodne</i>, she was the wife of his best comrade and good friend, who had been dead for eleven months... There was just a grocery on North Soto Street to buy, and he said to me that he would buy the grocery and our lives would be easier. But man proposes, God disposes. He had been at home just three months when he got worse. The doctor said he needed another operation. He was operated on, but this time he was very bad...They took him home, he was very weak. He could not swallow at all, unfortunately. Above his shoulders, red "pasn" [stripes, streaks]
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royte pasn, azoy vi bay a hon der kam...er hot nit gekent lozn di vaser...	had formed on him, like a cock's comb...He could no longer urinate...
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mayn bruder neyten hot im gefirt in kaspar-kohn shpital, hot men im nit gevolt araynnemen in shpital. men hot gedarft bashteln afrier. un azoy vi men hot frier nit bashtelt hot men nit gekent krign keyn bet. men hot im gemuzt brengen aheym...

mayn tokhter libe iz demolt geven farknast tsu a tson-doktor, zeyer a guter mentsh. er iz gekumen mit mayn tokhter libelen un hot gezogt men zol zikh nit daygen er vet akhtung gebn di gantse nakht...er hot im a gantse nakht geleygt heyse torbelek mit vaser un iz gelegn leben zayn bet oyf a shmoler sopke...

mayn man hot gezen vi gut zayn tokhters khosn iz tsu im, hot er inderfri aroysgenumen zayn goldenem zeyger un gezogt: „dem zeyger gib ikh dir a matone, zolst hobn an andenk fun mir. ikh bin zeyer tsufridn vos mayn tokhter libele krigt aza gutn khosn“. der tseyndoktor hot take genumen dem goldenem zeyfer un im getrogn a lange tsayt...

88.

in hoyz hot men im nit gekent haltn. er hot gedarft hobn bazundere tritments (bahandlungen), vos in hoyz hot men dos nit gekent bavayzn...

it gekumen der doktor dzheykobs, velkher iz geven dem mister bunde's an eydem, er hot gekrign a bet far im in linkoln shpital oyf soto gas bay der zekszer gas...men hot im shoynt nit gekent rateven... mir zaznen ale tog im gegangen zen. amol hot er gevolt mir zoln im zen, un amol hot er gevolt men zol unz heysn arozsgeyn...

ikh hob fargesn tsu shraybn, az dem tsveytn mol, vos men hot im gebrakht fun shpital, hot im mayn bruder Neyten gefregt, vos er vil epes zogn fun zayn leben. hot er gezogt, az keyn gutn leben hot er nit gehat mit mir.

My brother Neyte took him to Kaspere-Cohn Hospital, but they would not admit him there. They would have had to register beforehand, and since he hadn't registered beforehand, he couldn't get a bed. He had to be taken home...

My daughter Libe was engaged at the time to a dentist, a very good man. He came to us with my daughter Libele and told us not to worry, he would watch all night...He put hot water bottles on him all night and was lying next to him on a small sofa...

My husband noticed how good his daughter's fiancé was to him and took out his gold pocket watch early in the morning. He said to him, "I give you this watch as a souvenir of me. I am very pleased that my daughter Libele is getting such a good groom". The dentist actually accepted the golden watch and wore it for a long time...

88.

[At some point] we could no longer keep my husband at home. He needed special treatments that we could not do at home...

Doctor Jacobs, who was Mister Boodne's son-in-law, came and was able to get a bed for my husband at Lincoln Hospital [1] on Soto Street near Sixth Street...But they couldn't save him anymore... We visited him every day. Sometimes he wanted to see us, and sometimes he sent word for us to go again...

I forgot to write that the second time he was brought out of the hospital, my brother Neyte asked him if he wanted to talk about his life. But he said that he had not had a good life with me.

hot im mayn bruder gefregt, farvos hot er zikh nit geget? hot er geentfert, az er hot eynmol ongegebn oyf a get, ober er hot glaykh kharote gehat, vayl er hot nit	My brother then asked him why he had not divorced me? He replied that he had once filed for divorce, but immediately regretted it because he did not want
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[1] see <https://www.pinterest.com/pin/801500064930041084/>

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gevolt az ikh zol khasene hobn a tsveytn mol, un di kinder veln hobn a shtif-tatn. in Likoln shpital hot er zikh azoy gematert, az es iz geven a groys rakhmones zikh tsukukn...ven er iz geven bloyz a por teg in Linkoln shpital un ikh mit mayn tokhter Mini zaynen im gekumen zen, zogt er tsu mir: „gikher, ruf dayn bruder Neytenen.“ mayn bruder iz gekumen, hot er im gezogt: „ikh vil ton epes far dayn shvester. zi iz a gute froy, ikh darf ir farzorgn, az zi zol nit darfn zikh arumshlepn iber di sheper. gey breng shoyn a notary poblik“... hot mayn bruder gebrakht a notary poblik, un er hot im geheysn shraybn, az dos gelt vos er farmogt un dos hoyz lozt er iber far mir, zayn vayb...hot im mayn bruder Neyten gezogt:“ un vos shraybt ir op ayere tekhter?“ zogt er:“ tsu eyn toler.“ zogt im mayn bruder, az di tsavoe iz nit keyn tsavoe,az er vet nor shraybn tsu eyn toler, un er hot shoyn bay im gepoyelt az er zol lozn shraybn tsu hundert doler far yeder tokhter... er iz geshtorbn in Linkoln shpital, 560 Soto Gas...	me to marry for the second time and the children to have a stepfather. At Lincoln Hospital he was in agony and it was heartbreaking to watch...After he had been at Lincoln Hospital for only a short time and I came to visit him with my daughter Mini, he said to me, "Quick, call your brother Neyte!" My brother came, and he said to him: "I want to do something for your sister, she is a good woman, I must take care of her so that she will no longer have to toil in the factories. Go and get a public notary." [1] My brother brought a public notary and [my husband] instructed him to write that he bequeaths the money he owns as well as the house to me, his wife. My brother Neyte asked, "And what are you transferring to your daughters?" He replied: "One dollar each." My brother then said that such a will was not really a worthy thing if he had only one dollar written down, and caused 100 dollars to be written down for each daughter... He died [in 1928] at Lincoln Hospital, 560 Soto Street...
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er hot gevolt mir zoln makhn a sheyne levaye.mir hobn take gemakht a sheyne levaye. es hot mir gekost 500 toler...300 tuler hob ikh gegebn tsu di kinder. gelozt hot er fuftsn hundert toler. dem trok hobn mir farkoyft far 140 toler...fun der dire-gelt hot men keyn leben nit gekent makhn. yene tsaytn iz mer geshtanen leydik... un az men hot gehat abisl dire-gelt hot men fun dem gornit gehat. men hot gemuzt ale mol farrikhtn. iz avek di khale far der hamoytse... un a sakh krankheytn zaynen oykh geven, hob ikh zikh shoyn gematert. ikh hob nokh alts gemuzt arbetn in shap... 89. nokh mayn mans toyt flegt mayn bruder Neyten mit mir geyn oyfn beys-oylem tsu mayn man. er flegt nokh aroyfleygn a blimele oyf mayn mans keyver. mayn bruder hot zeyer lib gehat blumem... ikh un mayn bruder zaynen mir gegangen yedn zuntog tsu mayn mans keyver	He wanted us to arrange a beautiful funeral, and we did. It cost me 500 dollars...300 dollars I gave to my children. He left 1500 dollars. The truck we sold for 140 dollars. We couldn't live on the rental income [of the upper floor] because at those times the apartment was often empty... And when we had a little bit of rental income, we had to do repairs all the time. So this was rather a bad business...[2] We were also often sick and I had to toil, I still had to work in the factory... 89. After my husband died, my brother used to go with me to the cemetery to see my husband's grave. He would then put a little flower on his grave, because my brother loved flowers very much... My brother and I used to go to my husband's grave every Sunday.
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[1] According to family lore, Rachel said the following about it: "At that moment I thought to myself if only he had said that long ago. My life would have been sweet, not bitter."

[2] literally, "iz avek di khale far der hamoytse": the challah bread had already disappeared even before the blessing over the bread was spoken

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ikh un mayn eltere tokhter Mini geyn drey mol a vokh biz mir hobn geshtelt a matseyve... vi ikh hob shoyn frier geshribn, bin ikh gegangen in shap vayter arbetn. in dem shap hob ikh shoyn gearbet 14 yor...	My older daughter Mini and I went three times a week until we had a tombstone put up... As I wrote before, I continued to work in the factory where I had already worked for 14 years...
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un es hot getrofn mit elf khadoyshim shpeter az mayn bruder Neyten iz geshtorbn...nokh ven mayn man hot gelebt hot mayn bruder zikh geklogt far im, az es brent im in hartsn un er hot shtarke kop-veytogn. gedenk ikh vi mayn man flegt im entfernen, az azoy iz oykh geven in onfang bay im...es iz take geven di zelbe krankhayt, oykh a kenser... mayn bruder Neyten olov hasholem hot zikh nit gegloybt az er iz azoy krank.

mayn bruder Neten iz geven der bester mentsh. er iz geven azoy gut tsu mir mit mayne kinder. in ale mayne noytn hot er mir aroysgeholfn...un az in 11 monatk hot mir aza troyer getrogn, az mayn man un mayn liber bruder iz geshtorbn, bin ikh shir fun zinen nit arunter...mayn bruder iz ingantsn alt gevorn 49 yor...

mir hobn gevoynt in eyn gas, nit vayt eyner fun andern. di gas ruft men Kornval. ikh voyn nokh haynt tsu tog in Kornval...mayn bruder hot ibergelozt a froy, Flore, un drey zin...dem eltsn hot men gerufn *Louie*, er iz gegangen in kaledzh; dem tsvytn hot men gerufn *Moyshe*; er iz geven in zekhtsntn yor, er iz gegangen in hay-skul. dem dritn hot men gerufn *Semele*, er iz alt geven elf yor. er iz gegangen in poblik skul...

vos far a troyer s'iz geven in unzer hoyz un bay mayn shvegerin mit di kinder...ikh gedenk nokh, vi mayn bruders froy mit di kinder zaynen geshtanen lem zayn ofenem keyver un nit gevolt avekgeyn. mer vi ale hot geveynt der yungerer ingl Sem. er iz ingantsn alt geven elf yor. mayn bruder Neyten iz geshtorbn in 1929. itst ven ikh shrayb iz shoyt 1955...

der grester troyer iz geven zikh tsukukn oyf mayn alter mamen. zi iz dan alt geven 85 yor un zi volt efsher gelebt biz hunder yor, ober ir zuns toyt hot farkirtst ire yorn...zi iz geven zeyer a frume froy un zi flegt zikh aleyt treystn, az antkegn got kon men zikh nit shteln un men tor nit zindikn, ober dokh hot zi im gornit gekent fargesn...er iz geven zeyer gut tsu ir. er hot gehat a groseri,

Eleven months later it happened that my brother Neyte died...Even when my husband was alive, my brother had always complained to him that he suffered from heartburn [1] and severe headaches...I still remember how my husband answered him that it had started like that with him too...It was indeed the same disease, also cancer...My brother Neyte, may he rest in peace, did not want to admit that he was also that sick...

My brother Neyte was the best person, he was so good to me and my children. Whenever I was in need, he helped me...And when after 11 months such a sad stroke of fate hit me, that my husband and my dear brother died, I almost went crazy...My brother only lived to be 49 years old...

We lived on the same street, not far from each other. The street is called Cornwell. Even today I live on Cornwell...My brother left his wife, Flore, and three sons...The oldest was named Louie, he went to college; the second was called Moyshe [2], he was 16 years old and went to high school. The third was named Samele [3], he was 11 years old and went to public school.

What grief there was in our house and at my sister-in-law's with her children.... I still remember how my brother's wife stood with her children at the open grave and did not want to leave. The younger boy, Sam, cried even more than anyone else, he was only 11 years old after all. My brother Neyte died in 1929, and now, as I write, it is already 1955...

The greatest sorrow was to look at my old mother. She was 85 years old at the time and might have lived to be 100, but the death of her son shortened her life...She was a very pious woman and comforted herself by saying that one must not go against God and sin [by criticizing and

	questioning His works]. But she just couldn't forget her son...He was very good to her. He had a grocery.
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[1] literally, "es brent im in hartsn“, given family lore he suffered on heartburn

{2} Given family lore he was also called "Shepsele"

[3] Given family lore he was also called "Mischa"

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er flegt arbetn zeyer shver, ober zayn mamen hot er nit fargesn. shpet baynakht, ven er flegt forn aheym, hot er untern tir untergeshtelt milkh, puter un kez, eyer un andere shpayzn... nokh ir zuns toyt iz mayn mame alemol geven krank un zi hot nokh gelebt 5 yor... zi iz geven zeyer frum un flegt ton a sakh mitsves...vi zi hot nor gevust a kranke familye, hot zi gezen aroystshelfn...zi iz gegangen tsu di bakers un tsu di katsovim (butshers) un krign khale un fleysh un arayntrogn tsu di oreime familyes un nokh iberlozn abisl gelt oykh...ot dos hot ir oyfgehaltn di finf yor vos zi hot nokh gelebt... zi iz geven zsugevoynt az ir zun zol ir arayntrogn shpayzn, un az er hot ir shoynt nit gebrakht, hot zi shoynt gezhalevet un gekargt un iz gevorn azoy oysgedart vi a skelet... zi hot nit gedarft kargn, vayl ven Neyten iz gegangen tsu der operatsye hot er opgeshribn far ir toyznt doler. zayn vayb Flore hot ir yedn khoydesh gebrakht tsvelf doler, un Sheyne Gitl hot ir oykh aroysgeholfn.	He used to work very hard, but he never forgot his mother. Late at night, when he went home, he put milk, butter, cheese, eggs and other things at her door... After the death of her son, my mother was sickly all the time and lived another 5 years... She was very pious and used to do many good works ["mitsvot")...As soon as she had knowledge of a sick family, she tried to help...She went to the bakers and butchers to receive challah and meat and bring it in to the poor families, and she even left them some money...This is what supported her the last five years she lived... She was used to her son bringing her food, and when he no longer did so, she began to skimp and be stingy and became as skinny as a skeleton... She didn't have to cut back so much, because before Neyte underwent the operation he had signed over a thousand dollars to her, and his wife Flore brought her twelve dollars every month. Sheyne Gitl also supported her.
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gevoynt hot zi bay mir un es hot ir gornit gefelt, ober az zi hot gevolt klaybn gelt. zi hot opgeshpert gelt un hot geshribn a seyfer toyre far der Kornvaler Beys Dovid shul... 90. ven mayn bruder Neyten iz geshtorbn hot er ibergelozt a polisi oyf 25 toyznt doler un nokh kleyne polisis...er hot far zayn toyt farkoyft zayn grocery far tsvelf toyznt doler. er hot ibergelozt etlekhe lats un er hot gehat a sakh land in di berg. er iz geven a guter gesheftsman, tsu vos er hot zikh genuimen hot er femakht gelt. er hot oykh gehat stak [stock] far etlekhe toyznt doler...er hot gehat a lat in Beverly Hills, hot zayn vayb farkoyft dem stak un hot oyfgeboyt oyf dem lat a groyse bilding (gebeyde). zi hot itster di vert 45 toyznt doler...eyder er iz gestorbn iz oyf der 84ter gas geven a lat. der man fun dem lat hot nit gekent krign keyn gelt un mayn bruder hot dos opgekoyft far 16 toyznt toler mit a shutef, <i>Gadef</i> hot er geheysn.dos iz geven a monat	She lived with me, and she didn't lack for nothing, but she wanted to accumulate money, and she actually saved up money and wrote [1] a Torah scroll for the Cornwell "Beith David" synagogue... 90. When my brother Neyte passed away, he left a policy of 25,000 dollars and even smaller policies...He sold his grocery for 12,000 dollars before he died. He left several properties and owned a lot of land in the mountains. He was a good businessman and could make money out of anything he touched. He also had stock for several thousand dollars...He owned a property in Beverly Hills. His wife sold the stock and built a large building on the property. It now has the value of 45,000 dollars...Before he passed away, there was a plot of land [on sale] on 84th Street. The owner of the property could not find work, and my brother bought the property from him along with a part owner, his name was <i>Gadef</i>. This was a month
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[1] According to family lore, she did not write the Torah scroll herself, but ordered it.

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far zayn toyt. a mentsh veys nit vos mit im ken zikh trefn...in a por khadoyshim nokh mayn bruders toyt, hot mayn shvegerin mit dem Mister Gadefn oysgeboyt a fir etazhike hoyz. der Mister Gadef iz geven a bilder (a boyer),,, mayn shvegerin Flora [Flore] iz geven a feike un a kluge froy. zi iz geven reykh un zi iz geven a gute mame tsu ire drey zin. mayn shvegerin Flora iz oykh geven an erlekhe froy, a sheyne oykh. zi hot nit	before his death. A person does not anticipate what may be in store for him...A few months after my brother's death, my sister-in-law built a four-story house together with Mr. Gadef; Mr. Gadef was a builder... My sister-in-law Flora [Flore] was a talented and smart woman. She was rich, and she was a good mother to her three sons. My sister-in-law
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gehat tsu ton mit andere mener. zi hot nor akhtung gegebn oyf ire kinder.
nokh ir mans toyt hot zi gelebt 24 yor. 16 yor iz zi geven gezunt un akht yor iz zi geven zeyer krank...zi hot gehat a hoykhn blut-druk un hot zikh nit gehit...zi iz geven azoy sheyn, az keyner hot gornit gekent denken, az zi iz aza kranker mentsh...zi hot nokh far zikh aleyn gemakht vetshere. zi iz gekumen tsu mir in hoyz farnakht tsu vetshere.

zi hot mikh gebetn ikh zol ir gebn a por mern un grine arbelekh. tsulib ir krankheyt vil zi nit esn mayn vetshere vos ikh hob gemakht. ikh bin gelofn un gekoyft mern un grine arbeslekh un zi hot nokh gemakht far zikh vetshere...

mer hot zi shoyt bay mir in hoyz keyn vetshere nit gegesn... gekumen iz zi dem farnakht far biznes (gesheft). zi hot shoyt dan gevoynt in Berverli Hils. zi hot gehat a hoyz oyf Soto Gas. zi hot gebetn mayn tokhter Minin, az zi zol geyn tsum riel-esteyt man un im farkoyfn di hoyz. zi hot gevolt far der hoyz 7000 doler...mayn Mini hot ir gekrign a koyne (kostimer) far akht toyznt finf hundert doler...

zi iz iberrasht gevorn fun frayd, ober glaykh kharote gekrign, vayl der riel-esteyt-man hot nit gevolt gebn mayn Minin komishan hundert doler...mayn shvegerin iz geven azoy in kas oyfn riel-esteyt-man zi iz geven azoy oyfgeregt, az ven zi hot genumen shraybn a papir, az bloyz mayn Mini kon farkoyfn ir hoyz, iz aroysgefaln di pen fun ir hant...zi nemt geyn ibern hoyz un zi falt avek...

mir hobn ir avekgeleygt oyf der sopke. ir zun Moyshe iz oykh geven mit ir. zi hot dan gekrogn a shlak (strouk) in kop un gevorn paralizirt

Flora was also an honest and beautiful woman. She never had anything to do with other men; she only took care of her children.

After the death of her husband, she lived another 24 years. For 16 of those years she was healthy, but for eight years she was very sick...She had high blood pressure and didn't pay attention to it...She was so beautiful that no one thought she could be a sick person...She had still prepared dinner for herself. She had come to my house in the evening to have dinner.

She asked me to give her some carrots and green peas. She preferred not to eat from the dinner I had prepared because of her illness. So I ran to buy her carrots and green peas, and she made herself another dinner...

That was the last time she ate dinner in my house...
She had come that evening for a business affair. At that time she was already living in Beverly Hills. She owned a house on Soto Street. She had asked my daughter Mini to go to a real estate agent and turn him the house over for sale. She [Flore] wanted 7000 dollars for the house...My Mini found a customer for her who was ready to pay 8500 dollars.

She [Flore] was surprised with joy, but she regretted it right away because the real estate agent didn't want to pay my Mini the commission over 100 dollars...My sister-in-law got totally enraged with the man from the real estate. She was so upset that her pen fell out of her hand while she was writing a document that only my Mini can sell her house...She took a few steps through the house and collapsed...

We laid her down on the sofa. Her son Moyshe was also with her. Flore had suffered a stroke at that time and was paralyzed on the right side of

oyfn kop, oyf a hant un oyf a fus un oyf a halbn kerper fun der rekhter zayt. zi hot oykh farloyrn dem loshn...	her body, affecting her head, one arm and one leg.. She also could no longer speak...
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mir hobn gerufn bald di andere tsvey zin, Leyen [Louie] un Semen. men hot gebrakht a doktor. zi hot shoyrn nit gevust vos s'tut zikh mit ir... men hot ir genumen in kounti-shpital. zi iz dortn in shpital geven a vokh un s'iz ir geven beser. men hot ir genumen in a konvaesent hoyz. ikh bin ir gekumen zen. zi hot shoyrn gekent arumgeyn mit a shtekn, un es iz shoyrn geven a simkhe... men hot ir gebrakht aheym. zi flegt in hoyz arumgeyn mit a shtekn. zi iz nokhamol gevorn krank un men hot zi vayter genumen in a shpital, un s'iz ir vayter beser gevorn, un dernokhdem vayter erger gevorn... eynmol a tog hot a shvartse froy gereynikt dos hoyz, iz ir nit gefeln gevorn vi azoy di froy reynikt dos hoyz un zi hot zikh tsugezetst ir tsu vayzn, iz zi gefaln un farloyrn dos loshn. dan iz shoyrn geven fir yor vos zi iz geven paralizirt, ober zi hot khotsh gekent reydn un zogn vos ir tut vey...zi hot zikh nebekh opgemutshet akht yor. zi iz geshtorbn. s'iz itst a yor mit akht monatin nokh ir toyt. ir neshome zol laykhtn in gan-eydn. 91. mit tsvey yor tsurik hob ikh gedenkt, az ikh ken shraybn mayn lebns- geshikhte un ikh hob take genumen shraybn. es hobn geleyent bakante mentshn un zey hobn mir tsugegebn mut, un ikh hob geshribn bay a	We immediately called the other two sons, Leyen [Louie, Lion] and Sam. A doctor was brought. She [Flore] didn't know what was happening to her anymore...She was taken to the County Hospital. She stayed there for a week, and she got better. She was taken in a convalescence home, and when I went to visit her, she could already walk around on a cane, what a joy that was! She was brought home, and in the house she used to walk around with a cane. However, she became ill a second time and was hospitalized again. She then got better, but after that it got worse again... Once a day [1] a black woman came to clean the house. She didn't like the way the woman cleaned the house, so she wanted to sit with her to give her instructions, but she fell down and lost her speech. At this point she had already been paralyzed on one side for four years, but could still speak and tell where she was in pain...Unfortunately, she had to struggle for eight years before she died. It is now one year and eight months after her death. May her soul shine brightly in Gan Eden. 91. Two years ago, I thought that I could write down my life story after all, and I actually began to write. Acquaintances of mine read [the first pages] and encouraged me, so I wrote about a hundred pages. But my youngest daughter got sick. She was sick for a very long time, so who
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hundert zaytn. iz mayn yungste tokhter krank gevorn. geven iz zi krank zeyer a lange tsayt. iz vemen dos gelegn inzinen dos shraybn. hob ikh far zeks khadoyshim nit geshribn biz es iz ir gevorn beser. un az es iz ir gevorn beser hob ikh genumen vayter shraybn un ongeshribn nokh a fir hundert zaytn. ikh hob gerekhnt tsu endikn mayn lebns-geshikhte, ober ikh hob gemuzt vayter oyfhern, vayl ikh hob zikh genumen iberboyen dos hoyz, vayl dos hoyz iz geven zeyer opgelozn. der shokhn, vos hot gevoynt nayn yor, hot zikh aroysgeklit un es iz geven azoy opgelozn, az men hot poshet nit gekont fardingen... ikh hob zikh baklert, az di beste zakh vet zayn, az mir zoln flastern di tsvey apartments, untu un oybn. a khuts flastern	could still think about writing. I didn't continue writing for over six months until she got better. And when she was healthier, I started writing more and wrote another four hundred pages. When I was already counting on being able to finish my life story, I had to stop again, because I started to restore my house, which was in very neglected condition. My neighbor, who had lived in the house for nine years, had moved out and his apartment was in such a state of disrepair that it was simply not possible to rent it out anymore... I had thought that it would be best to re-plaster the two apartments, downstairs and upstairs [2]. In addition to plastering
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[1] According to family lore, the woman came once a week

[2] According to family lore, Rachel commented in addition: " The exterior was constructed of wood, which I did not like. I covered the wood with stucco. I also added one room to each flat and enlarged the front porches. I installed a new staircase of white terrazzo like material called diato, and replaced the wooden banisters with black wrought-iron banisters."

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dos hoyz, hobn mir oykh gemakht naye trep. mir hobn oykh gemakht naye plombing [plumbing], arayngefirt naye elektri, a nayem dakh, ibergefarbt. es hot genumen a yor tsayt. ikh hob gemuzt hitn dem stolyer. yedn tog bin ikh geshtanen fun akht inderfri biz finf farnakht. men hot gedarft yedn eynem hitn, dem stolyer, dem plomber, dem elektrishn, dem farber, dem dakh-leyger... mayne tekhter hobn mikh geyadet vayl ikh bin geven di onfirerin.	the house, we also had new stairs made, new plumbing and new electrical wiring installed, had the roof redone and repainted the house. It took a year. I had to watch out for the carpenter. Every day I was on my feet from eight o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the evening, everyone had to be watched out for, the carpenter, the plumber, the electrician, the painter, the roofer... My daughters were annoyed with me because I had initiated all this...
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itster hob ikh shoyrn nit vos tsu daygen . keyner kon itst nit derkenen, az dos iz geven an alte hoyz. ver es kumt un tut a kuk oyfn hoyz kon zikh gornit gleybn. mayne tekhter zaynen tsufridn un ikh, az ikh gey aroys in hoyf, ver ikh tsheshmoltsn fun frayd...

ongehoybn tsu remontirn dos hoyz hob ikh in khoydesh kheshvan,, hot dos gedoyert biz dem khoydesh kheshvan fun dem yor 1955...az ikh hob a yor nit geshribn, hob ikh zikh fargesn. far alte mentshn iz zikh shver tsurik tsu dermonen. farayorn, ven ikh hob oyfgeheret tsu shraybn, bin ikh alt geven 87 yor, un haynt bin ikh shoyrn 88 yor. iz danken got az ikh kon nokh azoy ongeyn...

92.

itster gey ikh bashraybn vi azoy ikh hob gekoyft di tsveyte hoyz lem mir. di tsveyte hoyz hot gehert tsu eynem a *Sevel*, un az er mit zayn froy zaynen geshtorbn, hobn zayne kinder gevolt farkoyfn di hoyz tsu unz, vayl mir zaynen geven gute shkheynim. zey hobn unz tsugeredt az s'iz a metsie. zey hobn gebetn 2200 doler.

in der driter hoyz fun unz hot gevoynt a shokhn, eyner an *Elman*. freg ikh im tsi di hoyz iz vert 2200 doler...iz veyst ir vos er hot mir opgeton? leben Elman iz di Kornval shul, Beyt-David shul. geyt er tsum shames un nemt bay im 20 doler meklerey un geyt mit im tsu di kinder fun unzer farshtorbenem shokhn un der shames hot opgekoyft dos hoyz...

dem shames, vos hot opgekoyft dos hoyz, hot men gerufn Mister Zepe, un er ruft zikh on tsu mayn tokhter Minin, az oyb ikh vel im gebn profit 300 doler, farkoyft er mir dos hoyz. ikh hob zikh opgezogt...

But now I don't have to worry anymore; no one recognizes that this was an old house. Anyone who comes and looks at the house can't believe it. My daughters are happy, and when I go into the yard, I beam with joy.

I had started to restore the house in the month of Kheshvan [October, November], and it lasted until the Kheshvan of the year 1955...And by the time I had stopped writing for a year, I had forgotten all about it...Old people find it hard to remember. When I stopped writing a year ago, I was 87 years old, and today I am already 88 years old. Thank God I can still manage so well...

92.

Now I will describe to you how the purchase of the house next to me came about. This second house belonged to a man named *Savel*, and when he and his wife passed away, his children wanted to sell the house to us because we were good neighbors. They talked us into buying it, saying it was a bargain. They asked for 2200 dollars.

In the third house from us lived a neighbor named *Elman*. I asked him if the house was worth 2200...And do you know what he did to me? Next to Elman was the Cornwell shul, the Beyt-David synagogue. So he just went to the shames (synagogue servant), took 20 dollars commission from him, and went with him to the children of our deceased neighbors. And the shames bought the house...

The shames who bought the house was called Mister Zepe. He told my daughter that he would sell me the house if I paid him a profit of 300 dollars on top of the purchase price...I refused.

der mister Zepe hot fardungen dos hoyz tsu a pedler, vos hot gepedlt mit hiner un hener un mit nis. er flegt dingen vayber un zey flegn knakn di nis. ikh mit mayn tokhter Minin hobn oykh geknakt di nis...hobn zikh di shkheynim arum oyfgebuntevet, vos di hener hobn gekreyt a gantse nakht un zey zaynen gegangen tsu der „board ov helth“ un der pedler hot gemuzt zikh aroysklaybn. der Mister Zepe hot nit gekent fardingen dos hoyz, vayl es iz geven zeyer opgelozn...er hot mir gevolt farkoyfn dos hoyz far 2500 doler, hob ikh nit gevolt.

dervayl dervis ikh zikh az er hot gefunen a pedler, vos vil yo opkoyfn dos hoyz un git im shoyn 2800 doler, un der pedler pedlt oykh mit hiner un hener. dem frierdikn pedler mit hiner un hener hot men gekent makhn er zol zikh aroystsien, vayls s'iz nit geven zayn hoyz. ober az der pedler vet koyfn dos hoyz vet men shoyn nit kenen makhn er zol zikh aroysklaybn. hob ikh shoyn gemuzt koyfn di hoyz un batsoln rebe gelt[Lehrgelt], mit 650 doler merer.

der Mister Zepe hot shoyn gedungen bay mir dos hoyz un getsolt 25 doler a khoydesh dire-gelt...ven mir hobn gekoyft di hoyz iz dos geven in 1937, un in 1938 hobn mir zi abisl farrikht. ober ikh bin nit geven tsufridn vi di hoyz hot oysgekukt.

in 1942 hot men zikh barekhnt vos men kon ton mit der tsveyshtokiger hoyz vos mir hobn gehat, un vos kon men ton fun der hoyz vos mir hobn gekoyft. s'iz geven fun untn 4 garadshes, hobn mir zey tsevorfn un men hot genumen di tsvey-shtokige hoyz un men hot zi ibergerukt ahintsu, vu di garadzhes zaynen frier geshtanen.di hoyz vos mir hobn gekoyft hobn mir abisl aribergerukt, iz zi tsefaln gevorn, un der plaster ineveynik in der tsvey-shtokiger hoyz iz oykh aropgefaln...

Mister Zepe rented the house to a peddler of chickens, roosters and nuts. He hired women to crack nuts for him. My daughter Mini and I cracked nuts too...But the neighbors all around revolted because the chickens were crowing all night. They went to the Board of Health and caused the peddler to move out.

Mister Zepe couldn't rent the house to anyone else because it was very run down...He wanted to sell me the house for 2500, but I didn't want to.

In the meantime, however, I learned that he found another peddler who wanted to buy the house from him, offering him 2800 dollars. And this peddler also peddled chickens and roosters. The former peddler, who traded with chickens and roosters, could be forced to move out, because it was not his house. But, if the new peddler bought the house, he could not be forced out.

So I had to buy the house and paid my "rebe gelt "[1], namely 650 dollars more...

Mister Zepe rented the house from me and paid 25 dollars a month for it...When we bought the house, it was 1937, and in 1938 we restored it a little bit, because I wasn't happy with the way it looked.

In 1942, we were thinking about what to do with the two-story house we owned and the one we bought in addition to it. There were 4 garages at the back of the single house. We had them torn down and moved the two-story house to where the garages had been. The house that we bought in addition [2], we moved a little bit over to us, but it was damaged in the process, and on top of that, the plaster in our two-story house fell down...

men hot gemuzt plastern ale tsimern oybn un untn. mir hobn oykh geleygt naye podloges (flors). men hot gemuzt farbn indroyshn un ineveynik. mir hobn oykh tsugeboyt a sheynem ganik (portsh). s'hot opgekost arum 5000 doler... dos iz geven in 1942. ikh bin alt geven 72 yor. itster, ven ikh shrayb, bin ikh shoyt alt 87 yor un mit a yor frier, vi ikh hob shoyt geshribn, hob ikh nokh remodelirt di tsvey-shtokige hoyz...mir hobn gemakht a groysn toes vos mir hobn ibergerukt di tsvey-shtokige hoyz in 1942. der lat, vu di hoyz iz geshtanen, iz geblibn	We had to have all the rooms upstairs and downstairs re-plastered and also had a new floor laid. We had the house painted inside and out and added a nice porch. It cost about \$5,000... That was in 1942, when I was 72 years old. Now, while I am writing, I am already 87 years old and a year ago, as I wrote, I remodeled the two-story house...We made a big mistake when we moved the two-story house in 1942. The lot where the house once stood remained
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[1] "batsoln rebe gelt"= to pay dearly

[2] the single house

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leydik, shoyt azoy 14 yor. azoy vi a sotn volt zikh geshtelt un lozt nit ton gornit. zint di koreyer milkhome vert alts tayerer dos boyen. hob ikh shoyt gemakht a plan, vi azoy oyftsuboyen oyf dem leydikn lat, ober es vert fun dem gornit. efsher bin ikh ingantsn narish, vos ikh zorg zikh azoy vegn dem lat, vos iz geblibn leydik shoyt 14 yor...efsher iz mir nokh beser fun di yenike vos darfn geyn zukhn a tsimer, un tsu alte mentshn vil men afile nit fardingen... un az zey makhn shoyt op tsu geyn in moyshev skeynim iz nit azoy gring arayntsukumen ahintsu. un az men nemt zey shoyt arayn, zaynen zey nit tsufridn. zey krign zikh eyner mit dem andern. alte mentshn zaynen nebekh nerveyish. men shtimt nit eyner mitn andern...fun moyshev skeynim kert men zikh shoyt nit um keyn lebedike...	empty. It has been like this for 14 years and it seems that the devil himself prevented us from doing anything. Since the Korean War, building has become more and more expensive. I had already drawn up a plan to build on the empty lot, but nothing came of it until now. [1] Maybe I'm completely crazy to worry so much about the property, which has been vacant for 14 years...But maybe I'm still better off than those who have to look for a room; especially since people don't like to rent to persons who are too old... Those already have to prepare to go to a retirement home, but it is not easy to get in there. And if you are already accepted there, you are not satisfied. They [the residents] would quarrel with each other, because unfortunately old people are irritable. The different needs don't fit together...You don't get out of the old people's home alive...
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di alte in moyshev skeynim zogn, ven men redt tsu zey, az vos toyg zey shoy'n dos gantse leben, az di yunge yorn kon men shoy'n nit khap'n tsurik, un men iz alt un opgelozn, un men iz nokh krank oykh... zey denken, az alte mentshn zaynen oyver botl. ikh nem dos fun zikh aleyn. mir dakht zikh, az ikh bin nokh baym seykh'l vi amol, un ikh ze vi di kinder zogn, az ikh veys shoy'n gornit, un men muz zikh shoy'n lozn ayndreyn, az zey, di kinder zaynen gerekht... di alte mentshn zaynen azoy farrekht, (consider) az alt iz kalt... 93. farvos shrayb ikh gor fun alte mentshn? ikh hob a bruder, Yehoshue [Ishye] Velvel, iz er in a moyshev skeynim. mit finf yor tsurik iz er gekumen tsu unz oyf a bazukh. er hot gemeynt, az mit a drey yor shpeter vet er kumen tsu unz mit a vizit nokhamol...er iz dan mit finf yor tsurik oykh nit geven ingantsn gezunt, un itster iz er alemol krank un hot nebekh gemuzt geyn in a moyshev skeynim...ikh bin oykh nit gezunt, az ikh zol im forn zen in Peterson, Nyu Dzhoyrsi. s'iz nokh nit geven keyn eyn briv fun im, er zol nit klogn un veynen, vos er iz in heym far alte layt... er hot fir kinder, drey zin un a tokhter. zayne kinder tsoln far im in moyshev skeynim 150 doler a khoydesh...er klogt zikh, az zey	If you talk to the old people in the old people's home, they say, what is the use of all this life, if you can't get back your youth and you are old and exhausted and sick to boot. They [others] think that old people are senile. I know this from myself. It seemed to me that I am still as mentally awake as before, but I see how the children say that I don't know anything anymore. And you have to admit that they, the children, are right... Of the elderly, people think that "old" equates to "cold."... 93. Why am I writing about old people? I have a brother, Yehoshue [Ishye] Velvel, who is in a nursing home. Five years ago he came to visit us. He said that he would be able to visit us again three years later...However, he was not completely healthy five years ago either, and now he is sick all the time and unfortunately had to go to a nursing home...I am not healthy either, so I cannot go to see him in Paterson, New Jersey. I have not received a single letter from him in which he does not complain and cry that he is in a home for old people... He has four children, three sons and a daughter, who pay 150 dollars a month for him for the old people's home. He complains that the people
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[1] According to family lore, Rachel used to say, "I had dreamed of building a four unit apartment house on that lot so that I could have something to leave to my children. But I was not able to do it. I had even hired an architect to draw up a plan but nothing came of it."

bahandlen im nit gut. er hot dos beste esn, a sheynem tsimer un gute badingung...er hot a gutn doktor un er hot gefregt dem doktor, ven vet	there don't treat him well. [At least], he has the best food, a nice room and good conditions...He has a good doctor and he asked him when he
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er shoy'n kenen aroysgeyn fun moyshev skeynim un forn keyn Los Andzheles? er iz nit tsufridn tsu zayn farshpart oyf eyn ort. men hodevet oys fir kinder unmen ken nit zayn bay keyn eyn kind. zey veln dokh beser tsoln vifil zey kenen, ober dem tatn tsi der mamen nit hobn bay zikh. dos fardrist im azoy un derfar iz er azoy dershlogn... er kon zikh nit tsugevoynen tsu di mentshn vos zaynen dortn mit im...ven zey zaynen tsvey oder drey in a tsimer, un eyner vil shlofn, vil der tsveyter leyenen, tsi nokh azoyne zakhn. kumt bay zey for groyse krigerayen... er shraybt azoyne veynendike briv un er zogt, az er muz zikh aropreydn fun hartsn.mayn bruder iz shoy'n finf un akhtsik yor alt, un az men iz krank, un az es tut vey, un az men ken zogn far eygene un noente, az es tut vey, iz abisl gringer... mayn bruder iz geven a sheyner yungerman un a gelernter oykh. er hot in zayne yunge yorn gekont gut lernen gemore un oykh shraybn, un er iz geven sheyn oykh... ven er iz alt geven, ikh denk, tsvey oder drey un tsvantsik yor, er iz shoy'n dan geven a khasene-gehater un in Bialystok hot zikh oyfgehoybn der oyfshtand fun di arbeter, dan iz shoy'n mayn bruder Ishye geven a soshelist (sotsyalist)... es zaynen in Bialystok ongekumen yunge bokherim fun andere shtet un hobn gemakht, az ale babrik-arbeter zoln aroysgeyn streykn...bay di fabrikantn iz gevorn a gantse milkhome mit di arbetorer... un azoy vi mayn bruder iz oykh geven a veber fun tukh, iz er gevorn a redner un flegt haltn redes tsu di vebers, az zey zoln aroysgeyn in streyk...	could leave the nursing home to go to Los Angeles? He is not happy about being confined to one place. Now that he has raised four children, he can't be with any of them. They would rather pay as much money as they can, but not have their father or mother with them. This is very upsetting to him, and that's why he is so depressed... He can't get used to the people who live with him...When there are two or three in a room, one wants to sleep, the other wants to read or do completely different things. So it comes to a big quarrel between them... He writes such tearful letters and says that he needs to get it off his chest. My brother is already eighty-five years old and sick, and if he can tell the people close to him what hurts him, it makes his heart a little lighter... My brother was a fine and educated young man. When he was younger, he studied the Gemara and writing, and he was such a handsome man... When he was, I think, around 22 or 23 years old, he was already married. In Bialystok there was a workers' uprising, and Ishye was a socialist at that time...[1] In Bialystok, young boys from other cities arrived and caused all the factory workers to go out on strike... For the factory owners, this meant a fierce war with the workers... And since my brother was a weaver of cloth, he became "a redner" [an orator] and agitated the weavers in his speeches to go out on strike...
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in Bialystok iz geven a groyser vald. dos vald hot men gerufn, Zverinitser vald, un in a shabes farnakht hobn zikh oyfgeklbn ale veber fun di fabrikn un zaynen gegangen in vald un dortn arumgeredt, az men zol aroysgeyn in a streyk...zey hobn oysgeklbn mayn bruder, az er zol zayn der firer fun streyk. azoy vi in vald zaynen geven a sakh shpionen, un tsvishn di shpionen iz geven eyner fun der kolonye mitn nomen Ofrim [Efraim]. der Efraim iz geven a linketnik in Bialystok. er hot dertseylt di fabrikantn,	In Bialystok there was a large forest, the "Zverinitser" [Zwierzyniec] forest, and one Shabbat evening all the weavers of the factories gathered there and discussed about going on strike...They chose my brother to be the leader of the strike. However, there were many spies in the forest, and among them was one from our colony named Ofrim [Efraim]. Efraim was a foreman in Bialystok. He told the factory owners
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[1] For the reader who is more deeply interested in the revolutionary workers' movements in the Kryнки and Bialystok area, I highly recommend reading the book "As It Happened Yesterday" by Yosl Cohen. My English translation is available both in book form and on the JewishGen website,

<https://www.jewishgen.org/yizkor/Krynki2/Krynki2.html>

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az er veyst ver es hot ongebuntevet di veber zey zoln aroysgeyn in a streyk. inmitn der nakht zaynen gekumen di zhandarmen mit der politsye un im tsugenumen in ostrog. dan iz er nokh nit geven lang khasene-gehat. zayn vayb Rokhl hot dan getrogn mitn ershtn kind. dos kind, a meydele, Enye, hot haynt shoyn aleyk khasene gemakht ire eygene kinder. der ostrog iz geven in Valshlikover gas [Wasilkowska Street],men hot di gas gerufn „unter der turme“. ikh mit mayn mamen, mit mayne brider, mit mayn shvegerin Rokhl, hobn oykh gevoynt unter der turme, a finf heyzer fun ostrog...mir hobn gedungen advokatn, ober zey hobn gornit gekent ton. der shpion Efraim hot zikh afile nit farentfert far unzer familye...	that he knew who had incited the weavers to go on strike. In the middle of the night, gendarmes and the police came and took him [my brother] to prison. At that time, he had married not long ago. His wife, Rokhl, was pregnant with their first child. This child, a daughter named Enye [Anye] [1], has already married off her own children today. The prison was on Wasilkowska Street, which was also called "Unter der Turme" [Behind the Prison]. I, my mother and brothers and my sister-in-law Rokhl, also lived on " Unter der Turme", five houses away from the prison...We hired advocates, but they could do nothing. The spy Efraim did not even justify himself to our family...
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mayn bruder iz gezesn in Bialystoker turme drey khadoyshim un men hot im ibergefirt in Grodner turme. dortn iz er gezesn zeks khadoyshim. er iz tsurikgekumen fun Grodner turme geshvoln vi a barg...men hot im farshikt nokh zayn turme opzitsn in a fremder shtot in Kherson [Cherson]. dortn iz keyn veberay nit geven, hot er zikh oysgelernt presn mansbilshe hemder. es iz geven nit keyn mlokhe far a familye tsu tsien khayune... er hot shver gearbet un keyn khayune nit gehat...in Cherson iz er oykh nit geven fray. men hot im dortn gehaltn oyf „volnye poshelenye“, dos maynt in Amerike, oyf „parol“ [Ehrenwort]. az men farzindikt zikh oyf „volnye poshelenye“ iz zeyer shlekht, men farshikt shoyn in Sibir. di politsey hot im dortn gut gehit... 94. mayn bruder un zayn vayb un kind, hot zikh zeyer gematert far a shtikl leben tsu makhn. zayn vayb hot im abisl aroysgeholfn in der parnose. zi hot im geholfn presn di hemder, oykh hot zi gekokht far zayne bakante... itster, az mayn bruders termin, di tsvey un a halb yor, hobn zikh geendikt un er hot zikh nit gehat avu ahintsuton...in Bialystok volt im geven shver tsu krign a fabrik avu tsu arbetn, vayl zayn nomen hobn shoyn ale fabrikantn gevust... mayn bruder's vayb's shvester hot gevoynt in Krinik, Rashe-Kayle hot zi geheysn. zi hot aropgebrakht ir shvester Rokhlen mit di	My brother was in Bialystok prison for three months and then he was transferred to Grodno prison. He remained there for six months. When he came back from Grodno prison he was "swollen like a mountain"...After he served the time in prison, he was exiled to a foreign city, Kherson. There was no weaving mill there, so he learned to iron men's shirts. This was not a job that could support a family... He worked hard, but could not make a living. In Kherson he did not live in freedom either. He was kept there on "volnye poshelenye", in America they say on "parole". If during the "volnye poshelenye" one transgressed a law, it was very bad. One was sent to Siberia. The police were very watchful of him... 94. My brother, his wife and child struggled a lot for a little bit of living. His wife supported him a bit by earning some money and helped him to iron the shirts. She also cooked for acquaintances... Now, after the two and a half years [parole] were up, he didn't know where to go...In Bialystok it would have been hard for him to get work anywhere, because all the factory owners knew his name... My brother's wife's sister lived in Krynki. Her name was <i>Rashe-Kayle</i>. She brought her sister Rokhl [Rachel] with her
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[1] She was also called "Chana"

drey kinder keyn Krinik. mayn bruder iz avekgefor keyn London...in London hot er gevart biz mayne tsvey brider in Peterson hobn im geshikt a shifskarte...mayne tsvey brider, Neyten un Alter, zoln zey ruen in gan-eydn, zaynen geven zeyer gute mentshn, gut tsu mayn bruder, gut tsu alemen... ven mayn bruder iz geven in London un hot gevart oyf a shifskarte keyn Amerike, hot er nit gehat vos tsu esn. er hot farkoyft zayne zakhn, afile zayn talis un tfilin. er iz dokh shoyn dan geven fraygezonen... mayn bruder Ishye, ven er iz gekumen keyn Amerike iz er farforn keyn Peterson tsu mayne brider. er hot dortn gekrign arbet als veber. nokh tsvey yor hot er aroysgeshikt keyn Krinik shifskartn tsu zayn froy tsu zayne drey kinder... fun mayn bruder hob ikh nokh keyn helft nit geshribn, voser hot zikh ongelitn in rusland. ikh reydn shoyn nit ven er iz gezesn in turme. ikh reydn ven er hot gearbet in Bialystok als veber...di arbeter flegn geyn tsu der arbet zeks azeyger inderfri, ven s'iz nokh geven fintster, un kumen aheym tsen azeyger baynakht, un amol biz 12 azeyger baynakht... Donershtog flegn zey nekhtikn in der fabrik un Freytog arbetn a gantsn tog. Freytog flegn zi shoyn geyn farnakht aheym. fun donershtog inderfri biz Freytog farnakht hobn di arbeter gearbet on oyfher...ven der veber hot nokh gekrign a shlekhte kete iz shoyn geven a rakhmones oyf im. er flegt lign oyfn shtul mitn gantsn kerper... az s'zaynen aropgekumen fun Varshe un fun Vilne un fun andere shtet, yunge mentshn, vos hobn gelernt in di universitetn un oyfgeklert di arbeter zeyer lage, iz gevorn a revolt. di dozike yunge mentshn, vos flegn kumen fun andere shtet, hot men gerufn revolutsyonern. es iz geven a shlakht oyf leben un toyt. di arbeter flegt men farshikn in di	three children to Krynki and my brother went to London...In London he waited until my two brothers in Paterson sent him a ship ticket...My two brothers, Neyte and Alter, they shall rest in Gan Eden, were very good people, not only good to my brother, but to everyone... When my brother was in London waiting for the ship ticket to America, he had nothing to eat. So he sold his personal things, even his talis [prayer shawl] and tefillin. At that time he was already a free thinker. When my brother Ishye came to America, he went to Paterson, to my brothers. He got work there as a weaver. After two years, he sent ship tickets to Krynki to his wife and three children... I haven't even written half of what my brother suffered in Russia. I'm not even talking about his time in prison, but about how he was still working as a weaver in Bialystok...The workers used to start their work at six o'clock in the morning, when it was still dark, and come home at ten o'clock at night, sometimes not until midnight... On Thursdays they usually stayed overnight at the factory, and on Friday they worked a full day, and then went home in the evening. From Thursday morning to Friday evening, the employees worked without stopping...If a weaver still got a bad warp, he was to be pitied. He lay with his whole body on the loom. Young people had arrived from Warsaw, Vilnius and other cities, studying in the universities and enlightening the workers about their situation; it became a revolt. Those young people who came from the other cities were called revolutionaries. A battle to the death began. The workers used to be banished to the prisons...
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ostrogn... di arbeter, az men hot zey oyfgeklert, zaynen gevorn organizirt. men flegt zikh tsunoyfreydn un arofnemen ale arbeter fun di fabrikn, tsu streykn nit nor di veber, nor oykh ale meydlekh, di shpularkes un di shererkes un di nuperkes...di arbeter zaynen geven zeyer tsufridn, vos men hot zey oyfgeefnt di oygn un zey gevizn di likhtike velt.	The workers, who had been enlightened, organized themselves. They consulted with each other and took all the workers from the factories to strike, not only the weavers, but also the girls, the spoolers, the "warpers" and the "nuperkes"...The workers were very satisfied that their eyes had been opened and they had been shown the way to a more luminous world.
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un az der fabrikant hot nit gevolt nokhkumen un setlen (shlikhtn) hot men im arayngeshikt a briv, az er vet hobn kharote...un i r denkt az zey hobn zikh nit geshrokn? a sakh fabrikantn hobn zikh geshrokn un gesetlt (geshlikhtet) dem streyk un a sakh hobn nit gevolt, hot men zey opgehit in untergeslekh un men hot zey gut ongeharget, hobn zey shoyn oykh gesetlt mit di arbeter... andere fabrikantn flegn beser oysgebn gelt oyf der politsey, di politsey zol zey hitn, eyder tsu tsoln abisl beser di arbetorer... di turmes zaynen geven gepakt...az a provokator [informer] hot gevolt makhn a bilbl oyf eynem, az er iz a revolutsyoner, hot men im farshikt oyf Sibir, oder oyf shvere arbet... Dos iz geven in 1896. Un mayn bruder Ishye Velvel iz alt geven dan a yungerman fun 23 yor. Itster iz er 85 yor, an alter man. Un ikh shrayb dos alts tsulib im...ven ikh krig nor a briv fun im, veynt er un klogt oyf zayn bitern mazel, vos er iz in a heym far alte layt. Er baklogt zikh vegn zayne zin, az ven zey kumen im zen un er veynt far zey, zogn zey	And if a factory owner did not want to agree and settle the strike, they would send him a letter saying that he would regret it...And you think that didn't scare them? Yes it did, many factory owners were afraid and settled the strike, but many refused. They were ambushed in side streets and beaten until they agreed with the workers... Other factory owners preferred to spend the money not on slightly better pay for the workers, but on the police to be protected by them...The prisons were full... If an informer wanted to slander someone as a revolutionary, his statement was enough for [his victim] to be sent to Siberia or to forced labor. That was in 1896, and my brother Ishye Velvel was then a young man of 23 years. Now he is 85 years old, an old man, and I write all of this because of him. Whenever I get a letter from him, he cries and complains of his bitter fortune of being in a home for old people. He complains about his sons, because when they come to visit him and he
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tsu im: „iz dir beser geven in Bialystoker turme?“ zogt er, az dortn iz im geven beser vi itster oyf der elter in moyshev skeynim. Shraybt er dos tsu mit zikh aropreydn fun hartsn... 95. un az ikh hob shoy n geshribn frier, vi di arbetorer flegn zikh farzamlen unter Bialystok, vel ikh shoy n bashraybn vos hot getrofn mit eynem a meyd l. in der hoyz vu ikh hob gevoynt hot antkegn gevoynt a muter mit fir kinder, tsvey dervaksene meydlekh un tsvey inglek h. der foter iz geven in Amerike un hot aribergenumen dos elter meyd l frier, dernakhdem hot der foter geshikt nokh di andere kinder un nokh zayn vayb. zey hobn shoy n avekgeshikt dem bagazh un in a por teg arum gedarft forn keyn Amerike. azoy vi shabes farnakht flegt men zikh tsunoyfklaybn in Zverenitser [Zwierzyniec) vald, iz dos meyd l avekgegangen in vald. zi hot zikh gevolt gezegenen mit al eire khavertes un fraynt, mit vemen zi hot gearbet in der fabrik. zi hot	cries in front of them, they ask him: "Were you better off in Bialystok prison?" He would answer that he was better off there than he is now as an old man in a nursing home... He is writing this to me in order to get it off his chest. 95. Since I have written before that the workers gathered in Bialystok, I will describe what happened to a girl. Across the street from the house where I lived, there lived a mother with four children, two adult girls and two boys. The girl's father was in America and had already taken over the older girl to live with him. After that he wanted to bring his other children and his wife. They had already sent their luggage ahead and were to leave for America a few days later. On Shabbat evening, it was customary to gather in the Zwierzyniec wood, so the girl went to the forest. She wanted to say goodbye to all her comrades and friends with whom she had worked in the factory. She
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oykh gevolt zikh gezegenen mitn vald. zi hot gevust, az zi vet shoy n in Bialystok nit kumen azoy gikh.	also wanted to say farewell to the forest, knowing that she would not be coming back to Bialystok anytime soon.
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zi iz geven a meydł 18 yor alt, a hoykhe un zeyer a sheyne. vayl zi iz geven aza hoykhe hot men zi aroysgezen mer fun alemen...es iz dem shabes farnakht geven a groyser miting. di arbetorer hobn zikh gelozt voylgeyn. zey hobn gepravet a groyse demonstratsye. men hot getrogn royte fonen un men hot geshrign „nider mit dem keyser.“

es iz geven a groyse simkhe, vayl in a por vokhn frier hot men oyf Khanaykes derharget dem gubernator. er iz geven zeyer shlekht. er hot farzetst in di turmes a sakh arbeter un derfar hot men im opgeramt fun veg. men hot keynem nit gekhapt. men hot afile a sakh arbeter arestirt, ober men hot nit gekent bavayzn ver iz der shuldiker un men hot alemen gelozt fray...

derfar iz dos geven der miting mit di fonen. azoy vi dos meydł iz geven a hoykhe hot men ir gegebn tsu trogn di royte fon...

es zaynen ongelofn in vald a sakh politsey un zhandarmen un men hot arestirt hunderter arbeter. di politsey hot getrotn oyf di mentshn mit di fis. es iz dortn in vald geven a blut-bod. dos meydł iz antlofn aheym un hot zikh farbahalt n dortn in a kemerl... baynakht iz gekumen di politsey mit di zhandarmen, men hot aroysgeshlept dos meydł fun kemerl un farshpart in ostrog...

di muter mit di kinder hot shoy n ebekh nit gekent forn tsu ir man keyn Amerike...vos di muter hot tseveynt un tseklogt. der foter hot geshikt hunderter fun Amerike. men hot ir nit gekent bafrayen. dos meydł iz gezesn tsvey yor in turme. men hot zi gevolt shikn in Grodner ostrog, ober s'hot gekost a sakh gelt, un zi iz geblibn in Bialystoker turme...

She was an 18-year-old girl, tall and very pretty. But because she was so tall, she was also seen more than anyone else... On that Shabbat evening there was a big meeting. The workers were enjoying themselves and held a big demonstration. They carried red flags and shouted, "Down with the Tsar!"

There was a joyful mood, because a few weeks earlier on "Khanaykes" [Chanajki, district in Bialystok] they had killed the governor. He was a very bad person. He had put many workers in jails, and for that they had put him out of the way. No one was caught [in the action]; many workers were arrested, but they could not be proven guilty and they all had to be released...

For this reason, the meeting with the flags took place. And because the girl was so tall, they gave her the red flag to carry.

But [suddenly,] many policemen and gendarmes came running into the forest and took hundreds of workers into custody. The policemen trampled on the people; a bloodbath took place in the forest. The girl fled home and hid there in a small chamber... At night, policemen and gendarmes came, dragged the girl out of her chamber and locked her up in the prison.

Regrettably, now the mother and her children could not go to her husband in America...the mother was crying and lamenting a lot. The father sent hundreds [dollars] from America, but it was not possible to free his daughter. The girl was in prison for two years. She was even supposed to be transferred to the Grodno prison, but, after paying a lot of money, she remained in the Bialystok prison.

ikh hob zikh dermont, az ikh hob nokh nit geshribn vegn di shpinerayen... in di shpinerayen flegt men brengen vol fun di shepsn un di vol hot men gemuzt vashn oyf mashines in a kesl. nokhn vashn hot men gemuzt trukenen, oykh durkh mashines, oyf pare...az di roye vol iz shoyn geven ibergeklibn, ibergevashn un oysgetruknt, hot men di vol gefarbt in kolirn.	I just remembered that I haven't written anything about the spinning mills yet... The wool from the sheep was usually taken to the spinning mills, where it was washed by machines in a cauldron. After the washing process, the wool had to be dried, which was done by machines driven by steam...When the raw wool was selected, washed and dried, it was dyed.
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in der farbarnye hot men gefarbt di vol. dos hot gemuzt durkhgeyn durkh a groyse kesl. di vol hot zikh gemuzt farbn in groysn kesl, az di farbn zoln zikh haltn...baym kesl hot men gehat mentshn, vos hobn keyn treyd (fakh) nit gehat. zey, di dozike mentshn in farbarnye, hobn gearbet far drey rubl a vokh. zey flegn arbetn tsvelf shtundn a tog. mayn tate, vi ikh hob shoyn bashribn, hot oykh gearbet in der farbarnye. az di gefarbte vol iz shoyn geven fartik, hot men dos genumen tsu barshtn, az es zol vern vi vate. s'zaynen geven barsht-mashinen un di barsht-mashinen hobn gemakht veykh di vol...di mashinen zaynen gegangen oyf pare. az es iz gevorn veykh oyf di barsht-mashinen, hot men gemakht fun der vol pasmes fedimer. di pasmes hot men oyfgevikt un aropgenumen fun di mashinen. men hot gemakht fun zey shroymen un di shroymen hot men gepakt in kastns. nokhher flegt men makhn pek, un fun di pek hobn di shpularkes geshpult shpules...	The wool was dyed in the "farbanye" [the dyeing factory]. For this purpose, it had to pass through a large cauldron of dye, so that the colors would hold up...At the cauldron stood people who had no specialized qualifications, and who therefore had to work for only three rubles a week... They used to work twelve hours a day. As I wrote, my father also worked in the dyeing factory. When the wool was ready to be dyed, it was given to brushing so that it became like absorbent cotton. For this purpose, there were brushing machines that softened the wool. These machines were also powered by steam. As soon as the wool had softened on the brushing machines, strands of thread were made from it. These strands were wound up and then removed from the machines. They were put together in bales ["shroymen"] and packed in boxes. After that, they were formed into bundles, and from the bundles, the "spoolers" wound bobbins.
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fun di shpules iz dos shoyn ariber tsu shern ketn. di ketn zaynen ariber tsum vebn... in di shpinerayen hobn gearbet kristlekhe meydlekhe, poylishe un rusishe, merstns poylishe. far tsvey rubl a vokh hobn zey gearbet. keyn idishe hot men in di shpinerayen nit tsugelozn...s'zaynen geven kristlekhe shpiners un kritslekhe meysters...oykh hot men in di shpinerayen gemuzt arbetn 12 shtundn a tog... di kristlekhe meydlekhe flegn geyn boves tsu der arbet un trogn di shikh in hant. zey zaynen geven gekleydt in layvntene spodnitses, in sit-tsene koaptlekh... zey hobn gearbet far zeyer bilik... arbeter firer, vos zaynen gekumen fun andere shtet, hobn zeyer shver gearbet biz men hot zey oysgelernt, az zey zoln fodern mer gelt far zeyer arbet... di shpiners zaynen geven merer. zey hot men oykh nit getsolt keyn sakh...in di shpinerayen hobn zikh gefunen toyznter arbeter...a shpineray iz geven a drey shtok di groys un amol fir un finf. un di gebeyde iz efsher geven finf hundert fus di leng... un az arbeter hobn gevunen un shoyn gekrign abisl merer batsolt un veyniker shtundn gearbet, hobn di fabrikantn nebekh gornit tsugeleygt. zey hobn gegeben mer getsolts, hobn zey gekrign mer far zeyer skhoyre, un zaynen nokh gevorn reykhher...	The bobbins came to the warpers who prepared the warp yarn tapes, and the warps came to the weavers... Christian girls, mostly Polish but also Russian, worked in the spinning mills. They worked fort wo rubles a week. Jewish girls were not allowed in the spinning mills...There were Christian girls and Christian masters...Also in the spinning mills you had to work 12 hours a day... The Christian girls went to work barefoot and carried their shoes in their hands. They were dressed in linen skirts and jackets made of chintz... They worked for very little money... Labor leaders who had come from other cities had worked very hard until they were taught to demand more money for their work... The spinners were in the majority and didn't get paid much either...There were thousands of workers in the spinning mills...A spinning mill had three stories, sometimes even four or five. And the building was maybe 500 feet long... And when the workers were gaining, already earning a little more and working fewer hours, the factory owners were in fact not giving away any more at all. Because when they paid more, they earned more on their goods at the same time [by increasing the price], and became even richer...
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nit nor hobn di veber un shpiner gestreykt, nor oykh di stolyer, di tokers, di shmidn, di mentshn in di kantorn, di prikazhtshikes in di kromen...

97.

nit vayt fun Bialystok iz geven a kleyn shtetl, Supresle [Supraśl]. dos iz geven a daytshish shtetl. dortn hobn gevoynt nor reykh daytshn... di daytshn hobn gehat in Supresle di greste fabrikn, vos zaynen gegangen oyf pare. dortn in Supresle hobn di daytshn oysgevebt di beste zaydns. zaydns hot men shoyn gemuzt arbetn oyf pare, oykh layvnt, kortn far bilike garniters far mener un kinder, hot men oykh gemuzt vebn oyf pare. froyen-kleyder hot men oykh gevebt oyf pare...

di arbeter firer hobn genumen organizirn oykh di arbeter in di Supleser fabrikn...s'iz tsugegangen zeyer shver un s'hot gedoyert a sakh tsayt. biz men hot sof kol sof aropgenumen di arbeter oykh fun di Supleser fabrikn, vos zaynen geven vi festungen farboyt arum un arum mit tsugeschlosene shvere toyern.

di vos hobn organizirt dem streyk, hobn zikh poshet ayngeshtelt dos leben. men iz geven ayngeshtelt, az di daytshishe arbeter zoln nit masern. amol hot zikh ayngegebn ven men hot getrofn arbeter erlekhe, un amol hot men getrofn nit keyn farantvortlekhe, zaynen shoyn gefaln a sakh karbones fun di fardamte daytshn di mosrim...

es iz shoyn shtiler gevorn un di fabrikantn hobn zikh shoyn tsugevoynt tsu tsoln abisl mer tsu zeyere arbetorer, un men iz shoyn geven frayndlekh di abetorer mit zeyere balebatim. keyn gute fraynt zaynen di balebatim keynmol nit geven mit zeyere arbeter, ober in a besern tsushtand vi es iz geven frier...

Not only the weavers and spinners went on strike, but also the carpenters, the turners, the blacksmiths, the people in the offices, and the merchant's clerks in the stores...

97.

Not far from Bialystok was a small town, Supresle [Supraśl]. It was a German town, where only rich Germans lived...The Germans owned the biggest factories in Supraśl, which were powered by steam. There, in Supraśl, the Germans had the best woven silk. Both the silk and linen and „kortn“ [cheap cloth] for low-cost men's and children's suits also had to be woven by steam-powered machines, as well as women's dresses...

The labor leaders began to organize the workers in the Supraśl factories as well...However, it was difficult to implement and took a lot of time to finally take the workers from the Supraśl factories as well, which were built like fortresses and had closed, heavy gates all around.

Those who organized the strike risked their lives. They depended on the German workers not to betray them. Sometimes, when they met honest workers, they succeeded, but sometimes they met workers without a sense of responsibility. Thus, many fell victim to the damned German traitors...

It had already become quieter, the factory owners had gotten used to paying their employees a little more, and employees and employers already had a friendlier relationship. Between them had never been a good friendship, but the situation was already better than before...

un az es iz gevorn abisl beser bay di arbeter iz ongekommen der groyser umglik- di milkhome in 1914. di daytshn zaynen bafaln Rusland. zey hobn farkhapt Bialystok, tsugenumen ale fabrikn bay di idn...di ale reykh fabrikantn zaynen nebekh gevorn azoy orem, az zey zaynen koym antlofn keyn Amerike un gepedlt mit zokn...zey hobn shoyn badoyert, vos zey hobn nit gevolt anerkennen zeyere arbeter un zey gebn tsu fardinen oyf an anshtendik leben...	But just when things had become a little more bearable for the workers, the great disaster of 1914 broke out - the war. The Germans had invaded Russia. They took Bialystok and confiscated all the Jewish factories. All the rich factory owners unfortunately became so poor that they barely managed to escape to America to peddle socks... At that time they regretted that they had not appreciated their workers and given them enough wages for a decent life...
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di milkhome iz geven aza troyerike. s'hot zikh gegosn azoy fil blut fun di aynvoyner...es hot gedoyert a lange tsayt. ikh denk bay a fir yor... di daytshn hobn farkhapt Varshe un Bialystok, un Vile, un andere shtet un shtelekh, vi Sokolke, Krinik, Amdur, un Kuznetse un Grodne. un farvos shrayb ikh dos? vayl zey hobn oykh farkhapt unzer Kolonye... di daytshn hobn nit nor khorev gemakht unzer kolonye nor afile khorev gemakht dem beys-oylem, vu mayn tate, mit mayne briderlekh, vos zaynen geshtorbn yung, un mayn zeyde, mayn bobbe, mayne fetters un mumes, mayne kuzins, un bakante un gute fraynt, zaynen geven baerdikt dortn... zolz zeyere ale neshomes laykhtn in gan-eydn... 	It was such a tragic war; so much blood was shed by the inhabitants...It lasted a long time, I think four years... The Germans took Warsaw, Bialystok, Vilnius and other cities and towns, such as Sokółka, Krynki, Amdur, Kuznetse [Kushnytsia] and Grodno... Why am I writing this? Because they also captured our colony... The Germans destroyed not only our colony, but also our local cemetery, where my father, my brothers who died young, my grandpa, my grandma, my uncles, my cousins, acquaintances and good friends were buried... May all their souls shine brightly in Gan Eden... 
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Epilogue

[not part of the original book)

My mother completed writing her memoirs at the age of eighty eight. She lived for almost twenty years after that, active and alert, interested in the world around her, reading the Forward every night until midnight, never missing Call any of the television newscasts, eager to discuss world affairs with any of her friends and relatives who came to visit her.

And every Shabbes, without fail, she attended the Synagogue until the last few years of her life.

At the age of ninety she realized her dream to erect a four flat building on the vacant lot next to her home. She had also begun a sequel to her memoirs about her life in Los Angeles. She continued to write until she was one hundred and three. She died in December, 1974 at the age of one hundred and seven.

In the words so frequently used by her throughout her memoirs,

"May her soul shine brightly in Gan Eden".

Gertrude Reed

List of Names

[This list is not part of the original book. It is incomplete and based on the knowledge at the time of publication. The page numbers provided refer to pages in the original book.]

Name	Relationships, Notes	Page (first reference)
Kositza, Rokhl-[H]ene or Rachel-Anna, born Grutski	Author, eldest daughter of Leybe and XXX Grutski, died with 107 years on Dec.16, 1974	
Grutski, Abraham	Grandfather of the author. He came from Zubritz with his first wife Rachel.	5
Grutski, Rokhl [Rachel]	Wife of Abraham Grutski, mother of Leybe Grutski	11
Grutski, Blumke	First daughter of Abraham Grutski and his first wife	5
Grutski, Gitl	Second daughter of Abraham Grutski and his first wife	5
Grutski, Sheyne	Third daughter of Abraham Grutski and his first wife	5
Grutski, Motl Shmuel	First son of Abraham Grutski and his first wife	5
Grutski [Grutske], Leybe [Leybke, Leybeshke]	Father of the author, second son of Abraham Grutski and his first wife. He was born in 1844 and died in 1893	5
Grutski, Mendl	Third son of Abraham Grutski and his first wife	5
Grutski, XXX	Second wife of Abraham Grutski	6
Grutski, Artsik [Artshik]	Son of Abraham Grutski and his second wife	6
Grutski, Yerakhmiel [Rakhmiel, Rachmil]	Son of Abraham Grutski and his second wife, later worked in a field, made soap	6
Dubrovski, Yeshue	The author's great-grandfather	7
Grutski, XXX	The author's mother. She came from Grodno	10
XXX	Twin sister of the author's mother, settled in Katerinodar	7
Dvoyre's [Deborah's], Khone	Uncle of the twin sister of the author's mother	10
Velvel the Bezdetnik [the Childless]	One of the uncles of Rachel's mother	10
Khaye [Chaia] Feyge	Aunt of Rachel's mother	10

Rive-Leye	First girl of Khaye-Feyge	10
Teybl	Second girl of Khaye-Feyge	10
Zeliks, Khaye	Girl in the colony, related to Leybe Grutski, married a man from Krynki	11
Zeliks, Moyshe	Brother of Khaye Zeliks	11
Grutski, Yehoshue Velvel [Ishye, Shie]	First brother of the author	13
Grutski, Abraham-Berl	Second brother of the author	14
Grutski, Mendl	Third brother of the author	14
Grutski, Yakev-Moyshe [Jacob-Moshe, Alter]	Fourth brother of the author	14
Grutski, Note [Neyte, Notke, later called Israel Grundens or Grodzky or Grodesky]	Fifth brother of the author	14
Grutski, Sheyne Gitl [Gosye]	First sister of the author	14
Grutski, Simkhe-Berl	Sixth brother of the author	14
Leyzer, Dovid	Baker in the colony	31
Peshe Leye	Second wife of Dovid Leyzer	31
Avrohem [Abraham] Itse	Son of Dovid Leyzer with his first wife	31
Libe	Daughter of Peshe Leye with her first husband	31
Tsirl [Zirl]	Daughter of Libe and Avrohem Itse, the author's friend	31
Khaye [Chaia] Feygl	Second daughter of Libe and Avrohem Itse	31
Shmuel Yankl	Son of Libe and Avrohem Itse, elder brother of Khaye Feygl	31
Mordekhay Moyshe [Mordechai Moshe]	Son of Libe and Avrohem Itse	31
Khaye-Peshe [Peshe-Leye, "di bove"]	She helped the women to give birth	32
Libe	Daughter of Khaye-Peshe who became a kind of midwife after her mother's death	32
Etke's, Yehoshua	Neighbor of the author in Bialystok, named after his mother Etke	33
Saraste, Arke [alias Aharon or H. Suraski]	Biggest factory owner in Bialystok at that time, prominent Chasid	33

Leye	Old woman who owned a [kind of] restaurant in Bialystok	37
Khaye [Chaia] Tamara	Daughter of Yehoshua Etke's [from her father's first marriage], worked in Leye's restaurant in Bialystok	37
Kinze's, Moyshe [Moshe]	Man from the same colony, later a weaver in Bialystok	38
Nekhome	Wife of Moyshe Kinze's	38
Doctor Prage	Eminent doctor in Bialystok	38
Yaner's, Efraim Itsi	Son of Itsi Yaner's, a weaver	39
Sokher [Sokher-Arye]	Man from Adelsk	40
Rabbi Shmuel	Father of Sokher, a great Jewish scholar	40
Peshe	Wife of Rabbi Shmuel, she ran a bakery	40
Khayke di Teperke [Chaike the Potter]	Woman who traded in Adelsk	42
Shoshke Merke	Old, blind woman in Adelsk	42
Zundl	Owner of a huge store in Adelsk	43
Mekhllye [Mechlie]	Wife of Zundl	44
Khayim [Chaim] Hershl	Zundl's older son	44
Efraim Leyke	XXX	44
Gershon	Sokher's son	44
Abe's, Kalman	Blacksmith in Bialystok, came from the same colony	45
Reyzke	Kalman's wife	45
Moyshe Khayim [Moshe Chaim]	Son of Khaye the Potter, cabinetmaker	45
Rokhl [Rachel] Itke	Daughter of Velvel Leyzer, the author's friend, married Moyshe Khayim	45
Velvel Leyzer	Brother of Khayke the Potter's husband, a village tailor	45
Yakev [Jacok]-Shiye	Older Boy of Velvel Leyzer, a tailor	45
Moyshe [Moshe] Shiye	Baker in Adelsk	52
Peshe	Girl from Bialystok, the author's friend, a spooler	55
Preyzman	Very big manufacturer in Bialystok	55
Endler, Leyzer	Manufacturer in Bialystok	55
Khatseles, Yude	Foreman of Preyzman	57

Avrohem [Abraham]-Berl	Cousin of the author's mother, a water-carrier	57
Peshe	Avraham Berl's beautiful and kind-hearted wife	57
Yehoshue [Ishye]	Third brother of Avrohem Berl, a bricklayer	57
Tseyteles, Avrohem [Abraham]	Weaver, a foreman or master in a Bialystok factory	58
Leyzer, Dovid	Old man in the colony	60
Itsi Yankel and Rokhl [Rachel] Itsi Yankel's	Couple in Bialystok who rented the author a room	65
Dina and Berl	Itsi Yankel's and his wife's daughter with her husband, a plumber	65
Sheyne Bashke and Yisroel	Itsi Yankel and his wife's second daughter with her groom, a dressmaker	65
Dreyne	Itsi Yankel and his wife's third daughter who worked together with the author in Leyzer Endler's factory	65
Kositza, Avrom Itskhok [Abraham Itzchok]	The author's husband, his father's name was Aharon, he came from Brok, which is next to Tshizeve [Czyżew-Osada]	66
Meyer der Royter [Meier the Red] and Leye	Couple in the colony	69
Itsi's, Dovid	Foreman in Preyzman's weaving mill	69
Sore and Tsivye	Two sisters, related to the author by marriage	70
Feygl	Sister of Sore and Tsivye, was married by Leybe's stepbrother, Rakhmiel	70
Kroler, Mendl and Mindl	Farmer and his wife, parents of Sore, Tsivye and Mindl	70
Alte	Friend of the author in Bialystok	71
Libke	The author's cousin	72
Yoel	Young man who fell in love with the author, he came from Adelsk	72
Henekh the Feldsher	Yoel's father	72
Kositza, Moyshe [Moshe] Mendl	Brother of the author's husband	74
Brukh, Moyshe [Moshe]	Rich man and factory owner in Bialystok, son-in-law of Arke Saraste	74
Shmulek	Weaver, Master in Preyzman's factory	77
Kositza, Sheyne Khaye [Chaia]	Avrom Itskhok's sister	78

Preyzman, Hinde	Wife of the factory owner Preyzman in Bialystok	79
Belakh	Brother of Hinde Preyzman	79
Kositza, Mushe [Mushele, Mini, Minnie]	First Daughter of Rachel and Avrom Itskhok	82
Sokher and Shloyme	Avrom Itskhok's uncle and his son	83
The Gorush ["The Divorced"]	Nickname of one of Avrom Itskhok's uncles	83
Khaye and Isroel	Sokher's blind daughter and her husband	83
Kositza, Libe [Libele, alias Snyder, Lillian]	Second daughter of Rachel and Avrom Itskhok [1899 – 1991]	90
Grutski, Leyzer Meyer	Cousin of the author	91
Grutski, Motl Shmuel	Uncle of the author	91
Leyzer the Red	Father of an acquaintance in the colony	93
Leyzer's, Meyer	Son of Leyzer the Red	93
Kroyne	Daughter of Rachel's landlady in Bialystok	94
Grutski [?], Yisroel Khayim [Israel Chaim]	One of the author's cousins	95
Fayvl	Husband of Rivke Rokhl [Rachel]	96
Grutski [?], Rivke Rachel	One of the author's cousins, from the same colony	96
Leybe the Vashelkover [Vashlikover]	Weaver in Bialystok	97
Grutski, Sore [Sara]	Wife of the author's brother Alter	100
Grutski, Luie [Louie, Lion or Leib]	Older son of the author's brother Alter	100
Shmuel	Master in Preyzman's factory, Preyzman's nephew	101
Mikhl [Michel]	New master and supervisor in Preyzman's factory	102
Lapiduses	Rich family who had a cloth factory in Bialystok	103
Shloymke the Feldsher	Feldsher who worked in the hospital and was killed during the pogrom of 1905	103
Leye	Pious woman in Bialystok	104
Doctor Kazanovitsh	Doctor in Bialystok	108
Grutski, Rachel	Wife of Ishye, the author's sister-in-law	112

Zalmen	A lodger	113
Kositza, Gosi [Gosile, Gosyele, Gussie, alias Gertrude Reed]	Third daughter of Rachel Kositza. [G. died in 1979]	113
Finklshteyn [Finkelstein]	Silk Manufacturer	115
Daymant [Diamant]	Associate of Mr. Finklshteyn	115
Grutski, Flore [Flora, Faiga]	Wife of Notke, the author's brother	118
Haywood the Great [William Dudley]	Leader of the Industrial Workers of the World	119
Flynn, Beth [Elizabeth Gurley Flynn]	Leader of the Industrial Workers of the World	119
Grutski, Louie	First son of Notke and Flore	120
Grutski, Moyshe [Misha]	Second son of Notke and Flore	120
Lize	Wife of the owner of a cloak factory in LA	121
Miler [Miller], Eyde [Ida]	Friend of the author's sister-in-law	121
Goldberg	Name of a couple who rented the author a room	122
Doctor Bless	Doctor in LA	122
Sachs, Morris	Factory Owner	123
Katsop	Factory owner- together with Morris Sachs	123
Goldshteyn [Goldstein]	Friend of the author's husband	127
Faynberg [Feinberg]	Note's neighbour	127
Leyens [Lyons]	Lawyer	128
Shpits [Spitz]	Owner of a large department store in Paterson	129
Tsitritin [Citrin]	Name of a rich family who had a large department store in LA	129
Zilbert, Khaye-Leye (Chaia- Leah) and her father Zalmen	Khaye-Leyes daughter was Mrs. Tsitritin [Citrin]	129
Miller, Mr.	Fellow countryman	133
Schlesinger, Benjamin	American Trade Union official	134
Doctor Dzheykobs [Jacobs]	Doctor in LA, son-in-law of Mr. Boodne	136
Shvoder, Lesly	Dentist, neighbor of Libe (Lillian)	139
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Lanson	Lawyer	145
Boodne [Budne], Mr. and Mrs.	A good friend and his wife	146
Grutski, Sam [Samele, Shepsele]	Youngest boy of Note	149
Gadef, Mr.	Builder	151
Savil [Savel], Max	Owner of a house at Cornwell Street	153
Elman [Eluk Elmore]	The author's neighbour	153
Zepe, Mr.	Shames	153
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Rashe-Kayle	Sister of the wife of the author's brother	158

Appendix

(not part of the original book):

" With a Warm Jewish Heart..."

For those who would like to know even more about Rachel Kositzka and the genesis of her book, I translated in excerpts an article of the "Forverts" [FORWARD] of Saturday, January 6, 1968, written by I. Shmulevitch.

see :<https://www.nli.org.il/en/newspapers/?a=d&d=frw19680106-01.1.6&e=-----en-20--1--img-txIN%7ctxTI-----1>



"On the Way to Becoming a 120-Year-Old"

Three years ago, a Yiddish book was published that immediately aroused unusual interest and met with a great response. For me, too, the book was a surprise. The interest in this book was mainly due to the fact that the author was a 97-year-old Jewish woman. In her book Rachel Kositzka tells about her life, the milieu with its special spiritual atmosphere. She started writing it when she was 86 years old.

Now her 100th birthday was celebrated in Los Angeles, where she lives. I also received an invitation from her to this celebration. In addition, the elderly woman wrote me a letter that truly touched me! In it, she reminded me of a "duty", because I had promised her three years ago, when I wrote an article about her and her book, to write another article about her when she would turn 100. It is indeed surprising to hear that the

100-year-old refuses to be "cared for". She still runs her household all by herself and also cooks, bakes and washes her clothes. Moreover, she has been a faithful reader of the "Forvert" for 60 years, since her arrival in America. She reads it daily, understands everything she reads and clarifies the contents to her neighborhood.

She thinks that "the Forvert" has prolonged her life.

For more than half a century, she has been a member of the "Beth David Congregation" on Cornwell Street in LA. There she prays regularly and thanks God for giving her such a long life and the strength to do so.

Just now the manager of the "Forverts", Maier Veyntroyb, visited her and tells me the following:

"I spent more than an hour with the old lady. It is a pleasure to talk to her. Compared to her, a much younger woman does not react so mentally agile and alert to everything that happens in our crazy world. It is unique to meet a woman of that age who is so bursting with joie de vivre."

But do you think that this old woman truly had a uniquely happy life as well? Well, the reality is quite different. Rachel Kositza used to say: "Remember that one cannot live on joy alone, nor die from sorrow and suffering. If God wills, He gives man strength to overcome all suffering. So what more do you need? Take me as an example: the more suffering I overcame, the stronger I became."

Rachel Kositza also spoke about this at her 100th birthday celebration, which was attended by almost 200 guests, including her children, grandchildren, family members, e.g. from San Francisco and Chicago, and good friends, including descendants from the old homeland. The orchestra played familiar Jewish melodies, and Yiddish folk songs were sung.

The rabbi of the synagogue congregation, where Rachel is one of its most cherished members, recounted the senior's great virtues. "Not only is her heart," he said, "constantly filled with and for Jewishness, but her purse with her small savings is generously opened for the synagogue, where she prays for Jewish needs and causes."

Rachel herself used to comment:

"What is money anyway? One minute it's there, and the next it's gone. The only things that really matter are health, strength, and above all, a warm, Jewish heart..."

In the invitations to her birthday party, at her request, it was printed that she did not want any gifts. She asked, on the other hand, for donations to the ישראל יעמירדזשענסקי פאנד [Israel Jamirjansky Fund?] or to the LA retirement home in Boyle Heights. And she let add that she would consider these donations a personal gift to herself.

The author's life was never easy. But she did everything she could to raise her children, in whom she took such great pleasure, in the best way possible. When Rachel Kositza was 67 years old, she retired. And when she was 86 years old, her daughter, Gertrud Reed, told her about the

famous "Grandma Moses" who became a painter in her old age. "I too wanted to paint beautiful pictures," Rachel Kositza told her daughter, "but I didn't know how to do it."

The daughter replied, "You don't have to be a painter, do something similar! You know what? Why don't you write a book, tell about your life, which was also the life of others from your generation?"

Rachel Kositza began writing her book. She wrote during the day and night, for many years, until her most interesting book was published three years ago. However, Rachel Kositza, who is still in full possession of her powers, is already finishing her second book with memories from her life.

So, as we can see, the lovable old lady is well on her way to 120 years!



The 100 year old Rachel Kositza



On the occasion of Rachel Kositza's 101st birthday, the "Forverts" [FORWARD] appears again with an article about Rachel Kositza, referring to a letter written by the old lady to the editor, I.Shmulevitsh:

„איד וויל אייך דערמאנען, אז צוועלף טעג פאר ראש השנה בין איך געווארען הונדערט מיט איין יאר. איד וויל אייך שרייבען, וואס איך טו איצט ביי מיינע יארען. איך האלט מיין הויז ריין און איך גיב אכטונג, אז די קינדער זאלען האבען וואס צו עסען, און איך מאך אויך פאר זיי א שעהנעם שבת. איך האב אויך ליב צו הערען וואס עס טוט זיך אויף דער וועלט. איך זיץ ביים טעלעוויזיע, איך הער אלע גייעסען פון דער וועלט.“

"I'd like to remind you that twelve days before Rosh HaShanah I turned 101 years old. Let me write you what I use to do now in my old age. I keep my house clean, I make sure that my children have something to eat and I prepare a nice Shabes for them.

I love to hear the news of the world. I use to sit by the TV and listen to all the news in the world. [...] And since I want to know about everything that is happening in the world."

And what is going on in the world does not please her at all. The Vietnam War upsets her very much, but also the situation in Israel. The fact that Israel's enemies are not giving up their diabolical plans against the country shocks her. She adds that she has belonged to "Hadassah" for 33 years.

"But if I didn't read every day about what just happened, and also what used to happen, my life wouldn't be interesting," she writes.

And to make life even more interesting, the 101-year-old Jewish old lady writes in her letter to me, she has already written another 500 pages, which she plans to publish as the second part of her memoirs.

It is a joy to hear that Rachel Kositza is indeed on her way to 120 years.

see: [source](#)

Khanaykes- Chanajki...



A street in the Chanajki district, 1932. [see](#) , source [NAC](#), [Domena publiczna](#)

No neighborhood in Bialystok had such a bad reputation as Khanaykes, synonymous with poverty and crime. And yet a contemporary of Rachel, Jacob Jerusalimski, writes in his memoirs full of love about Khanaykes, where he spent his childhood. I translated parts of his Yiddish book into English

Zikhroynes un Shriftn fun A Bialystoker- Memoirs And Writings From A Bialystoker

<https://archive.org/details/nybc203150/mode/2up>



דער מחבר אין עלטער פון 68 יאר

The 68 year old author



דער מחבר מיט זיין פאמיליע

The author with his family

Excerpt from the First Chapter [Pages 14-17]

"Bialystok- Sunny Pictures from my Youth, Bloody Pieces from my Heart..."

Fridman's school was one street away from "Shayes Gesl" [Shaye's Alley], where we lived, and "Shayes Gesl" was in the heart of the famous "Khanaykes," the alley being bordered by both sides of Christian cemeteries as if they were fitted into a frame.

On one side stood the "Shvyenti Rokh" [Basilica of Saint Roch] [1] on a hill that stretched on both sides of the Old and New Highway, and on the second side were the "mogilkes" [graves] that rose from the "Kratshak's Gas" to the "Moyshe-Ruven [Moshe-Reuven] Gesl".

Khanaykes [2] was the heart of poverty. Carriers, carters, cobblers, tailors, organ grinders (in Italian style, with a little monkey or a parrot pulling out "the mazl"), comedians who spread a flowered mat in the middle of the street and in short striped pants did somersaults, swallowed fire and swords, in addition to hammering on the cymbalom [dulcimer] and collecting donations. There, on Shayes Gesl, I saw my first marionette theater, with little puppets on the top of a rectangular covered wagon, singing and playing, confessing their love and slapping each other, to the great amusement of the poor children, who clapped their hands in delight to their first street theater performance for children.

Khanaykes has professional beggars who earn their living by going around the houses begging for a whole week. There is also a small "quiet" alley with streetwalkers, "khasanim" ["grooms"] and thieves... And on the corner of this street is an inn where "sorokovke shnaps" [3], hard-boiled eggs and pickles are sold.

And "Leyzer the Innkeeper", a pious Jew. with a prayer cap, a pointed beard and forelocks, with a large "tales-kotn" [ritual bodice with tassels], which hangs down to his knees and looks like a geographical map with its many grease stains, recites the first pre-prayer blessings and, walking around busily, serves his upscale guests, the inhabitants of the "quiet" alley...

How we got into the Shayes Gesl? My father was an idealistic teacher who liked the idea of "narodnitshestvo" (the movement "Go to the people") and "mefitsey-haskole" [4], namely, to spread education among the Jews. My father, an educated and highly literate person, spoke four languages fluently: Russian, Hebrew, French and German.

(After his death I inherited a considerable library of French and Russian books, a source of famous works for me, which certainly influenced my sense of romance, aesthetics, morality and my thirst for beauty in all forms of life).

My father had chosen the poorest district, settled there and opened a school with the belief and hope of educating the poorest and most disadvantaged Jewish people.

The Shayes Gesl also had inhabitants who had high-class ancestry...

There were the two Kanel families, owners of a large textile factory and steam-powered looms, a tearing mill, and a spinning mill. Four of their children were my comrades: Avigdor and Khayim (I believe they are in Israel today), Ester and Glike. The first two were students at the Aleksandrov Gymnasium and the two girls, dressed in brown dresses with green belts stiffly embracing their young girl bodies, were students at the commerce school.

It was Ester who stood out. She was a strong, athletic and perky girl who was always with us, playing croquet and "plant" and even "tshort" [5], throwing the little pieces of wood into the mound no worse than we did; and even if a little piece of wood hit her in the foot, she gritted her teeth, hopping on one foot until she put an end to it with a skillful laugh...(One of the Kanels, Hershke, is in New York today).

The second of those with noble lineage was Shloymke the Feldsher (Shloymke Goldberg), whose occupation as a feldsher was not enough to support himself, so he also ran a barber store. He, a Jew with a goatee and pince-nez, used to constantly walk busily through the poor streets of Khanaykes with his little bag, often sneaking out from a poor patient, asking nothing for his rounds.

Shloyme the Feldsher had quite a few children, including my friends Rore and Dovtshik. Rote, the eldest girl, looked down on us from above as if we were young snots who did not yet exert anything like "sex appeal" on her. Dovtshik, a beautiful boy with feminine features, was awkward, a bit jumpy, and could not join in our brawls with the louts of the Old Highway and the alleys that led around the tombs of the "Basilica of Saint Roch".

Other comrades of our "aristocratic group" of the Shayes Gesl were Peysekh Farbshteyn, the son of Itshe Farbshteyn, an irascible Jew who often spanked his children, but for that he was a devoted Jew who urged his children to Judaism and education.

Peysekh, my friend, was a healthy, strong boy who talked fast and was always chewing something. He had allowed us to climb the trees in his family's garden and pick the half-ripe apples; but his two sisters, Dabtshe and Shoshke, didn't think we were "cavaliers" worth dating either. (They are all in New York).

Itshe Farbshteyn was the owner of houses and a grocery store. He had a small gang of children, healthy, beautiful, strong, who were all busy in the store, selling Bialystok cakes, strudel, matzo with poppy seeds, a pound of "montshe" [granulated sugar], or tapping a bucket of water outside for a kopeck.

I must complete the line of the privileged from the Shayes Gesl with the children of Gusinski the Karetnik [the Coachman], Tsalke and Muntshik, who spoke Yiddish like the "goyim", with the Russian "r", a heritage of their mother, who, it was said, came from the distant Caucasus and had converted to Judaism.... (I heard that they are in Israel, and their sister, who married the Bialystok Jew, Mr. Kaplan, is in New York).

Khanaykes had another kind of "privileged ones": The "toyre-yakhsonim" ["Torah-nobility"], the group of craftsmen from the "Poalei Tsedek" ["Workers of Justice"], simple workmen who, after a hard day's work, took a bait of a piece of brown bread with herring and "krupnik" (barley soup) with milk, to leave for the "Khanaykever" Bes-Medresh. And there, in a corner of the "Bes-Sheyne" [6], they would turn into "lomdim" [scholars in Jewish science]. Under the supervision of their rebe, Rabbi Moyshe, a Jew with a broad "takak" beard and silent, sad eyes, they studied

a sheet of gemore [Talmud]. And humming melodies carried through the Bes-Medresh while the bearded craftsmen, chewing a tip of their beard, shook to the beat of their dancing shadows on the walls, and a secret fear was felt, for it seemed, as if souls of invisible angels hovered in the corners around the Holy Ark, [accompanied by] cherubim with the 10 Commandments...

And in which part of town did one feel the Shabbat as in poor Khanaykes, when the shaking flames of light shone out on Friday evening from the wooden, whitewashed one-story cottages of Shloyme the Shtrikdreier [the Knit Twister]? He was a Jew with a round, broad face framed by a wide, fan-like white beard, and used to make kiddush with a trembling, God-fearing nign [melody].

Shabbat in Khanaykes!

Or, [let's remember] when Shmuel Ma'as the tailor was preparing to eat the first piece of bread after the blessing and nod his head to his wife Dobe:

"Well, come on...the sakin (the knife), and now the melakh (the salt) ..."

for Dobe, a small, shriveled Jewish woman, was a little deaf...

In the small room, hung with white lace curtains and strewn with bright, clean sawdust in honor of Shabbat, the wooden, planed table with its starched tablecloth beckoned to the serving platter with the stuffed fish, on each piece of which red carrot slices were laid in the center like dots.

On a summer Friday evening, after dinner, the girls with combed hair and red and white ribbons in their braids, and the boys with polished shoes and with really clean handkerchiefs in their hands, used to walk across the Shayes Gesl, cracking fruit stones and chewing beans and peas, which could be bought at the "Bobitske" on Popovtshizne next to Kormon's houses, or next to Veler the Katsev [the Butcher].

And turning from Shayes Gesl into the New Highway, asphalted on both sides, under the dark shadows of two rows of trees, under the beckoning flames of the electric street lamps, the grown-up lads, the "cavaliers", and the girls, the "barishnyes" [ladies] supposedly would meet quite by chance, fooling around and laughing with beating hearts, and enjoying in all their fullness the sweet minutes of pleasure of Shabbat rest, in Shabbat clothes and with a really full stomach, at least once in the whole week...

Indeed, Khanaykes, you have had a bad reputation because of your poverty and bad, fallen Jews. But your craftsmen, your scholars, your tsadikim [righteous persons], the cordial relationship among the neighbors, the rich imagination of the poor children, the hospitality and generosity in the narrow apartments! Strangers did not see all this, but we who lived there saw it very well!

Later, when we already lived in Gumyener Gas [Ul. Gumienna], I was even more convinced of this attitude towards Khanaykes...

Translator's Notes:

[1] see <http://www.swroch.bialystok.opoka.org.pl/>

[2] "Chanajki was located on the west side from Bialystok center around the streets Młynowa and Sosnowa. The district included the pre-war, mostly short streets surrounding Sosnowa Street, including Kievskaa, Minska, Odeskaa, Palestine, and Zion streets. Today's streets lying within the boundaries of the post-war residential area are Sosnowa Street from the intersection with Krakowska Street, Młynowa Street and Sienny Rynek. The center of former Chanajki is today a huge complex of Bialystok Opera" (Quote of Dr. Tomek Wisniewski, Bialystok).

(3) Sorokovke shnaps: a vodka, mentioned in the famous poem by Juliusz Słowacki "Bienowski" <http://wspolnotapolska.org.pl/kultura/literatura/slowacki/beniowski.pdf>, the word „sorokov“ actually means "magpie".

[4] מפּיצי השכלה = "Propagation of Enlightenment", name of a Jewish cultural society

[5] tshort: "Devil", name of a boys game with sticks which depended on speed and skill. In his book, "As It Happened Yesterday", Yosl Cohen describes on pages 197/198 this game in detail, see <https://www.jewishgen.org/yizkor/Krynki2/kry177.html#Page196>

[6] obviously the nickname of this Bes-Medresh with an allusion to the "second temple"

Kolony Izaaka Photo Album
(all photos courtesy of Dr. Tomek Wisniewski)





Zarząd Gminy Odelsk
pow. Sokólskiego.

Dnia 10.II.1937 roku.

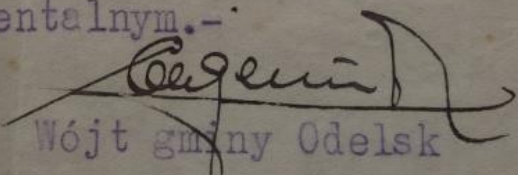
Zaświadczenie

213 Jm.

L.Z.F. 2....

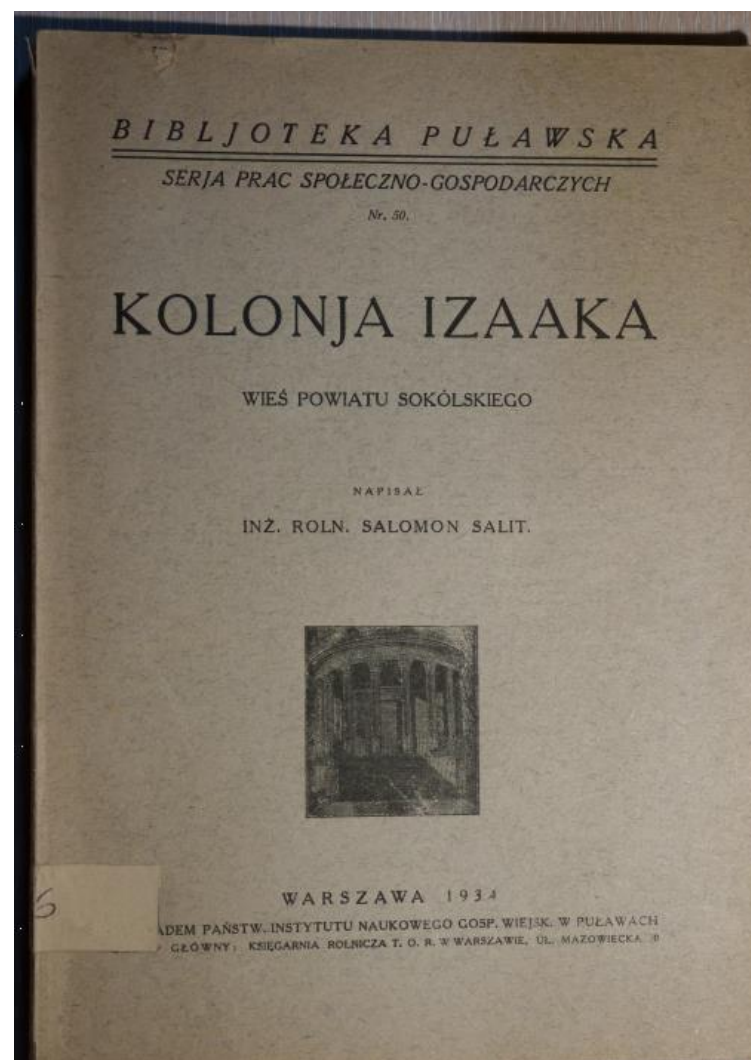
Na podstawie zaświadczenia sołtysa gromady Bilminy, gminy
tut. stwierdzam niniejszem, że Furman Abram wspólnie ze swoją żoną
Chaną-Sorą, obecnie zamieszkałe w Białymstoku przy ul. Łąkowej Nr. 6,
władają gospodarstwem rolnym, składającym się z 2½ dzies. gruntu, po-
łożonego w obrębie gruntów mieszkańców wsi Palestyna, gminy Odelsk,
pow. Sokólskiego.-

Niniejsze wydaje się w/w. na skutek ich prośby celem przedko-
żenia właściwym władzom rejentalnym.-

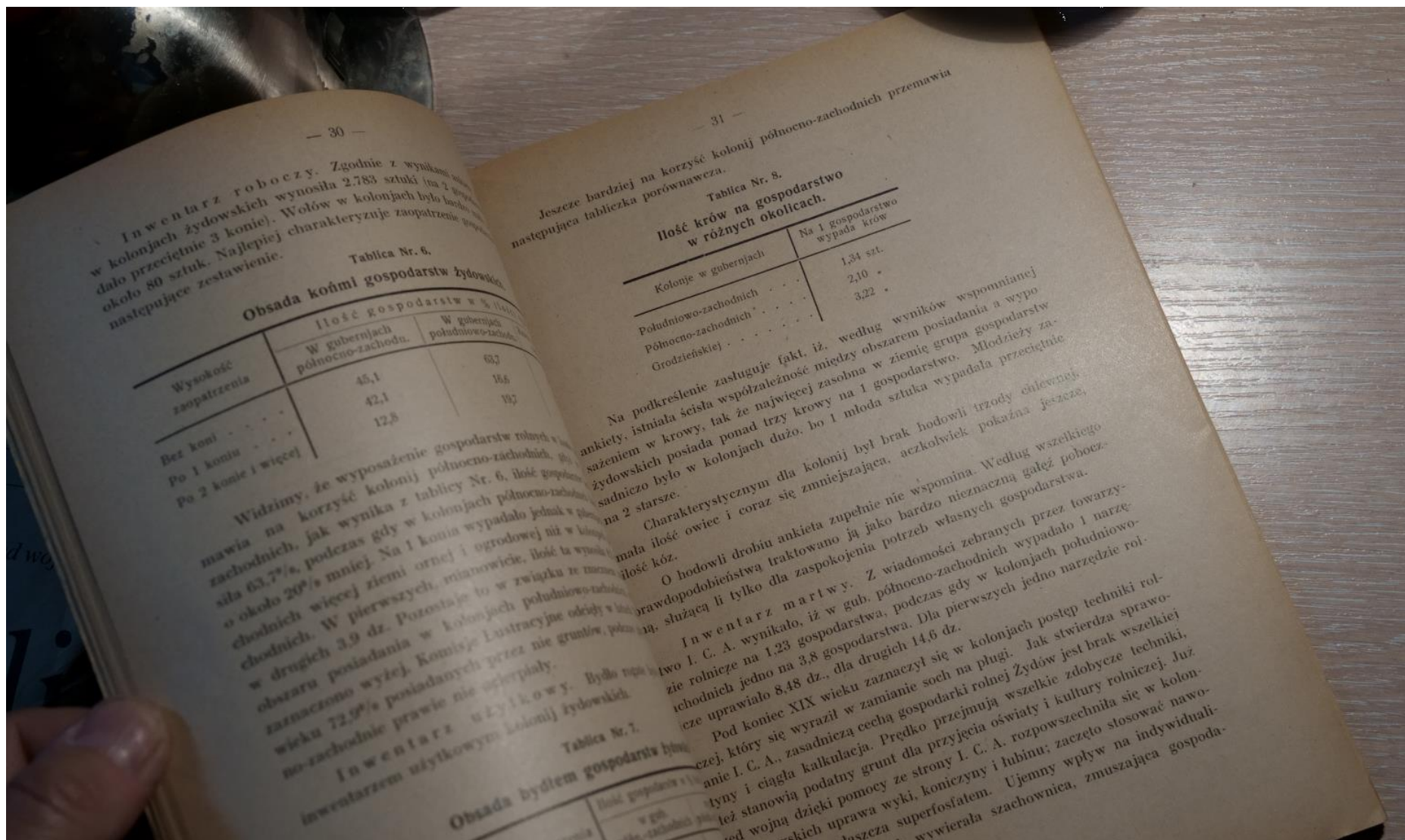


Wójt gminy Odelsk







Salomon Salit's book, [*Kolonja Izaaka: Wies Powiatu Sokolskiego*](#) (Warsaw 1934)



A glance into Salit's book

