
לזכר נשמותם

והיה בהניח ה' אלקיך לך מכל איביך מסביב בארץ

אשר ה' אלקיך נתן לך נחלה לרשתה



תמחה את זכר עמלק מתחת השמים לא תשכח

שְׁאַל אָבִיךָ וְיַגֶּדְךָ, זְקֵנֶיךָ וְיֹאמְרוּ לָךְ

Ask your father, and he will relate it to you, your elders and they will tell you (Deuteronomy 32:8)

The History of the Milchman and Berman Families

On Passover, we are required to retell the story of the Exodus from Egypt. I felt that any Jew who had a family member or if they themselves survived the horrors of the nearly total destruction of European Jewry during the second world war should convey their experiences for posterity. In this compilation, I describe some of the hardship that involved my parents as well as include that of others.

I am grateful to G-d for granting me the life, strength and ability to relate the various experiences of those who endured the hardships of the War and for the zchoot (privilege) to fulfill this most important mission in life, for granting me and my cherished wife, Evelyn, three great children and many grandchildren BE"H, who were raised with both a fine religious and secular education, which in a very little way may be our Jewish nekama (revenge) for the nearly complete destruction of European Jewry during World War II.

I also want to express my gratitude to the following individuals who in some way helped me or encouraged me in the endeavor of this compilation:

- To my wife, Evelyn, who went with me and encouraged me to take this very emotional trip.
- To Harav Moshe Loewenthal & Rebitzen Vicky Berglas who led this trip.
- To my beloved sister Goldie and cousin Frieda who provided me with comments and some of the family pictures.
- To our Polish tour guide from Lublin, Arthur Navicki.
- To the "Boss" of the glassworks factory for the factory tour and to Sofia who gave me the list of the Jews who worked in the factory before the war.
- To my friend, David Engelman, who arranged and supervised the printing of this compilation.
- To my daughter, Gail, who acquired the Tree of Life design for the inside cover and designed the cover.
- And last but not least, to my associate, Sherry Kent, for the lengthy process of editing and reviewing all of my notes and inserting the pictures into the document.

Page(s)	Topic
3	Tree of Life
4	Acknowledgments
5	Dedication
6-10	Journey to Poland Itinerary
10-31	History of Dubeczno and Wlodawa
32-36	Names of Jews who worked in the glassworks factory prior to the war
37	Parents' Kesubah
37-45	Survival During the War
46	Donated Respirator
47-55	Pictures of Milchman and Berman family, relatives and friends
56-64	Copies of central database of Shoah Victims' Names
65	Copy of Ben Milchman's Green Card
66-77	Radziner Rebbe
77-100	Song of the Radziner
101-217	Selections from the Yizkor Book of Wlodawa
218	1920 Cracow Poland Speech
219-221	Yizkor and Kaddish

לזכר נשמותם שהיצתו את אש התורה והאמונה, ובזכות אצילות נפשם נותרה היהדות בוערת בליבם.אנחנו כאן היום חזקים באמונתנו וגאים בתורתנו ובמסורתנו, ואסירי תודה לכל אותן הנשמות שבזכותן אנחנו קיימים.

Remembering the souls who kept the light of Judaism alive. Because of their heroic efforts, we are here today, proud of who we are and for what we stand.

Dedicated to our beloved parents, Sam and Bella Milchman z"l and Oscar and Rose Halpern z"l, to those few who survived the war and to the many who were murdered during the war. May their memory be for a blessing.

The history of the Milchman and Berman families

I, Ben Milchman, always had several questions regarding our families' origin, ie,

Where did they come from?

How did they live?

Why did my parents and very few others survive the Holocaust?

I will try to answer some of these questions.

In July 2019, my beloved wife Evelyn and I decided to join the Young Israel of Neve Aliza Heritage Seminar to Poland, July 8-July 15, 2019

30 individuals from Israel and 8 Americans participated in this Seminar.

I am sure that my father would have very much disapproved of my decision to take this trip but my mother probably would have been okay with it.

Before we went on the trip, I made arrangements with Vicky to take a side trip to the small village where my parents lived before the war, Dubeczno near Wlodowa in the province of Lublin.

My sister, Goldie, my cousins Frieda, Irwin Choyne and Francis Choyne Linker told me that there was nothing to see there. The only people who encouraged me to go were my wife and my beloved grandson, Joseph Gruber. He had recently gone on a trip to Poland. My other grandchildren had no opinion.



Young Israel of Neve Aliza Heritage Seminar to Poland

Historian: Vicky Berglas

Rabbi: Rav Moshe Loewenthal

A complete itinerary of the trip:

Tuesday, July 9

6:30 - Wakeup

6:50 - Tefilla

7:30 - Breakfast

8:30 - Depart Hotel

9:00 - 11:30 - Warsaw Ghetto areas. Zlota, Wolicow, Chlodna

11:45 - 12:30 - Bathroom & Lunch Stop

12:45 - 3:00 - Cemetery

3:15 - 6:00 - Umschlagplatz, Mila 18, Breisheet & Rappaport monuments, Muranow Square

7:00 - 8:00- Piasecno Mikva

8:30 - Dinner, check in to Novotel Airport Hotel

Wednesday, July 10

6:00 - Wakeup

6:20 - Tefilla

7:00 - Breakfast

8:00 - Departure

11:30 - 1:00- Jedwabne (Lunch on the bus)

1:30 - 4:00- Tikocyn & Lupochowa Forest

5:30-7:00- Treblinka & short ceremony

10:00 - Dinner and check in Korona Hotel, Lublin

Thursday, July 11

6:15- Wakeup

6:35 - Tefilla

7:15 - Breakfast

8:15 - Departure

9:00 - Yeshivat Chachmei Lublin and Shiur

10:15-11:30 - Lublin ghetto

12-3:00 - Majdanek

4:00-5:00 - Isbica

7:00-8:30 - Lezajsk- Rav Elimelech

9:30 - Check in and Dinner at Hotel Rzezow/Processing Session

Friday, July 12

6:00 - Wakeup

6:20 - Minyan

7:00 - Breakfast

8:00 - Departure

8:30-10:00 - Markowa

11:30-1:00 - Zbilitowska Gora

2:00-3:15 - Bobowa

5:00-6:00 - Remah Cemetery

6:30 - check in to Hilton Garden Hotel, Krakow

8:29 – Candle Lighting & Tefilla at Hilton Garden Hotel

9:30 - Seudat Shabbat

Shabbat, July 13

7:00-8:30 - Coffee, Tea, Cake

8:30 – Departure

9:00- Tefillat Shabbat Izaak Synagogue

11:30 - Kiddush

12:15-2:00 - Walking Tour of Krakow and Mincha at Izaak Synagogue

2:30- Seudat Shabbat

3:30- Miraslov- The Righteous Gentile

4:15- Menucha -Shabbat Rest

7:00 – Shiur with Rav Moshe Loewenthal: Women & Torah Learning

8:00 Seuda Shlisheet

Processing Session

9:45- Maariv and Havdala

10:45- Depart for Plaszow- Sara Shenirer

Sunday, July 14

6:30- Wakeup

6:50 - Tefilla

7:30 - Breakfast

8:30 - Departure

10:00-12:00 - Auschwitz 1 with Auschwitz Guides

Lunch Break

1:00-5:30 - Birkennau with Vicky

6:00-7:00 - Dinner at Imperial in Oswiecim

10:00 - Arrival in Lodz

History of the Jews in the Polish Village of Dubeczno near the Wlodawa area of Lublin

In the year 1219, King Baslava the fifth revised the Charter of the rights of the Jews in Poland. During the crusades, many Jews left East Germany for Poland, where the nobility protected them. Many Jews were in the money lending business, merchants etc. During the 1800's, the Jews were engaged in building the railroads and developing the lumber and textile industries. (source: a book on the Polish history)

Translation of a Brochure in Polish from the glassworks factory

Dubeczno is a factory settlement established by a glassworks company. The name of the village derives from the Old Slavic language from the Debs, who were once numerous in Dubeczno, which is located in the commune of Hańsk in the Włodawa poviat, in the Poleski Protected Landscape area. Its range includes a vast complex of peat bogs, swamps and forests. In the vicinity, there is the Dubeczenskie Lake surrounded by rushes, bogs, and a tourist footbridge. Several hundred years ago, twenty Poles, Jews and Ukrainians settled in the colonies of the East German Evangelic polo: Osowa. The City is divided into parts: Argentyna, Budki, Fabryczne, Glinianki, Krzemienna, Szkolna, Topole and Warszasz based on documents from Józef Wolframowicz Jermutowicz who established the glassworks factory in 1872. The legend is related to the fact that the founder built a hut on an anthill so that there would always be work and that the people would be diligent like ants. The company's smelter was located in this area due to its proximity to nearby forests and a peat deposit that was used to heat the furnace. In 1894, the heavy goods were bought at the auction by the Jewish entrepreneur, Rafal Herszkowicz Szuldberg, who also owned some of the Ruda (Ruda Huta) estates. After Rafał's death, his son Józek became the owner. Members of the Szuldberg family were its owners until 1939.

During the interwar period, Poles, Jews, Ukrainians and a significant number of Germans lived in the vicinity of Dubeczno and settled in Dubeczno at the beginning of the 20th century. The existence of a half-hectare Protestant cemetery located in the field of about 1.5 km from the Hańsk-Osowa road (behind the bakery, fenced with a

wooden fence) is an indication that there were German residents. During World War II and the occupation, the factory's smelter was managed by the German directorate and suffered significant damage. The second largest group of people who planned Dubeczno were Jews who in June 1942 were forced into the Włodawski ghetto. In November, they were deported to the death camp in Sobibór and almost none of them survived. In 1944, the management established by the workers attempted to restart the glassworks factory, but due to the lack of demand for glass, production was stopped in 1946. In the following years, the mill was leased to the entrepreneur, Baranowski, and in 1949 it was nationalized. Adam Warminski became the director. In 1956, thanks to the efforts of the management of the plant, especially its long-time director Henryk Kosiński and employees who were extremely emotionally connected with the glassworks and the town, a new production hall was built. In the autumn of 1957, the glassworks products were brought to the Budka market for sale.

The next changes took place in 1991. The production of glass was transferred to a new plant with full sanitary facilities. Since December 1998, the glassworks has been owned by Tadeusz, the manager of Wrzesniak. It still maintains the great traditions of glass production as initiated by the Szuldberg family.

My mother would refer to the glassworks owner's wife as the Countess (Pritza).

She told us that the livelihood of the entire village was dependent upon the glassworks factory, which I never really understood until I visited the village in July of 2019. My mother sounded grateful that the glassworks factory was located there. My father always expressed a dislike for the Jewish owners of the factory. He was of the opinion that they took too much advantage of their employees, especially the youth.

This was a typical capitalistic enterprise, but on a much smaller scale then the Proznnski Properties in Lodz, which together with two of his friends, controlled the entire textile industry of Poland for many years before World War II.

My mother told us their village of Dubeczno was not very far from Lublin. The distance was 63 Kilometers (39 Miles) and took approximately an hour until we arrived in Wlodawa, east of the regional capital of Lublin. Dubeczno is a settlement in the administrative district of Gmina Hansk, within Wlodawa County, Lublin Voivodeship, in eastern Poland. It Lies approximately 3 kilometers (2 MI) north-east of Hask, 17Km (11) south west of Wlodawa.

During our trip to Poland, on Thursday July 11th, the entire group was in Lublin Poland. The group went to see what was left of Yeshivat Chachmei Lublin. Instead of remaining with the group, I hired a car, driver and translator since I did not speak nor understand any Polish to take us to Dubeczno. They met me and my wife at 8:15 in the morning in Lublin with a plan to go to Wlodawa. Our itinerary that day was to visit the town of Wlodawa, see the

Great Synagogue, consisting of three buildings, and also to go to see the Sobibor death camp and Dubeczno and then return to the group in Lublin.

The Great Synagogue of Wlodawa consists of one very large building and two much smaller ones. Before the war, per an article entitled, "The Horrors of the Holocaust: Days and Years of Pain and Destruction, My Testimony at the Trial Against Niezke and the Group" by Yechiel Greenhaus and translated by Pamela Russ, this area was populated by about 9,500 Jews and about 2,000 Christians. In the years 1939–1943, the Jewish population grew to about 20,000 souls. The reason was because the General Government declared that Wlodawa was a "Judenstadt" [a city of Jews], a sort of place of refuge for Jews. Ten cities were declared as such, and among these was also Wlodawa. Because of that, in fact, very often new Jews were brought over from Vienna, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Holland, and also from Kielcz and other cities in Poland. The Jews from the villages and towns around Wlodawa were also brought over or were ordered to go by themselves to Wlodawa, and also to the provinces that belonged to the Soviet Union.

Wlodawa boasted of the prominent lineage of great rabbis, among whom was the "Bakh" [Rav Yoel Sirkis, 1561–1640, famous commentator on Talmud]. Among the religious books in the large ...

... Beis Medrash were gemaras [Talmud] with his own handwritten explications and commentaries.

In Wlodawa, others who held the esteemed rabbinic seat were: the Novominsker Rav and Rebbe, Rav Yoreh and Arieye Perlow; the Lukower Rebbe, Reb Borukh Morgenstern, a grandson of the elder Kotzker Rav; and the last one was the son of the Lukower Rebbe, Reb Menachem Mendel, who inherited the seat of the Wlodawa rabbinate from his father.

One Shabbat in July 1942, fate fell upon him to accompany his children and another 108 children from Wlodawa to their final route to Sobibor. I will discuss this more later. From the end of 1939 until Shavuos 1942, the Radzyner Rebbe was also in Wlodawa, Reb Shlomo Leiner, whose life and death in the town of Wlodawa is its own heroic chapter that requires separate mention.

When we visited, there were NO Jews left alive in Wlodawa. There may have been some hidden Jews or offspring of Jews but none who would say that they are of Jewish decent. Jews had lived there for many years before the war. They were merchants who traded goods that came in via the Bug (Boog) River. They were business people in the lumber business, etc. This was a very vibrant Jewish community before the war and was very supportive of Zionism and a forerunner of the Jewish National Fund.

The Great Synagogue of Wlodawa is a museum today. It cost twelve zlotys (approximately $3.50) to visit per person. There are three statues outside of the entrance, one of a Jew or Rabbi, one of a Priest and one of a woman. I have no idea of the meaning of these statues.

There is a very large and very beautiful holy ark (Aron Kodesh) inside the Great Synagogue. I have a copy of the brochure that I took and I also took numerous pictures. I am not sure if there are any holy items in the huge ark. Two opened Torahs (Sifrei Torah) are on display, one is upside down, among a variety of other religious articles from before the war. There does not appear to be anyone working at the museum who was able to recognize that one of the Torahs is upside down. There is a statue of a Rabbi and of a Jew studying some holy sefer (book). While we were there, we saw adult and children visitors taking pictures. There was an entire room that was used as the Rabbi's study filled with numerous Sfarim (Holy Books) many of which were either placed backwards or upside down.

This town is completely Judenrein, absolutely no Jews, just like most of Poland today. This was very difficult to see. There were copies of various sfarim, a portion of a tractate of the Talmud, copies of the Shulchan Aruch, siddurim and machzorim for the various holidays (yom tovim).

The two smaller structures were relatively empty. We took a short walk of one or two blocks and saw the border marker indicating that the other side of the Bug River was Russia (Ukraine), a separation of fifteen to twenty feet wide.

We left for our next destination, the Sobibor death camp. It was a short trip. We tried to go to the location of the death camp but were stopped by an armed guard. He told us that renovations were being made and no one was allowed beyond a certain area. We told him that we wanted to go to Dubeczno and asked for directions. He mentioned the name of a Jew who worked on leather goods before the war.

When we arrived in Dubeczno, we saw a man with a horse and buggy going around the village. He made the trip in about 15 minutes.

We arrived at the glassworks in the early afternoon. We asked to see the "boss" of the factory. A man well dressed in a nice jacket and tie came out to talk to us. We told him that my family lived in this village before the war and many of the family members worked in the factory. We asked if we could tour the factory. He told us to wait until lunch time was finished and he would arrange for someone to take us on a tour. He also told us that someone in the village would like to talk to us. This surprised me, since we did know anyone in the village.

Being naïve, I asked if he was Jewish and obviously he was not, but he was very nice.

After lunch time, a very nice young girl by the name of Evelyn came out of the factory and began showing us around the factory. The "Boss" made us copies of pictures of the factory before the war. It was now completely fully renovated. I have numerous pictures from both Wlodawa and Dubeczno.



Entrance to the Great Synagogue of Wlodawa



The Holy Ark of the Great Synagogue of Wlodawa



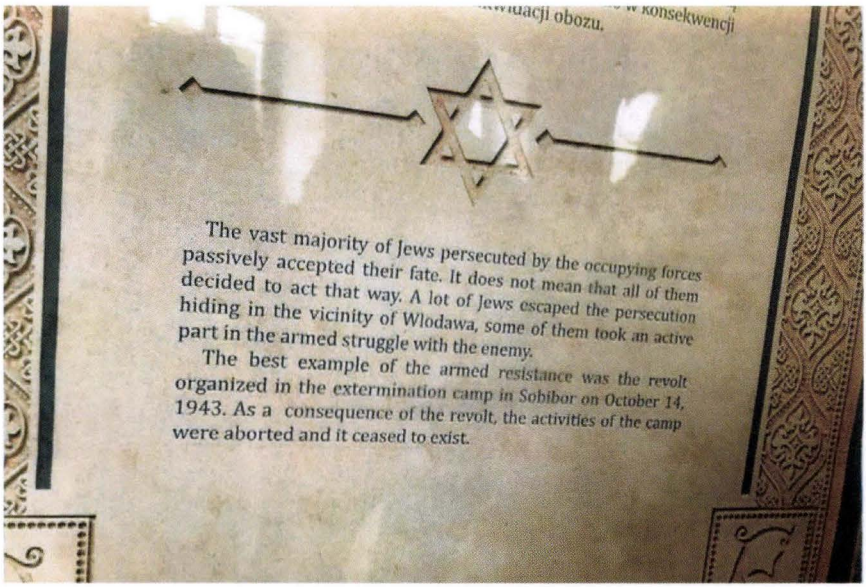
Mezuzos, Bsamim holder, Megilas Esther, a silver plate and Challah cover located in the Great Synagogue



Ben in front of the Holy Ark of the Great Synagogue of Wlodawa



Various sfarim located in the Great Synagogue



A placard in the Great Synagogue of Wlodawa



A placard in the Great Synagogue of Wlodawa



A placard in the Great Synagogue of Wlodawa

(Source: A picture taken of a placard in the Great Synagogue of Wlodawa)

Shule: Built in 1764.

Legend: Paid for by Count Zamoisky. He had a beautiful daughter who became very sick. No doctors could help her. He made a promise: If she gets better I will build here a house of Prayer. He built a church but it sank into the ground. Then he understood G-d wanted him to build a house of Jewish prayer so he built this shule on the same spot. Women's sections on two sides. Germans turned this into a storehouse and used as such until 1970. Ornaments from 1934- replaced by those destroyed in a fire.

Skylight in Aron represents light of Torah. Fruitbasket represents Shavuot. On other side are hands of a Cohen. Symbols of Sukkot. Stork fighting snake is a symbol of good fighting with evil.

Musical instruments: תהילים ק,נ — הללוהו. וכנור. הללוהו בתקע שופר. פרק אחרון: הללוהו בנבל בתף ומחול. הללוהו בצלצלי תרועה.

4 posts all that is left of Bima. Silver found during excavations of electric company. Ezrat nashim housed the cheder of Novogrod yeshiva

Melameds room for the melamed of the yeshiva.

Small shule: 1786.Restored after fire 1916. Never remodeled until restoration in 1988. Used as a storehouse.

Small Beit Medrash and small shule both built 18th century.

Jews 70% of town. About 5,500 before the war. Prosperous, trading. On Ukrainian border- the Bug river. Connection to Treblinka.

Chassidim, Zionists, Bundists

This shule is a museum exhibit- that is what Hitler wanted. No Jewish vibrancy here.

Town:

Jews lived near shule. Jews were very involved in the market.

Shworobok- Jewish market. 4 sides. A market within a market.

On a beautiful sunny Shabbat, July 1938, Chuna Goldman, the last Chazzan of the big shule in Wlodowa, led his last Shabbat Service. The shule was packed with his 10 siblings and their families and the kehilla who had come to hear his beautiful voice.

He was leaving Poland after hearing Jabotinsky, who had come to Wlodowa a few years before to warn the Jews to get out of Poland. Most Jews of Poland and W. had ignored him thinking they had lived in Poland for so long- with a few rough times- many killed here were killed during the Chmelnitzky massacres. They felt that Jews would continue to live here in some safety. Jews had been there from mid-17 century.

WAR

At the beginning W. is a way station for Jews escaping the Germans into Russia. (remember young people who kept going East?) Germans invaded the town and burned the bridge bet. W. and Ukraine.

The Jews were pushed into the great Synagogue and so crowded that they began to faint. Screams for Water. Germans fired guns into shule. They took Rabbis as hostages and 24 hours later opened the doors. Yom Kippur no one went to shule- kol nidre at home. Three days later the Russians invaded. Jewish officers in the Russian army told Jews to escape over the border as Russians will be leaving. Many Jews did and then Germans returned. Jews set up Judenrat and forced to wear star. Wlodowa now became a place of waiting for Jews being sent to Sobibor. It became very crowded with disease rampant. Sobibor could not take so many at once. Jews from Holland, Vienna, and Polish towns.

After 1941- operation Barberossa-town filled with German soldiers preparing to attack Russia. Jews in town spent the night of June 21 awake and fearful. Next morning, they saw Germans lowering boats in the river preparing to enter Russia. Jews put in Ghetto

In January 1942 the Germans ordered the Juden to produce 40 strong men whose job it was to build a camp nearby- Sobibor.

April 30, 1942 2000 Jews from W. deported to Sobibor. At unloading ramp they attacked SS with bare hands and pieces of wood from wagons. All killed by guns and grenades. First and only time at Sobibor a transport was not processed but resisted at the ramp. During 5 Aktions the entire Jewish population of W was sent to Sobibor.

October 24, the great action. 8000 Jews were required to report to Grammar school. People separated into groups- workers and non-workers. Many Jews escaped to forest and joined Armia Ludowa. Why did all not join? What do you need to join? Many felt no need to join.

Driven to Sobibor from the main square to Bug River.

Bridge over river: from there tombstones thrown down by Poles after the war to turn the Jewish cemetery into park.

While Jews kept on ghettos here, Jews across the river being slaughtered by Einzats starting with villages on far bank.

Pictures from Dubeczno



Plaque of when factory was built in 1872 by Jewish owner



Entrance to factory as rebuilt after the war



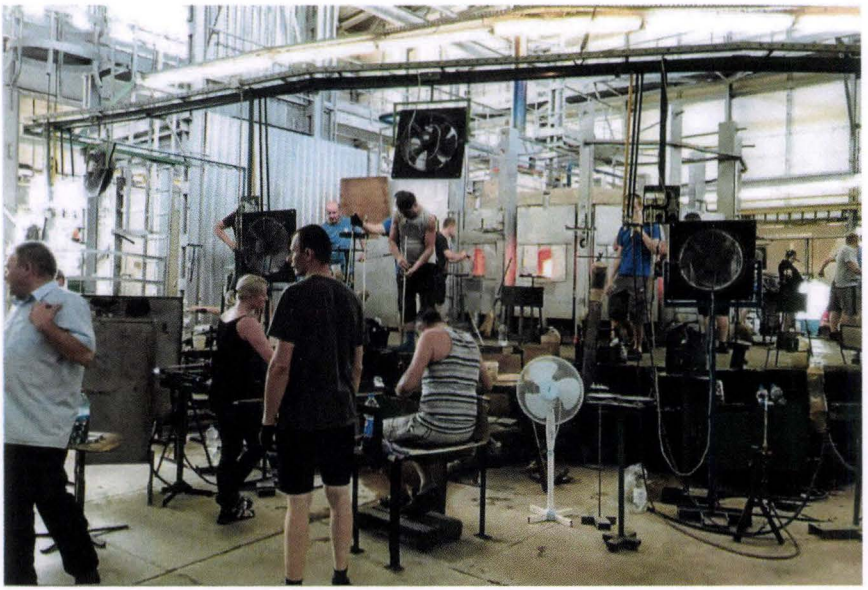
Walkway to Factory



Entrance to building and Meeting Room



Waiting to get into building while the workers are at lunch



Inside the glass factory in Dubeczno, Factory workers



Home in Dubeczno

Homes opposite the Factory that was all owned by Jews before the war





More homes near factory that was all Jewish owned before war



Another home

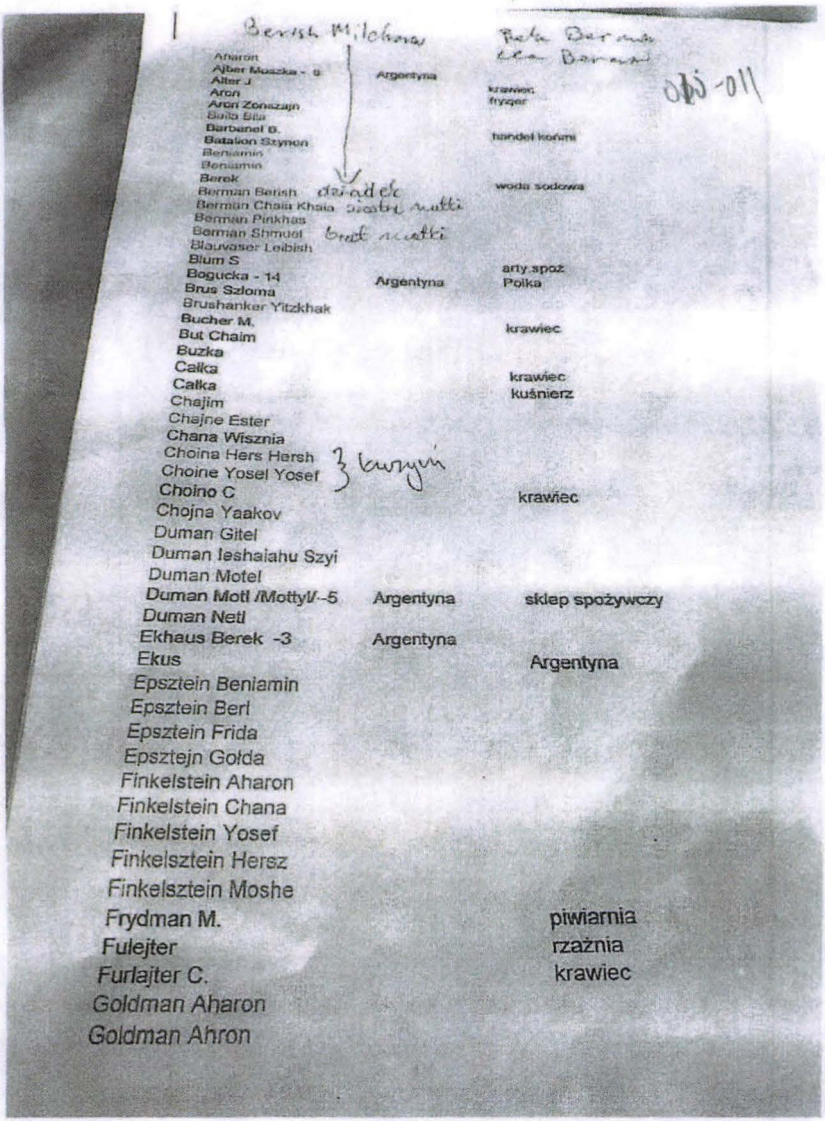


A few blocks from factory. On right side was a butcher store that was owned by my father's family. Next to it was a Beis Midrash, where the people would pray and learn since the Great Synagogue was in Wlodawa, around 11 Kilometers from the village. There is green grass on both sides of the house, as

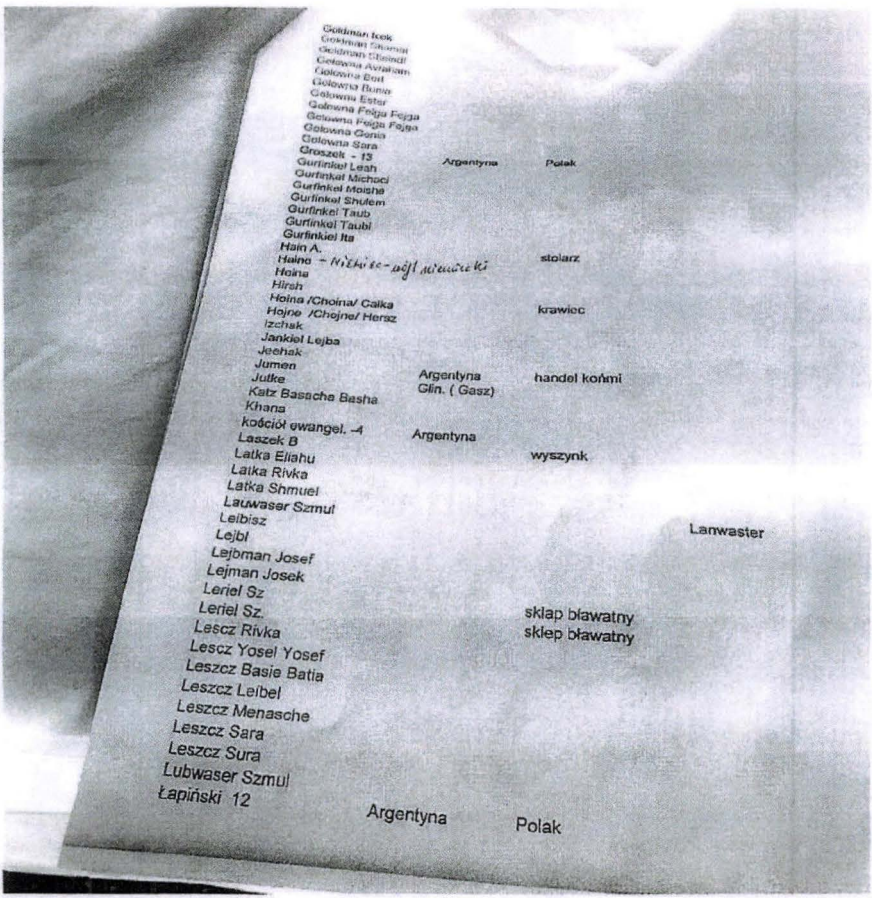
all was destroyed and burned in the Sobibor concentration camp together with all of the Jews.

A short time later a woman by the name of Sofia, who lives in the village, asked to speak with us.

She showed us several pages that listed various names of Jewish individuals who lived in the village and worked in the factory before the war. I gave my sister a copy of the list to give to Yad V'sham in Israel. :



Aharon		
Ajber Moszka - 8	Argentyna	
Alter J		
Aron		krawiec
Aron Zonszajn		fryzjer
Baila Bila		
Barbanel B.		
Batalion Szymon		handel końmi
Beniamin		
Beniamin		
Berek		
Berman Berish	dziadek	woda sodowa
Berman Chaia Khaia	siostra matki	
Berman Pinkhas		
Berman Shmuel	brat matki	
Blauwaser Leibish		
Blum S		
Bogucka - 14	Argentyna	arty.spoż Polka
Brus Szloma		
Brushanker Yitzkhak		
Bucher M.		krawiec
But Chaim		
Buzka		
Całka		
Całka		krawiec
Chajim		kuśnierz
Chajne Ester		
Chana Wisznia		
Choina Hers Hersh		
Choine Yosel Yosef		
Choino C		krawiec
Chojna Yaakov		
Duman Gitel		
Duman Ieshaiahu Szyi		
Duman Motel		
Duman Motl /Mottyl/ -5	Argentyna	sklep spożywczy
Duman Netl		
Ekhaus Berek -3	Argentyna	
Ekus		Argentyna
Epsztein Beniamin		
Epsztein Berl		
Epsztein Frida		
Epsztejn Gołda		
Finkelstein Aharon		
Finkelstein Chana		
Finkelstein Yosef		
Finkelsztein Hersz		
Finkelsztein Moshe		
Frydman M.		piwiarnia
Fulejter		rzaźnia
Furlajter C.		krawiec
Goldman Aharon		
Goldman Ahron		



Goldman Icek
Goldman Shamai
Goldman Shmidl
Golowna Avraham
Golowna Bast
Golowna Bunia
Golowna Ester
Golowna Feiga Fejga
Golowna Feiga Fejga
Golowna Genia
Golowna Sara
Groszek - 13
Gurfinkel Leah
Gurfinkel Michael
Gurfinkel Moishe
Gurfinkel Shulem
Gurfinkel Taub
Gurfinkel Taubl
Gurfinkiel Ita
Hain A.
Haino - Niemiec - mój nauczyciel
Haina
Hirsh
Hoina /Choina/ Calka
Hojne /Chojne/ Hersz
Izchak
Jankiel Lejba
Jeshak
Jumen
Jutke
Katz Bassche Basha
Khana
kościół ewangel. -4
Laszek B
Latka Eliahu
Latka Rivka
Latka Shmuel
Lawwaser Szmul
Leibisz
Lejbl
Lejbman Josef
Lejman Josek
Leriel Sz
Leriel Sz.
Lescz Rivka
Lescz Yosel Yosef
Leszcz Basie Batia
Leszcz Leibel
Leszcz Menasche
Leszcz Sara
Leszcz Sura
Lubwaser Szmul
Łapiński 12

Argentyna Polak

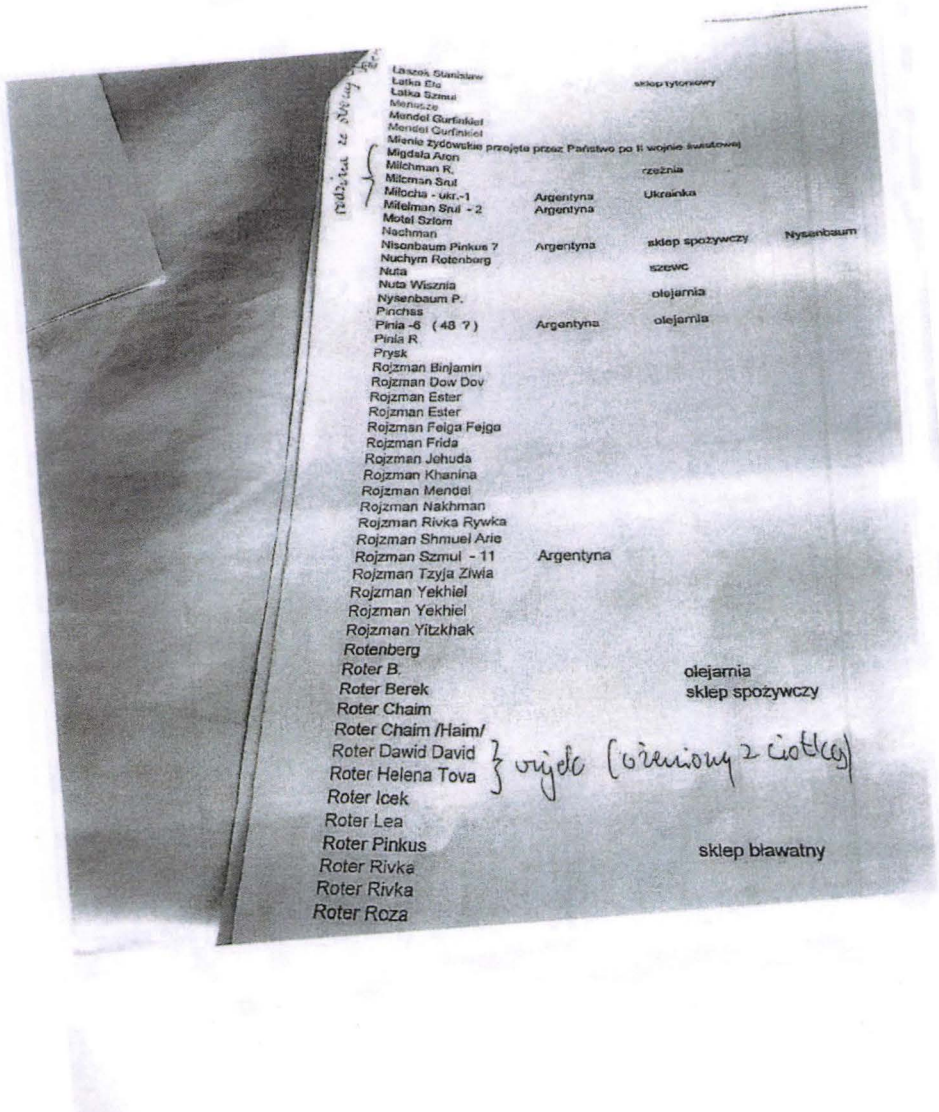
Argentyna Glin. (Gasz) handel końmi

Argentyna wyszynk

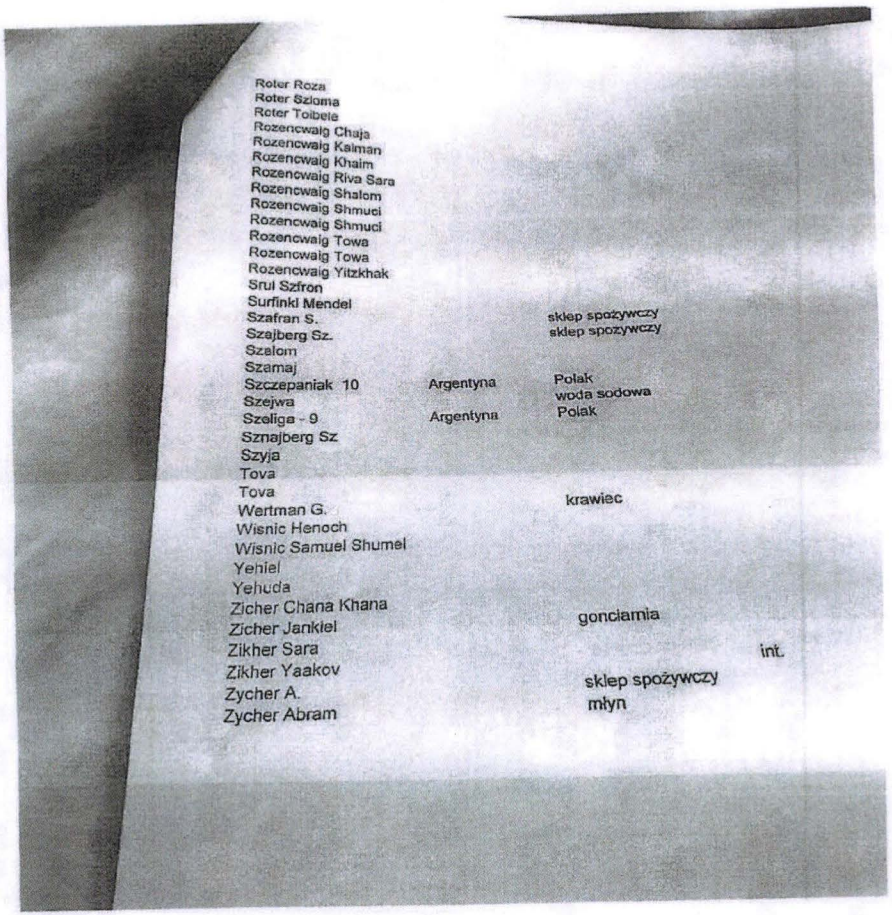
Lanwaster

sklap bławatny
sklep bławatny

Argentyna Polak



Łaszek Stanisław — sklep tytoniowy
Łatka Dla
Łatka Szmul
Mendel Gurfinkiel
Mendel Gurfinkiel
Mienie Żydowskie przejęte przez Państwo po II wojnie światowej
Migdala Aron
Milchman R. — rzeźnia
Milchman Srul
Milocha - ukr.-1 — Argentyna — Ukrainka
Mitelman Srul - 2 — Argentyna
Motel Sztorn
Nachman
Nisenbaum Pinkus 7 — Argentyna — sklep spożywczy — Nysenbaum
Nuchym Rotenberg
Nuta — szewc
Nuta Wisznia
Nysenbaum P. — olejarnia
Pinchas
Pinia -6 (48 ?) — Argentyna — olejarnia
Pinia R
Prysk
Rojzman Binjamin
Rojzman Dow Dov
Rojzman Ester
Rojzman Ester
Rojzman Feiga Fejga
Rojzman Frida
Rojzman Jehuda
Rojzman Khanina
Rojzman Mendel
Rojzman Nakhman
Rojzman Rivka Rywka
Rojzman Shmuel Arie
Rojzman Szmul - 11 — Argentyna
Rojzman Tzyja Zlwia
Rojzman Yekhiel
Rojzman Yekhiel
Rojzman Yitzkhak
Rotenberg
Roter B. — olejarnia
Roter Berek — sklep spożywczy
Roter Chaim
Roter Chaim /Haim/
Roter Dawid David } wujek (dzieciom z ciotki)
Roter Helena Tova }
Roter Icek
Roter Lea
Roter Pinkus — sklep bławatny
Roter Rivka
Roter Rivka
Roter Roza



Roter Roza
Roter Szloma
Roter Toibele
Rozencwaig Chaja
Rozencwaig Kaiman
Rozencwaig Khaim
Rozencwaig Riva Sara
Rozencwaig Shalom
Rozencwaig Shmuel
Rozencwaig Shmuel
Rozencwaig Towa
Rozencwaig Towa
Rozencwaig Yitzkhak
Srul Szfron
Surfinkl Mendel
Szafran S.
Szejberg Sz.
Szalom
Szamaj
Szczepaniak 10
Szejwa
Szeliga - 9
Sznajberg Sz
Szyja
Tova
Tova
Wertman G.
Wisnic Henoch
Wisnic Samuel Shumel
Yehiel
Yehuda
Zicher Chana Khana
Zicher Jankiel
Zikher Sara
Zikher Yaakov
Zycher A.
Zycher Abram

sklep spożywczy
sklep spożywczy

Argentyna
Argentyna

Polak
woda sodowa
Polak

krawiec

gonciarnia

int.

sklep spożywczy
młyn

Sofia asked me if I knew any of the names on the list.

The names of my mother's father, two brothers and a sister (Berman) were at the top of the list. Choina Hers Hersh and Yosel Yosej were my mother's cousins.

Milchman Srul, is my father's father. I am not sure who the other Milchmans on the list are, but they probably are also related to us. My Cousin Frieda's family was the Roters.

I had never seen these names spelled this way.

I asked her where she got the list from and she told me from the factory.

She asked me what my parents did before the war.

I told her that my father's relatives were butchers so she told me that they must have lived on Argentyna Strassa. I asked if we could go there. She showed us the way. When we got there, a few blocks from the factory, we met a couple who told us that there were Jewish homes on both sides of their home. Now there is nothing but grass on both sides of the house. All homes on both sides were destroyed by the Germans and all of the Jews were killed in the Sobibor death camp.

The factory is on a dead end street. Before the war, there were Jewish owned homes on both sides of the street.

I asked if there was any trace of Jewish items like books, objects or scrolls. I was told there is nothing Jewish in the village. There is no Jewish cemetery in Dubeczno. All Jews who died there were buried in a cemetery in Wlodowa.

I was asked if I could give Sofia a list of the names of my parent's parents and sisters and brothers:

The following are the names that I have for the brothers and sisters on both my Father's (Shepsel Milchman, the eldest sibling) and Mother's (Bayla Berman) sides of the family:

Father's side: My Grandfather: Israel Itzhak Milchman &
Grandmother: Rochel Milchman

Sisters: Golda Milchman, Esther Milchman Fishman (survived went to Israel after war with four children and husband), Tsipi Milchman, Chaya Milchman, Sura Milchman, Leah Milchman

Brothers: Eissar Milchman, Alter Milchman, Joseph Milchman

Mother's side: My Grandfather: Berish Berman &
Grandmother: Esther Berman

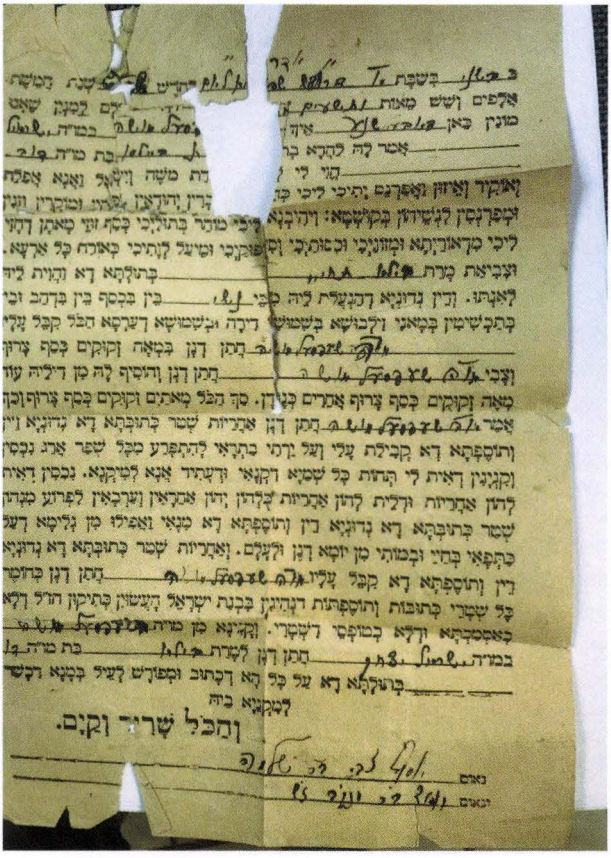
Sisters: Lea (survived went to US with daughter Frieda and husband Laser Roter), Feigah Etal Berman, Sura Berman, Devorah Berman, Henyah Berman Brothers: Pinchas Yeruchim Berman, Shmuel Berman

I composed most of this to the best of my recollections, which may not be totally accurate, though items such as names and places can be verified, from

discussions with my parents, mainly with my mother, since my father would almost never speak about his life or his family in Poland before the war. He refused to even speak the Polish language and was really annoyed when he heard Jewish people speaking Polish.

Personal Family Data

The death of the Polish Prime Minister, Jozef Pilsudski, occurred in 1935, the year that my parents were married.



My mother's kesubah

My father was born June 10, 1910 and my mother was born in March 1912 in the agricultural village of Dubeczno. The local scenery was very beautiful especially during the spring season.

Life was extremely difficult and the people were very poor, having an orange was a major feast. The village may have had several hundred Jewish families.

Many observed most Jewish laws and customs such as keeping Kosher and the Sabbath.

The glassworks factory supported most of the local people. My father said that children as young as eight would work there for almost nothing for many hours a day. My mother said that it would have been much worse without the factory.

My father's family consisted of his parents, ten children that survived child birth and his grandfather who was supposedly very strong physically and able to bend a metal coin with his hands even when he was over the age of 60.

After the war the only survivors were my father, mother, his sister, Esther, and her family.

My mother's family consisted of her mother, grandmother and eight siblings.

Her father died on the 16-17 of Adar, not sure what year but before the war began. The only survivors from my mother's family were my mother, her sister Lea and family.

Shortly after my parents were married, my father was required to enlist in the Polish army. He served for eighteen months, so my mother went back to live with her mother and siblings.

I will attempt to describe happenings, events or little miracles that I was told by my parents and or my aunt and Uncle Lazer to the best of my recollection.

In September of 1939, my parents took a horse and buggy from their village and crossed the Bug River to Russia. It was a very short ride. My mother's mother and one of her brothers were with them initially. My grandmother was very worried that she would not be able to light candles for the Sabbath so she decided to remain in Dubeczno and her son said that he couldn't leave his mother there without him and decided to remain.

After living in Russia for six months, my parents were given the choice to return to Poland by the Russian government. They signed up to return to Poland not knowing what the future would bring. The Russian authorities then came to their homes in the middle of the night and forced them on a train to Siberia. The ride took almost two weeks and when they arrived there, they were put into a lumber shack with about eighty people. The temperature was 40-50°F below zero. Their only function there was to cut lumber and for that they would get a kilo of black bread once a day. If you could not work, you would not get any food. My mother

become very ill and was in a hospital for several weeks with a bad case of water in her lungs. There were several doctors, but no medicine. My father's father sent them some dried pork, but my mother refused to eat it, even when the doctors told her that she would not survive unless she had some more wholesome food. Well, the doctors were wrong. She did not eat the pork and she did survive, but at the price of having a bad lung the rest of her life (a miracle that she survived, maybe). Since my mother could not work, my parents had to share the bread allotment between them. My father told us that 80 percent of the people there died of starvation or frost. They were there for nine months. Had they been there three more months, they all would have died. When they cut down lumber, they used the same lumber over and over again to fill their required quota by rubbing off the mark made on one log and using it again. Those individuals who were used to a better life all died. Almost all professionals died. Those who were used to living under harsh conditions survived. My Aunt Lea had a baby boy in Siberia. He became sick and needed penicillin, but there was none, so he died there. His name was Berish. My mother was not able to have any children for almost ten years after marriage perhaps, another miracle. If they would have had a child before going to Russia, they probably would have stayed in Poland and been killed with the other members of their families in the Sobibor extermination camp.

While in Siberia, the son of the Jewish countess who owned the glassworks factory in Wiodawa become ill and my father, aunt and uncle tried to help him, especially my Aunt Lea, but he died a short time after their arrival in Siberia either from frost or hunger.

My parents spent one Yom Kippur in Siberia. On that day, all Jews normally would go to Shul to pray and fast (which they did almost every day). The Jewish people formed a minyan, I guess, in the log cabin where they lived and in a hall where they would gather. One individual was picked to be the shaliach tzibor. When he began the prayer, u'n'saneh tokef, a prayer in which the chazen reads who will live and who will die etc., a Russian officer was there and began to cry like a little baby. My father said that if the other Russian authorities would know that he attended services with these Polish Jewish people, he would wind up in jail for 8-10 years. My father said that perhaps he had not attended services for quite some time and found the services very moving given the setting.

My parents were among the lucky ones to be spared the Sobibor extermination camp. Nevertheless, their lives during the war were very difficult. They were released from Siberia when the Polish underground leader signed an agreement with the Russians to fight the Germans.

All Polish citizens in Siberia were allowed to leave. I do not know why or how they wound up in Kazakhstan in the Asian part of Russia (another miracle). When they first arrived there they were given a small piece of land on which they would grow watermelons (arbus) and cantaloupes (dinyes). The land was very fertile although it only rained during two short periods of the year, which was sufficient enough to produce a bumper crop of these fruits (another miracle).

They sold some of the produce, some was consumed and some was dried and again sold or consumed. These watermelons and cantaloupes were much bigger than the ones in this country (the USA). A watermelon could weigh 50-60 pounds and the cantaloupes would weigh 10-15 pounds. My mother would tell us that they had so many paper rubbles that they put them in a bag every night and threw the bag in the garden every night for fear of being robbed.

I was born in Kazakhstan and I was brought up primarily on these fruits, perhaps this is why I like fruit very much even today. I was born on Erev Rosh Chodesh Tamuz, July 3, 1943. My cousin, Frieda, was born seven days before me in the same place. We were there until the war ended. During my parents stay in this part of Russia, they survived not because of the produce from the garden but because my father and Uncle Lazer and many other Polish Jews would travel to Tashkent once or twice a week to trade on the black market. If the Russian Police would catch someone trading like this, they would land up in jail for eight years. This discouraged most of the local people but not some of the new arrivals. This was a risky business and my father had several close incidences of being caught but somehow he was able to free himself and not be jailed. After a while, they knew which police to bribe. The police would see to it that they got on the train and get them seats on the train even when there were no seats for the Russians politicians. At first, my father and company would sneak on the train and ride on the roof of the train. The trip was several hundred miles long. Items that they traded in were all types of yarn goods, perfumes, lady's nylon stockings, other silver & gold items, and of course Russian vodka.

On numerous occasions, the Russians needed to recruit men to fight in the Russian army. My father and others would hide when this recruiting occurred. The men knew that once drafted, the draftee would probably never see his family again. One day when these recruiters were scheduled to come to the area where my parents lived, my father did something quite unusual. He went out of the house, told a friend of his that was there to turn around, spilled some vodka on his toes on the left foot, took a hatchet and tried to chop off the big toe on his left foot. He missed slightly and cut most of it off but not all of it. This was the reason that he was missing part of his toe. The reason he did this was because my mother was pregnant at the time with me, and he believed that if he would be drafted he would never see his family again, thus making himself to be disabled to avoid the Russian army.

While in Kazakhstan, my father was on the way to Tashkent with my Uncle Lazer, the Russian authorities asked what he had around his waist. He had no option but to come clean, so to speak, so he began to unravel yards and yards of dry goods and told the authorities he was going to Tashkent. As one policeman was about to go to his partner, my father said to him that he would give him some perfume for his girlfriend and some vodka for himself and his partner if they would let him and my uncle go their way. The policeman paused for a few seconds, spoke to his partner and told my father to pack up all his goods leave the vodka and perfume with them. My father continued on to Tashkent (Maybe a little miracle).

After the first harvest in the Kolchos (collective farm) in Kazakhstan, the original tract of farm land was taken away and replaced with a much inferior tract of land that was much less productive. Since my father went often to trade on the black market in Tashkent, the farm produce became less important. During 1943-44, the food situation became very bad even in Kazakhstan. My father paid 3,000 rubles for a loaf of bread. As he was carrying the loaf under his arm, a young non-Jewish barefoot girl of about 16 years of age approached him and said in Russian, "I have not tasted bread for several days. Please give me a piece of bread to eat." My father broke off a piece of bread and gave it to her.

I was born in a hospital in Kazakhstan. There was a statue of Stalin, the Russian dictator at the time, in that hospital. I was a big baby and when my mother was passing this statue one of its arms broke. My mother panicked and tried to reattach it, but could not. She was very nervous and could not wait to leave the hospital.

After returning home, my parents prepared for my brit mila. The problem was that all religious acts were forbidden under communist rule. It took approximately three months until my parents were able to find a moel, who happened to be a shochet, who would perform the service. He lived several hundred miles away from where my family lived. He told my parents to say that we were his cousins and he arranged for us to be there during the holiday of Sukkot. He also told my parents to tell anyone who asked that I was one-year-old. He was afraid that his daughter would report him to the Russian authorities, which meant that he could land in jail. I had my brit and pidyon haben at the same time when I was named Berish Alter after my mother's father. My mother first started calling me by this name only after my brit mila when I was three months old rather than at the required time of eight days after birth.

The entire time that we were in Kazakhstan, the sole reason that my father risked long prison terms for traveling to Tashkent was so that he would have

enough money to feed the family. Many families were going hungry almost every day but we had food to eat.

A short time before I was born, my father bought nine kilo of butter that was infested with lice. He immediately disposed of the merchandise. Shortly thereafter, the police came to my parents' home looking for the missing butter that was stolen from a kindergarten. My father had already left for another province to escape the police since he had been warned ahead of time. Of course my mother denied everything. The problem was that they found the knife that was used on the butter in my parents' house. They were going to take my mother to jail even if she was pregnant. She, my aunt and uncle and others were protesting and in the end, they left my mother alone. My father was safe in the other province. Someone was probably paid off and my father was able to return home.

When they were on the way out of Russia, my sister was born in Statchin. Shortly after her birth, my parents had to travel again and the weather conditions were impossible; the wind was overturning trucks and my mother could not carry my sister any longer and was about to leave her there, so my Uncle Lazer told my mother that the baby girl was too pretty to leave and he would carry her. He actually saved her life.

When we left Russia, we were sent to DP (displaced persons) Camps from 1946-1950. First we were in Heidenheim and later in Lechfield, both in Germany. While there, my father would trade on the black market and go from West to East Berlin. The West was controlled by the US and the East by Russia. The trade involved cigarettes, gold coins, etc. We were all registered to go to Israel.
My Aunt Esther and Shmeal, my father's sister and husband, and four children had also been in Russia and survived the war. They were all the lucky ones since the rest were all killed by the Germans, probably in the Sobibor extermination camp. My aunt's family was the first to leave for Israel. She wrote to my father saying that the things there were very bad and that we should try to go to America.

We came to the US in June of 1950 on the military ship called the SS Hanselman. I was sick on the ship for almost the entire trip and was in the hospital. We were given grapefruit, which we call bitter oranges, and threw them in the water. It was the first time we ever saw black people and we did not know who they were. We arrived at Ellis Island on the 26th of June 1950. While on Ellis Island at nighttime, we thought that the cars on the bridge looked like toy cars.

The surviving members of our family, were me, my parents, my sister Goldie, my mother's sister and husband, Aunt Lea and Uncle Lazer Roter and their only living child, Frieda, my father's only surviving sibling was his sister Esther

(she and her husband, Shmeal, and their four children went to Israel), my mother's cousin, Jacob Choyne, and his family, who came to the US, another cousin, Yoel Lesch, who went to Israel and Jacob Berman, who also went to Israel, my father's uncle, Misha Milchman, and his family came to the US and a cousin, Chaim Miles, went to Canada. All told, approximately 20 individuals, including all the children, out of hundreds and hundreds of relatives survived.

We came to the USA under the Displaced Persons Act (DP Act). The first six weeks, we stayed in Manhattan under arrangements made by Hais (which was funded by UJA). Conditions were quite bad. The room in which we slept had big rats and it was extremely hot. After six weeks, my father found an apartment in the Bronx. My mother got sick and we stayed with my father's uncle Moshe's family who lived on Fox Street in the Bronx. I think that they arrived in the US a short time before we did. My mother was in the hospital for approximately two weeks while she was sick. Afterwards, she came to the Bronx apartment. We had a four room apartment in a third floor walk up building on 176th Street off Southern Blvd. We had a financial problem in that the rent was $44 per month and my father made $10 working just Saturdays or about $40 per month. He brought with him 10 German Likas (cameras) that he was told could be sold for a lot of money in the US, but he only received $3,000. He had an aunt in Erie PA who gave him $1,000. He used all these funds to open a kosher butcher shop in Bayside Queens. For the first nine months, he and his partner could not take any money out of the store. Once he was able to take a small salary from the store, he quit his Saturday job.

My mother insisted that I go to a local yeshiva and registered me in yeshiva Chaim Ozer in the Bronx. The tuition was $10 per month, which we could not afford. Things were pretty difficult even in this country, but thankfully no one was trying to kill us in the USA. When there was a Bar Mitzva in shul, my father would come home crying because he had no one to invite to my Bar Mitzva when the time would come. My mother told him not to worry, that everything would be okay. For my Bar Mitzva, we made a lunch or supper in a restaurant and we invited 25 people. My father was very happy when it was over.

The items that my parents had from Poland, which I have today, are my father's tefillin and my mother's father's Passover machzor. We used to use this machzor for the seder nights when we had the seder in my parents' house. My father's tefillen became possul and could no longer be used, but he was nevertheless offered $200.00 for them many years ago, because they were written with such beautiful script.

On one of my trips to Israel, I was told by my uncle Shmeal Fishman that my mother's younger brother, Shmuel, was involved in activities against the Germans. He was an ardent Zionist, a follower of Zabotinsky. He was caught

and the Germans shot off his hands and feet. He begged one of his Polish friends to kill him, since he felt there was no use to living without hands and feet. At first, his friend refused, but eventually he agreed to kill him with my mother's brother's revolver.

During the Shiva period for my father, my Uncle Lazer told us the following story. In the area in Poland where they lived, there were many Razina Chasidim, Jews who wear tcheilis on their taleisim. They had a young leader who encouraged his followers to cause the Germans a lot of trouble.

One day, the Germans attempted to find out who this leader was. When they went looking for him, all of his followers claimed to be him. He was disguised as a tailor. The Germans then issued a directive that they would execute 10 of his followers every day until they found him. As soon as he heard of this, he said, "I will not let them harm even a finger from any of my followers because of me. He walked into Gestapo headquarters and surrendered himself. The next day his dead body was brought out of the building.

The parents and children of surviving parents eventually did quite well financially in the US. Many became successful and educated. My cousin in Israel, Eliezer Fishman, became one of the richest people in Israel. He had invested in companies located all over the world. He periodically traveled to these companies in his private jet.

My parents gave me and my sister total and absolute love and care, even though we never owned a car or had a house. We grew up quite happy and very well adjusted. As we got older and married and had children, they showed the same love and affection to our spouses, but maybe not at first, as to us, and of course to our children. My parents were our beloved parents as well as our most ardent supporters and encouraged us when we came across any difficulties. They were also our best friends and advisors. When certain issues would come up with my clients, I always sought my father's advice. My parents instilled in us an unwavering desire to succeed in all endeavors and never to give up, no matter how difficult a situation may be, since they did not give up. They taught us to behave respectfully to all human beings, to be charitable and always have complete faith in G-d. My sister and I are very grateful to G-d that he blessed us with such wonderful parents. May their memories be for a blessing.



Included on this headstone, are the names of my parents' family members who were killed during the War

Respirator

For the Pediatric Oncology Department

Donated by

The Milchman and Fishman Families

לזכר נשמת

שבתי משה ב"ר ישראל יצחק, ע"ה

בילה בת ר' דוב בער, ע"ה

A plaque placed in the Pediatric Oncology Department at Laniado Hospital.



Standing from left to right are: Ben's uncle, Shmiel Fishman, Ben's parents, Bella and Sam Milchman, and Shmiel's daughter, Libby Fishman Katz

Seated from left to right are Shmiel's granddaughter, Ruchi, Evelyn Halpern Milchman and Ben Milchman



My grandmother, Esther Berman



Dvorah and Shmiel Berman



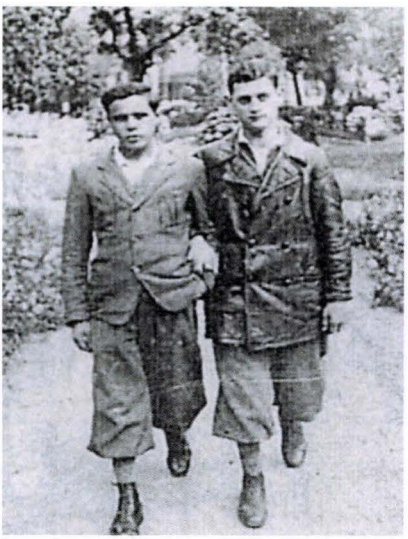
Esther Berman



Fayge
in the center,



Grandma Goldie Roter:



David Roter (cousin) on right



Yolche Roter



Shlomo Rotter
(father of
Leizer Roter)



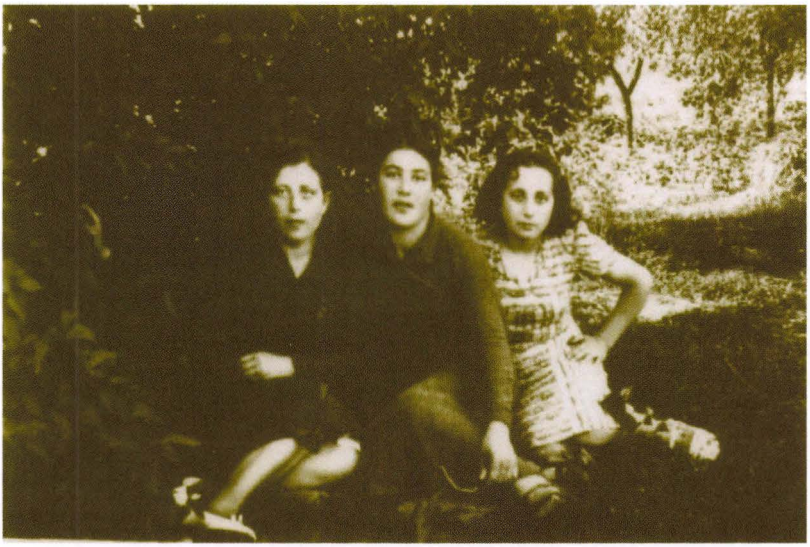
Shlomo Shafran



Shlomo Shafran



Henya on right (my mother's sister)



Pinchas' daughter on right (my mother's niece)



Yankel Holtzman (friend of Roter family,
went from DP camp to Vancouver, Canada)



One of my father's brothers and cousin



Another of my father's brothers

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The Central Database of Shoah Victims' Names

Basyla's BROTHER

Full Record Details for **Bermann Pinchas**

Source	Pages of Testimony
Last Name	BERMANN
Last Name	BARMAN brother
First Name	PINCHAS
First Name	PINKHAS
Mother's First Name	ESTER
Gender	MALE
Date of Birth	1900
Place of Birth	DUBECZNO,POLAND
Marital Status	MARRIED
Spouse's First Name	RAKHEL
Place of Permanent Residence	DUBECZNO,POLAND
Profession	CARPENTER
Place During Wartime	DUBECZNO,POLAND
Place of Death	SOBIBOR,CAMP
Date of Death	1942
Type of Material	Page of Testimony
Submitter's Last Name	LESHCH
Submitter's First Name	YOEL
Relationship to victim	COUSIN
Date of Registration	23/05/1957

* Indicates an automatic Translation From Hebrew

4 children

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Full Record Details for **Berman Dvora**

Source	Pages of Testimony
Last Name	BARMAN
Last Name	~~BERMAN~~ sister
First Name	~~DVORA~~
Mother's First Name	ESTER
Gender	FEMALE
Date of Birth	1922
Place of Birth	TARASENI,CERNAUTI,BUKOVINA,ROMANIA
Marital Status	SINGLE
Place of Permanent Residence	TARASENI,CERNAUTI,BUKOVINA,ROMANIA
Place During Wartime	TARASENI,CERNAUTI,BUKOVINA,ROMANIA
Place of Death	TARASENI,CERNAUTI,BUKOVINA,ROMANIA
Date of Death	1942
Type of Material	Page of Testimony
Submitter's Last Name	LESHCH
Submitter's First Name	YOEL
Relationship to victim	COUSIN
Date of Registration	23/05/1957

* Indicates an automatic Translation From Hebrew

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The Central Database of Shoah Victims' Names

Full Record Details for **Bermann Henia**

Source	Pages of Testimony
Last Name	BERMANN
Last Name	BARMAN (sister)
First Name	HENIA
Mother's First Name	ESTER
Gender	FEMALE
Date of Birth	1924
Place of Birth	TARASENI,CERNAUTI,BUKOVINA,ROMANIA
Marital Status	SINGLE
Place of Permanent Residence	TARASENI,CERNAUTI,BUKOVINA,ROMANIA
Place During Wartime	TARASENI,CERNAUTI,BUKOVINA,ROMANIA
Place of Death	SOBIBOR,WLODAWA,LUBLIN,POLAND
Date of Death	1942
Type of Material	Page of Testimony
Submitter's Last Name	LESHCH
Submitter's First Name	YOEL
Relationship to victim	COUSIN
Date of Registration	23/05/1957

* Indicates an automatic Translation From Hebrew

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Full Record Details for **Berman Chaia**

Source	Pages of Testimony
Last Name	BARMAN
Last Name	BERMAN sister in law
First Name	CHAIA
First Name	KHAIA
Gender	FEMALE
Date of Birth	1900
Place of Birth	DUBECZNO,POLAND
Marital Status	MARRIED
Spouse's First Name	SHMUEL
Place of Permanent Residence	DUBECZNO,POLAND
Profession	HOUSEWIFE
Place During Wartime	DUBECZNO,POLAND
Place of Death	SOBIBOR,WLODAWA,LUBLIN,POLAND
Date of Death	1942
Type of Material	Page of Testimony
Submitter's Last Name	LESHCH
Submitter's First Name	YOEL
Relationship to victim	COUSIN
Date of Registration	23/05/1957

* Indicates an automatic Translation From Hebrew

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The Central Database of Shoah Victims' Names

Pinchas's wife

Full Record Details for **Berman Rachel**

Source	Pages of Testimony
Last Name	BARMAN
Last Name	BERMAN
First Name	RACHEL
First Name	RAKHEL
Gender	FEMALE
Date of Birth	1907
Place of Birth	DUBECKO,PRZEMYSL,LWOW,POLAND
Marital Status	MARRIED
Spouse's First Name	PINKHAS
Place of Permanent Residence	DUBECKO,PRZEMYSL,LWOW,POLAND
Profession	HOUSEWIFE
Place During Wartime	DUBECKO,PRZEMYSL,LWOW,POLAND
Place of Death	SOBIBOR,WLODAWA,LUBLIN,POLAND
Date of Death	1942
Type of Material	Page of Testimony
Submitter's Last Name	LESHCH
Submitter's First Name	YOEL
Relationship to victim	COUSIN
Date of Registration	23/05/1957

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Full Record Details for **Berman Szmuel**

Source	Pages of Testimony
Last Name	BARMAN
Last Name	BERMAN brother
First Name	SZMUEL
First Name	SHMUEL
Mother's First Name	ESTER
Gender	MALE
Date of Birth	1899
Place of Birth	TARASENI,CERNAUTI,BUKOVINA,ROMANIA
Marital Status	MARRIED
Spouse's Maiden Name	LATKE
Place of Permanent Residence	TARASENI,CERNAUTI,BUKOVINA,ROMANIA
Profession	TAILOR
Place During Wartime	TARASENI,CERNAUTI,BUKOVINA,ROMANIA
Place of Death	SOBIBOR,WLODAWA,LUBLIN,POLAND
Date of Death	1942
Type of Material	Page of Testimony
Submitter's Last Name	LESHCH
Submitter's First Name	YOEL
Relationship to victim	COUSIN
Date of Registration	23/05/1957

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shot by soldier
german shot off
hands & feet

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Full Record Details for **Berman Sara**

Source	Pages of Testimony
Last Name	BARMAN
Last Name	BERMAN sister
First Name	SARA
Mother's First Name	ESTER
Gender	FEMALE
Date of Birth	1906
Place of Birth	TARASENI,CERNAUTI,BUKOVINA,ROMANIA
Marital Status	MARRIED
Place of Permanent Residence	TARASENI,CERNAUTI,BUKOVINA,ROMANIA
Profession	HOUSEWIFE
Place During Wartime	TARASENI,CERNAUTI,BUKOVINA,ROMANIA
Place of Death	TARASENI,CERNAUTI,BUKOVINA,ROMANIA
Date of Death	1942
Type of Material	Page of Testimony
Submitter's Last Name	LESHCH
Submitter's First Name	YOEL
Relationship to victim	COUSIN
Date of Registration	23/05/1957

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The Central Database of Shoah Victims' Names

Bayla's Father
Maternal Grandfather

Full Record Details for **Berman Berish**

Source	Pages of Testimony
Last Name	BARMAN
Last Name	~~BERMAN~~ father
First Name	~~BERISH~~
Gender	MALE
Date of Birth	1875
Place of Birth	TARASENI,CERNAUTI,BUKOVINA,ROMANIA
Marital Status	MARRIED
Spouse's First Name	ESTER
Spouse's Maiden Name	LESHCH
Place of Permanent Residence	TARASENI,CERNAUTI,BUKOVINA,ROMANIA
Profession	CARPENTER
Place During Wartime	DUBECZNO,POLAND
Place of Death	DUBECZNO,POLAND
Date of Death	1942
Type of Material	Page of Testimony
Submitter's Last Name	LESHCH
Submitter's First Name	YOEL
Relationship to victim	NEPHEW
Date of Registration	23/05/1957

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correction - re death in fire prior to her registration # 2289

MATERNAL GRANDMOTHER

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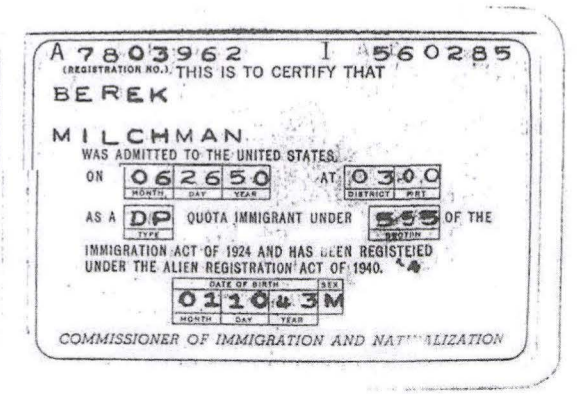
Full Record Details for **Berman Ester**

Source	Pages of Testimony
Last Name	BARMAN
Last Name	BERMAN mother
First Name	ESTER
Mother's First Name	RAKHEL
Gender	FEMALE
Date of Birth	1876
Place of Birth	DUBECZNO,WLODAWA,LUBLIN,POLAND
Marital Status	MARRIED
Spouse's First Name*	BER
Place of Permanent Residence	DUBECZNO,WLODAWA,LUBLIN,POLAND
Profession	HOUSEWIFE
Place During Wartime	DUBECZNO,WLODAWA,LUBLIN,POLAND
Place of Death	SOBIBOR,CAMP
Date of Death	1942
Type of Material	Page of Testimony
Submitter's Last Name	LESHCH
Submitter's First Name	YOEL
Relationship to victim	NEPHEW
Date of Registration	23/05/1957

* Indicates an automatic Translation From Hebrew

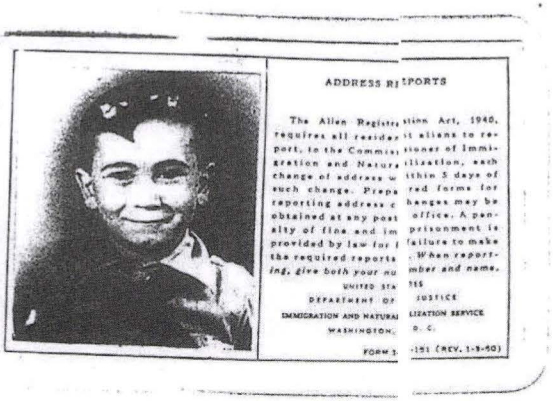
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Registration # 2289



A 7803962 I 560285
(REGISTRATION NO.) THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
BEREK
MILCHMAN
WAS ADMITTED TO THE UNITED STATES
ON 06 26 50 (MONTH, DAY, YEAR) AT 030 (DISTRICT, PORT)
AS A DP (TYPE) QUOTA IMMIGRANT UNDER 5(3) (SECTION) OF THE
IMMIGRATION ACT OF 1924 AND HAS BEEN REGISTERED
UNDER THE ALIEN REGISTRATION ACT OF 1940.
DATE OF BIRTH (MONTH, DAY, YEAR) 01 10 23 SEX M
COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION AND NATURALIZATION

Ben Milchman's Green Card



ADDRESS REPORTS

The Alien Registration Act, 1940, requires all resident aliens to report, to the Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization, each change of address within 5 days of such change. Prepared forms for reporting address changes may be obtained at any post office. A penalty of fine and imprisonment is provided by law for failure to make the required reports. *When reporting, give both your number and name.*

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
IMMIGRATION AND NATURALIZATION SERVICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

FORM I-151 (REV. 1-9-50)

There were few written descriptions of any resistance to the Nazi destruction of Polish Jewry; however, there were a couple of versions of a rabbi who encouraged his followers to resist the occupation.

Radzhiner Rebbe

A Rebbe who correctly read the situation and encouraged Jews to rebel

שמואל שלמה ליינר

Was a Rebbe in Radzhin- knowledgeable in medicine, chemistry and all sciences. Great Grandson of Mei Shiloach from Ishbitz. Grandson of Baal Tchelet who worked tirelessly to reestablish Tchelet in Tzitzit. Rav Shmuel became a Rebbe at age 20 in Warsaw and then moved to Radzhin. He helped to establish yeshivot throughout Poland with philosophy of Eish Kodesh.

At the start of the war, he was in Warsaw, Radzhin and then escapes to Wlodowa.

Already in 1940 he saw things clearly and urged Jews in Lublin to get rid of possessions, sell them to help the poor. Otherwise the Germans will take them. They did not listen. (Ringelblum p.264) The Germans took all the goods. He also told his followers to flee to the forests and resist. One of first to see reality of situation. He becomes a fearless leader who is willing to pay the consequences of his leadership. He was a source of great spiritual strength- so much so that Yitzchak Katznelson wrote a 1200 line ode to him which was read at a meeting of Dror. The youth was puzzled because Katznelson referred to the Rebbes spiritual leadership. This is what we need now Katznelson told the Jews.

Katznelson as well as the Rebbe was in favor of armed resistance but understood that the greatness of the Jewish people was their spiritual resilience. In January 1940 the Rebbe becomes aware of 400 unburied bodies lying near village Sobibor they were Jews in Polish army who had been taken by Germans as POWs killed in Forest. They had been on a train to their hometowns and were forced off by the Germans who then slaughtered them. The Rebbe became fixated on burying them in Kever Yisrael.

Winter 1942 he escapes from Warsaw to Wlodowa with some of his Hassidim. On the way he stopped at home of Yankel and Faygel Winograd. Their son, Michael, tells this story;

As the Rebbe was leaving their home his mother was weeping. The Rebbe asked what he could do for her. She said; I gave birth to and raised 9 children. Please daven so that one of them can survive and say kaddish for the rest. The only one to survive was, Michael, the storyteller- the sole son to say kaddish.

June 1942 it is reported in the Dror paper that the Rebbe was arrested in Wlodowa ghetto.

The Shabbat before he was killed, his Chasid rav Mottele Reichman came to his door early. He found the Rebbe trembling and agitated: Reb Mottele, do you know that in Sobibor there are gas chambers where they burned the 300 Wlodowa Jews who were taken to build the camp What can we do for the Lublin Jews? Mottel- what do we do? At Mincha time the Rebbe told Mottel to come back the next day. On Sunday he told Motel to gather 50 men, including the Rebbe, to go into the forests and fight, fight the Germans and burn the rail lines. Mottel could not find anyone to go. The Rebbe then declared a three day fast.

How did the Rebbe know? In Sobibor they decided take the prisoners who were building and working in the camp to the gas chambers to see if they worked. All the people were forced to strip naked and go into the chambers. Two of them realized the chamber had only one doorway and there was no way out. They escaped back to Wlodowa stark naked and came straight to the Rebbes home and told him about the camp.

At the end of the three day fast the Rebbe declared it was like Yom Kippur. He gathered everyone in the shule for a large tfillah. The Rebbe planned to go to the forests himself. But the Germans heard about the fast and arrested the Rebbe. The town collected money to free him and Shabbat in the morning the police said he would be freed. He was taken out of the prison to the Jewish cemetery in the middle of town. There the Rebbe was shot by the Germans. The same day the Rebbe's family was killed at the courthouse where they were called to give evidence.

What is leadership?

What does the Rebbe teach us about activism or relying on Hashem.

Wlodowa bridge over Bug: Over smaller part of River- Poles threw matzeivot over to make a park in the center of town.

THE REBBE FROM RADZHIN

An introduction to a Hossidic Rebbe who correctly read the situation and
encouraged ail to rebel against the Germans and their assistants.

BACKGROUND

IN PREVIOUS UNIT SPOKE ABOUT THE TENSION IN HASSIDUT BETWEEN ROMAAEMUT NEFESH AND POPULISM

KOTZK ------ ESPECIALLY IN THE LATTER PERIOD

FIRST

EXTREME. — ELITIST PURITAN APPROACH.

R MORDECHAI YOSEF LAINER — STAR DISCIPLE OF KOTZKER LEAVES AND ESTABLISHES OWN CENTRE AT ISHBITZA. AUTHORS MEI SHILOACH — DIFFICULT AND CONTROVERSIAL

HIM AND HIS SON AND SUCCESSOR R YAAKOV LAINER — BEIT YAAKOV VIRTUALLY MENUDIM....

MOVED TO RADZHIN WHERE HIS SON ALREADY RAV....

RADZHIN EPITOMISED THE ISOLATION — *South* OF WLODAWA ON THE FAR BORDER OF GALICIA AND UKRAINE....

GRAND RABBI GERSHON CHANOCH HENECH LEINER OF RADZIN,

THE REBBE IS REFERRED TO BY RADZINER CHASIDIM AS THE *orchos* CHAIM, BASED ON HIS PHENOMENAL WORK ON THE TZAVA'AH - THE WILL - OF THE TANA RABBI ELIEZER HAGADOL THIS WORK WAS WRITTEN BY THE REBBE BASICALLY WITHOUT ANY OPEN BOOKS TO HIS ADVANTAGE, IN ONLY 12 DAYS, DURING HIS TRIAL ON A LIBEL FABRICATED AGAINST HIM BY HIS ADVERSARIES. WHEN THE REBBE PUBLISHED THIS WORK, HE COMMENTED TO HIS CHASIDIM THAT HE'S HAPPY THAT HE GOT TO PRINT HIS TZAVA' AH.

IN THE LARGER WORLD THE REBBE IS BETTER KNOWN AS THE BA'AL HATECHEILES. THE REBBE WAS BRILLIANT IN BOTH THE REVEALED AND THE HIDDEN TORAH. HE WAS ALSO EXTREMELY KNOWLEDGEABLE IN SEVERAL SCIENTIFIC FIELDS, LIKE CHEMISTRY, ENGINEERING AND MEDICINE. HE SPOKE SEVERAL LANGUAGES FLUENTLY, AND USED THEM FREQUENTLY WHILE PRESCRIBING MEDICINES IN LATIN TO THE COUNTLESS PEOPLE WHO TURNED TO HIM FOR HELP.

AT THE AGE *OF* SIXTEEN, THE REBBE HAD ALREADY FORMULATED A SPECTACULAR IDEA: HE WOULD *COMPOSE* A "GEMARAH" OF A SORT ON THE MISHNAYOS OF SEDER TAHAROS, AS THERE IS NO TALMUD BAVLI ON THAT TRACTATE. IN ORDER TO ACCOMPLISH THIS, HE GATHERED ALL THE RELEVANT MATERIAL FROM THE WHOLE BAVLI SHAS, YERUSHALMI SHAS, AND ALL OTHER BRAYSOS ETC., AND PRESENTED THEM IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER IN A SEFER HE CALLED SIDREI TAHAROS ON MASECHES KEILIM. HE LATER DID THE SAME WITH ALL THE OTHER TRACTATES OF SEDER TAHAROS. THE TASK TOOK HIM TEN YEARS TO COMPLETE.

HE WORKED TIRELESSLY FOR THE RESTORATION OF THE TECHEILES OF THE TZITZIS. HE MADE USE OF HIS VAST KNOWLEDGE TO RESEARCH THE TOPIC, AND TRAVELED TO ITALY FOUR TIMES TO CONDUCT HIS STUDY. WHILE THERE HE VISITED WHAT WAS THEN THE LARGEST AQUARIUM IN THE WORLD, IN THE COASTAL CITY OF NAPLES, AND UPON STUDYING THE DIFFERENT SEA CREATURES, HE CAME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THE ORIGINAL TECHEILES WAS EXTRACTED FROM THE SECRETION OF A SQUID CALLED THE CUTTLEFISH (IN HEBREW KNOWN AS THE DIONON). RUMORS HAVE IT THAT ON ONE *OF* THE REBBE'S VISITS TO ROME; HE SUCCEEDED IN PERSUADING THE VATICAN TO ALLOW HIM A QUICK GLIMPSE *OF* THE HOLY VESSELS *OF* THE BEIS HAMIKDOSH, TO MATCH HIS FINDINGS WITH THE TECHEILES ON THE PRIESTLY GARMENTS. HE PUBLISHED SEVERAL BOOKS ON THE TOPIC, SUCH AS SEFUNEI TEMUNEI CHOL, PESIL TECHEILES, AND EIN HATECHEILES, AND SUCCEEDED IN INFLUENCING MANY GEDOLIM WITH HIS WORK. AT THE SAME TIME, THERE WERE GEDOLIM WHO OPPOSED TO THE REBBE'S DISCOVERY AND DID NOT AGREE WITH HIS FINDINGS. THERE WAS, HOWEVER, A SMALL NUMBER OF GEDOLEI YISRAEL WHO WOULD PRACTICE THE REDISCOVERED CUSTOM OF TECHEILES, LIKE THE MAHARSHAM OF BERZAN WHO POSSESSED A TALLIS WITH TECHEILES FRINGES. ALL HIS CHASSIDIM AND FOLLOWERS WEAR THEM, AS DO BRESLOV CHASSIDIM TO THIS DAY. HE WAS THE FIRST REBBE KNOWN AS "THE RADHNER REBBE". DIED 4 TEVES 5651 (1890). BURIED IN RADZIN.

THE USE OF TECHELES FURTHER INTENSIFIED ISOLATION — A KIND OR MARK *OF* CAIN

WITH HIS SON, YOSEF ELAZAR LAINER WE *SEE* A CHANGE IN THE BALANCE. MOVES TO WARSAW, BECOMES MORE INVOLVED IN SOCIETY AND IS A FOUNDING MEMBER *OF* AGUDA AND ITS VICE PRESIDENT TILL HIS DEATH IN 1929

REINSTITUTED GEMARA SHIURIM BASED ON A CHASSIDIC APPROACH THAT WERE POPULAR IN THE TIMES OF THE MEI SHILOACH. MANY *OF* THISE SHIURIM PRINTED IN TIFERES YOSEF.

THESE WERE THE SPIRITUAL ANSCESTORS OF THE RADZHINER REBBE.

THE RADZHINER

THE REBBE RAV SHMUEL SHLOMO LAINER BECAME REBBE AT 20 IN 1929. FIRST 5 YEARS IN WARSAW, AND THEN MOVED TO RADZHIN

ESTABLISHED THE RADZINER YESHIVA SOD YESHARIM IN RADZIN, POLAND, WHICH WAS LEAD BY AND UNDER THE AUSPICES *OF* HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW GRAND RABBI AVRAHAM YISSACHOR ENGLARD *OF* RADZIN, WHO LATER ESTABLISHED A NETWORK *OF* 7 *YESHIVOS* SOD YESHARIM RADZIN IN VARIOUS CITIES THROUGHOUT POLAND.

PHILOSOPHY *OF* TAKING IN THE LESS BRILLIANT STUDENTS — SIMILAR TO EISH KODESH AND DIFFERENT TO GUR.

DISTANCED HIMSELF FROM THE POLITICAL ACTIVITY OF HIS FATHER RETURNED TO THE TRADITION. PREACHED HONESTY, OPENESS AND SIMPLICITY

THE CAP

SOURCE ONE

READS THE SITUATION

HE WAS ONE *OF* THE-FIRST REBBEIM OR RABINICAL LEADERS TO CORRECTLY READ THE SITUATION AND REALISE WHERE IT WAS LEADING.

HESSED SHEL EMET

THE REBBE *BECOMES* AWARE OF THE FACT THAT THERE WERE BODIES LYING UNBURIED IN THE VICINITY OF SOBIBOR.

FIRST KILLED THERE: JEWS IN THE RED ARMY/ JEWS TRANSPORTED FROM LUBLIN IN 1941/ GROUP OF JEWS FROM THE VICINTY OF WLODAWA KILLED IN FORREST

BECOMES FIXATED ON BURYING THEM IN A KEVER YISRAEL

SOURCE SIX

THE CRYING VOICE IN THE CATTLE CAR SOURCE

SEVEN

SEE HIS REACTION TO THE DIVINE TEARS AND COMPARE TO THE STANCE OF THE EISH KODESH

SOURCE EIGHT — NECHEMIA ROLEN

BACK TO WLODOWA - WANTS TO FIGHT — DECLARES A FAST SEE THE

EDUT OF S Z SHRAGAI

SOURCE NINE

ONCE AGAIN THE HASSIDIM DO NOT LISTEN TO HIM. IN DESPERATION OR IN REACTION HE THEN DECLARES A FAST — AND NOW THEY RESPOND.

SOURCE TEN

HIS REACTION TO THE DIVINE TEARS AGAIN. YOU CANNOT WASTE YOUR TIME CRYING. WE WILL CRY AND FAST — YOU HAVE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO.....

THE END OF THE STORY

THE REBBE IS SOON THEREAFTER CAUGHT AND RETURNED TO RADZIN, WHERE HE WAS KILLED ON SHABBAT.

THE STORY GOES THAT IN HIS LAST MOMENTS, THE REBBE WAS WRAPPED IN HIS FATHER'S TALLIS AS A NAZI SOLDIER TOOK HIM INTO THE CEMETERY AT GUNPOINT. AT ONE POINT, THE NAZI PUSHED HIM. THE REBBE TURNED AROUND, SLAPPED HIM ACROSS THE FACE. THIS OBVIOUSLY DEGRADED THE NAZI GREATLY, THUS STUNNING HIM BY SHOWING THE INNER POWER OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE. THE REBBE WAS IMMEDIATELY SHOT TO DEATH ON THAT DAY, 29 IYAR 5702 (1942).

ALTHOUGH *HE* NEVER MADE IT TO THE WOODS HIMSELF, HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, AND SUCCESSOR GRAND RABBI AVRAMHAM YISSACHOR ENGLARD OF RADZIN, FLED TO THE WOODS AND JOINED THE PARTISANS WITH A GROUP OF RADZINER CHASIDIM.

WHEN TO LISTEN TO A REBBE

WHEN THEY DID AND DID NOT LISTEN.....

THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN KRIGER AND RAV AVRAHAM YISSACHOR ENGLARD

CONCLUSION

STARTED OUT BY WITHDRAWING FROM THE POLITICAL STAGE. ENDED BY INSPIRING SURVIVAL, SPIRITUAL STRENGTH AND

REVOLT!

IMMEDIATELY WITH THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR IN SEPTEMBER 1939 HE SENT ALL THE CHILDREN FROM THE YESHIVA HOME *AS* HE FELT THIS WAS A TIME WHEN FAMILIES SHOULD BE TOGETHER TO DEAL WITH THE UNFOLDING EVENTS.

EMANUEL RINGELBLUM DESCRIBES HOW ALREADY IN 1940 HE SAW THINGS TO THE END AND ENCOURAGED HIS HASSIDIM IN LUBLIN TO ADJUST TO THE

NEW REALITY AND TO GET RID *OF* THEIR POSSESSSIONS WHILE THEY COULD.

THEY DID NOT LISTEN TO HIM. NEED TO UNDERSTAND WHY.

SOURCE TWO

MOVED FURTHER AWAY TO WLODOWA.

SOURCE THREE

THE RADZYNER REBBE'S BLESSING MICHAEL KAFTORI

We lived in the village of Kolacze, *near* Wlodawa. Our home stood at the Pcrezew-Lublin- Wlodawa Junction, One night during the winter of 1942, at midnight, we heard loud knocking and voices at the door and someone saying, "Yankei, open up, let us in please... we've come concerning a very important matter".

Of course, we were all very much surprised however: my father immediately recognized the voice of the person speaking and opened the door. Before us stood a number of the Wlodawa community elders, I remember names such *as* Weitzman and Mendel, followers of the Hassidic Radzyner Rebbe. They turned to my father with a request, "Reb Yankel, please, please allow the Rebbe to rest in your home. It will be a great; privilege for you..." They told us how they had *succeeded* in helping the Rebbe escape, now they had to wait for permission to enter Wlodawa *and* the Rebbe needed to rest.

My mother, Faiga Winograd, got out of bed, lit the oven, boiled water *and* planned to welcome the Rebbe. At that hour, it seemed as if she was a teenager again. Carefully she prepared a table for the Rebbe and his followers. While the late night visitors were speaking with my father, we

The door opened widely and the Rebbe entered our home, surrounded by a group of his Hassidic followers, his entourage. According to the look on their faces *and* the conversations engraved in my memory, I sensed the gravity of the situation. The Rebbe's face was wrapped in white bandages to disguise his beard. The Rebbe had to be *protected, as the Germans* made it a practice to cut off the beards of Jews they encountered on the roads.

Although only a young boy at the time, I had already heard much about

the Rebbe's greatness, about how great his love for the Jewish People

was, so great in fact that he was prepared to sacrifice his own life even for

the most simplest of us. Now I saw him deep in thought and the Holy

Spirit shined from his expressive and gentle face.

The Rebbe let out a heart-wrenching sigh, stood on his feet and began to recite *chapters from* the Psalms, and all of the Hassidim, his followers who were in our home joined in his prayer.

Until today, I still hear the sound of the prayers that *carried* throughout our home in hours after midnight. In the trials and tribulations that I followed, I carried with me the picture and voices of those steeped in prayer, the excitement and awesome reverence that took hold of those praying that night. Tears streamed from their eyes and dampened the majestic beards.

Upon conclusion of the *prayers* that early morning, another group of the Rebbe's followers arrived at our home. They informed him that they had just now concluded negotiations with the Gestapo and had attained an entrance permit for *the* Rebbe to enter Wlodawa.

I remember well how the Holy Spirit left our home that same night, how the Hassidic followers bid their farewells from my parents. While my father was being blessed by the Rebbe, my mother broke down in *tears.* The Rebbe *sensed* what she felt and spoke to her in these words, *MRS.* Faiga, I sincerely understand your feelings, please be calm *and*

tell me what you wish". For a moment, my mother calmed down and whispered emotionally "Holy Rebbe, it is known to all how the murderers *are* torturing the Jews, yet who is to know what fate awaits us all... I gave birth and I raised nine children, five boys and four girls, they are now between the ages 4-20... please Rebbe, give me your blessing that at least one of my *sons* will survive to say Kaddish (the Mourners Prayer) following our death..." A ghastly silence filled the room. Tremendous compassion surrounded the *sad* souls, it seemed to me that everyone in the house held their sighs and crowded around to hear the Rebbe's blessing as his lips began to whisper. The Rebbe and his followers left our home. I watched through the window as their convoy of horse-drawn sleighs *raced* towards Wlodawa.

The tragic and bitter end that befell the Radzyiner Rebbe's is known to *every* Jewish home. The Germans tortured and murdered him. My family moved to Adampol where there they too were murdered on September 13, 1943. My parents and *seven* siblings were killed. I remained alive, the sole son to say Kaddish.

"Land, Land, do not conceal the streams and rivers of our blood!"

THE POEM ON THE REBBE

YITZCHAK KATZNELSON A POET WRITING IN THE WARSAW GHETTO DURING AND AFTER THE REVOLT, DEDICATES A LONG POEM TO THE REBBE. DOS LIED VEGN RADZINER.

IT IS INTERESTING WHY HE DAVKA DEDICATED SUCH A LONG POEM TO THIS FIGURE, AND IS CERTAINLY CONNECTED TO HIS OWN SPIRITUAL METAMORPHOSIS DURING THE SHOAH, AND THE COMBNATION OF SPIRITUAL AND ACTIVIST IN THE REBBE.

SOURCE FOUR

CALL TO ACTION

IN A DERASHA HE GIVES IN THE GHETTO HE CALLS TO ACTION: HE CALLLED FOR RESISTANCE TO THE ORDERS *OF* THE NAZIS AND THE JUDENRAT AND FOR PEOPLE TO BREAK OUT OF THE *GHETTOS*, FLEE TO THE FORESTS AND TAKE UP ARMS.

SOURCE FIVE

SEE A CALL TO ACTION AS EXPRESSED BY R AHARON HALBERSTADT

The Fate of Jewish Prisoners of War in the September 1939 Campaign*

by

Shmuel Krakowski

It is not known when the decision was made in Germany to proceed with the physical destruction of Jewish prisoners of war originating from the areas annexed by the U.S.S.R. The mass murder of these prisoners began as early as December 1939, when 200 of them from the first transport brought under S.S. escort from the prisoner of war camps in Germany to the border-station at Wlodawa, met their death. During the journey, which took three weeks, prisoners died of hunger while many others froze to death or sustained frozen limbs. In the forest between the stations of Wlodawa and Sobibor the prisoners were ordered out of the carriages, taking the dead with them. After the men had been led into the forest the S.S. soldiers opened fire from automatic weapons. The prisoners of war tried to run away, but only a few of them succeeded. 120 corpses were left there. The Wlodawa Judenrat obtained permission from the German authorities, in return for payment, to remove the wounded and bury the dead in the Jewish cemetery of Wlodawa. The local rabbi, Mendel Norgenstern made a list of names and attempted to identify each body by means of documents found beside it.

it Kaionyznos Shapiro's Theology ox Catastrophe

in any putative sin of the starved and hounded ghetto inmates, but in rebellion against the Divine, the Torah, and their embodiment in this world: Israeli

The sense of apocalyptic tension, of cosmic crisis,[65] which permeates the latter part of *Esh Kodesh,* nourished Rabbi Shapiro's hope that a new revelation might emerge from the catastrophe.[66] To the very end, he held to the hope of salvation, to the vision of a dazzling illumination which might yet emerge, in some unspecified way, from the heart of darkness. Rabbi Shapiro was aware that, from a critical perspective, his statements of faith stood unsupported, in complete defiance of what passed for "empirical reality" in Warsaw, 1942. They reveal an inner resistance, a commitment to hold on to a higher truth, come what may. His teaching and writing were acts of spiritual transcendence, affirmations of God and Israel as the "higher principle in a world not ready for them."[67]

ADDENDUM

Professor David Roskies has drawn my attention to the fact that Rabbi Shapiro was not the only writer in the Warsaw Ghetto to respond to events with the image of Divine weeping. Towards the end of Yitzhak Katzenelson's poem *"Dos Lied vegn Radziner"* [The Song about the Radziner Rebbe],[55] the Radziner encounters God weeping in an empty boxcar. This poem, whose factual core is based on underground reports of the activities of the real Rebbe of Radzin, as well as Katzenelson's knowledge of hasidim in the Warsaw Ghetto, depicts the Rebbe as struggling heroically to uphold the central values of God-Torah-Israel, longing for the martyr's death of Rabbi Akiva while selflessly serving the living and the dead.[69] Katzenelson, who, as Roskies points out, could be found but a few doors down from where Rabbi Shapiro lived and wrote,[70] began the poem on July 10, 1942 and wrote the concluding sections in 1943, after the Great Deportation. The Dror-Hechalutz underground circle in the Ghetto, with which Katzenelson was associated, argued with him for "preaching more *Kiddush ha-Shem* than rebellion."[71] Yechiel Szeintuch, who edited Katzenelson's Ghetto writings, portrays the dramatic "spiritual change" which took place in Katzenelson in April 1942, "with the beginning of the liquidation of the Jews in the *Ceneralgouvernement* (Lublin), and in the face of encroaching doom for Warsaw Jewry."[72] In contrast to an earlier period, when Katzenelson "still did not view events as substantially different from what had happened to the Jewish people in other ... times",[23] his writing now had a new urgency, anger, and vision. Szeintuch's portrayal of the change in Katznelson's writing suggests some remarkable parallels to the changing character of *Esh Kodesh* in corresponding periods, as discussed above. [7.1]

EVERETT, MASS

Song of the Radzyner
Dedicated to my Hana by Yitzkhok Katzenelson

Part 1
Introduction

I want to sing you a hero song
Oh, don't laugh at me brothers
and don't wonder how a Jew
comes to sing songs of heroes?
Hero-songs... yes, like this!
So why are you afraid?
Are hero's songs only for Gentiles?
Only they have the right...
Gentiles...theirs is the victory!
They, only they are the heroes!
They kill in war
and destroy whole worlds.
So this will be hard for me,
because a Jew has in long years
not carried a weapon...
He wears spurless boots,
He brandishes no sword,
He does not learn to shoot.
And clean are his hands and pure is his heart
and clear, clear is his conscience

And if a Jew must shed blood
it is his, his own.
So I sing you the song of a hero
of a very different kind.

Vlodova! True—yes Vlodova, yes
a little town like that in the Polish crown
I've never been there but I have indeed heard

that a town like that exists on our earth.
I've heard it mentioned more than once
along with other towns both blessed and cursed
towns all around, some rich and some poor
towns neglected or proud
strewn over valleys and climbing up hills,
houses of brick, of wood and of clay
no matter of what but warm as a home.
Jews with their Gentile neighbors…share
one sun, one sky, one God in their hearts.
A church tower tall, and beys medresh* low,
a little store empty, a beys medresh full.
and another beys medresh and another two, three,
a Rabbi, a teacher and faithful Hassidim.
The stores are deserted, the Hassidim house lively —
Vlodova! One of many such towns...

*Beys Medresh-House of Learning

Vlodova! I recognize the name
but I feel as if I know all of her ways
as if I have lived there all of my days.!
Oh let me go in to Vlodova at night,
lead me there and leave me alone —
I'll walk...oh with eyes closed I will walk!
And find that small Jewish street - though it be
narrow...
A Yiddish street is yearning for Jews…
She calls me: here I am! She calls without voice.
The little Yiddish street - though narrow and small
is broader than broad and bigger than big —
A mother's lap — can it be too narrow? — Can it be
too small? —
A mother's arm can embrace all,
all the little chicks -with her arms around,
she warms them close without a sound.
She winks to me from afar: come, come here.
She winks and lets fall a hot hidden tear
Oh come... though my skin is folded and wrinkled,
hard is the bed and dry is the bread
she calls to me with her quiet wink,
Come dear son, comfort me and be comforted here.

Oh Vlodova, poor little town —

poor and little? Oh you are not, NO!
Your cast away poor street is rich
with houses of study, with Torah, with Talmud
with questions and answers, of Rashi, and Rambam,
sweet and delicious with stories and
tales of many wise, righteous ones.
And holy the words and noble the language
that is heard in your tents
Vlodova the learned, Hassidic world!
Hassidic world! Vlodover teachers
are young, youngsters still —
Look, look into their faces and see their core
you look into their eyes and see their soul —
the eyes are dark black, their look intense, bright.
Their faces are pale, their side burns are dark
they are sometimes hotheaded, and so warm are
their hearts
Oh Vlodover Hasidim none compare with you?
the Rabbi comes out from Radzyn here to you.
The young Rabbi Sh, sh —
They're looking for the Rabbi who comes from
Radzyn.
They're looking in Vlodova, with anger they search
and while they are searching they revile him and
curse.
Do not be afraid of a mad dog that barks,
but a German - watch out while he curses!
The Germans break into the small prayer house
calling with wild cries for Rabbi to be there alive, —
"The Holy Rabbi, you Jews must tell us where he is
"We want to shoot him, and only him", they confide
"One Jew instead of all! Say where? Where is he?
And we'll let you live, we'll leave you be."
"He's nowhere in Radzyn the holy man"
"He is among you, here with you!"
The Jews raise their shoulders in fear
"He's not here with us dear people;
The Rabbi is dead, he's long gone," they insist.
"The Rabbi is young bring him right away
and if you don't bring him, we'll shoot you today."

And the people hear this terrible threat
and move out of the prayer house silently
move into the city pretending to seek
the young Rabbi who comes to them
from Radzyn...Oh God!
Time passed and the Rabbi was seen here
and how different the sky was as the sun appeared
the earth became happy and turned to green
The Rabbi, the Rabbi is here from Radzyn!
Breezes blew freely, happily, awake
birds peeped and sang out from the roof without
fear
tweet tweeting with joy
the Rabbi, the Rabbi, the Rabbi is here!

Long may he live — he lives in this house!
Oh little birds - don't let this secret out!
Oh little light breezes, don't make a sound —
Little green grass blades grow and then wilt.
Sun high in the sky - don't shine so bright!
Until the feared hour of threat has passed
we must all hold the secret fast.

Oh let it be secret, let heaven forbid
let not one syllable tell he's been hid.
No wink of an eye, no movement of hand,
look mute to yourselves and blank as a wall.
Vlodova knows how, she can keep a secret...
But where can this great mercy be hidden?
It drifts in the streets, it speaks and it calls
One hears it, one sees it adrift in the air
It pours into eyes like a radiant beam
It penetrates down into everyone's heart...
It pours itself deep within and without
a holy bright light, splendid, sublime
Vlodova the city - and the light of Radzyn!
The honey is tasty and where is the bee?
Can the Shekhina* be resting - and God not have
been there?
If light begins falling from the dawn sky
can it be that no golden sun is nearby?
Great joy floats together paired with great fear.
It seems what is not known is somehow known here.
* Shekhina-The feminine side of God.

It's known as clear as the dawn appears
The Rabbi, the Rabbi, the Rabbi is here
Do let him live he is still so young
at thirty he's pure as a child of a year
A year old was Saul when promised to be King
But when it came to pass he was thirty
and pure as a babe.
As it was with our King - so with the Rabbi
His eyes like doves, his head full of dew
he came to Vlodova and not by himself.
Vlodova can sense it from end to end.
It senses its ancestors Moses and Aaron
holy forebears from long ago
from a never forgotten past time.
His father, may he rest in peace and grandfather too,
his prayer shawl woven with your heavens' blue
thread*
trails him like the sunlight
and encircles the entire city.

* The color of threads in the Tefillin.

Now everyone knows, big and small
they are silent, to each other say nothing at all.
Little birds tweet and peep all kinds of things
but not of the Rabbi -they don't peep or sing
...and winds blow around in and out of the streets
but take care to control their owns sounds —
They know a lot but are not sure
what can be said and what not.
Meanwhile the Rabbi has lived quietly
with them in Vlodova for almost two years
no one in Vlodova knows about that
only birds, wind, sun and the Jews...
They're all happy for it and mute in their joy
they bless each other and are quietly blessed
and all are blessed by the Rabbi and his ways
living among them for almost two years
the Rabbi who defends Vlodova as if
he had lived there all of his days.
All quietly praise his name
which is known and not known by anyone
and all live in the grace of his merits.

Two years are past - almost two
Radzyn has suffered real misfortune
and Vlodova, she has had good fortune.
The Rabbi's among you for almost two years
Poland is demolished, ruined and laid waste.
The evil enemy robs, shoots and kills
The raids have hit hard in Vlodova
The Poles have been punished and Jews even more
The more innocent one is, the more certain his
death,
and so great is the need and poverty deep.
At home one is fearful, afraid to be there —
One hides in closets and cells wherever one can
from day into night, from early 'til late.
We are wakened from sleep and flung from our beds
Who dares move in the street - will never come
back!
He dies his death there - what luck!
And black are the nights and still blacker the days
and tragedy and terror are one and the same
But Vlodova - has a weak comfort:
let the Rabbi live - to watch over them.

He stands watch...Oh what can a Rabbi prevent,
overlook?
A holy man, what can he do when robbers capture
and rule
How can he help us, the holy man of Radzyn?
We are trapped, bound tight in a spider's dark web.
She has woven us stuck and locked in the dark...
Oh Rabbi how does it help us that you keep watch?
What good does it do that you raise your arms high
to the high heavens — so far away?

They are as locked there for us just as locked here on earth...
Your lip Rabbi trembles, your eyes full of tears...
you pray hard for us great man?
Is there any way that we can be saved?
Do you not know the suffering? Do you not see the poverty?
the old people murdered, the young people killed?...
We all are condemned to death by our foes
no one knows who dies tomorrow, or who dies today...
You guard with great love and great your desire
but how does it help that you watch over us?

How does it help us that you stand watch and pray?
We are now just a few who once were so many,
We remain now as though we never were here —
And God, our God - as if he would not see...
As if He never heard and He never knew...
How empty the streets, the houses deserted
One sees no old person, one hears not one child
The wind tears through open doors
they open themselves and close themselves too —
Where are they, the Jews? Oh don't ask me where?
The doors open up by themselves —
No one is at home and crying is heard!
One hears the crying and sees no tears
Tears that are hidden pierce even more -
who cries in the Jewish home day and night?
When everyone there has been killed!
The wind is crying - does not want to be there
these are cries of wild wind that rip in and out
rip with wild haste out and in
from street into houses and houses to street...

Oh Rabbi, you stand guard - it is of no use!
My street is orphaned, my home is destroyed
Here one sees no one old, one sees no one young
Out on to roads they have sent me blinded!
They've sent me naked out into the street,
shot in the market place, poisoned with gas
into forests and fields far away I've been led
packed into wagons, then set ablaze,
squeezed in tight like close cabbage heads,
sealed, set aflame and then choked until death,
old ones and young ones all go together —
Hey, make way! The death train rides!
And if there's a station, the train will run past —
It goes on without stopping through fields, rushing fast
No one steps down and no one steps up.
Where do you go cattle cars?
Say where you go? To death, to mass death
without trial, without law
without law, without judge

Who is knocking? Who knocks?
Is it the train? Or Jews in the train?

The Rabbi, he stands awake and he guards —
quiet his gaze, and sure are his steps
He is so young and strong as a giant
and faithful and pious as can be!
Oh Rabbi you are not at peace; I know —
you have broken out in cold sweat
You are not so sure, no you are not!
Why do you look around with every few steps?
And young though you are you are not so young and
strong
your forehead is wrinkled and bent is your neck
If your father and grandfather, both of them great
came out of their graves — to stand beside you
Oh young little Rabbi, you are older than they!
Your grandfather wove the holy prayer shawl —
Your father - did he ever live, see or imagine
that which his son on this strange earth has seen?
A shudder goes through our bodies so cold.
Oh young, so young Rabbi and already so old!...

Oh holy Rabbi, you stand quiet and watch —
But you are not calm! You act as if you are
very calm and so sure. But you are not certain
no longer sure. And you are no longer
young and no longer strong.
You lift up your eyes and your hands to the heights

—

you still believe... To whom do you lift your hands?
Wring them in sorrow and beat, beat your loins!
Tear your hair out of your head in despair:
and let your tear filled eyes look down...
Oh devout Rabbi you no longer believe!
Do not show the heavens your hot tears
Don't open for Him your broken heart
And show instead your faith, your pain
Pray no more...in silence be mute
Oh devout Radzyner, you're no longer devout!
You still love your Heavenly Father, you do
In your goodness forgive him, do forgive him,
He sees the death of his people
and is as helpless and powerless as you...

He stands guard - say who would -if not he
would stand in the dark night by the ruins
of the broken shul?* - If not he - who but he
the Radzyner has the strength to stand open-eyed
to see the downfall? The shul goes under
Who sees it? He sees - oh Rabbi save yourself
Save yourself on a board...
A little board, just look, can swim over to you —

grab on to the board, swim and don't ask where to
The wish - though wild, without way and path
will surely lead you to shore somewhere
So sit yourself on the board and run away, run
wherever you land you will be welcome
They will hide you just as holy Torah is hidden
O Rabbi you are older and holier still!
You are like the Torah and you're still something
more
the Torah is immense. A Jew is still more
Oh don't stand Radzyner, don't stand by the ruin.

*shul-house of prayer

I stand...yes I stand... did someone laugh here —
Who was it who said that I stand guard
who laughs at the Radzyner Rabbi? - Oh who?
Who laughs and quietly sheds a tear?
It is laughter mixed with cries —
the Radzyner alone, the Rabbi himself
it was he who laughed, laughed at his fate.
A hidden Jew at this place stands guard
and while hidden still makes fists with his hands —
he would have pulled a sword from its scabbard
in hiding here he would pay back the Germans, the
wicked ones.
He balls his fists and gnashes his teeth
Who laughs here and cries? The Rabbi alone…
He reminds himself hidden: I stand by the ruin —
I stand here and guard - and he smiled...
Here I stand guard, here's where I watch?
The Rabbi! Then the Rabbi did laugh!
And lets fall a hot tear there - oh woe is me!
To stand like this... so helpless to be!

News comes from Lublin
from there to here and here to there
news that makes you turn cold and makes you turn
hot
that falls like thunder and cuts like lightning
Lublin! The crown city the mother city
the old one, the faithful, the Jewish home
the city of the Jew, of the old printing press
Every gemara sends us regards,
the spirit of Noah reaches out wide
the old one, the Torah is Lublin renewed
The old one, the Torah, new in her dress
Lublin sends you a bride to be kissed!
Lublin gazes at Sinai and
sends old celebrations into new print.
Lublin! Oh the news that arrives —
to the Rabbi. What can be done?
What to begin to do? The news comes
that Lublin is ravaged!
The Rabbi lifts his arms skyward

then wrings his hands.
Lublin, the old Jewish holy city —
Lublin she is doomed... oh God save us!

News comes - freezes your blood
What can be done? He doesn't know what.
the Rabbi stands in a corner and hears
what is happening to Jewish Lublin
What has been done to its Jews - his worst fears
He smiles the Rabbi, still he smiles.
The smile is bitter. The tears are salt
They drip and drop, he is not aware
tears escape to his brow, from brow
to his cheek, and cheek to his beard.
He stands frozen stiff in his place - and
suddenly the Rabbi cries out through his tears
Father in Heaven I don't stand alone
We stand here we two standing guard here
You too look to Lublin from afar - but you too
are hidden as I am here - you look on...
just like me and you cannot do anything
for your people...
I do not watch here alone between the walls —
You too... and the Rabbi wrings his hands.
Father of All, what do we do? he asks
and looks around in doubt and in fear
Why does he raise his head up and look up to Him
He too is hidden here with him...He too
wrings his hands in his grief
the Rabbi again looks around...and
jumps up and grasps his head - It is
because of me, for me you are here! He
watches over me, to save me you are here?
Oh dear God, great God and he runs to
open the door: Out! Go to Lublin!...
Lublin needs you more more...who
am I compared to a group! A whole community
of Jews is far more worthy...Go Go
help your Jews and save them!...
You drive me away? Do I imagine that?
Or does Rabbi hear His voice loud and clear
you drive me...
I drive you, I drive you yes yes!
To Lublin to Lublin! I don't need you here
Obey Moyshe Rabenu's request, obey
Dear God go save your people!

Radzyner! You are wrong - not enough
that you drive the God of your people to battle,
I can be in many places with you here
and in Lublin there with them - and
help in all places - I can yes I can
I'll do it
But the Radzyner he must not see

He need not see so far away
You drive me out you have no time
you stand on hot coals and burn -
you do and make whatever you can if you can
and rave if you cannot
You are my holy my very good Jew!
You yell at me and stamp with your foot
and drive me out of your place...
I will take it with love as do you
and like you I find in comfort in trouble
Don't beg me, command me I love your command
you are for plain Jews and I here, here I am
for the future that is yet to be -I am for Radzyn!

Part II

Radzyn! What of Radzyn? And Fshiskha and Ger?
Little towns in Poland, no longer are there!
And the Rabbis? One cannot deny - holy Jews!
A holy Jew is one Jew and no more
and one Jew may be big, or may be small -
and no one comes to stand with Jews much at all-!
Ten Jews for a minyan! And more are a tribe!
And for twelve tribes a sea will split in two!
And God Blessed be He comes down to them
and God gives them a Torah and Tablets Two
leads them through the desert and gives them a
land.
They blow the rams horns and cause walls to come
down —
and sanctified are when they come into the town —
They do not touch a thing, all is for God!
Only one Jew. And one alone sins.
He may be big. He may small - but is one!
He may be strong or he may be weak.
Blessed may Jews be many of them!

Radzyn! What of Radzyn? Yes I really was
a Rabbi in the town of Radzyn...
My tribe like the town is both old and fresh.
In the house of my father I led his table!
My grandfather's talles*- I pulled its blue thread...
I would have kept pulling that light bright thread too
But that was not what I wanted to do...
Radzyn had become too small for me
not what I wanted, not what I longed for.
Oh little Radzyn is not really small
so many Hassidim - God knows, not small at all.
Radzyn had a fine reputation for years
people came by train, by cart from everywhere.
They came to Radzyn from all over the globe-
Hassidim... no lack of Jews.
Dear Hassidim - and loyal too
So what could be more- an ordinary Jew is more
many Hassidim though great in number
Jews - we are all here at once!

*talles-prayer shawl

Radzyn! What Radzyn - Warsaw! She! She!
The Rabbi tightened his lips and whistled quietly.
Warsaw! It is she that I want!
The Rabbi catches himself ashamed - in case
someone heard... no matter
Warsaw - like Rachel and Leah a city
he compared her to the ancestors who had Jews in
their bellies!
In her they float and ruminate.
Jews in hats of all kinds - no matter
no difference as long as a Jew. They
may not be observant or they may be
observant - but Jews - the Rabbi looks around
a Jew half converted - is still a Jew
So that's what I want
Half a Jew weighs more than a whole Gentile
A whole Gentile is generally not whole...

A whole Goy* is not whole for he's missing the half,
the suffering and broken part
He's missing a sorrowing heart...
When he is in a dark mood does he care?
- does he think of the Jew full of worry
at the fair?
He harnesses his horse and rides off in a hurry.
The Goy lacks great disaster. God send me disaster...
For after a disaster comes joy. The Goy
did not slave in Egypt and was not freed
He doesn't carry a heavy yoke, burn bricks
knead clay. He lifts not his eyes longing for home
though sweet is the dying for His great name.
A goy doesn't know or want to know that.
He was not driven out of his homeland in shame
his conquered wrecked land —
He did not go into exile in shame
and does not suffer injustice from strangers
He lacks troubles; suffering
- a half of a Jew therefore carries more weight.

*Goy-Non Jew

A goy - weak are his thoughts, strong his language,
weak in his thinking- but moves easily about.
Strong in expression and light in mood -
Did you see him at the fair?
He sits on the straw covered wagon secure
And Jews encircle him and shout,
but he doesn't give value for what they paid out.
and all pay him and make him rich.
This one pays him one coin and that one two
for hay on the wagon, a fowl in the cage
for potatoes in a sack - a Jew loves

to buy things, he's ready to pay.
But the goy's not always a salesman and he'll
take the pay but keep the hay
Still it's good that he does not talk with his hands
without end.
He might kill a person in the heat of a row
with an axe in his hand
and still not be found guilty-you wonder how?
Because he doesn't talk with his hands like a Jew.
Lucky is he who is experienced and proves he's a goy
for he does not wave his hands in the air.
A whole goy is not whole
He is like his cloister so big and so mighty, a giant.
He is like his cloister arrogant and proud
hard as its gates and stiff as its wood.
They carry a cross of gold on their breast.
Decorated outside and empty within
dark inside and polished without.
The goy is like his cloister - not whole
out of him comes the voice of a stranger
and cold is the prayer and cold is the house
sounds like an echo from an empty barrel
Not his the love, not his the hate
You hear what he says and know at once
if he comes from the priest? The bar? Or the forest?
A Goy is like his cloister, a Jew is like his shul!
Outside neglected and inside full!
See in the synagogue see for yourself -
Open a door and come, do come in
a light floods you with warmth
a great light.

Warsaw - a big house of study in joy!
In streets and in squares all spread out,
in yards, cellars and attics up high I—
Your breath is felt, the warmth of it high —
In Yiddish Warsaw throughout the whole city —
one big house of study! Not just for God
it is more for his Jew, for his daily use!
The Shekhina- she rests there for sure
The Jew is there but most important, the Tanakh.
It's a house not for Sabbath. Its more for the week!
You come into this holy place
and let yourself have it on a week day.
Go slowly by there and stand anywhere —
see the movement of hands, the head how it moves;
one to the other swears and fool one another
But you, do not fear and don't be upset
I swear it is legal so don't get mad.
So one fools the other! the other fools them
but they have never killed anyone, yet.

I love a House of Study and not just because
the Holy Ark that I love is within
and that the Torah is crowned and wrapped

in a silken coat... You say what you will!
In the small space where I live, I hope
to stand holy and clean - and it's
not a house of study, oh no. The Torah ...yes, yes,
is honored in its place but where I
live there is no community of Jews.
This one can't stand and that one can't walk.
This one cannot take a book from its shelf
and the one who hums while he
learns under his breath. One hears no
news from a circle, no one throws
his prayer shawl over his shoulders
and lifts his belt up higher, or stands at the
washbasin washing his hands, or thanks
God for natural processes. No one
looks around silently to seek a small
interest free loan and no one is buying
or selling a house! It is not a
Bes Medresh, a house of study and prayer.

The Torah! ...of course... not me and not you —
The Torah! The Torah! It all depends on where
the Holy Torah resides and with whom—
Could be in an attic, a cellar, could be,
in a hall in a palace...The important thing is
to do what she tells us all to do.
Down from the sky she came to earth —
Lucky are we who received her!
She alone is Sabbath and speaks holy words.
Don't climb up to Sinai. One hears her in the valley
She lifted us up and came down.
The main thing is to guard her
the Torah, protect. And listen well
to her again and again.
And the Sabbath will be
a needed part of your week
that lifts it up
The week is raised up and Sabbath is gone
The week needs the work of repairing the world.
You are needed to help in the week
poverty is made less by your help
Sabbath in the week can bless
as God's breath into the first person.

One Shabbes balances the bustle of the week -
Oh Warsaw streets! Gzhibon and Tvarda and Gensha
and Smotche! Blessed be their buzz and hum.
I disappear there and become nothing, no one
and more — in a street full of Jews
What am I and who?
Up Marshalkovska and higher on Leshno
where once I was a Rabbi, a person!.
Not erased was I heaven forbid.
and not denied by the non-Jewish street...
By non-Jews - a Rabbi, by Jews - no not!

I love to be mixed in the midst of Jews...

A Jew needs no Rabbi - he can reach understanding
together alone with his God
The Torah is the same for all - the Tfilin, a pair,
the very same Gemorah - no different by a hair
A hard law to interpret? He presses and tries –
and then understands it
And ask me: do I need to be the go between?
I've no need for the honor, what for?
Warsaw, oh you are the apple of my eye.

Jewish Warsaw is waiting...! wash my hands
Blessed is the hour I recognized you.
I recognized you and blessed is the hour,
Jewish Warsaw - there is no other!
I know no other - though Warsaw is big,
do not confuse her with Jewish Warsaw —
When seldom I ventured down to the non-Jewish
part
I covered my head with a shtreiml
Whether in my own home, in the street or in the
shul
my hat I would wear... I loved to have
a Jewish hat on my head - it's light and it's small
and that's what Jews wear and in that lies it's
beauty!
That's why it's holy...I want to be like you!
With my heart, with appearance equal to you
I don't want to be wine from the flask of the drunk
nor golden coin from the wealthy man's purse.
I want to be a salted drop in the sea,
in the taste of Warsaw.
Warsaw! Like David to Zion did his praise sing,
I would for my Warsaw do the same thing.

Warsaw! I long for Warsaw... I long
for the Nalevka* hub-bub to the Gensher* crowds
and Murano*! and Djuka**! and Mila*- a breath!
I mix in with the crowds...go find me!
Show me a trick - search for me and find!
You cannot recognize me, my faithful Hassid
You don't recognize your Rabbi - so why?
So what is the difference?
You don't see me - so what!
Take just any Jew by the hand
put a shtreiml on him, oh my little Hassid
and he'll be a Rabbi with luck for you!
But don't ask him why him and don't ask him how
Put on him a shtreiml and a gartl** too
He may be a tailor, a shoemaker now —
Don't ask who he was yesterday - do not ask
don't search for his vocation or his tone.
Catch a Jew, any Jew, and call him Rabbi! It is in his
core —

Call him Rabbi! And follow him...
Warsaw! I really mean Warsaw,
the Jewish view, the Jewish beauty
that flows over all, all at once
and especially outside - the stone of a wall
calls out! Holiness! a stone! yes a stone
Listen, listen,.- you understand Yiddish? Here's what
I mean
that even on stones from pavement
she rests - the Shekhina-Look, look
and be glad and go close and feel, touch them,
they are like Jews - it doesn't hurt them...
A Jew, if you rub up against him is for himself and for
you
In case one of you has a wound
a blister to hide, doesn't matter how big —
it will burst by itself and drain itself out.
Drain yourselves out secretly in deep sleeves
don't hurry home from the street...
You are joined in a debt to each other
Get acquainted, get to know and do business
together!
Argue together, it won't hurt, it dries the wound,
You both will come home both healthy and fresh.

Wrangle together, bicker, it won't hurt a hair!
If you make a mistake, well, you are learning!
You jump up from your benches
look sore at each other
is this about a law or money in millions?
Whatever each of you meant
to the study of Torah its all the same!
You struggle to understand and turn
things around
And use your thumb to twist and consider
and find proof that supports your claim
And argue and come to some conclusion
and learn the passage
Whether it's Gemara or matters of women
the process of learning is the same melody
you jump from your benches
stare mad at each other
you find the right page
you pull your own beard
and hold your head...then anger leaves
the deal is made and you agree to sum up.

Warsaw, Jewish Warsaw, a Jew
glows with excitement walking her streets
and feels the heat...approaching
like Moses to Sinai — you have just seen Sinai
But before you come closer to him, look...see...
It comes toward you - you too are a Sinai!
slender as a thorn and dry as a stem
your eyes are bright with the holy flame!

It burns, flames up strong
lights up part of the city like a part of Mt. Sinai.

You stand in its light and look into it deep
Look upon Warsaw, take in its radiance
and know, understand it what it means
to the little dot of a Jew in the grand span of time...
the eternal Jewish people in every wild desert
and know, understand you yourself who you are!
The Jew of old is still the one of today
and the long ago first is like the last!
Warsaw! the golden Yiddish core.

Do business and make a L'khayim*, you may!
A Jew when he buys, sells and drinks
is like a happy student of Torah.
He trades with gusto and drinks that way too
bargains when he buys and when he sells
down a coin, up a coin, that's how it goes.
The shelf can be empty and the pocket be full.
Call me, I'll come to your bottle of wine!
Call me for a wedding, call me for a bris**
call for more business, why not?
Warsaw people! All that you make and all
that you do is holy, is fine and is good!
Bring the schnapps bottle here!
Don't look for the cork - the bottle is open
and my glass is filled.

*L'khaim-A toast
**Bris-Circumcision

I open it easily, the bottle that's corked.
Easier still to open your purse. No need to
open - it already was! Before I could say
it happened! It was not you alone
who made a good deal, but lonely and sick little orphans —
schools and hospitals profited well..

people who've lost their fortunes
from here and not here, they too
have been taken care of.
Now I open a door and meet at the table
a row of Jews, more poor than rich
For the rich there is herring for poor the fish
Wash up and enjoy it all of you!
Drink l'khayim - drink wine.
You didn't make the good deal this time
God Blessed be He - He made the deal
Blessed and Praised be our God.

And now in this great disaster of ours
Warsaw is a solace that comforts us.
She shines out in the darkness surrounding us.
There is no place where we are not being destroyed.
The entire province - is one bloody bath!

All Lithuania, Ukraine and Russia - oh God
You are left alone here, alone in the world
Your people don't live here - their tents have been
burned
Without a beys medresh on earth here
and without Jews...without Jews what will You do
then?
Who will recite psalms? Who will quietly weep?
And who, who will suffer though innocent here on this earth?
Who will lift eyes to heaven? And You —
Your comfort - to whom will you send? Say where
and to whom?
Who will then want it? The Gentiles will not!
And Jews? Will a murdered Jew still need your
comfort?

Your sunshine - Your comfort will fall
wasted on graves, wasted on fields and on pits…
Only Warsaw still breathes a bit free.

Oh now in our darkness God stand by her, our mother.

Warsaw - she calls me, she sends for me now
Autos come, autos go: oh don't stay out in the
country!
"Why do you need me? I.. I alone-
I need you more...but I will not go,
into the ghetto pressed hard in tight crowds,
where you do not have food and do not have drink,
They die in the streets there and when you pass
away
the dead are thrown into the street.
And great is the loneliness and terrible the need —
But Warsaw survives, she's stronger than death,
She doesn't need me! I'll not go there
News comes here to me from Lublin
I fear Lublin no longer has need of me —
Lublin is being erased from this earth...
some houses remain - the stones as well,
Jews there, they go up in smoke...
or they're gunned down or put into boxcars and
whew!
Away into wastelands in fields — where? One
doesn't know...

I'm not going to Warsaw with you...
I have a funeral - and the Rabbi takes his head in his
hands...

Part III

I have a funeral, — Lublin is demolished
The Torah trashed, shuls smashed,
Jewish houses and homes laid waste.
The sun breaks into windows in vain

No one is there to benefit, to enjoy
the light of the sun's warm rays.

No one to thank your name and say: I believe
in your mercy that comes with your great light.
But Papa-Father how does it help you
to send out your light clear down to here?
No one is here now, no one any more...
except those shot right here in this house.
They still lie in bed just as in a grave.
In their own bed and in their own blood.
They lie now, lie silenced, at peace
Wasted your light on the dead in bed
wasted his kisses, wasted each caress.
Your light, great God falls wasted like my tears.
Their eyes never will open again!

It is so in the houses and out on the streets —
Oh streets of Lublin, how red and how wet,
wet with tears, red with blood —
Lucky you dead ones, you now have it good!
Pieces of brain from a smashed head
look down at the dead one from a thick wall,
look at him without thought, cold and strange
Oh Jewish brain you are so dull!
You had hotly just thought, now burned and over...
It's good for him now, this dead one, this Jew
though his blood is still warm and still scarlet red.
It's bad for the dead ones who are not yet dead,
who must wrestle with death in great pain,
in the street, on the bridge neither here nor there.
They lie on the border of lies and truth —
gunned down but not totally out...
Oh lying life, extinguish us now!
Take us, death, who is truth, into your lap
the German intentionally did not aim the shot well

—

Lucky the Jews who are dead!...
It is so in the streets, so in the markets —
People on the run - wringing their hands, necks bent forward.
Mothers and fathers, daughters and sons —
where are you running to, Jews, oh tell where?
If we knew - we would tell you,
they pursue us - no one knows where.
The son is hit by a bullet and sinks down
the father runs on, does not stop —
the skin and bones mother is hit, falls like lead
the daughter has seen it and runs on —
No one is chasing you! They chase us, yes, yes!
They shoot from their autos, one shot and gone!
Gone is the auto, gone the SS
gone is the Jew - a corpse in the street

Lucky is he who is felled in the street, in his yard
in his house, in his bed, on the steps of his house —
died, though not buried — is gone!

Gone...gone...who can make peace with this kind of death?
A tallow candle has gone out with its wick.
A person, dear Father in Heaven, NO, NO!
A person should leave his bones in the earth!
A person should have his little hill of dust...
to shed a tear there and be praised...
his name to be read off in time from a stone –
Don't allow it dear God, oh NO!
Don't let them be abandoned on cobblestone streets
You don't look at Jews who live,
and the dead... the dead lift
extinguished eyes to You endlessly.
Consider the dead ones, the Jews —woe, woe
See all of the streets are full of them,
all of Lublin! All streets, squares and markets,
abandoned corpses form Jewish mountains!
All of them killed, countless slaughtered
and all cry to you in one voice:
"You don't help us in life, in our need
Be Merciful God to those who are dead!"

In sorrow the Rabbi lowers his head
and his tears fall down heavy
Why does the Rabbi cry?
And why does he bow his head so low, why?
Don't bow your head low Lift your eyes and cry!
And let the walls melt here from your sorrow...
and let everyone see the flow of your tears
Oh, don't bow your head down
do not mourn quietly what happened here.
Do not stifle your deep sighs.
Do not hide the pain...
Sigh sorrow out loud, cry out your pain, rave and shout!
Scream suffering far, call loud to announce the disaster!
Let your scream split the earth, make a hole in the sky!
The devil will come out, and God will come down
Oh, don't bow your head
Don't hide your tears! Cry out! Be seen!
Let it be shaken, the whole sick, sinning world,
and let it be mirrored in your tears.
Oh no, do not bow down your head.

The Rabbi starts crying...Oh hide it don't cry!
Hide your face, so the world will not see...
the world, oh the world! The poor world - oh
She could, God forbid, still be shamed!...
fool herself with a story —

She did not conspire,
avoid evil nor witness the joke...
Her conscience might plague her...Oh my!
the conscience of the world...is not to be found
Germans do what they do, the world sees and stands

by
Which one is worse? What say you!
No don't lift your bowed head, No, No
and let the world not hear how you cry.
Nor mirror her dirty self in your tears.
She loves the prophets, but loves sin more.
There is white in her eye, her soul is dark
she sins all the while she beats her heart.
And vulgar her thoughts while noble her speech
In her hand the Bible, in her heart seven horrors.
O do not raise your bowed head
And let her not see you, the world as you cry

The world oh the world...who thinks of the world,
gone, not a sign of her in the tent,
the Rabbi's tent meanwhile is left alone.
No one is within, only God, Blessed is He.
The Rabbi, the Rabbi, he breaks into tears
cries before God and does not care
if the world sees him or not crying there.
He denies the world, the mysteries hidden
He denies her as she denies his God
to whom he has hung down his weary head —
He cannot, the Rabbi, witness God's suffering,
he cannot look into His face
His face is clouded, His heart full of grief —
the One On High, poor one, feels ashamed,
the Rabbi cries softly, he can hardly be heard
He has, the Radzyner, pity for God
who cries - and God chokes on his tears
and the Radzyner bows his head low.
Now from Warsaw a messenger comes
He enters in silence and sees
the Rabbi - the Rabbi - a broken sail
who does not see nor hear him ...So he waits
then goes to the Rabbi and says quietly
"Ride, Rabbi to Warsaw, the car waits for you
a closed car and very secure".
"I won't go to Warsaw!".
"Go Rabbi Go!
The auto is standing in front of the house...
The chauffeur is German... Come Rabbi, go out,
and ride to Warsaw with us, Warsaw waits."
The Rabbi is angry; his answer is harsh
"I will not go to Warsaw!",
"Go Rabbi, Go!
The auto is here and there is money too.
The road is secure, the danger not great
yet should something bad happen - we'll buy our
way out.

We'll take you to Warsaw. Warsaw awaits."
"I'll not go to Warsaw...I have a funeral"... and he
bows his head.

"Oh Rabbi - the auto awaits at the door
and Warsaw wants you oh Rabbi, woe's me!"
"Warsaw awaits me, Warsaw the city!
I'll not go alone when my God hears me!
If I were Jonah, the prophet, I would go
to Nineveh...yes and would want to
rescue the Gentiles
Warsaw, however is not guilty as she.
Warsaw, my Warsaw does not need me
Warsaw wants to save me, she wants
to take me away quick and in secrecy.
She sends me a car and gold...here.
Here, give the gold here and more give me more!

I need all the gold I can get.
They should send me more.
I must rescue the dead ... a dead Jew
yearns for a grave, wants to be covered with dirt
wants to have peace... go into his rest —
Burial money, Jews, send burial money to me!"
His stature and the clear bright blue eyes —
Is this the Rabbi? Or is it a Goy?
He's in front of the small forest, the one going dark.
And the Rabbi has rolled up his sleeves!
With a shovel in hand he works there, he digs
with the Jews who've just survived
together with them, he digs graves
in a little forest, a big cemetery.
The corpses are carried and more and more come
they lie like trees chopped down into moss,
they lie there and wait. A grave in the woods
does not dig itself fast, nor so soon.
The number of corpses grows in the woods
the eyes glazed, the faces like wax.
The mountain of dead grows high into sky,
The sack filled with gold slowly shrinks down.
The last holy martyr - no more carried there—
the sack has been emptied, empty and bare.

All this has taken from dawn until late —
one sees them the mounds of earth there.
One sees they lay separate but close, oh so close.
And every mound speaks and demands and
demands
we don't demand anything, we lie calmed and
soothed —
died and were buried, now we are well off...
Now thank God we are through being punished
The tree branches now sway over them: sleep
Sleep, millions of Jews choked and poisoned,
wish for a handful of Jewish burial sand...

We were brought to a Jewish burial ground
so sleep now... darkness comes falling together with night
and quiets the suffering and silences woe -
Yisgadal*! Oh who will say Kaddish for them?
the Rabbi, the Rabbi, he says it...
Swiftly a wind comes, blind unseeing
it carries and blows the sad words far away.
And Jews answer into the wind and they cry.
The Radzyner alone, the Rabbi himself
the Rabbi says Kaddish and someone is crying...

Who cries? Who is crying into the night?
We have brought our dead people to Kever Yisroel**
and you, you, you live -
Don't cry and do not bow down your heads.
We're not crying Rabbi, we rejoice silently
martyrs who are buried - do not ever die
A mother's womb or a mound of earth —
we celebrate, Rabbi, what is meant for us —
to have been rescued and to help you, yes
to bring those who lie here to Kever Yisroel.
We rejoice Rabbi and remain standing still
near the Rabbi wrapped deep in the night...
The Rabbi - he can't be untroubled, serene
He listens intently and hears, hears the sounds.
Someone cries here...surely not the dead,
and those who survived, they sit here with us.
The peasants have left us to go to their homes —
Who cries, and so hidden, so secretly?
Does it come from the mountains or come from the valley
The Rabbi is following the crying sounds.
He does not see the path. But he feels, understands
the Rabbi knows it, the path that he takes
He goes toward the fields and there he stands.
At once, the moon becomes bright
out from a cloud, thick and radiant rays
light the long lonely train - with a light, blue and cold.
Box cars like graves stand opened and bare
every box car with its wide open mouth.
The Rabbi observes this in the pale shine,
no one is inside yet it is as if someone is there.
Inside someone's crying: the Rabbi inquires!
"Who cries there - say who?", he asks and enters the train,
and in its darkest corner he stood.
A figure in the darkest corner is there
silent and hurting. He stood listening
to the crying of God Himself
the Rabbi remained standing still, a very long time —
deep in the empty dark railroad car —
the Rabbi did not move a muscle
To his God above he listened and bravely heard

God's crying
Silently he stood and said
not one word of comfort to Him.

He doesn't want to comfort His suffering
More important to him to comfort the mourners —
Jews shamed and despondent on God's earth...
The Rabbi continues to hear more and more
Rabbi you stand in one place...you try to go
to the second railroad car and hear Him crying there
and the third, the fourth, and further-go
hear how with each car, the further you go
the more bitter the tears. The greater
the pain, the deeper the lament
listen to yourself but don't, don't give in to Him
you must not comfort Him and do not comfort
those poor souls that also need comfort...not yet
it is too soon.
The Rabbi, he goes from car to car and fills
himself with the One Above's tears,
deep is his sadness and grave is his fear.
At dawn the Rabbi went to the small forest.
The Jews that survived had been waiting,
waiting for the Rabbi. He says to them sternly:
"To Vlodova Jews!" and says nothing more.
He starts on his way, and they follow him.

The Rabbi's in the city and the sun shines bright
He stops at his house but does not go in
He knocks on the door in great haste:
"Bring out my taless* and tfillin!**
Take my white robe and bring it to the shul —!"
Now the shul was suddenly full!
The people are frightened: - The Rabbi woe, woe!
is paler, more frightened than they...
He stands before the Holy Ark. He wants to
call out something loud here in the shul but is silent.
He heard something behind him and stops cold;
the same as last night, the very same cries he heard
in the dark
in the cars of the train
come forth from inside the closed Holy Ark.
At that Rabbi turns around to the Blessed Holy One
And shouts into the curtains that cover the Ark
"Do not cry, not You!
You cry in the Ark and in each car of the train
Don't cry! You have something else You must do!
Then the people said "We! We want to cry"
The Rabbi turned to them and said,
"Jews! I pronounce our entire community must fast!"

The Rabbi wanted to add something more but
stopped,
The people now know where he had been
and what he feels in his heart, he knows

and the Jews in the shul cried passionately
and inside the Ark - silence...A whole city
of persecuted Jews cries harder than God I
One sees the ocean of tears, where it comes from
flowing down hard — one doesn't need to be
a holy Rabbi for that
The Rabbi himself then began to cry
joined with his Jews in their crying.

*Talles-Prayer Shawl

**Tfillin-Phylacteries

June 1, 1943

No—He did not keep silent, stubborn he is
He broke down and cried too
the whole city cried
Great Almighty Jewish God
You envy peoples tears
You want to cry too but cannot NO
Sh...Sh. Quiet! — A German stomps into the shul
The Rabbi! He dare not be here for a minute
Quickly he's surrounded, sheltered in the crowd and
moved out
My God remains alone there and weeps softly in his
house
He who called out the fast has fled and fled far
The fast was renewed in cities and towns
Jews in ghettos near and far, joined and renewed it.

Lublin is annihilated - no longer there
The Germans learned of the fast and ordered
the Rabbi to police headquarters.
His wife warned him: "Don't go!"
He looked at her with longing and said:
"Oh if I died like Rabbi Akiva to honor God's name
- my body combed with hot iron combs -
Don't sin my wife, don't cry!
I earned that rite for my people, my God"
And he went away, and did not come back

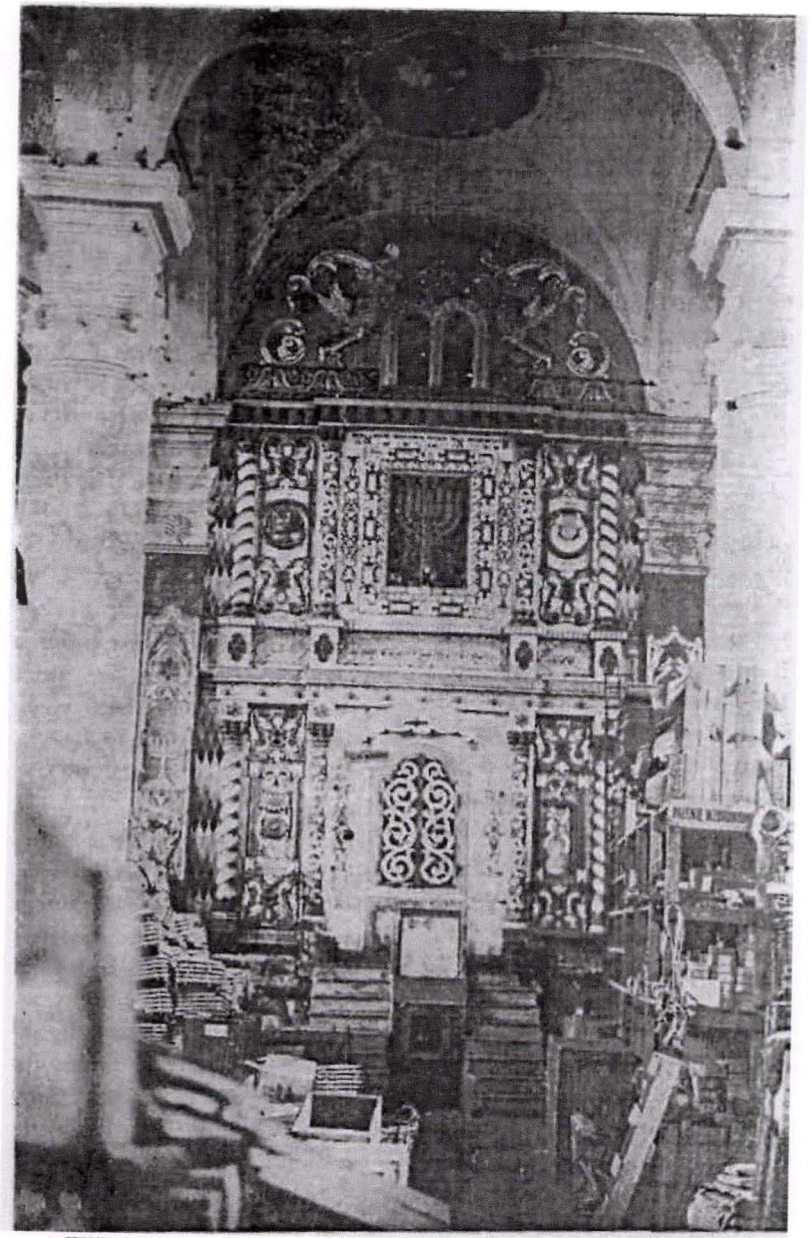
July 1, 1943

YIZKOR BOOK IN MEMORY OF

WLODAWA

AND REGION

SOBIBOR



THE HOLY ARK OF THE WLODAWA SYNAGOGUE

TRANSLATED BY SHOSHANA LESZCZYNSKI
SISHA FUCHS

Remember and Do Not Forget

The pages of this documentary book, written by more than 120 Jews of Wlodowa from all over the world, are a memorial to a Jewish congregation that resided in the city of Wlodowa and its surroundings — a modest part of the past Jewish community.

For hundreds of years the Jews of Wlodawa had built their homes. In the course of time the Jews prospered in institutions, parties and unions that were found in the rest of the Jewish communities of Poland. The atmosphere in Wlodowa was completely Jewish, in the home, in the street, on weekdays and on holidays. It was not only the scholars who dealt in religious studies, but laymen as well, after a long day's work, spent time at the synagogues, houses of religious learning and "Shtiblech", where they studied a page of the "Gemora" or just recited the Psalms. These were the spiritual hours of the Jews in which their hearts were revived and refreshed. Such were the sensitive and silently beating hearts of the Jews of Wlodawa and the neighboring villages.

The Jews of Wlodawa kept up an urban social life, founding social institutions, charity institutions, and especially educational institutions: "Heders" and schools. Even in the poorest of houses mother and father saw to it, above all, that their children acquired the knowledge of Judaism. In the course of time this passion for knowledge also included secular studies. The education of children was the main concern and ambition of the Jews.

The coming of the railroad brought about a rise in the economic and cultural positions of the inhabitants of the city. The Jews dealt in business and trade and set up ties between the urban community and the rural population. They developed the branch of woodcutting in the surrounding forests and showed great initiation and ambition in the export of wood abroad. This export, in time expanded, filling the state treasury with foreign currency and supplying work for thousands of workers in the city and in the village.

The Jews of Wlodowa also developed an active trade in wheat and fish that spread to all the large cities of the country and even abroad. Along with the economic initiation the spiritual life of the

Jews also prospered. Every Friday at twilight everybody ceased working and, breath held, listened to the coming of "Sabbath the Queen". The blessing of the candles by our mothers was one of our most cherished moments. On the Sabbath and holidays the streets were silent, as if enveloped in holiness, and all the houses were in a holiday spirit.

The social activity of the Jews of Wlodowa was seen in all fields of life. The Jews were represented in government institutions and in the city municipality, and in every place they fought against disturbances and limitations. Evil winds began blowing from Hitler's Germany and found a fertile land in Poland. Signs of hard times appeared everywhere. More than once were the Jews of Wlodowa forced to wander and look for a new place for their livelihood. Many of the youths of Wlodowa immigrated to Israel after World War I. They saw their future in the national salvation of the Jewish nation. The immigrants of Wlodowa took an active part in the building of the community and the defense of the land.

In 1939 Poland broke down and surrendered to Hitler's army. The Nazis occupied our area as well. The Poles and Ukrainians, wanting to flatter their conquerors, began cruelly harassing those very Jews who had lived in their midst for hundreds of years. Very few of the population, just several influential individuals, helped the persecuted Jews. The large majority assisted the Germans in their task of annihilation and did all they could to increase the suffering of our brothers.

The Poles and Ukrainians, not wishing to leave traces of their horrible deeds, pursued every Jew in hiding who could testify to their cruel actions. The blurring of traces in the ghettos, death camps and mass graves in Sobibor, Treblinka, Auschwitz, Babi-Yar, Ponar and Polgin has continued since the war. The suffering and struggle of our brothers has been distorted in a systematic way until this very day.

The memorial book for the Jewish community of Wlodowa is a sign of warning to the coming generations. It is also a trumpet blast that cannot be silenced, calling for revenge for the blood that was spilled on the lands of Poland with the active help of the Polish Nazis.

The task and destiny of this book is: not only to recall that which has been forgotten, not only to memorialize those who have died in God's name, not only to light a candle for the pure and holy souls, but to call for prosecution written in letters of fire and blood:

Remember What Amelek Has Done to You!

This includes all the Ameleks of the twentieth century, the Poles and the Germans who murder at all times/whose hands are stained with blood, those who continue in their hatred of Israel to this very day.

In this book, the several individuals of the Jews of Wlodowa who had miraculously survived annihilation, call forth for prosecution. During days and nights of horror they wandered in fields and forests in order to join the Partisans who fought bravely and courageously. They slept outdoors, in snow and in frost, suffered from hunger and disease, saw with their own eyes the deeds of horror. They are living witnesses to the murder which is now being sought to be erased.

Therefore, this is the holy task which is upon us: to see to it that the crimes that had been committed by the Germans and their helpers the Poles and Ukrainians in the ghetto and Sobibor and in every other place — will not be forgotten and not be erased.

At the ruins of the Jewish community in Wlodowa and in cities and villages of the region, across the desecrated synagogues and destroyed cemeteries where the bones of our fathers and forefathers lie, the builders of the city — we stand with our heads lowered. We are erecting an eternal monument to our martyrs in this memorial book.

In agony and in anger we will unite with their memories, night and day we will listen to their last call:

Do Not Forget Us!

Let this cry of theirs penetrate into the hearts of our youth. In the present and in the future let this memorial book to our community be a holy scroll that tells of the suffering of our brothers and that calls us to keep and strengthen the state of Israel as a guarantee that the Holocaust will not be forgotten and as a fortress against our enemies.

The will of our martyrs was: remember and do not forget.

H. NIVJESKA

SOBIBOR

The extermination camp Sobibor which the Germans began building immediately after the invasion of the Soviet Union in 1941 was perhaps the most unknown camp.

The little railroad station of Sobibor was located in a forest about 12 km from Wlodowa. Here two big buildings and a row of barracks were built. Afterwards another building called the "Sanitation Center" was added.

The ghetto was a 10 hectares wood, surrounded by 4 walls of barbed wire and the area between the walls was mined. Armed guards stood at the rear gate. From the high guard towers standing every few metres the whole camp was watched day and night.

Ghetto Sobibor was divided into three areas. Two houses for the officers were located in the first area. In addition there were workshops for tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, and barracks for the labourers of the camp.

The second area contained the workhouses for the classification and assortment of the belongings of the corpses. Here was also the beauty-parlour. It was forbidden at the risk of death for the labourers of both areas to enter the third area.

The purpose of the extermination camp of Sobibor like the camp at Treblinka was solely for the liquidation of Jews. This meant that they were not mixed camps that included "Arians" too. It was not a free camp like Oswiencim and Maidanek where you were allowed to write letters and receive parcels and where news from outside could leak in. Here there was not even a hospital besides a "Lazarett" consisting of a deep ditch, where old and ill, no longer able to move unaided, were thrown in.

This camp was created for the sole purpose of conducting a quick mass extermination of the Jews. The murdering of the masses

had to be worked out in such a way that no problems would arise for the executioners and those responsible for maintaining secrecy. In addition, care had to be taken not to leave any sign of what was done. The torture of the victims was just a sadistic addition of the executioners. It was a free pleasure without any danger, as all the possible witnesses were as well executed.

The German "service" in Sobibor was comparatively small. The system of violence and torment of people simplified everything. The pitiful victims were deceived by the Germans to the very last and ignorant of their cruel fate could not possibly have expected it.

Even when the labourers revealed to the Jews that they were being led to their death, the Jews were more inclined to believe the Germans. The warnings of their brothers seemed to them rather illusory.

Officially they were told that they would be sent for work to the Ukraine, and that here in the "Sanitary Center" of Sobibor they had just to go through the "Entlausung" — a disinfectant shower.

If not for this blind belief the people would never have gone with such an indifference towards their own death. They would have attacked their murderers with their bare hands and teeth and would wildly run towards the electrified area in a mad attempt to escape. Even the weak would not have surrendered with any attempt of defence but would have fallen down on the earth clinging to it desperately and could only have been torn away with force. Thus bringing about confusion and disorder in the precisely — run German death factory. They would have forced the Germans to increase their numbers on this front.

There existed many extermination camps and they could not afford such allowances while World War was at its peak. In Sobibor there were only twenty SS-men. The guards were taken from the "Blacks" as the Ukrainians were known, Russian prisoners from Wlasow and a group of Letvians, formed altogether about 300 men. A group of guards stood outside the camp in order to prevent the local population from approaching the barbed wire fence.

Besides the entrance gate bore a sign announcing that everyone approaching the gate would be shot.

In the beginning of 1941 sealed railroad cars started arriving from east and west. These were vans with sealed doors and windows bringing Jews from Poland and Russia, exhausted from starvation, thirst and cold. Most were near death and suffering from suffocation and others were already dead. Luxury trains with first and 2nd class cars also arrived and the passengers had only handlugagge signifying that they were rich Jews coming from Western Europe — France, Holland, Belgium, etc.

Doors were opened and the people entered the camp. They were immediately divided in groups of men and women. They were made to run and were beaten and the dogs that had been set after them bit and tore their flesh.

It is very difficult to describe the despair, wailing and howling of people who had been sure they were going to work and who were suddenly face to face with disaster.

One of the survivors of such a transport testified afterwards that the Germans came to the camp for their "hobbyhorse-riding" in their uniforms with white gloves. They watched bursting of laughter, how these agonized people were tormented and observed how the Ukrainians nearly beat to death those trying to approach the well in order to get some water. The most beautiful and most elegantly dressed girls were forced to clean the privy springs with their bare hands.

After they had been counted they were brought in through a gate to the first area. The healthy and strong were set aside for labour. The rest were moved to the second area, where they had to strip off their clothes.

In the beginning the personal belongings of the victims were removed to several warehouses. Afterwards three barracks were constructed. In the first barrack shoes were taken, in the second — clothing and underwear, and in the third hair was shorn for sanitary reasons.

They were ordered to throw money and jewels into big bowls.

After they had passed these three barracks they stood naked and ashamed, surrounded by armed Ukrainian guards. Then they were divided into long rows and were made to run by whipping them mercilessly. Chaste women who covered their breasts with their hands were pulled out of the row and their breasts were cut off. Children were snatched from the arms of their mothers and thrown on the earth and kicked to death with nailed boots. The screaming of the wounded children and mothers maddened even those who, by wonder, had not been struck.

The way to the "Sanitary Center" was stained with blood and squashed brains of children.

Afterwards they were moved to the third area. Here again they were told about their journey to work in the Ukraine. But before they had to take a disinfectant shower and after that they would receive clothing, a uniform in order to prevent discrimination between poor and rich. Everyone would have the same work.

Although the victims had just now suffered internal tortures they still believed them. They passed obediently through the long and narrow path between the barbed wire with green branches.

In the beginning, when "only" two or three transports arrived a day they used gas. Two Russian tanks stood between the chambers and after the chambers were filled with people the tanks were set to work and pressed the gas in through the pipes. After about 20 minutes the doors were opened and corpses were removed. A lot were still dying. All were thrown into deep pits pouring over them chloride of lime and covered with ashes.

In the course of time the method of extermination was improved. A special machine was installed creating the gassing routing through the pipes directly into the chambers and "Sanitary Center". After a German verified the death of the people by looking through a window in the roof he ordered the gassing to stop, the floor opened and the corpses fell down into a cellar. There the labourers loaded them on carriages removing them to the pits.

The "labourers" themselves were shot after this service. The doors were opened to let in fresh air, water pumps were turned on to clean the "Sanitary Center". And everything started again.

When the number of the transports increased to seven — eight a day and the death machine of Sobibor was no longer capable of handling so many, the Germans made the nearby situated Wlodowa an assembly center and sent to it a part of the transports. The first one came from Kalish with about 4,000 people.

Since then more and more Jews were sent to this assembly center. On days when the rate of transports arriving to Sobibor was small the missing number of people was filled from the concentration camp.

At the end the turn of the Jews of Wlodowa themselves also came. The SS-men acted here like on other places. First they ordered the "Juden-rat" to make a list of all the aged, sick, cripples and poor who were a burden for them. Those were in the first transport from Wlodowa to Sobibor. The second consisted of Jews from Kalish and the surrounding. All were ordered to the market place surrounded by Ukrainian guards. From there they had to run to the Wlodowa railway station Wlodowa — Bug from where they were brought to Sobibor by train. Anyone failing to run the 5 km to the station was shot down.

On May 23, 1943 the last transport with Jews of Wlodowa left for Sobibor. This transport included those few lucky ones needed in the camp and those whom the Germans just plain liked and also the Jewish Militia that had become superfluous.

Since the people of the last transport knew already where they were being led, they smashed and broke the windows and doors of the cars, jumped from the moving train and escaped into the forest in the midst of a shower of shots. About 200 people got away into the forest this way.

In June 1943 a very strange transport arrived from Bialistok; cars full of naked people packed like sardines. During the whole journey they did not even receive a drop of water. In addition chloride of

lime was poured on them. The dead and living had become one clot which became impossible to separate.

The labourers sorting the belongings of the corpses not once recognized the clothes of dead relatives. The gravediggers removing the corpses from the cellar under the "Sanitary Center" recognized the corpses of their own fathers, mothers, wives and children. The robbed belongings were sent to Germany. Objects of value were sent by the officers to their wives and mistresses. Anything of little value like documents, reports and photographs were immediately burnt. Women's hair was packed and shipped to the workshops of carpenters for the use of upholstery.

The death camps worked at full capacity day and night without any interruption. When the hideous screaming of the suffocating was heard from the "Sanitary Center", the Germans let loose a herd of geese they had especially bread for this purpose. The noise that the geese started deafened the voices of the suffocating in the gas chambers.

The Germans desperately tried to keep all their doings in the utmost secrecy. Nevertheless they could not conceal it from the eyes of the public. The huge pits were filled quickly. The corpses, though the chloride of lime was poured on them started rotting and the dangerous stench of putrefaction was smelled for many kilometres in the surrounding.

Afterwards the Germans reopened the graves with excavators and removed the corpses to ovens where they were burnt. Day and night dense black smoke hung over the camp of Sobibor and over the tree-tops of the great forest. The air was poisoned by the stench of the human flesh and burnt bones.

While the corpses were being burned, the Germans looked for new amusements. Together with the Ukrainians they threw Jewish women and children alive into the fire.

In March 1944 the corpses of the Jews of Wlodowa and Adampol were loaded on vans and removed to the rural Christian cemetery of Olchowka near to Wlodowa. There combustable

material was poured over them and they were burnt.

One transport included Russian prisoners of war and also a Jewish officer named Pazarski. This officer persuaded the prisoners of the camp to organise a revolt. They suddenly attacked the Germans and killed many of them. Some of the rebels succeeded in passing the barbed wire and escaping into the forest. But most of them were killed by mines and by the shots. From those who escaped only a small part survived.

After this revolt the Germans destroyed the barracks and all of the facilities in the Sobibor camp. Thousands of poisoned, slaughtered, shot and tortured by all kind of death-methods. Justice rests as does the conscience of the world.

A. SHENKO

In a Jewish Division

In October 1942 when Jews were forbidden to stay in the country and had to move to Ghetto Wlodowa, we came to the city. Here we slept one night at my brother's house, where I stayed. When we heard rumours that, there would be an Action, my father made use of his acquaintance with Kosowski, the power of attorney of the Earl of Samoski and through his interference my parents, my brother and his two children (his wife had been taken to Sobibor) and I moved to Adampol. There the leader of the labour camp was the German Selinger. The day after our arrival there was an Action of aged in Wlodowa.

I had already been in Adampol before working as a painter, I worked together with Shmulke Ranes. In the camp my whole family worked as gardeners or pulled out tree roots in the forest and did all kind of other work. Some months after my parents had arrived to the camp, Selinger called us, Shmulek and me and told us to come at 1:00 o'clock and to go with some SS-men to Wlodowa to paint some rooms there.

Shmulke like all the other Jews believed what Selinger had told him as everyone thought he was a good German. They did not realize that he, in his green hat with feathers and shining boots that he was the same murderer only wearing civilian clothes.

He took part in Actions in such a manner that nobody could realize his cooperation. He acted cunningly that the Jews did not suspect that he was preparing new victims for the SS-men. If someone did anything wrong he set the dogs on him that bit him until he bled. Not once had I been the victim. The last time he set them on me was because I had the Chuzpe to ask him to send my parents to Wlodowa whom he considered too aged already. The dogs tore up my clothes and bit me, and he smiled satisfied. "Why are you crying? These are good dogs", and he called them back.

A day did not pass without shooting in Adampol and killing

of Jews ordered by this murderer. The dogs did not miss Shmulke either and every day they stripped his clothes according to Selinger's commands, but Shmulke did not realize his cunning.

As I knew all this I decided not to go with the SS-men to Wlodowa. I hid myself behind the stable and from there I saw Shmulke ascending the car. I remained in my hiding place until the evening when I separated from my family and escaped into the forest.

In the Forest Together With Jews

By this time I already possessed a rifle and bullets hidden in the forest. Also my brother and brother-in-law had guns of their own which we had bought with clothes and boots that we had succeeded in taking with us.

Having arrived in the forest I took my rifle and started looking for Jewish partisans. At that time several groups of partisans armed and un-armed were wandering in the forest. Besides these there existed two groups very well equipped with arms, one consisting of Wlodowa Jews under the leadership of Moshe Lichtenberg and the other one under the leadership of Jechiel.

The first one was concentrated on the area of Adampol and the second one on "Akashe". From time to time the guys of Lichtenberg came to Adampol to see their relatives and returned to the forest.

In the forest I met Jews from Skradeniece and from Marienka with wives and children some armed and some not. I joined them.

After 8 days I returned to the camp. There I heard that the SS-men had killed Shmulke after he had finished his work. The son of Grashinski from Adampol found the documents of Shmulke near the Christian cemetery. This was the prize for his belief in Selinger.

I returned to the camp in order to provide for my parents to care for them as good I could. I no longer slept in the camp but in the woods where my brother and brother-in-law joined me. Sometime we brought along the parents and the children because we were afraid that the camp would finally be attacked and all the Jews would be murdered.

The Meeting With Moshe Lichtenberg

As every path was familiar to me in the woods everybody joined me. On the way we met the group of Moshe Lichtenberg. He gave us meat and bread. I emphasize meat first, because in the forest it was easier to get meat than bread. He promised to help us as much as possible. But in the meantime Selinger announced that everyone could return to the camp and we would not suffer from any further harm.

After a week most of the people returned to Adampol. Also my parents, arguing that they could not live in the forest, went back together with my brother and brother-in-law with the children. "Come with us so we will be at least some days together " they beseeched me".

I could not refuse their request and so I went with them to Adampol. But I did not spend much time there. My concealed gun did not let me rest — and I found myself spending more time in the forest than in the ghetto.

The Slaughter in the Camp

The thing we were afraid of happened one Shabbat, Selinger gathered all the Jews of the camp and told them that SS-men had to arrive and that it would be safer for them to stay in the palace of the Earl of Samoiski. I, though always more suspicious of his words entered together with everyone into the palace. There we waited until noon and nobody came. After some hours Selinger commanded us to leave and to return. The Jews refused to return to the palace. Some went to work in the fields and some about 100 people among them my family escaped into the forest. In the afternoon the SS-men arrived and shot all those in the fields. The dead and those captures living were loaded on wagons and brought to Sobibor. Some succeeded in hiding between the wheat and remained so alive. They ran back to the camp in the evening taking everything they could with them and returned to the forest.

Adampol — "Judenrein"

On the 10th of Tamoz, 1943 I returned for perhaps the fifth or sixth time to the forest from the ghetto Adampol. There I lived about a month or a month and a half hovering around with several unorganized groups of Jews from the country and Russian prisoners

calling themselves "Shastiorka".

This time I came to the ghetto with my brother Jankel, my younger brother Yitzchak stayed with the Shastiorka.

Here everything was quiet and nothing hinted at the imminent action. Suddenly at about 4:00 o'clock in the morning I heard shots. This meant that the camp was surrounded and something was going on. I was lying behind the stable watching the Germans dragging from everywhere Jews with women and children. The crying and yelling pierced the ears.

They were made to run to the stable where they were shot. When I saw them dragging my parents I fainted, I awoke when a big dog sniffled me — running to and fro'— suddenly a huge German was standing in front of me with a rifle, kicking me and shouting: "Aufstehen!" (Get up) I got up. He took me to his officer saying: Look at the thief I caught! The officer replied: "beat him.

I went with my hands up. The German told me they would not kill me. At this moment an excellent idea flashed across my mind: "Why do you surrender so easily, you are going to be killed, save yourself, you have nothing to lose." I suddenly bent my raised arms to the bar of the rifle and in the same breath seized the weapon. The German threw himself on the earth while I fired on him and fled.

The Germans opened fire and I set off to the woods of Papinski. Two Germans were persecuting me trying to catch me alive. I threw off my boots and hurled away the weapon and kept on running as fast as I could. My right leg was injured by a bullet but I continued running until I arrived at the forest. At about 11:00 o'clock in the morning they attacked the forest. As I was covered by the density of the trees, they did not find me. In the night I left my hiding-place. After having walked a big part of the way I met David Z., Joske Abremel and Jankel Mirk. David was also lightly wounded in his leg.

After spending a night in the forest we moved in the morning to the place we had concealed our guns near Adampol. We took the weapons with us and carried on in the evening to the "Ochosze"

Kaplinitzi. Before we arrived at the "Ochosze", my leg hurt me so terrible and I was so weak that I was no longer able to walk. David Z. and the other three dragged me in a sheet until we reached "Ochosze". There they turned me over to the leader of the "Tabor" (partisan camp) Nachmann Makrasiwka.

On the same day David crossed the Bug and on the same day I heard that Moshe Lichtenberg was killed by a Russian.

In the Jechiel Division

After staying two weeks at Tabor my leg was cured. One day Jechiel and David Maseike introduced me to the armed group.

When I joined, the group of Jechiel was no longer independent but was appended to "Gwardia Ludowa" headquarters (the National Army) located in these woods. Jechiel no longer acted on his own but on the advice of the command of the headquarters.

At this time we had already in every village a leader who supported the partisans. According to their instructions we fetched their food and then it was forbidden to enter the village without their knowledge. They advised us as to how and when to attack the German guards and the wagons delivering food for the Germans. All our actions against the Germans and their aids in the villages were carried out according to their orders.

The first task that I performed under Jechiel's order was as following I, Hershel (Polit-ruk), David Maseike and Simcha from Marianka were to do away with some Poles from Marianka. We had often come to their houses and now they started plundering, in the name of the partisans, rich farmers from other villages.

In the beginning we could not believe the rumors of their deeds and it was difficult to prove anything.

We did not catch them red-handed until one day they attacked the house of the farmer Trolzki from the village of Saheike telling him that in the name of the partisans they were to take everything they needed.

This farmer was in favour of the partisans and did us many services. It was due to this farmer that the rumors were proven and thus we executed the sentence.

A Flying Train Next to Sobibor

One winter night in 1943 about 20 people were walking from the woods of Mokoshi towards the railway station of Chelm to Sobibor. The distance was 50 km.

The following belonged to that group: Jechiel, Davidkin, Lionka, Simion, Abrashka, "Pazan", my fourteen year old brother Davidkin, Butshan, Sigmund and myself, as well as others whose names I do not remember.

Near to the village Kossin we discovered a Ukrainian policeman standing under a tree. Before he had a chance to question us we seized him. He revealed to us that in the first hut of the village his friend and a prisoner are staying. Jechiel and David jumped into the hut seizing the policeman who was armed with a "Mauser" and whose pockets were filled with stolen gold. We sentenced the policeman accordingly and set free the prisoner. After this operation we forced a farmer from Kopin to take us to the railroad leading to Sobibor. Naturally we first took his address and warned him.

We had with us a 20 kilo mine which we took turns carrying. About 2 kilometres away from the Station of Sobibor we came close to the rails and planted the mine in a pit we had dug. Two people remained on each side forming a wing for protection in case of attack.

The explosion which was accompanied by the yelling and screaming of the "heroes of the Herrenvolk" released us from the tension of expectation. I saw my comrades in the same state of exultation. We remained lying another 5 minutes without moving and then we started creeping away from the rails.

When we were safely hidden by the denseness of the trees the farmer told us to pass now through the village Sarki. We warned him to keep quiet and never to talk about this, otherwise we have his address. The next day we read in the newspaper that gangs had attacked the train to Chelm.

Burning the Food Deposits

At the end of summer 1943 we left the forest of Mohashi and were living now in the "pit". This was a great pine forest extending from "Ochosze" Kaplinizi until the forest of Wirk.

Here we had made up our mind, to destroy the supply yard of Kaplinizi belonging to the estate of Adampol.

There the SS-men kept watch over the corn deposits that had been gathered in the last harvest. It was our task to destroy the supply yard, and the German base as well as to set fire to the wheat and oat deposits. About 30 people set off on this operation with Jechiel as our leader.

Ten people remained at the stores in order to divert their attention so that the others could start with the operation.

As soon as the bullets of our guns hit the stocks of dry harvest and high red flames consumed them immediately. While the Germans approached running and we crept away as it had become dangerous from the spreading fire.

At the same moment we heard a terrible explosion from the other side where the German guard was located, meaning that the other twenty of us had fulfilled their mission.

The next day an investigation took place but we were 15 km away and were already occupied in another blow against a food transport that farmers were bringing for the Germans.

We dispersed the sacks of the corn on the earth mixing it with dust and dirt, thus completely destroying it.

By the way actions like these were on daily schedule, we did not neglect an operation for even one day.

Because of our daily aggressions we were forced to be constantly on the move. We surprised the Germans in places where they never expected us to attack.

At the same time we performed another important operation. About 100 people were sent out to demolish telephone poles. We were divided into groups of 3 men for each pole and sawed them down. About 30 poles were thus destroyed during one night. With axes and scissors we cut the lines and destroyed the isolators. Afterwards we moved on and again — poles fell.

These actions impressed the village leaders and then later also the farmers of the environments we were connected with.

Jechiel's group was very alert while the "Tabor" of Nachman was rather slack. When we were nearby we could help them. But when we were far away many of them fell victims of the "Akawazim" (National Army).

Spying Against Germans Agents in Villages and Small Towns

In our daily Partisan work we also fought against Ukrainians and Polish traitors who helped the Germans. We killed the leaders of the villages Bakwidnitz, Sinki and some other places. Every night we were reckoned with the local Nazi agents. In Krasiwka we put an end to all those opposing us and cooperating with the Germans. Once it was decided to sit in judgement over the farmers of Samolidzca having had expelled the previous year Jews hiding in their villages of Halle and Marianka and delivering them to the Germans.

During a whole year we could not take revenge as the villages of Lubin and its surroundings was crowded with Germans and our forces were very small. But now our division was strengthened and the number of the Germans decreased. Therefore, we decided to avenge the blood of our brothers.

We were about 180 armed men approaching the village of Samolodizca. At midnight we surrounded the village. Every third man knew the names of those he had to extract from their houses. We killed twenty of them that night. Among those who had been killed there were some who had known every path in the forest and had betrayed to the Germans the hiding places of the partisans especially of the Jews. On our way back we also passed through Marianka. There we shot two Andaks burning all their property for

having murdered two of our people of "Tabor".

Some weeks before we had brought 3 women for safety reasons: Feige Hershel, Tuvia's daughter and two girls, Mathel Tuchschneider(?) Everyone was hidden in another place. We warned the farmers that if they caused any harm to the girls we would burn them together with their huts.

Eight days after our action in Marianka we were told that the Andaks had killed one of our girls. When we arrived there in the evening we found Feige Hershel Tuvia's daughter stabbed dead in the snow. This time we killed another seven of the murderers.

The War Against "AKA" and "NSS"

At the end of 1943 the group of "AKA" — "Armia Krojowa" (National Army) and "NSS — Narodowi Sabjonsek Shilsbravinjek" (National Organized Armed Forces), gained power. They spread over the forests of Poland and the Wlodowa area and especially around the property of the Earl of Samoiski. The members of the NSS, who had been the rowdies before the war, had prevented Jewish students from visiting the Universities, had beaten up Jews, in the streets, smashed windows, stood in front of Jewish shops preventing Poles from entering with the slogan: From our own to our own.

These partisans were even now attacking Jewish partisans and Jews trying to save their lives in the forest.

We too did not make any allowances and paid them with an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. We often tried negotiating: Don't attack us and we won't attack you... — without any success.

With the withdrawal of the Germans after the defeat of Stalingrad several groups of partisans crossed the Bug. We joined General Baronowski who was organizing the youth from the villages to come to the forest and cooperate with the partisans. Afterwards we achieved a big victory over a great German division. In those days the members of AKA and NSS kept quiet and did not bother us. Our strength frightened them.

Captain Smasta, the Jew

After our great victory in the battle with the Germans near the village Wirzinski, in which General Baronski took part, we were ordered by the Armia Headquarters to move to the forests of Arichova. In the forest near the Sinki village we met Captain Smasta who was in charge of the command and Jechiel became his assistant.

After a fortnight the Sinki village was already in our possession, we convened with General Rolo Smirski. He shook hands with each of us and asked how long we had been with the partisans. He slept a few nights in our camp. Then he disappeared in the same way he came.

Our group with the men of General Smasta consisted of about 600 well-armed people. For three months we drifted through the woods with Captain Smasta, attacking the Germans and the NSS-men. By this time we held the entire forest as well as the villages. We stopped sleeping in the forest and moved into the dwellings of the farmers.

The leaders of the villages who were in constant touch with us informed us about the infiltration of German spies into the forest and that one such spy was wandering around in the Arichowa. We immediately found him there and he gave us the names of 5 other spies and told us where they could be found. We found them disguised as beggars or as shepards.

After three months the group of Jechiel split from Captain Smasta who, with most of his people, set off towards the woods of Romblawa bordering on the woods of Janova continuing until the Carpathians.

Our group which included 60 people went on sawing telephone poles, destroying food-stores and otherwise hindering the Germans and their collaborators.

Later on we heard that Captain Smasta clashed with a great German unit near the Carpathians fighting day and night, while they were withdrawing, members of AKA opened fire thus wounding

and killing many of them. Captain Smasta and Wanka Krapitnik (the first who had organized the partisans in the forest of Wlodowa and Parzew!) were also hit by the bullets of the traitors. Among the wounded and unwounded returning to us were found Berl Mikale, shot in his neck with the bullet passing out through his mouth, and Aharon from Parzew seriously hurt and others whose names I do not remember.

Nearing Liberation

The front at Kobel was broken. The Germans were confusedly retreating to the other side of the Bug. We of the various partisan groups attacked the withdrawing Germans. General Kolpak succeeded in eliminating the German guards in our region. Everywhere the partisans dominated. One day we heard that the Russian army had conquered Wlodowa. We were overjoyed singing, dancing and kissing each other.

Wlodowa was taken over without one single shot. The Red Army did not approach across the Bug but through Chelm and all the fortifications along the Bug became useless.

On the same day we and the "TABOR" openly moved to Lublin. There street-battles were still taking place. When we reached the first street we were welcomed with flowers, but on the next street we were shot at by the members of the NSS.

Some days later Jechiel was sworn in as commander of the Headquarters of the army in Lublin. Some of the partisans joined the civilian army and some the security police.

I was appointed as prison warden where I worked for half a year.

At the end of 1946 I illegally immigrated to Israel then still under the British Mandate. In the year 1948 during the Independence War I joined the Hagana and afterwards ZAHAL.

BAT-CHINKA:

The Partisan Founders in Wlodowa

During one of the March nights in the year 1943, after a few months of preparation a group of 10 men under the leadership of Moshe Lichtenberg was on its way to the forest. The group contained Jews from the ghetto, from Falkenberg camp and Moshe came from the Adampol camp. These ten: Moshe Lichtenberg, Motel Rosenberg, Jankele Wolk, Moshe Falbmann, Lion Nmaser (not from Wlodowa, but escaped from German imprisonment), Asalke Bornstein, Isralke Fishein and three others, Abarbanel from our region and some others whose names I do not remember were the first founders of the Jewish partisans from Wlodowa.

The men of Lichtenberg purchased some weapons during their preparations. The others were unarmed and remained in town, they moved to the forest after the "Judenrein Aktzia" I left the camp Adampol in July 1943. After a lot of wandering I found the group of Wlodowa.

In the Position

The partisan group from Wlodowa fixed their position in the forest about 10 or 15 km from Adampol.

The forester Papiski knew about us and helped us. We drew our water from his courtyard. The group had already contained 40 people. There was also the Pole from Wlodawa with us, Wladek Koslowski, who had escaped from the "Laszinioko (hut of the forester).

The group used him as a messenger between Wlodowa and Adampol. Once he went as a messenger to our people to the Falkenberg camp and also to bring medicines from the district doctor Sichowski, who helped the partisans. On his way he also went to the barbershop to cut his hair and to shave. When he was already soaped up, he saw in the mirror in front of him an SS-man saying: "Hande hoch!" meaning hands up. He was arrested with his face soaped. Without taking into account that he was armed with

two guns and a bomb, he was liberated. He was sent back to the "Achasze" where the partisans lived. We suspected that he was an agent and informed all the partisans of the region. We searched him quite a long time and did not find him.

In the Battle

Our most difficult task was the supply of food. The Poles hated the partisans and the Jewish partisans especially. During the night nearly the whole group of us went to bring food. Four men remained in the position: I, Hashke, Andsje, Chaja and some other young men among them Jasha.

Suddenly we heard nearby shots. We got up from our places and everyone ran where he could. I entered the bushes. I wounded my hand and my leg but I continued.

After the shots had stopped, I heard a noise among the bushes. I stopped. The steps approached and in the light of the moon I saw the shadow of Jasha. I was very relieved because Jasha knew all the paths of the forest.

We approached our position. Jasha whistled our slogan whistle and he was answered by a similar whistle. When we arrived at the position all were ready to leave the place. On the way we learnt the reason for the shots.

When our men had gone to bring food, they also wanted to visit the forester Papinski, as usual. From far our four men saw that in the yard a German was standing and washing, Moshe gave order to enclose the house of the forester and he himself with some men went to the German. "Hande hoch!" he imitated the screams of the Germans. Immediately he lifted his hands. Another German came out of the house and he was seized. He screamed and he was silenced by a bullet. Two other Germans, as it seemed, had heard his shouts and started firing through the windows. Our men fired back and killed them. One German slipped away and disappeared. In this fight Monik Bornstein was wounded and the son of Abraham Hillel.

After this action we became 4 guns richer which could not be weighed in gold, we also got other military equipment. On one of

the Germans we found a map of the forest and where our position was marked.

The feelings of revenge of which everyone was seized by the killing of the Germans and the 4 guns animated our paths. Our courage increased and we became confident that one day the day of real revenge would arrive.

Crossing the Bug

Our situation became worse and worse from day to day: the farmers hated the partisans the shepards betrayed the place of our position to the Germans and we were forced to rush from forest to forest. One day two Russians, Kolka and Waska came from the other side of the Bug. They told us that on the other side all the villages were already under the supervision of the partisans who had there an easier life. They advised us to move to the other side.

We already consisted of 100 men. The group from the "Achosze" joined us. It contained many from the surroundings of Wlodowa and Russia.

The Russians knew where we could easily cross the river and we went in the direction of the Bug. This time the Russians went astray and erred through the night. The sun rose and we became confused. One part wanted to return and the other part proposed to wait in the bushes until night-fall. The result was that those demanding to return had all the weapons including the only machine gun we had captured.

We, a small group most of which women, remained with 10 guns, and three Russians one of them Waska, Kolka had returned. We laid all the night between the bushes near Slowitz opposite Domzwe where we saw the German guards.

Towards the evening 2 Russians said they were going to the next village to bring food. On the way they met a German patrol and they had to open fire. The partisan withdrew. When arrived back they told us about the event and said that we had to fight.

It was clear that the German army would bring forces for

assistance and we with our weapons could not start an open fight. Therefore we decided to cross the Bug whatever would happen. We left all our equipment among the bushes in the darkness we entered the river and treaded in the water which reached us up to the neck. The men held over their heads the guns and the bullet reserves. Leaving the water the Germans started firing on us and throwing bombs on us. They did not reach us and penetrated deep into the forest.

The Worosilow Division

The Germans stopped shooting. A farmer came to us in a carriage and told us to make a fire and to dry our clothes. He said: "You don't have to be afraid of the Germans, you don't see the "dogs" here."

We made a fire, dried our clothes and in the morning we continued on the way according to the farmers instruction. The way led to the Woroshilow division.

Here we learned that every partisan group in the surrounding was closely connected with the other. The division of meat was handled by the management and there was no need and it was even forbidden to look alone for food.

All the groups were under the supervision of the head quarter of the partisans and from there we got our orders.

The Woroshilow division received us very friendly and attributed us a place there in the forest. Here we waited until the greater part of our group had crossed the river and joined us.

In the meantime the partisans came to us from Domazive who had been in the Woroshilow division. But now they came without arms. Their weapons had been the property of the division and when they left, they had to give them back.

Among the ten was also my husband, originating from Brisk.

After 6 weeks a part of our group and other Jews joined us. Moshe Lichtenberg, Motel Rosenberg and Chaim Fishman (Tanzer) were missing, they were shot by Kolka and his friends who had

insisted on getting back the machine guns.

Now we met with other difficulties: the union of the partisans of Brisk wanted already many times to send back the Jewish partisans across the Bug, to the Polish side. Finally we convinced them and we remained at this side. They "directed" us where to go and to manage by ourselves the division.

The Molotov Division

Our leaders were now Waska and Simion Rotenberg from Tomaszowka (he fell later in the Red Army). On the way we achieved a lot of arms:

We passed great dangers but our confidence was now greater than on the Polish side. We had already our own army departments. We walked in the area of the Karlowski Canal connecting the Kropetz with the Bug in the Pinski district, the place where the Molotov division was located. We arrived there in winter 43/44.

The leader of the division Mishke, a very nice man, said that he would distribute us to 4 divisions and those who wanted to remain together had to stay aside. We were joined to the following 4 divisions: Shishlowitz, Kalinski, Lusov and Katosowitz.

I was joined to the Shishawski division. In this division a strong military discipline prevailed.

There was an airport, and planes were coming and bringing medicines, arms and took the seriously wounded away.

For the slightly wounded we had a local hospital. We lived in houses and we had field ovens. We were three Jewish girls: Andsia, Rivka and me. Our task was to guard 2 hours and to rest for some hours.

I cannot report about all the military actions in which the Jews took part, but in all the dangerous actions of the 4 divisions as: terrorism, bombing bridges, trains and destroying telephone-lines and other actions, the Jewish partisans from Wlodowa took part in the same way.

When the front approached the Germans sent great forces to our area. After a hard fight we were forced to withdraw and we went to the direction of the front. On April 44 we met the Russian army. Nearly all the Jewish partisans of Wlodowa were mobilized to the Red Army. We, the girls decided to wait until the liberation of our town.

Testimony Against the Head of the SD Nitshke From Jews of Wlodowa Who Survived

We, the undersigned attest herewith:

In December 1939 Nitschke arrived in our town Wlodowa with his assistants of about 15 SD-men. We remember the names of the following helpers: Hammer, Schwab and Mueller. They expelled the Polish officials from their official agency "Dom Osnadnizce" in the Rosankc-Pilsudski street and occupied it. Two days later Nitschke sent 50 Jews as hostages to Chelm, where they were beaten up cruelly and the next day they returned exhausted, all had been ill and some even died.

The following were among the 50 who returned:

Hershel Feigenbaum, Gershon Seidmann, Jechiel Grinhois, Elieser Grinhois, Shalom Lemberger, Jecheskel Lichtenstein, Nachum Jablonek, Elieser Josl Rolzmann, Moshe Sachover, Jossl Goldmann, Israel Zimmer, Moshe Mandelbaum, Jechiel Eisenberg, Jeshajahu Zerwangure, David Holzmann, David Alamotzki, Motel Reichmann, Mendel Lipshitz.

On the same day Nitschke ordered the formation of the "Judenrat" demanding 50,000 Zloty contribution as ransom for these hostages. The money was collected and immediately delivered. From the year 1939 until 1942 when he left, Nitschke was the active leader of the town. He issued the following directives: that Jewish men and women had to wear a white ribbon with a blue Magen David. He called it the "Judenschande", that is, the shame of the Jews. If he met someone not wearing the ribbon he himself shot him. His assistants did the same.

It was forbidden to go on the pavement.

It was forbidden to buy or to sell something to a farmer. For such a sin he was shot.

He also ordered to hand over all kind of furs belonging to the Jews and if one did not obey his fate was to die.

He himself killed the baker Moshe Schwarz and his wife because of an old fur coat they did not deliver.

The following sins were punished by death: If you were not registered, or you had returned from the Russian side, not wearing the ribbon, leaving the town, walking on a road which was "JUDENVERBOT", ritual slaughtering, etc. For such sins the following were put to death: Motel Barnholz, Neta Rotenberg, Motel Provesnik, Zilel Kreis, Yankel Aklois, Chaim Kunfmacher, Chaim Machles, Mendel Barnholz, Joshua Silbermann, Mendel the tailor, Joshua Goldfarb, David Lcidmann, Moshe Rabiner, Jidl Leon, Jidl Hibschmann, Alter Spirstein, his wife and his 2 daughters Feige and Chana, and others whose names we cannot remember because there were Jews in our town who came from other towns such as: Kalish, Miliz, Lublin, and even other countries such as Germany and Austria.

He imprisoned the Admor of Radianai, the Rabbi Schmuel Shlomo Leiner. The town paid a high ransom to Nitschke to spare the life of the rabbi.

He sent him across the Bug to Tomaszowka where he worked in paving roads and building bridges. After a few days he was returned according to the order of Nitschke and shot at the Jewish cemetery, and afterwards his cousin was killed.

According to the order of Nitschke the Polish intellectuals were sent to Auschwitz. Among these we remember: Slasnivitz (a steel trader) with his 2 sons, the son of the lawyer Kashinski, the son of Dr. Kosniak, Slipiwitz — the head of the police, Dirk — the school principal, the industrial lecturer and lawyer of the former District Governor, Philip — teacher in Wlodowa and approximately another 3 people. From Auschwitz they did not return. Some families received only — little urns with ashes. On Passover Eve 1941, Nitschke ordered to bring him 125 Jews from Wlodowa to transfer them to work to Sobibor. Approximately 2 months later 3 Jews came running back. Shamai Treibermann, Schmuel Machles and Mathes.

All three were completely naked and related that in Sobibor they had been forced to build gas chambers and they were immediately tested by some hundreds of Jews who had constructed them. Only those three succeeded in escaping.

The First Action

On Friday, Shavuoth Eve 1942, Nitschke ordered the. "Judenrat" to provide him with 1500 weak, crippled and underdeveloped Jews who were rushed up to the cinema "Sachante" at 10:00 o'clock in the evening. The "SS"-men threw grenades into the hall killing many of the Jews there. After having them pulled out from the cinema they were driven away to the railway of Orchowka.

Many fell down and were shot on the way. Polish carts riding after them gathered the corpses immediately. From Orchowka all the Jews were transported to the death camp of Sobibor.

One Jew named Gross, the owner of the pharmacy of Wlodawa hid in the cinema and the next day he told about the terrible events. On the first day of the holidays, security police and Volksdeutsche (Germans born in Poland) invaded Jewish houses taking out about 1000 Jews enforcing them to run all the way to Sobibor on foot.

After this action, the town quieted down and it was again possible to walk around.

The Children's Action

On Saturday morning July 24th, 1942, Nitschke gave out the new order to the "Judenrat" that all the Jews should bring their children to the commander at the sport yard. Trucks stood already waiting.

About 700 children were brought by the Jews and Nitschke gave a sign to his people to fall upon the Jews and tear children out of their hands, throwing them on the cars like wood blocks. The parents were sent away from the yard and the shouting and screaming were heart-bursting.

This work was carried out by Nitschke's assistants and the Ukrainian Police.

Many parents, among them the Rabbi of Wlodowa, the Rabbi

Mendel Morgenstern refused to leave their children alone with the murderers and joined them in Sobibor.

The Third Action

Eight days before this action Nitschke ordered to the Jews of the villages Hansk, Dwizcna, Lita, Zeizik, Zilzik, Sochowi and the camps where the Jews were living to present themselves in town. On Thursday October 22, 1942, it was raining heavily the Germans pursued the Jews of the environments of Wlodowa, many stayed outside in the rain because there was not enough room for all.

October 24th, marked the bloody Shabbat. On this black Shabbat of the Jews of Wlodowa, Nitschke commanded all the Jews who had assembled in the town to appear at the sports field. The town was crowded with Security police, military police and the Ukrainian police. The supervisor of the construction works the German Falkenberg, was ordered over the telephone not to send to work the 2000 Jews at his disposition, but to bring them in orderly queues to the sport field. Nitschke brutally selected 18 men and sent them to his courtyard. All the rest was transported to Sobibor. In this action more than 10,000 people found their death. Afterwards the 18 men were once more transferred to Falkenberg. Of these people the following remained alive: Avigdor Ledermann, Leibl Rosanka, Elieser Melzer, Moshe Knopfmacher, Motel Rabinowitz, Motel Silberstein, Shalom Mirmelstein, Shimon Ledermann, Ephraim Kreis, Eisik Rothenberg, Selig Roitblat, Jechaskel Hubermann, Ephraim Fishmann, Shmuel Stoll, Abraham Schechtmann and others living now in other countries and whose names I do not remember. After this action several hundred Jews were left. Part of them was hiding and another part lived in the ghetto. Nitschke demanded the construction of a labour camp applying to the Jews to come to the Labour camp and promising that nothing bad would happen to them. The Jews crept out of their holes and returned to the labour camp.

The Fourth Action

The appeasement lasted a fortnight and the Jews of Wlodowa were slightly released from their fear of death. And suddenly on November 7th, 1942 the ghetto was again besieged and again an action took place. This time Nitschke was accompanied by his assistant Schwab and his dog. He examined the labour cards

(permits) and those who did not please him were picked out and sent to the sportfield and from there to Sobibor.

Three days after the transport SD-men and the Ukrainian killers wandered about shooting everyone they found.

The town, like after every action, resembled a battlefield. The rest of the Jews who had remained in the camp of Falkenberg were made to bury the corpses.

After this massacre placards were posted announcing that the Jews were again allowed to move about unmolested. Wlodowa was declared a "Judenstadt" town of Jews. Thus he allured the Jews hiding in the villages, bunkers and forests to come to the ghetto.

After this action Nitschke took the tailor Mauklish and his daughter who worked for him to the forest killing them there, together with Eli Gesundheit and the mason artist who also worked for him.

By his order the trees of the Jewish cemetery were cut off, the gravestones pulled out and the streets paved with them. Nearly 20,000 Jews of Wlodowa lie on the conscience of Nitschke. He himself shot hundreds.

On April 30th, 1943 the camp of Falkenberg was closed up and Wlodowa became "Judenrein" (exempted of Jews).

We, the undersigned who miraculously survived, apply to the public German prosecutor to arrest the murderer Nitschke and his assistants and to bring them to trial. Each one of us is ready to testify to the massacres of Nitschke.

1. Leibl Rosanka, 2. Jechaskel Hubermann, 3. Motel Rabinowitz,
4. Shimon Ledermann, 5. Jechiel Gronhois, 6. David Zinn,
7. Moshe Knopf-macher, 8. Elieser Melzer, 9. Avigdor Ledermann,
10. Sara Amalinski, 11. Eisik Rotenberg, 12. Tamar Torknitz,
13. Motel Silberstein (dead?!), 14. Pnina Knopfmacher,
15. Simcha Cohen, 16. Shlomo Lemberger, 17. Abraham Chavina,
18. Lion Lubowski, 19. Greta Rotstein (from Militz),
20. Jehoshua Glanzmann, 21. Jossl Cohen.

MORDECHAI ZANIN

"In Sobibor There is Nothing to See"...

M. Zanin, the editor of the Newspaper "Die letzte Neies" — Tel Aviv, visited, after World War II, 100 destroyed communities. Then a Jew had to have courage to endanger his life on a journey in the land of murder. At the time hundreds of those being rescued in bunkers, woods and returning from Russia were being killed on roads, villages and towns. But to the assistance of Mr. Zanin stood a British passport which enabled him to look like an English reporter. He said about this:

"The disguise of an English reporter in the conditions of post war Poland when the government was communist and the people drunk with hatred of Jews robbing Jewish property — opened before me the hearts of all ranks of the population: farmers, citizens, intellectuals and artists, wishing to relieve their conscience of a sin. I saw the Jewish tragedy from the perspective of their conscience. Mr. Zanin described everything he saw, heard and experienced. But not like a foreign reporter who contemplated at the Jewish tragedy merely as reporting material. He was the first writer to report about the 100 destroyed and slaughtered communities. His descriptions in the newspaper "Forwards" of New York evidently shook American Judaism.

"In Sobibor there is nothing to be seen..." in the chapter from his book "über Stein und Stock" which appeared in 1952 and describing the destruction of the Jewish Wlodowa.

About 10 km from Wlodowa on the railway leading to the town Chelm is a railway station, "Sobibor".

In the forest of Sobibor Jews of the district of Lublin and its surrounding experienced the greatest disaster of all.

Now silent reigns on the little station, the forest is shaking. Behind the forest the Bug flows. Here is the Polish-Russian border. But there is no fear that you are in a border area. The few farmers disappear in the depth of the forest. They return to their peaceful life.

I stop a farmer and propose to him that he bring me to the extermination camp. The farmer looks at me and does not understand my intention. I tell him: "Not for nothing!" I'll pay you well. The farmer lives quite poorly: For payment he understands.

But he does not understand why I will pay him, as there is nothing to see there. Really nothing to see there...".

— I mean the place where Jews were killed — I tell him.
— Oh, Jews!? Deep in the forest many Jews were burnt for 2 years, but nothing remained to be seen...

We agreed that I will pay him for showing me the place where there is nothing to be seen...

We cross the railway lines and enter into the depth of the forest by a side road.

The farmer tells me that the Germans broke through the forest where they brought the transports with Jews directly to the gas chambers.

There remained signs of this way of suffering.

After a walk of 20 minutes we reached a bare patch in the forest. At the first moment it seemed as if here there had been a village which was burnt down and the people escaped.

On the whole ground you can see among the sporadic weeds broken pieces of bricks and red ashen — earth. Under the weeds the ground is dug-up, into narrow and deep ditches.

The whole area of this forsaken land seemed to be smaller than the area of Treblinka. On his ground there were 5 barracks for the SS-murderers and the Ukrainians. Two barracks for the Jews who were taken from the transports for work (one for men and one for women) the crematorium, and the gas chamber for 500 Jews.

Four barracks where the victims stripped of their clothes, the carpentry, the tailor workshop — a modern hell, founded on

a scientific basis: All the buildings in the camp, the houses and the crematorium were made of stones taken from Jewish houses of Wlodowa. In this camp were murdered Jews from Samosz, Rebishow, Chelm, Wlodowa, Lublin and Isbiza, Chrasnopol and Libartov — tens of Jewish communities. Here were also brought war prisoners from the Polish and the Russian army, Jews from France and Czechoslowakia and nearly from all countries of Europe. A people evaporated with the smoke of the ovens.

Like in all the extermination camps also in Sobibor there passed a wild wave of gold fever. Every piece of earth in the area from the station was dug up by the population of the environment. The farmer tells about it in simple words. He still believes that if one thoroughly searched the place one would find treasures.

And around these treasures all his thinking was concentrated. All the questions he asked pointed at this. There was a moment when I thought he suspected that I came to undertake excavating works in order to unearth the "treasures".

"Have there been committees here to investigate the ground?" I asked.

— As far as I know, no — he answered carefully — besides ordinary people, nobody has come to search.

The spectacle of Sobibor offers the most awful spectacle of all the destroyed cemeteries in Poland. Everyone dug exhumed and took what he took and the rest — forsaken.

The water of the river washed down the ashes of 800,000 Jews. Part of the ashes were used as fertilizer for the forest, to make its trees greener, its bushes softer.

Until now nobody thought of erecting a tombstone in memory of the dead because it is Sobibor, because here only Jews were exterminated — only 800,000 Jews.

The river flows peacefully. The trains pass and don't stop at Sobibor. This is an isolated and forgotten place.

In Sobibor there was the most stormy uprising in the history of the extermination of the Jewish people.

The revolt in Treblinka (August 1943) which was written up in the modern literature which appeared until now. When the Chelma camp was destroyed (Jan. 17, 1945) the little remnants of the Jews rose up and killed 2 German policemen. Only 29 of those Jews survived. But the revolt of Sobibor seemed to be the greatest one. In Lublin I found a Jew named Moshe Bornstein, one of those who survived the revolt of Sobibor. He told me. "In the Jewish working division there were 425 men and 175 women from different countries. Among them many Russian Jews, war prisoners of the Soviet army. A Jew from Sitonor in the rank of a major together with Leibl Fladhendler, the son of the Rabbi from Solkow were the initiators of the revolt. They organized 92 men each one with another task. They intended to revolt at the end of June, but because of a denunciation, the matter could not be executed.

A Jew from Berlin betrayed the preparations to the leaders of the camp, and even handed over 3 who were shot.

Moshe Matiszewitz, the son of the smith Seinwel from Krasnokow and a Jew from Turbini. For all that, they did not renounce their plan of revolt even after the denunciation and though the Germans managed the camp in such a way that it was impossible to talk. On the same July day the labourers in the forest who were digging there, intended to kill their Ukrainian guards and to escape.

Every Jew was watched by two men. One SS-men and one Ukrainian. In spite of the double guards the forest labourers decided to execute their plans. The opportunity arrived when 3 Jews, Shlomo Podchalnik, Jossel Kopp, from Matrobin and Sundel Honigmann from Koskowow went to fetch water for the forest labourers. The three were led by one armed Ukrainian. They attacked him and killed him. According to a prearranged plan they were to give a sign for all the labourers to attack guards with their axes and spades and then disperse into the forest. But the sign did not come, instead, there arrived a man on a horseback announcing the murder of the Ukrainian. 13 Jews of the 40 were killed on the spot. The rest

were forced to crawl on their bellies, a distance of 4 km to the camp. There two by two, they were shot in the front of all the camp inhabitants.

The atmosphere in the camp became unbearable.

All the time new transports arrived with Jews from Poland and abroad. In the day of the greatest summer heat the Jews of the transport arrived half-dead and were moved directly to the crematorium. "Give us a drop of water and kill us!" they prayed: "Kill us!" Moshe Bornstein continues his story:

"Though, we, these who were unloading the wagons, were already used to awful spectacles and death did not make any impression on us, the tortures of half suffocated Jews, broke us down again."

The "work" in the camp started at 10:00 o'clock at night when the trains with the transports arrived at the station. The work had to be finished until 2:00 o'clock in morning. This was the time restricted for the poisoning of the Jews, transferring the luggage to the store houses and cleaning the wagons.

In order to avoid a break for breathing, the Germans organized dances with music every Sunday.

As for every 425 men there came only 175 women in the camp, the women were forced to dance the whole day. Every man also had to dance if he wanted to remain alive. For the dancing we had to come dressed up for the dance. In the storehouses there were the most beautiful clothes, especially from the transports from abroad. Therefore the women appeared in elegant evening-dresses and the men in underwear of silk and elegant suits with silk ties. Sunday was the day of rest for the SS-men and the Ukrainians — it was the day of suffering and torture for the Jews. A terrible hell.

The dancing was the dance with death. A dance between thousand of dead people. And we the dancers knew that our fate would be the same as theirs: gas chambers and crematorium.

The supervisor of the camp the Obersturmfuhrer Neumann whom the Jews killed later, was 18 years old. But his cruelty did not know any limits. He always invented the most awful tortures for his victims. One of his inventions was the dancing on Sunday.

On the night of September 15/16 we were woken up: A transport of Jews had arrived which had to be unloaded quickly and poisoned. Until sunrise the whole transport had to be in the crematorium. This was the most awful train we had ever seen. The nightmare train, the hell.

It consisted of 39 wagons. It came from Dambiza near Krakau. It had already been two weeks on its way. Through the lattices of the windows a terrible stench of corpses penetrated. When we opened we found piles of naked corpses. In every wagon there were 300 men, women and children. The most were already dead. And those who were still alive could still stand on their feet asked immediately: "where are the gas chambers?" They ran there with their last strength, — quickly, quickly — they ran in order to die quickly. No one of them had asked for water. They only had asked for the way to the gas chambers. We unloaded five wagons at a time, because of the stench we were afraid to open more than 5 wagons at a time. Out of thousands of Jews only some groups were sent to the gas chambers. 4 or 5 times, 500 every time. The rest were thrown on carriages and brought straight to the ovens.

The last transport caused the revolt. Execution of the uprising could no longer wait. Now the plan had to be worked out in its details and find the adapt moment for action. Besides of the Russian major and Leibl Fladhendler also.

Jossl Dominan, who was brought in a transport from France, Motel Mendelboim from Samosz and Jossl Licht and Majorek from Grabowitz, belonged to the organizing group.

The SS-men would take for themselves the best things from the store-houses: Jewelry, clothes, lingerie, and shoes. The Jews working in the storehouses had to report to their supervisors every time new good items appeared. The organizers of the revolt took advantage of this fact. The 14th of October was the suitable day.

On the same morning a group of SS-men left for Wlodowa. The sign was given to be ready at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The supervisor of the storehouse at 3:30 because he had prepared for him exclusive woman's underwear. The supervisor of the storehouse for clothes went to his SS-men and told him that there was a precious cloth for a suit for him.

The head of the tailor's workshop told his SS-men to come to try on the new suit. At the same time the SS-men were invited to the storehouses or to the workshops. There a little group of labourers waited for them armed with axes, hammers and other tools. When he had passed the entrance the SS-men received a blow on his head. He was killed and covered with rags.

Thus 33 SS-men were killed and their weapons captured.

Exactly at 4 o'clock the Russian major announced the slogan: "To the gate". — The group which had killed the Russian guards at the weapon magazine left with guns.

With arms in their hands left also the labourers of the storehouses and workshops.

The Ukrainian guards guessed what had happened and opened fire. The Jews answered the fire and ran to the gate. They killed the guard but did not find on him the key of the gate.

The wicket was open and only one man could pass there. The Ukrainians opened fire on the masses that had concentrated there at the wicket, and the dead blocked the way even more. At the same moment the SS-men from Wlodowa returned and they began to shoot from the outside.

The fire of the Ukrainians from the inside and the SS-men from the outside caused death among the Jews. The Jewish Soviet soldiers attacked with their arms the Ukrainians trying to approach the masses. The Jews who had passed the wicket fell over the SS-men and those withdrew and escaped to save their skin.

But too late.

At the gate there were many dead. Also the fire of the Ukrainians diminished as tens of them fell.

From all the Jews of the camp only 150 escaped into the forest. The Germans and the Ukrainians pursued them into the forest and the battle continued.

The 150 escaped kept on offering sacrifices. Jossl Karp was killed after the liberation of Poland.

This fate was shared with him Leibl Fladleder. He fell in Lublin. The place where the epic of Dante had been enacted, is now empty and forsaken.

Only the forest witnessed the extermination of hundreds of thousands of Jews. The forest witnessed the heroism of the last Jews and the forest remained around the forsaken cemetery of a people.

Perhaps when the mankind will become better the term "Jew" will be recognized and appreciated by Non-Jews — perhaps then someone will raise and erect a tombstone for the slaughter of Sobibor and place on it some flowers and he will light a candle on "Sadoshke" as it is done according to the Polish ritual on the graves of saints and heroes — Non-Jewish.

On June 29, 1965 the Polish government together with the remnants of Jewish refugees in Poland unveiled a memorial stone at the place where the gas chamber of Sobibor had been.

A group of people from Wlodowa with Chaim Klieger at its head, placed flowers on it.

To our regret there was not even one word on the monument to remind the world that at this place hundreds of thousands of Jews from Poland and abroad and also Jews from Wlodowa were murdered. As they were prosecuted alive so one does not want to remind them, only forget: their tragic death. — Blessed be their memory. — God will revenge their blood. "HI'D".

ADA LICHTMANN

The Uprising of the Jews of Wlodowa in Sobibor

It was in the days of the great terror, when they were persecuted like dogs. Homeless. After I was uprooted from my native town Krakow to several labour camps I arrived in Sobibor and here after a merciless selection. I remained working in the laundry.

In this extermination camp about 600 people were busy with all kind of work. There were also workshops for tailors and shoemakers. Many of them were occupied classifying and amending the garments that the victims stripped off before going into the gas chambers. In a special room there were drawers in which there was an assortment of jewels and gold-teeth which were pulled out from the Jewish corpses. In this room a selected group of labourers worked under strict supervision.

Not far from the laundry there was a knitting factory managed by a sixteen year old Jewish student. Micha Spira from Mebidgosh. She came to Sobibor after denunciation directly from school with her uniform and her schoolbooks. In this knitting factory 20 women were working unraveling the yarn of woolen sweaters that had been taken from the corpses and were also knitting socks for Hitler's murderers.

Once a train arrived with Jews and their belongings from Holland. A special car containing all kinds of food was attached to this train: cheeses, coffee, sugar, preserves and other good things were to be found there. This was a present from the queen of the Netherlands for her citizens who left for "labour camps'.

These Jews enjoyed of an extraordinary reception. Upon descending from the train they found tables full of bread, marmalade and coffee. They were removed to the working houses where they were told to write letters home saying that they had arrived safe and sound and that all was well. Only after having signed their letters were they sent to the Sanitary Center — the gas

chamber. One of these days a rebellion broke out. Seventy French Jews, seeing that they had been brought to an extermination camp revolted and tried to fight their way to freedom. The resistance failed and all were shot in front of the other camp inhabitants.

The laundry was next to the area of the railway station where the Jews arrived. In my work, bringing and delivering the laundry I saw, in the year 1943, a train with Jews from the Ghetto Wlodowa. From the sides of the wagons planks were missing in several places, a sign that they had been plucked up by Jews who had jumped from the galloping train.

The Jews of Wlodowa refused to descend from the cars. They had taken with them such things as pots and bottles as they had been told that they were going to labour camps. These they now threw at the SS-men. The SS-men fired but the Jews did not get off until the camp leader Gustav Wagner came and appeased them. He told them that nothing bad would happen to them and that people were needed for different kinds of work. The Jews finally believed that they were being led to work and abandoned the cars. On that very day they died in the gas chambers.

On 1943 the Jews of Wlodowa who had worked in the workshops rebelled. Micha Shapira who had supervised the knitting factory also participated in this mutiny. She was shot at by the SS-man Karol Frenzel while trying to escape.

BEN-ZWIA HOLZMANN

The Tombstone Street

World War I, when the town was developing beyond the orchard of Plasczynski towards the Okoniki road, the City Council was intending to purchase part of the orchard in order to lengthen Solna street, often called "die Schul gass" and thus connect the two parts of the city. But as the budget of the municipality was quite limited this plan was temporarily laid aside.

Only with the outbreak of World War II in the year 1939 when the Germans occupied the town this plan was realized. It, however was not accomplished with the help of a budget but rather by the toil, sweat and blood of Jews. The "Judenrat" was daily compelled to send a great number of Jews to perform the work on this new street.

In order to save costs of material, the Gestapo-engineer presented a devilish plan: paving the street with the tombstones of the Jewish cemetery.

Hundreds of Jews were led to tear out the tombstones with their bare hands. The work was done under the threat of getting shot and was accompanied by ruthless strikes. This was one of the most horrible kinds of work the Jews of Wlodowa were forced to do. They cried silently and beat their heads against the tombstones, whispered psalms and asked for forgiveness of the dead whose tombs they profaned.

David Holzmann had to join the group who "worked" at the tomb of the Rabbi R. Leibele Sezel, and next to it stood the tomb of his own father Matetjahu, blessed be his memory. David made up his mind not to let anybody else tear out his father's tombstone — he himself would do it, slowly, carefully, delicately when he started digging the great marble stone on which it glittered in golden letters: "Here lies a chassid who will see the heaven Matetjahu Ben Israel", it seemed to him as if the letters were jumping from the stone and dispersing in the air and they hovered over the heads threateningly

and imploringly. David could not hold himself in and broke out in a bitter cry and shouted deep from his heart: "Father, father, look who is beating you" and as if mad he started to beat his head against the tombstone and could not calm down.

The Jews who were occupied tearing out the other stones came running in order to silence him, because his shouts were likely to cause them new troubles, but their words did not reach his ears. He fell over the tomb and cried like a little child: Look father where we have arrived, father forgive me!

Suddenly he became quiet. He spread out his arms as if he wanted to hug the tomb in order to save it from desecration of the dead and started in a stifled voice: "Yitgadel wyitkadesh Shma raba...".

The cemetery of Wlodowa in whose earth passed generations are buried and which knows to tell about great sorrows, has never heard in its entire existence such a heartbreaking crying as it did at the time of the uprooting of the tombstones.

The tombstones standing already hundreds of years could not be easily torn out. There was a peculiar feeling that those buried beneath were grasping the stones with all their strength imploring not to disturb their rest and not to destroy the last memory for the following generations.

Accompanied by the SS-murderers Wlodawa's Jews led the tombstones from the cemetery back to city for the first time of their existence profaning their sanctity.

This was the most ruthless funeral Wlodowa ever saw.

The Destruction of Wlodowa

Already on the first day of the war September 1st, 1939, German airplanes bombed our town. The railroad station was totally demolished as well as the bridge over the Bug leading to the Nisuk station. The bridge was reconstructed by Polish soldiers but the station remained destroyed. Already on this day we felt that Poland had lost its leader. In Wlodowa the local authority was still governing.

The weeks before Rosh Hashana Jewish refugees from Congress Poland started flocking into Wlodowa. The town was crowded with refugees and the flow became stronger and stronger. Most of the refugees, mainly the young ones went on over the Bug to the east. There were less women because it was said that the Germans would not bother women so they stayed at home. Some stopped in Wlodowa assuming that the Germans would be pushed back and they could return home. The mayor ordered all the grocery shops to open on the holiday in order to enable the refugees to buy food and thus to prevent panic among the public.

On Saturday morning the Germans again bombed Wlodowa. The third house from mine, the house of the wife of Shmuel Bezalel on the Wirka Street was destroyed and her daughter with a child were seriously wounded. Also in the house of the harvest merchant Nachum Haf some people were injured.

At the end of Rosh Hashana we saw great flames rising on the Bug. The Polish army burned down the bridge and we realised that the situation was not good.

The First Martyr

On the first day the Germans invaded in the town without any resistance from the Polish army who had remained in their army barracks.

The elderly Jossl Geldermann was then visiting his son-in-law Moshe Weiss and had just stepped out into the street to return

when a German riding a motorcycle took him away. For some days we did not know to where he had disappeared until we found him cut into pieces in Tomashowka.

Jossl Gelermann was the first martyr of Wlodowa. The next day the Germans drove out the Jews of their houses with truncheons and guns screaming: Laufen, laufen (run). They rushed them into the great Synagogue and those who lived in a Christian area into the Polish church. Though the great Synagogue was a big and high building there were so many people crammed in that it was impossible to breathe. People were fainting and we were running out of water. The Germans kept on adding more and more Jews and closed the doors. People were creeping on each other groaning: "Water!"

To this the Germans only answered by firing bullets from a machine gun into the Synagogue. Only the next day at 10 o'clock did they open the Synagogue, demanded hostages from the representatives of the community. I only remember the names of the two rabbis: Stashorek and Jeshajahu Zerwanagre. The Germans explained that they were taking the hostages because one of the Jews has fired on a German soldier. In future 100 Jews would be killed for one German soldier. It was also forbidden for a Jew to be on the street after nightfall.

Silence prevailed on Yom Kippur. We did not even see a single German in town. People started to peep outside and to leave their house and were convinced that the Germans were really not there. Polish soldiers were also not seen. The town was without government. The Jews began organizing guards on the streets to oppose plunder and assaults. "Kol Nidre" was said at home and no one attended the Synagogue or the Beth Midrash. We prayed this "Kol Nidre" together with the Rabbi Eli Shochat and nobody could imagine that the "Kol Nidre" would be recited in more tragic circumstances in following years. On Yom Kippur a Polish officer appeared calling the young one to the military barracks where a Polish army was to be formed. Many young people reported voluntarily and stayed in the barracks 8 days. Suddenly this army disappeared without leaving any trace. On the third day the Russians invaded the town. The suppressed inhabitants could again breathe freely.

Jewish officers of the army of the Soviet Union told us secretly that the Russians were retreating beyond the Bug and that the Germans would return. Anyone who so desired could cross the Bug before their arrival. Many Jews followed them. After a few days the Germans once again penetrated the town.

They immediately confiscated all the goods in the shops. They commanded a "Judenrat" to be formed and every Jew had to wear a "Schand Band" (a band of shame) with a blue Star of David. The Judenrat together with the labour office were urged to set up a list of Jews for forced labour. I belonged to one of these groups sent by train to Chelm and from there we were driven by foot to the village Zernija. Leaving the train in Chelm we were compelled to pass "Brand", that is, we had to pass between two rows of SS people who beat everyone with sticks and those who did not succeed in running to the right beat was shot outside the camp. In Zarnijew we worked draining swamps and mire. In the winter 1941 our town was crowded with German soldiers. It was forbidden for Jews to leave the town, nevertheless they were led to the forest to pave streets and to construct barracks. Around the Bug fences and other obstacles were erected. On the morning of June 21st we heard the noise of cannon fire and some hours later the Germans were already walking on the other side of the Bug. In the afternoon wounded Russian and Jewish prisoners were brought from Tomashka. It was forbidden to talk with the wounded and with the driver who brought them as we were not supposed to know what had happened.

The injured had been tortured so cruelly that every day many of them died. In the winter of 1941 a new directive was ordered by the German government. All kinds of furs had to be handed over by the Jews. Disobeyment was punished by death. Everyone gave in their furs and fur coats. Nevertheless, some Jews were murdered — one Christian denunciated a Jewish family concealing a fur coat. Without investigating the case the Germans shot Moshe Schwarz and his wife Hania thus, orphaning their 3 children. The same happened to Peretz the shoemaker.

On Passover Eve 1942 the Judenrat had to provide several hundred Jews for the deportation to Sobibor. Among them were my two brothers-in-law. They met there hundreds of Jews from other

towns and even from abroad. They worked fencing in the camp in the valley of the forest and building all kinds of strange structures without suspecting that they were constructing gas chambers and crematoriums, where they themselves would be the first to suffocate and to burn. At the same time a transport from Vienna arrived with people dressed elegantly as if they were out for a walk. They related that the Germans had behaved nicely towards them on the way and they were promised to be brought to a labour camp in the east. In the meantime they were to stay in the Wlodowa ghetto.

One day Abraham Ben Shamai and another young man from Matashin came rushing. They belonged to the group sent for work to Sobibor and had escaped. They were completely naked.

They told us that the group of Wlodowa and other Jews had built the gas chambers and the Germans had chosen them to be the first to test the efficiency of the gas.

Only they both understood the matter in time and by wonder succeeded in escaping as they were, naked, before being pushed into the gas chamber.

This news sounded so strange to the ears of the listening like sweating of insane brains.

Nobody could believe that people could be killed just for nothing.

The First Action

On the Shavuoth holidays it was decreed to provide 500 or 600 ailing and old Jews. Those who found out this in advance succeeded in hiding. My father Moshe and my mother Freide Malka also hid in an attic and were saved on that day. Refugees from other towns and villages were also delivered. Jews from Vienna were picked up as well and as the required number had not yet been attained people were seized on the street by SS-men.

After severe tortures and shooting; tens of them were deported to Sobibor.

The Children's Action

In July it was decreed that the parents had to deliver their children up to the age of 12. My wife, children and I remained undiscovered in an attic. Rabbi Mendeli the son of the Rabbi of Lakow presented himself together with his children.

It was told that he and his wife drew lots and it was he who drew the lot to accompany the children. The Germans told him to go back but he refused and went along with his children to Sobibor. As the number of the children was not sufficient adults too were grabbed on the streets.

With whips and sticks they were pushed into the train and into the wagons. Little children were thrown like wooden blocks.

It was so crowded in the cars that it was impossible to move even a limb and many suffocated on the way.

This was later described by one who managed surviving by jumping from the moving train.

The Third Action

Some weeks after Succoth 1942 when all Jews living in the villages were ordered to move to the town the market place became crammed with people, children and luggage.

Those there were especially Jews who had hidden in the villages without the knowledge of the farmers. Jews from the camp Osobi and Krichow were also brought there. Many fearless Jews who had "guts" dared to flee to the forest.

On Shabbat all the labourers of Falkenberg, about 2000, went to work as usual. There he directed them to go to the lot next to the ground-school promising that they would soon return to work. At the same time hundreds of German soldiers blockaded the streets driving the Jews towards this lot. Most of the members of the "Judenrat" were captured and brought there. Falkenberg requested only 400 of his labourers back and these later reported the events. I hid my wife and the children together with the wife and children of the butcher Zernik (he was killed in Maidanek) in the corridor

behind the kitchen which contained a staircase leading to the cellar. I closed the door behind them and further sealed it with wooden beams. I myself hid in the neighbourhood in the attic of Mendel Orchover's house. In a small part of the roof concealed by a wall ten people were hiding.

On Saturday at dusk I went down to see how my wife and the children were. When I found the cellar empty I nearly went out of my mind from despair. It was only two hours later that I saw them again safe and sound. They had nearly suffocated in the cellar and had thus been compelled to go out. It took them two hours to pass 4 houses until Mendel's house.

All the time they were forced to conceal themselves from the eyes of strangers. This situation lasted several days until things calmed down again. From the roof I could observe the whole proceeding of the action. I heard the screaming of the children snatched from the arms of their parents, the heart-bursting howling of fathers and mothers fighting against the kidnappers and being beaten merciless or shot. In this action more than 10,000 Jews were massacred.

The Fourth Action

After the great action the labour camp and the ghetto were enclosed by high fences with barbed wire. Those who worked were compelled to live in the camp and others — in the ghetto. Housing-problems were now over, as many houses stood empty.

The shortage of a large number of people marked the atmosphere. Even those who remained knew that their time was short. Sooner or later they would be slaughtered.

At that time a group of partisans was formed and they even succeeded in buying some weapons and escaping into the forest.

Moshe Lichtenberg was the leader of this group. Peace had not returned to the ghetto. Again kidnapping of people in the street and again an action lasting 5 days. Hiding-places were discovered and there was shooting in the streets and houses.

In the camp on the contrary nobody was touched. After 5 days of "action" they announced that there would no longer be kidnappings in the ghetto and nobody has to fear anything.

A new "Judenrat" was founded for the remaining Jews and Nitschke promised there would be no further harm to the Jews.

The Labour Camp Adampol

Some days after this action my sister-in-law came from Adampol — the estate of the Earl of Samoiska to find out how we were. She proposed to us to move to Adampol where she and her fiancée were working. She told us that about 1000 Jews were living there with their families. The distance between the Adampol estate and Wlodowa was 8 km. One dark night we set off. In return for a gold clock the administrator of the estate included us in the list of names. It was very crowded and extremely dirty. Swarms of lice crept on everyone. The administrator of the estate constantly received "little presents" and allowed all those seeking for shelter to enter. We dug pits and chopped down trees, our living-hood we earned by selling our belongings. In this camp many were starving looking like skeletons. But as German strangers did not come here the place seemed to us like a real paradise.

We had already spent some winter months in the camp. During this time many arrived of those who had escaped to the forest, as they did not possess weapons and were unable to stand the frosts and cold. Gradually the winter came to an end, the snow melted and with the spring, Pesach was approaching.

The Jewish partisans used to come here during the night to visit their relatives and returned to the woods. The Germans found out about this and they enclosed the camp, checking up who is registered and who not. The latter were shot on the place. Among them was also the son-in-law of Slikel Harb.

In those days I lost my wife. She had gone with some other women to the town in order to sell and to buy some things. When they returned to the camp a German caught them and all were killed. This happened on Adar A 16th and this is the memorial day of my wife (may she rest in peace), the daughter of Anshel Melamed

who was the Gabbai of the Rabbi of Minsk. She was the first victim of our family.

I remained sad and depressed with four little children.

The Fifth Action

After this event I went back to the ghetto which I found in ruins. I collected broken windows and doors to prepare a hiding place where I could bring my children. Because of the late hour I was forced to sleep in the ruins. In the early morning hours I heard familiar noises and shots, I understood their meaning and climbed up the destroyed roof stairs. I remained lying there throughout the day terrified, shocked, seeing what was going on in the streets and remembering my poor little children. At night it became silent. Only the 'Blacks' as we called the Ukrainians patrolled the streets. One of them was walking around the ruined hut where I was hiding. As this hut was located on the border between the ghetto and the camp, I took off my shoes and stood barefooted at the hidden passageway and when the Ukrainian had moved some steps away I escaped into the night. I reached the station and from there I continued through the fields to Adampol. But also here I did not find anyone. Here too an action had taken place and those who had been able to had fled into the forest. At sunrise I set off into the forest to find out about my children. To my big joy and happiness they had hidden together with my sister-in-law and her fiancée under the stock of pine tree pins. We thought over our situation and came to the conclusion to return to the Polot camp S.A. back to the Samoiski estate.

Many did the same and the camp filled again. Wlodowa was "Judenrein" (free of Jews).

We were afraid to go there because of the danger of new actions. There existed a possibility to join the partisans in the forest but only those without children and with much money could dare this as you had to provide yourself a gun. Without one, it was impossible to live in the forest.

Therefore the most remained in the camp.

Sara Omolimski

One winter day at the end of 1939 some months after the outburst of World War II some farmers from the village Sobibor told us that they had found some corpses and it was very likely that they were Jews. They had also found some people who, although still alive, were unable to walk.

The town was terrified by these news and the leaders of the community immediately started the rescue operation. Sheets were collected for the shrouds, wagons were hired to bring the corpses and the farmers were paid to help find the corpses in the forest.

All day long the wagons came back loaded with the dead. Some were in the uniforms of the Polish army and some were civilian clothes. Among the dead were some who were still breathing but their bodies were frozen.

It was an extremely cold winter and it was no wonder that people were freezing and dying. These were prisoners whom the Germans had taken while conquering the environments of Tuzin near Bialistok. They had been transported for days in unheated wagons to the valley of the Sobibor forest and then shot there. Even those who were lucky and escaped from the Germans in the forest, could not defy the severity of the frost and froze. We succeeded in saving only a small part of those that were brought to the town.

Two small houses on Blotna Street were turned into temporary hospitals where the frozen were operated on amputating fingers, hands and legs. Many girls without the slightest knowledge in medicine volunteered to serve as nurses. They devotedly sat up with the sick working day and night. The convalescents were lodged in private houses and there they were provided with money and food.

This had been the first action the Germans had executed in our environment but then the Germans did not yet dare to display their ruthlessness in public and so this one was carried out secretly.

In the year 1940 the Germans ordered the "Judenrat" to open a Jewish co-operative, where the Jews could buy their food, as it was forbidden for Polish shops to sell or to deal with Jews. Generally it

contained a very small quantity of food. It happened very often that you could get nothing there. The ration of 100 gr. bread for every person was provided by the two Jewish bakeries.

Hunger and poverty increased from day to day. Those possessing goods for sale, sold them and bought some flour, potatoes and wood on the black market. You could only obtain these goods in return for clothes in excellent condition, linen and gold. But not everyone possessed these items. Even those who were well-off could not bear up to this kind of exchanges for long, as the Germans had forbidden the Jews to go to the villages and buy food from the farmers. Later on it was forbidden to bake in private houses at the risk of being shot.

THE COOPERATIVE

In the beginning of 1940 the German confiscated Jewish shops, mills and workshops and handed them over to the Ukrainians who were rushed to our town. The Germans expelled the Jews from their houses and settled themselves in them or distributed them to the Ukrainians.

The situation of the Jews became worse and worse. The confiscation of the shops and work-shops deprived other Jews as well from their livelihoods. These Jews had been agents and traders. And now there was no longer a possibility to earn money especially when the trade with the farmers of the environments was stopped. The Jews were starving especially the families of the labourers who always had lived from hand to mouth.

The rich Jews had something to sell and so bought food. But hundreds of working families and just poor people did not possess anything to sell. The situation grew worse from day to day. True, one somehow tried to help — but no help could alleviate the poverty. The Germans captured Jews for forced labour and compelled the "Judenrat" to place at their disposition labourers for different kind of work. In the year 1941 the Germans once again confiscated the houses where few Jews were still living and handed them over to Ukrainians just arriving to town. The Jews were gathered together in a special area — the ghetto, where they lived crowded together. A law was passed forbidding Jews to buy food from the farmers and from the shops of the Ukrainians which once had belonged to

the Jews. This law also saddened those who had something to sell. They, too had to live from 100 grammes of bread a day according to a ration card the Germans distributed and the bread was only available in two Jewish bakeries.

The situation became terrible. Now all were starving. The Judenrat succeeded in its efforts to receive permission from the Germans to open a shop in the ghetto, in order to appease the terrible hunger a little. This shop we called the co-operative. Here you could get without a card: salt, matches, candles, shoe laces and all kinds of other articles that could not appease the hunger even one percent.

From time to time, actually every few months the Germans rationed to the cooperative some black sugar or some rotten potatoes, which the Christian inhabitants did not want to take and not even those with cards.

This was more or less the financial situation of the Jews of Wlodowa until the blood shedding actions which brought the Jews to Sobibor. And as much as we would not like to describe this terrible situation that lasted 4 years, we would not think that it would come out pale and untrue. The cooperative where my sisters Nechama Lustigmann and Elka Reichmann were working existed until the third action on October 29, 1942, the day when 8000 until 10,000 Jews were transported to Sobibor.

The Attack on Russia

The year 1941. Two weeks before attacking Russia our surroundings were filled with swarms of German soldiers. They were located in the barracks and they crowded the whole town. A certain restlessness was felt all over. My grandfather Jeshajahu Zerwenagora who had been the former owner of the power station and was working now as woodcutter in the camp of Falkenberg Bernard, the supervisor of the plumping who employed about 2000 labourers, came home once and told us that Falkenberg had secretly revealed to him the important information that that night the Germans would march upon the Russians. This was the evening before June 21. This concealed secret spread immediately to all houses of the town. Throughout this historic night the Jews did not

sleep. Everyone was afraid of new and terrible events. Some thought that if the Germans were distracted by war with the Russians they would not have time to care for the Jews and we would be enabled to breathe freely again.

In the morning we saw German squads approaching lowering boats into the Bug crossing the river.

It seemed as if the Russians neither opposed them nor defended themselves at all.

The Great Action

On Saturday October 24th, 1942 we got up as usual at 6:00 o'clock in the morning in order to go to work. I together with 29 girls worked in the gardens. We planted germbuds and little trees at the Pole's Antonowitz, who was the inspector of the forests. Outside it was pouring, our clothes got soaked and the cold penetrated to our bones but abstaining from work was out of question since it was too dangerous. Gradually the heavy rain let up and it continued a drizzling for the rest of the day. The whole time we were oppressed by restlessness and fear. We instinctively felt that something was going on. Some days before Jews from the villages were brought to us and this was not a good sign. There were obstinate rumours that an action would take place that day

People were running like mad not knowing what to do, whether to attend work or not and hid instead. We had already experienced earlier actions, in which thousands of adults and children had been massacred. Everyone knew what "Action" meant and made efforts to look for ways to avoid being captured by the bloodthirsty murderers.

My younger sister Nechama and I, were already outside, we were as confused as the others. According to the directive all the Jews were to report on the ground next to the grammar school. In here numbers would be distributed among those capable of working and those would be sent back to work, on the other hand those not appearing would be deported to Sobibor. This name filled young and old with horror. When we heard this we quickly ran home and after a short consultation we decided; as we are young we could allow

ourselves to report and they would choose us again for work.

Our oldest sister Jehudit who just now was recovering from a second attack of Typhus and who still was very pale was to stay at home together with the parents and the grandmother, father's mother who lived with us. We prepared a hiding place for them in the cellar and hoped that we would succeed in rescuing our family that was still whole. We believed that our fortunate luck would not leave us also in the future. On a regular working day we brought with us a parcel of food. By the way we were among those lucky ones who did not exist only on 100 gr. bread a day because our grandfather could still sell some objects from time to time and bring a little bit of flour which, although, forbidden to be baked into bread home, was, nevertheless used to prepare other sorts of meals and thus diminish the hunger.

Special rows were already standing in the ground. At one place we saw those who had been brought from the camps Ossobi and Kricha. They were barefooted and with torn clothes nearly naked. Wet from the rain and trembling from cold they stood unsteadily on their weakened legs. They looked like skeletons having lost the least resemblance to humans, appearing to be shaking shadows before death.

Those assembled from the villages were standing close together. Here and there we saw children clinging to their mothers. The Ukrainian and Letvian murderers wandered about looking for an excuse to attack the defenceless people. Adults as well as children were trembling from cold and fear. The murderer Lotar and his dog had not yet arrived and the SS-men ran to and fro like angry killers waiting for the order.

A huge queue of 2000 people of Falkenberg's labourers was standing apart. They were the select of the camp, envied by everyone thinking their lives were safe. Even now Falkenberg promised them that he would take them back to work.

At the same moment everyone was thinking of the same thing. My sister and I too were sure that the lines would be surveyed soon and would be among those lucky enough to be sent back to work

and to life. Therefore everyone tried to lift their heads in order not to appear weak or ill but to look capable of work.

Freezing and frightened we waited until two or three o'clock until the Head of the SD Nitschke with two of his assistants arrived. The rain had not yet stopped but we were more afraid of the "Akzia" than of the rain and cold.

Each time a new group of Jews was brought to the lot everyone was afraid to find among them a relative; father, mother, brother or sister who had remained in a hiding place. They passed indifferently the lines with blood-shot eyes and from the thin lips of their murderous faces you did not hear a sound. At the end Nitschke chose some craftsmen to whom the watchmaker Abraham Lerer with his wife and daughter Batsheva belonged. Lerer fixed watches and ornamented jewels from the plundered gold which were sent to the wives and mistresses, Motel Ben Sische Silberstein who was known as a skillful locksmith, as well as Nechama Adler an embroiderer of linen.

Falkenberg too chose some tens of craftsmen so that together they were 50 men. They were removed across the fence to the court of the SD. All the time we were enclosed by SD-men and the "Blacks", Ukrainians and Letvians. Most striking was Lotar with his dog and some of his assistants walking around like beasts. Woe the one who did not seem to stand straight or who they believed was moving. At the end the men were separated from the women. The murderers snatched children from the arms of their mothers and a bitter fight developed between armed killers and weak mothers. I do not find the words to describe the horrible performance going on there on the lot. With truncheons, guns and daggers they trashed the women and mothers who refused to give their children from their arms. Many assaulted the Germans like wounded tigers and tried to push them away while they pressed their children closer to their hearts.

Heartbreaking was the spectacle of the men being separated from their wives and children. The shouts and howling rose until heaven. The Germans struck right and left over the heads of those pressed together in the last moments before their separation.

Two huge lines. One of women and one of men, started moving towards the railway station. More than 10,000 people, old men, women and children dragging their feet in mud and puddles on the way to Sobibor.

We passed the yard where the 50 craftsmen were standing — chosen to live. They recognized their relatives among those going to Sobibor and broke out into terrible shouts pulling their hair and beating their heads. Among those lucky was also our uncle Abrehmel Zarnwanagore, and when he saw us he fell down on earth tearing out pieces of his skin.

We went silently, depressed, many did not even pay attention to the shouts, as if they did not even reach their ears. Gradually we were all seized by depression which did not leave us until their arrival at Sobibor.

All the time voices which had accompanied us to the train echoed in my ears. We were surrounded by the SS-men and their assistants the "Blacks" who even surmounted their masters the Germans. The dogs they brought with them, only waited to hear the word "Jude" in order to attack their poor victim.

Because of the narrowness of the street, we were divided into 2 groups. One passed through Seminowa street, and one the market. My sister and I passed through the market as we were part of the last group.

In the corner, next to the pharmacy of Grinstein stood 2 Germans and one of them shouted: He, 2 Junge, kommt her! (You two young ones come here). We left the line and approached them. One of them was pointing out two corpses and ordered us to load them on the nearby carriages. For a moment I hesitated but immediately I realized the folly of my doubts and bent down to the dead lying down with.

My sister too bowed down and our tear wet eyes met. We started to drag away the corpses, but it surmounted our strengths. The farmer standing at the carriage pitied us and helped us load the bodies. Among the corpses lying was one still living. Apparently he

belonged to the Jews from abroad from Czechoslowakia who stayed in the camp Ossobi. When we dragged him we believed him dead, but we heard him whispering in German "Oh, mein Gott, meine Holzschuhe" (Oh, my God, my clogs).

The clogs had fallen from his feet while being dragged. The carriages loaded with corpses followed the poor Jews to Sobibor.

The two Germans withdrew and we remained standing helplessly. We were so filled with resignation and despair and were so depressed that the possibility to flee the death waiting everywhere did not enter my mind. I told my sister that.

In joining I saw our only rescue. I felt only the need to be with these pitiful damned though we knew that this way led to our death. The feeling of keeping together with our equals and not remaining alone drew us to them.

With disordered hair we ran down the slopes rebelliously until we reached the people treading in the mire and squeezed into the mass until we found our line.

The road formed by the dry river was now a real swamp and we could hardly tread on it; the murderers drove us with whips, guns and dogs. If someone fell down he did not get up any more, he was run over or torn about by the dogs. Now we no longer walked but run, nobody wanted to be slow, the fear of the dogs and the fear to be run over made us hurry.

At the Railway Station

When we arrived at the railway station we were told to sit down on the rails in order that we would be more easily supervised. Suddenly our eyes were drawn to the other end where something was going on. We saw an inexplicable movement there. And suddenly a line of young men in rubber boots appeared before us. We whispered among us that Falkenberg was choosing his labourers. From far you heard the shouts. "Herr Chef" (Mr. Boss").

They came from the girls who had previously worked with him and now were asking to be taken back while they were waving with their

labourcards, but he did not even look at them and chose other girls.

My sister said: You see he is taking labourers who did not work with him, let's try to rescue our lives. She pulled me towards her and we moved toward. A German guard shouted "Get back". A policeman one who knew my sister from the Jewish cooperative told her to pass and me he sent back.

I stopped confused not here and not there. The German who told us to return asked me: Why don't you pass? The policeman does not allow it, I answered. Hearing this he took me and let me pass. On our way back to Wlodowa we did not feel the rain and the mire but run and fled from the death.

When we were already in town our elder sister came towards us and then mother. It is difficult to describe our meeting.

When I arrived home I fell down on the bed to sleep, only to sleep. I wanted to forget the fear and everything. When I woke up I did not know where I was.

My younger sister Nechama had a terrible nervous breakdown and was forced to stay at home. Mother took care of her. One day our father, David Lustigmann divided all his belongings to the poor saying that he no longer needed anything. Soon he would go to SOBIBOR. As much as we tried to console him and to persuade and to persuade him that he was wrong it was all in vain. These two cases badly influenced my mother and the cup of our family sorrows was filled.

At this time it was impossible to be inactive to even a moment as otherwise you fell into an abyss of despair and to leave it was very difficult. My sister Jehudith and I who was still weak after the Typhus went to the camp. After the "action" Falkenberg fenced in the camp as he wanted to be sure that his Jewish labourers would not be captured and that he could rule over someone.

The camp, though it was enclosed was still open. The labourers could go home after the work. They took their working permit with them and returned the next day to work in the camp. There the

different groups stood forming a square. The supervisor took the roll and then every labourer went to his work. The work usually consisted of: Drying swamps and cutting down trees in the woods. In the evening on their return to the camp they were once more counted before going home to sleep.

Once we were standing for the evening check Falkenberg appeared with 2 SD-men something that had never happened before. When Falkenberg called the name of Paul Shakad of Kalish, a handsome young and strong lad came and placed himself in front of them. One of the SD-men or the "Schwabganse" ordered him to turn around putting a gun to his neck, one shot was heard and he fell down to the earth.

After this cold-blooded murder Falkenberg told us: From today we are no longer free labourers but we live in a closed camp. Those who will not heed the discipline will die like this young man who has stolen something. Naturally this was only an excuse justifying this cruel murder which was the preparation of the next "Aktzia". At the end of 1942 the last extermination actions started on the other side of the Bug. From there the Germans did not transport the Jews to Sobibor or to other camps but shot them in masses where they lived and then buried them in mass graves together with living people. Wlodowa was the store supplying victims to Sobibor. Since the whole area of the "Se-Bugem" (beyond the Bug) was "Judenrein", a small part of the remnants escaped into the woods.

On November 6th we got up as usual for work when we presented ourselves for the roll-call we noticed that the camp was surrounded by Germans and "Blacks". The leader of the SD Nitschke came with his assistants followed by the camp leader Falkenberg. Nitschke declared to us that the camp was closed and everyone trying to leave would be shot on the spot. Today everyone would receive a working number and anyone hiding someone without a working number would risk the life of all the inhabitants of this house, because they would be killed.

Now we felt the approach of an action. Now we were not even sure with a working number and there was no longer the possibility of meeting one's parents or our little sister.

On that same day we were not led to work signifying that the action would take place. We wandered around like mad though we knew that our relatives had a sure hiding-place in the ghetto. We were seized by a big restlessness.

The hiding place of our relatives in the house of Moshe Mendel was a cellar whose door was next to the kitchen leading to the stable that served as a storehouse for wood and used objects. It was difficult to find the cellar because its opening was covered by a heavy cupboard my father and Moshe Mendel would move over the entrance when my mother, sister and grandmother Chaja Ita Seligman and the family of Moshe Mendel entered the cellar. We ascended into the loft and a horrible spectacle of the action at its peak beheld our eyes. Here and there the Ukrainian policemen and the SD-men were pushing men, women and children. The echoes of the shots were intermingled with the screaming and yelling of women and children. These were the remnants of the survivors of the great action and now they were without any hope of escape.

The searching and capturing lasted 3 days and was accompanied by screams and howls. Already on the first day of the action I heard from a guard, a Jewish policemen that they had captured my father. I felt that I had been struck with an axe on my head and I could hardly remain standing. We lost our father and there was nobody who would move the cupboard and all those in the cellar would die of starvation and thirst.

For 3 days we looked for a plan how to leave the camp, to move the cupboard and to liberate those in the cellar from a sure death. I finally succeeded in persuading a Jewish guard and he helped us leave the camp. At midnight we crawled along the walls of the houses until we reached the house of M. Mendel. In the hall on the stairs we saw a corpse and we recognized the shoemaker from vis-a-vis. We entered the room where a terrible silence prevailed. I lay down on the earth speaking in a whisper in order not to frighten them explaining them that we were there.

With our last strength we succeeded in moving the cupboard. Until today we cannot explain how we managed. With great difficulties they crawled out of the cellar, the sight of their faces was

terrible. For three days they had not eaten nor drunk.

Without regard to the fact that they could not walk but whispering we encouraged them to walk and finally we reached the gate. Luckily for us the same guard was watching and let us enter the camp.

At the same night another surprise took place: grandfather Jeshaju Zerwangore came running having escaped from his capturers. The SD-man had sent his dog after him and he tore off his coat from him. Grandpa did not lose his head. He left his coat in the mouth of the dog and he himself escaped. He decided to enter the house of a Christian neighbour where he waited two days before he came to Falkenberg and here he was let in to the camp.

At the morning roll-call half of the family stood in the line. In this action the whole "Judenrat" was killed as it was no longer needed. On the third day the action was over. Here and there the Jews left their hiding places. The Germans did not bother them as they were sure of them for the next time. Now the ghetto was enclosed with barbed wire in order to collect the remaining Jews.

In the Closed Camp

In the camp there were 500 young people and two old men: my grandfather Jeshajahu Zerwangore and Benni Barnholz. We were kept like real prisoners. It was forbidden to leave the place, there we ate, slept and worked. A working day lasted from 7:00 o'clock in the morning until 7:00 o'clock in the evening. The labourers were divided into groups and every group had a leader. Every group had different work. Every labourer had his own working number. We were not paid for and the meals were tasteless. The camp was closed for about half a year. During this time we prepared ourselves for what we had been throughout expecting. Now we knew that the Germans were keeping us as long as they needed our work and when they would no longer have use of us they would kill us.

We started to think how we could save ourselves when the time of extermination arrived. At night we began building underground shelters and tunnels, where we could hide when the attack would start. There were some who prepared a hiding place in their houses and some who built a double wall in the loft between which they could hide.

At the end of April 1943 the landlord of our house, the Pole Antowitz who had just returned from Warsaw told us he had seen hair-raising things. The ghetto was rebelling and the Germans were attacking them with planes and bombs and tanks, bombarding them.

We knew that the whole district of Wlodowa and Mesritz that were thought to be "Judenstaaten" were empty of Jews. Day by day we saw the black smoke rising over Sobibor which did not allow us to forget what was awaiting us. Every moment we were in danger and therefore, we were always ready to hide.

At the same time we heard that a group of 15 people led by Moshe Lichtenberg succeeded in escaping into the forest as partisans. When this was verified we did not stop talking about it. On May 1st the day after Pessach, on our way to work in the morning we felt that something was going on. My uncle, Abraham Zerwangure slipped away into one of the camp alleys and immediately he returned announcing: action.

We did not have a hiding-place of our own because our house did not have the conditions for it. I agreed with Jechaskel Hubermann that in the shelter he was building in the house of the sisters Ledermann, would be also our place.

I had also a promise for another shelter. I was running home along the alleys and when I reached the crossing of Wirka Street the "Blacks" were already there and one of them was shooting at me. I succeeded in entering the alley where the other shelter was situated but it was piled up with trees so I continued. On the way I met Jechaskel who told me to hurry up because they were going to close the shelter.

People were standing on the plot for the roll call. I crept along the walls in order to slip away home.

Together with my mother and my sisters (grandpa and my uncle were looking for another hiding place) we ran to Jechaskel. On the way we were shot at and by wonder we reached him and together we entered the shelter where other young people were staying and

the sisters Lederman (one of them is living today in Venezuela) and after us the shelter was closed.

The entrance was through the floor of the kitchen under the basin a plate of metal was lying on the floor to prevent the planks from being ignited by a bullet. Under this place was the cover of the shelter.

This shelter was destined for 10 people but when we joined there were 40 in it. There was food for several days for ten people as well as two water boilers, filled with water.

Because of the big crowd the air grew hot and we felt that we were broiled. We were wet and had to strip off the upper garments. But even this we did not touch the food and wanted only to drink. We moistened only the lips as we had to spare the water. We knew that it would be very difficult to bring new water. Even if we dared fetch water at night the noise of the water-pump could bring disaster upon us. But as much as we tried to save the water the boilers became empty. We tried to set a turn for each of us to fetch water but in vain, everyone was afraid of failure and all of us were afraid that the cellar would be closed off.

Once Jechaskel took the risk and left to bring water and when he had already filled half of the bucket they started to shoot, he escaped — but the half-filled bucket he brought.

To describe the feeling of fear in the packed full cellar is impossible. I already emphasized several times that to tell about or to describe such a feeling is impossible. Generally, all the adventures that we the Jews of the camps and ghettos went through at this time exceeded all human agonies. Not only one of the survivors nor those of following generations will believe what I am telling. We sat packed in the cellar and heard over us the nailed steps and it seemed as if now they would find our hiding place. The cellar was very well concealed and there was a double ceiling so that one walking above could not feel that there is a hollow space below it. The cellar was built in zigzag-form. But in spite of all the precautions our hearts were nearly jumped from their places each time we heard the smallest noise above us.

After a three day stay in the cellar when the steps over us stopped some of the young people ascended into the loft to see what was going on in the camp. The air in the cellar was so stuffy that the only opening at the base of the house could not supply enough air for forty people.

They youngsters returned announcing that it was quiet outside and there was no further purpose in staying longer, we should flee into the forest. We got dressed and set off into the night and the fresh air that we had not been breathing for three days animated us. During that night people appeared in the alleys who had previously looked for a hiding place and now they were looking for an opportunity to leave creeping silently towards the gate. Neither a German nor a "Black" was to be seen in this silence only the noise of the steps of intimated people treading softly was heard. The gate of the ghetto was open.

About 1000 shadows tread through the open gate. We all passed in one breath as if we were being pursued from behind, and silence prevailed. Only after we had run for about 100 meters did we decrease our pace. We walked throughout the night on the way leading to Wirk. At sunrise we found a thicket and as we were afraid of continuing in the day time and lay down on our backs and waited until nightfall. Afterwards we were to learn that the day before the Germans had killed a great group of Jews in this thicket.

In the night some of the young men advanced into the middle of the forest to scout around and returned telling us that in Adampol in the estate of the Earl of Samoiski Jews were living and working. We went to the camp Adampol and while we were there SS-men invaded the place capturing Jews. Some of us succeeded in slipping away from the camp and entered fields of corn the stalks of which were quite high. The smell of the ripe harvest filled the air and gave one the feeling of vacation. My sister and I ran deep into the corn and seated ourselves separately. The shots were terrible and the screaming and shouting which were heard from the camp and the first rows of the cornfield were deafening. I was lying motionlessly and here I heard the steps of heavy boots, I held my breath grinding my teeth. The boots were now approaching — I tried not to breathe even slightly. He illuminated the area around me with a torch and

my heart was nearly broke of fear but he did not see me. Suddenly he turned around and went away.

In the morning all those captured in the night were executed and among them also my ill mother.

At about 10:00 o'clock people came out of the camp to the field crying that it was possible to leave the corn as silence had returned. When we left we beheld a terrible sight: In the first lines many dead and wounded were lying.

Again we stayed in Adampol: working, starving and waiting for the death.

Suddenly a sparkle of hope flared up: We started talking about the partisans and many of us were thinking earnestly of joining them. After several attempts we also left.

I AND THE DEER

Once at twilight while returning to the camp as we did not find the partisans my friend and I suddenly saw two shadows with guns. Without saying a word we separated and started to run in different direction. I threw off my torn shoes to be able to run easier and set off without knowing where. Suddenly a bare patch of the forest appeared and blinded me. I stopped without breath and the fear of being discovered made me tremble. At the same moment there appeared across from me, on the other side of the patch a deer who like me was breathing heavily looking attentively around him with anxious eyes, he looked at me and like the arrow of an archer he returned to the forest and disappeared — I returned into the forest.

THE ROAD OF BLOODY BATTLES UNDER THE GERMAN OCCUPATION

At the end of the year 1939. It was after the invasion of the Germans in Poland and its division into two parts. The other side of the Bug belonged to the Russians and this side — together with the district of Wlodowa was at the hands of the Germans. The Germans immediately started issuing directives on the Jews of the little towns and villages of this district. Our little town Sosnowitz experienced all the persecutions, tortures and agonies which grew worse and worse from day to day.

Already in the year 1940 they started capturing people for work and also transporting them to Sobibor. Like many others I was afraid of sleeping at home and so I slept in the cornfields. On the 10th of October 1940 the Gestapo of Wlodowa required from the "Judenrat" that every Jew of our town should present himself within three hours at the market place of Wlodowa. The next day all the Jews had to be there at 11:00 o'clock — after this hour every Jew found in Sosnowitz would be shot. A tumult broke out. Everyone felt that this action was connected with gas chambers. At the same time I gathered up my courage calling on the Jewish youth to come into the forest to the partisans who were fighting against the Germans.

My father agreed with me and said: "Go, go my son and avenge the Jewish blood that is being shed without any cause."

Seven young men joined me, I got hold of two guns — a Polish classmate provided them for me.

The next night at midnight I came to say goodbye to mother and father and to my little brother who was then 6 years old, all in the house were crying. My throat suffocated from tears that would not burst out, I stopped them with all my power and escaped from the house. Outside the echo of the weeping of all my relatives haunted me and has continued haunting me ever since.

Our meeting place was in the Jewish Milawne. From there we set off passing fields and bushes to the big Parzawi forest. Along with me were: Jechiel Grinspan, Abraham G., Nissan Zin (who fell in battle), Simcha Levinson (who fell in battle), David P., Chaim Elieser Blumenkrantz (who fell in battle). We knew that in this forest Russian soldiers were staying who had escaped from German imprisonment. The more we penetrated into the forest the more we were lost. It was raining and we became soaking wet. There was nothing to eat or to drink — so we drank from the pools formed from the rain. Out of despair we looked into each other's eyes to guess their moods. The first to inspire me with courage was Jechiel Grinspan: "Don't worry", he said, "we don't have anything to lose. You don't die twice." You are born once and you die once. The main point is not to despair. Suddenly we heard gunshots.

We started to run in their direction and we saw two men passing quickly while hiding in the bushes.

They waited until we approached within hearing and shout: "Stoi!" (Stop) Who are you?" We answered that we were Jews.

They let us come closer and said: "Charasho Towarish!" which meant all right friends. They brought us to a thicket and told us to make a fire and to dry our clothes promising us that soon their commander Fiodor would arrive and they left us.

After some hours they returned with Fiodor. He received us cordially and brought us to their base. There he ordered to give us something to eat and he told us to rest. He parted from us warmly.

"Tomorrow we will talk" (Sawtra bodim Gewarit) he said.

With the Russian Partisans

Though we were very tired none of us closed an eye all the night. All our thinking was devoted to the fate of our parents, brothers and sisters. The next morning while we were standing for the morning roll call Fiodor read in our faces the sorrows and despair and he encouraged us saying that we were not the only ones but that our fate was shared by millions.

After a few months the group consisted already of some hundred men and we had also some arms at our disposal including two Z.K.M. (heavy machine guns) so that we could defend ourselves. Jews from Prazew came to the forest and it became merry there. They made a synagogue where they prayed. The escape of the Jews was revealed to the Germans and it became very dangerous for the partisans. The commander Fiodor was afraid that the Germans would come to the forest with a big unit and kill everyone. The danger was even greater for the Jews as not one of them possessed a gun. The situation caused the Russians to penetrate deeper into the forest and the Jews remained without protection. It became very sad but we did not have any choice. The next day Fidor came taking all the youths and we belonged to the first of the fighting unit he formed. Those who remained were put into "Tabor" (camp) where whole families and those unfit for fighting were entered.

The First Battles

When we were already well organized and in the possession of a few arms the Jewish Partisan unit under the command of Jechiel Grinspan started the preparations to act against the Gestapo in Ostrowa in the district of Wlodowa. For several weeks we were occupied with the preparations. We sent spy groups to investigate the fortified places, the guardhouse where German and Polish guards stayed.

On December 16, 1942 Jechiel led us to the village Ostrowa, where we started a heavy fight with the Hitlerists and after some hours we succeeded in conquering the position. German officers fell in our hands and 12 Polish policemen were shot. We captured many arms uniforms and other things. We burnt down their housings and the townhall. The mayor who had cooperated with the Germans was shot. This was the first act of revenge for the Jewish bloodshed. A little bit after this victory, the Germans surrounded us. It was a very heavy attack. Three days the Germans bombed us with planes and tanks. We sat in the trenches under the trees and we waited until the Germans would approach the forest. We were divided into groups under the main command of Fiodor. When they were about 40 meters from our range of sight came the order: "Fire!" And we opened fire from all sides, so that the Germans did not know from where it came and they were standing in an open cornfield on their way towards us.

In this battle we lost three partisans, two Russians and one Jew, Simcha Levinson from Sosnowitz. Tens of Germans were killed. After fighting for about five hours the Germans retreated. 1942 was a year with great snowfalls, storms and frosts. Winter was at its peak. Our situation was not delightful at all, we were naked and barefoot. And also the hunger left its marks. We started attacking villages taking wagons and cattle by force. But every time we paid with victims. The Germans ambushed us at the exit of the village. We defended ourselves but our arms were too poor to drive away the well armed Germans.

The farmers reported our attacks to the Germans and that we were taking everything from them so that they could not deliver the fixed quota to the Germans. Gradually we organized the farmers not to report our appearances to the Germans as this would be better for their own sake. Finally the farmers brought us food voluntary.

On January 11th. We were surrounded in the forest of Parzew by a big German unit. But our Russian commander tricked them and we pushed back their attack.

On February 26, 1943 at 11:00 o'clock in the morning, we, a group of ten people with the commander Smaste were surrounded by 400 Germans. My comrades were sleeping in the hut of the forest guard and only I wearing a German uniform kept guard. The Germans approached shouting: Kamarad (Friend) I threw myself down on the ground and started shooting at them. The Germans answered with heavy fire from machine guns. I detained them until the group left the hut and I succeeded in withdrawing to the other side. Our fighters among them was Zipora (now in Israel) opened the fire and succeeded in passing and leaving the German encirclement.

In March 1943 the first planes with arms from the Sowjet Union arrived. At the same time we separated from Russian partisans and formed a Jewish division under the leadership of Jechiel. His division spread throughout all the forests of the district of Wlodowa. We also founded a "Tabor" where we put all the old women, and children. We protected them from the Germans and the murderous Polish underground. We performed many battles and acts of terror with strategic calculation and exactness. Thus, a heroic chapter of

the history of the Jewish uprising in World War II was written.

We bombed trains near the village Sarki, not far from Sobibor; we burnt down a glassworks factory in Dubeczno, in Wirik we burnt the guardhouse, in Kaplinitz we attacked the German army and killed 26 Germans, we destroyed the Bridge near to Sawin where the railways passed on which the trains with soldiers to the front were transported. In Sosnowitz we attacked a garrison and killed 120 Germans.

One night we invaded in Parzew, burnt the townhall and shot the guard. A week did not pass without our having removed from the rails a train with soldiers.

At the same time we stopped sleeping in the forest but slept instead in the villages that we now held and where we had sympathetics helping us in the war against the German and Polish murderers. The government of all councils of the whole district of Wlodowa went over to our side. Then Jechiel Grinspan organized the division which was under the commandment of the "Armia Ludowo" (National Army).

One day a commander of this army, Roleh Smirski along with some Polish officers came to us. We passed before them in a big parade. Jechiel Grinspan was promoted in rank to high commander. We all were promoted for our battle with the Germans, which I mentioned before. In this battle with the Germans I killed with my gun 11 Germans — and the whole group was rescued.

In April 1943 we were heavily attacked in the forest of Kaplinitz. In this battle we lost 70 Jewish fighters. Women and children rescued from the ghetto Wlodowa were also killed.

It became known to us that in Adampol there were Jews from Wlodowa and Sosnowitz. I asked for permission from our commander Jechiel Grinspan to go to Adampol and to take the Jews from there and to bring them to the forest. From the whole group only Nissan Zinn agreed to join me.

In the evening we both went to a farmer in Kaplinitzki whom we knew very well. We promised him a good pig if he would bring

us to the camp. He led us there and remained half a kilometre away of the camp and we continued. Nissan stood at the gate and I in German uniform entered the camp. I took two Jews with me and left.

Revenge of Our Blood

The winter months were slowly creeping until finally the summer of 1943 arrived. We were informed that in the ghetto Jews were still living. I learned that from my whole family which was killed in Sobibor only father survived. I sent a farmer from the village Krasivka to bring my father to the forest. The farmer returned without my father but with a letter from him in which it was written: My son, I don't have anything to live for and it is not worthwhile for me to come to the forest. God shall help you and guard you from all dangers. Revenge all, for the Jewish innocent blood which was shed".

Rescuing Jews From the Camp of Adampol

On May 2, 1943 at night Wlodowa was encircled by SS-men and Ukrainians driving out Jews from their hiding places. Tens of men, women and children were shot in the street. My father too was shot in the Wirokstreet.

This was the last action liquidating the last remnants of Jews in Wlodowa.

One night I invaded in the first barrack of the camp Adampol. The Jews were already sleeping and I woke them taking along with me more than thirty people, young men and girls ordering them to pass the fence while I jumped after them. All this was accomplished so silently that nobody noticed what happened. The farmer led us to the forest of Kaplinitzki where Jechiel was waiting with his whole group.

This successful experiment increased our courage and we started enlarging our visits taking out Jews from Wlodowa, Sosnowitz, Kaplinitzki, Wirik and other places.

One day we made an assembly and decided to take all the Jews from Adampol as we had learned that the last action was going to take place. It was determined that five men with arms should enter the camp hiding the arms and organizing the Jews to be prepared to leave the camp for the forest.

As I had already been several times in the camp it was decided not to send me. The following were sent: Jurek P. (living today in America) from the village Salaszi and four young men whose names I don't remember. Unfortunately the head of the camp Selinger learned about the presence of the partisans in the camp and about their intention to lead the Jews out of the camp. He phoned the Gestapo in Wlodowa and on the same day some hundreds of them enclosed the camp and drove out all the Jews to the fields and fired at them. The five partisans went the first and when they were in the fields they shouted loudly all the Jews started escaping and dispersing in all directions.

The Germans opened fire killing all the Jews. Only two partisans survived. One from Wlodowa and Jurek P. both wounded in the arm. Also Jeshajahu from Wirik survived, he grasped the gun from the hands of an SS-man and escaped. He was slightly injured on his leg.

On the same day 600 Jews were massacred from Wlodowa and the surroundings. All were buried in a common grave next to Adampol. In June 1943 we fought against the Germans behind the village Saheike. Our commander was then Jechiel Grinspan, who then conducted the battle with exceptional fighting spirit and strategic talents. In the same battle we lost two fighters. One was Jeshajahu Lichtenstein the son of the Rabbi of Wlodowa.

Thus we lived and fought in the woods of Wlodowa and Parzew. In every place we were ambushed by Germans and Poles filled with hate for the Jews. We fought against them day after day. The victims and the difficult conditions and the nature did not let us relax. We fought with much devotion and many of us fell in the battlefield.

There did not exist much hope in us that we would survive this devastation. There existed in us a great force to rise up to fight and to suffer in the battle.

If with my modest memories I enlightened to a certain degree the chapter of the Jewish heroism in the period of its destruction I would know that I fulfilled my duty.

EISIK ROTHENBERG

Experiences From the Ghetto and Extermination Camp

At the end of August 1942 a part of the SD of Wlodowa moved over to Kosmir. They took with them 20 different draftsmen and I as a constructor was among them.

After we had worked there about three or four months we were sent home. I, Shaja Lampl the constructor, his son-in-law, Henich, and three others whose names I do not remember. When we returned to our hometown we did not recognize it. We learned about the great "Akzia" which took place when we were absent and about which we did not hear anything. In town the ghetto was already closed and the camp was sealed. My whole family was transported to Sobibor. Only my mother, my brother and my elder sister survived. Generally there remained very few Jews from the thousands of inhabitants of Wlodowa and the strangers who lived in town.

Wlodowa suffered a lot from its nearness to Sobibor, the extermination camp. This camp could not consume at one time so many transports of Jews arriving from abroad, Vienna, Holland and the Polish towns Kalish, Militz and others as well from the villages. Therefore, Wlodowa became a collection place for thousands of Jews, woman and children. From time to time they took from there a required amount of people and those who were left comforted themselves with false hopes that "one did not think of them".

For about three months I belonged to the "preferred" who had a working number and to the lucky as I could freely leave the ghetto during the day, but these days were for the surviving Jews of Wlodowa months of agony. We were watching through the windows, listening to every noise fearing a new action which was impending in the air. Sobibor which was six kilometres away was continuously demanding its victims.

"Judenrein"

May 1st, 1943 arrived. It was, if I am not mistaken Friday morning.

All the Jews of the town were always on guard and slept with eyes and ears alert to catch every noise and moment. From outside you could hear restrained shouts penetrating through the walls. We understood that something was going on. We started hiding ourselves. My family and I also mounted the loft which could serve as a hiding place. From the street terrible shouts were heard followed by gunshots. For nine days we stayed in the loft and it is difficult to describe what we experienced during these days of terror and agony without eating and drinking. At night one of us would try to descend in order to bring some water so that we could moisten our lips. Nearly all the Jews were captured and from time to time we heard shots followed shots, screaming and weeping of children falling on their murdered parents, they too were shot.

Our blood congealed, the heart wept, but the force to remain alive was very strong.

Our hiding place became unsure. In the lot were also neighbours with children who wept because they wanted to eat and drink. At the end the crying of such a child denunciated us and we all descended the roof.

We were separated, the men were imprisoned next to the townhall and the women and children were put in a storehouse nearby. For days we were kept without anything to eat and to drink. All the time more and more Jews were brought there. On about the 12th or 13th of May the Germans and Ukrainians had collected 300 people: men, women and children. The children were piled of on carriages like logs. The screaming of the mothers and children went up to the heaven but who was listening? Only shots answered the yelling. The men and women were driven by foot along the rails leading to Sobibor.

In Sobibor

A German or a Ukrainian guard was stationed at every 3rd or 4th man with a machine gun. There were those who tried to escape and were shot. Those who remained slackened and with desperate glances approached the place of punishment, even though they knew that this was their last way.

In the camp, on the first ground the murderers greeted us with sticks beating us where they could. Then we had to run to a second place. The men were ordered to sit down and the women were taken into barracks where they had to strip off their clothes then made to run, have their hair shorn off and to the Sanitary center which was the gas chamber. The Wagons with the children were not brought into the camp but remained standing at the gate for the cars to come and then the children were thrown one on top of the other and brought into the crematorium.

From the young men 18 were chosen and among them were my brother and me. We rested until noon. The food they served us was tasteless and impossible to eat. All desire to live disappeared.

We received other clothes and were led to work. Our first work was to fetch sand in buckets. The work was accompanied by terrible blows. The next day we were given to construction work and we became used to work with this cruel accompaniment and they were not just blows — here a well aimed brick was thrown at a head and there an axe or something else until it was time to go home, which meant to the barrack and then it was impossible to recognize one who was beaten like this. And when as a result of such a blow a leg or an arm was broken the sufferer was immediately brought to the gas chamber. Therefore we made efforts to look like humans after being beaten so that nobody should realize anything so that we could go to work next morning.

The camp was divided into three areas. The first one for craftsmen and professionals in the second one were the assorting houses where the victims stripped off their clothes which were classified and in the third were the gas chamber and the oven.

I stayed in this camp for about 6 months doing all kinds of construction work for the murderers. Houses, canteens, destruction houses, heating-ovens and baking ovens. All this was accompanied by blows to which we had already become used as if they were a part of work.

The Preparations for the Rebellion

When I became more acquainted with the Jewish labourers

from Isbiza, Krasnotov and other places they told me that some time before I arrived at the camp some tens of Jews were organizing and preparing a rebellion. The Germans heard about the matter and they shot about 100 men.

After I lived some months in the camp the assorting-labourers planned to organize a rebellion. But his plan failed too — the Germans learnt about it and all were killed.

After this event 2 tree cutters escaped. And as they were not found at the roll-call every third Jews was taken out of the line they were collected and brought to the third area.

In the group of the forest consisting of 18 men the following took place: two Jews from Krasnotow went to fetch water. They were guarded by the driver "Pornal" (from the estate) and they attacked him. They cut his neck with a razor and escaped. In the meantime the others saw that the two did not return so they fled too. Yet the SS-men Klaski and the people of Wlasow enclosed them capturing them. Only two succeeded in escaping. One of them Josef Freitig is living in Israel and Eli Kashimacher from the environment of Wlodowa was killed by the Polish partisans in the forest.

A Transport of Jewish War Prisoners From Russia

There arrived a transport of Jewish war prisoners from Russia and a part of them remained to work in the camp. In the beginning we started to form carefully contacts with them and gradually we became more familiar until we began talking about a "Solution"... whereby we agreed to organize a rebellion.

We had to take great care not to fail like the former rebellions, especially not to be noticed during the preparations as to avoid infiltration of a provocator or denunciator.

The Rebellion

On October 13, 1943 it was decided that the following day would be the day of the rebellion. Every group was to kill its guards at the same time. And so it happened: the tailors invited their German watcher to come the next day to try on the new suit at a fixed hour. The shoemakers invited their German to try on his new

boots. When the Germans came one labourer started fitting and the others did also their work with axes, scissors, hammers killing their watchers and covering them with rags.

We the construction labourers were working in a barrack fortifying the floor — and one of us attacked our watcher beating up his head with a piece of iron. The forest labourers, too, fulfilled their duty perfectly. All the functions which had been imposed on us were accomplished exactly and on time. From this moment we were kindled and our tenseness grew from minute to minute. Yet we were ordered to continue our work in the workshops and in the forest until the end of the working day.

Finally the hour arrived. The horn always announcing the end of the work was now heard 10 minutes earlier. We wanted that during this time the assorting labourers would gather and thus strengthen our strength.

When we all stood for the roll-call a sonouros shout "hurra" was heard over the entire camp. More than 150 people who knew about the mutiny took out of their clothes hammers and axes and when we started running all the prisoners of the camp started running after us.

Shouting "Hurra" we ran to the gate of the camp. On the way we met the Germans and Ukrainians who seeing what happened lifted their arms. Some of the people of Wlasow fired on us and many of us were shot, but we killed also many of them.

My elder brother Aharon was holding my hand while we were running and in one moment, I don't know how, he got lost and I did not see him again. The tumult was terrible. The Wlassow men and the SS-men who had been for a moment perplexed came round to themselves and pursued those escaping the wired fences from all parts breaking through with axes and knives continuing to the third fence where the mined fields were, we threw there bushes and all kinds of other things to make them explode. Many of the mines did not and a lot of us were torn into pieces.

After my brother was lost I returned to the camp and I entered

the rebellion and seizing a hammer set off for the fences. With a jump I crossed the first, the second one I broke through and at the third — I threw myself where the mines had already exploded and then ran in the direction of the forest and arrived there safely.

In the forest those who had preceded me were running and I looked over their faces as I was looking for my brother and waited for other survivors — but in vain, I did not meet my brother again. I and some other thirty or forty survivors penetrated into the forest, some turned to the east to the river Bug and I with some others set off to the woods of Lublin.

In the Forest of Adampol

After we had been wandering for about 2 days in the woods leading to Lublin, most of our little group, about 6 or 7 decided to return to the woods leading to the river Bug. They were Jews from White Russia. They said that over the Bug Russian partisans were living, as I did not want to remain alone I joined them. As it was the season of the potato harvest we would steal into the potato field taking some potatoes and roasting them on a small fire and we ate them half-baked. We also nourished ourselves from blueberries and woodberries. We lived like pursued animals in a hunt not knowing from where to keep away. And without a gun we could be discovered and shot at any moment.

Our mutiny was actually a revolt of despair. We did not know whether we would succeed or not.

And if we succeeded we did not know where we would flee. The Germans did not stop looking for those who escaped. It was especially difficult for the Jews to go into the forest, there they were ambushed by the right winged Polish and other gangs.

In this desperate situation we wandered around in the forests of Wlodowa.

Once at night, we noticed a flickering of fire and when we approached a shadow of a man escaped into the forest as he thought us Germans. We ran after him and seized him. He was a Jew from Kalish who had lived in Wlodowa and was sent later to the

camp Adampol. He had already been staying some months in the forest and he looked very savage. He was hairy and wounded and he healed himself with all kinds of leaves of the forest. He was nearly naked only some rags covered his body.

I stripped off my coat over my cloths and dressed him with it. He told us that some shepards had pity on him and sometimes brought him a slice of bread. He also knew a Pole who sold him bread. We gave him some gold coins we had taken from Sobibor and for a few days he was our financial administrator.

One day the Jews of White Russia decided to cross the Bug, I as well as Tuvia from Kalish remained. They had just left when something happened giving our life a new tragic turn. Lately Tuvia had been buying bread from a young Polish man called Wiak from the village Kraliwke and when he saw that our gold coins were running out he went to Adampol and returned with Selinger the commander of the camp and other Germans, guards and dogs. We naturally started to escape. But they sent the dogs after us and they caught and tore our clothes. We were placed on carriages and they put a heavy chain around Tuvia's and my neck that was closed with a lock and brought us to Adampol where they threw us into a stable chaining us like dogs.

About the Chain

The stable contained about 20 horses. We were tied up to the wall with rings close to the body so that we could only lie or stand on four — but could not stand up.

If we slept that night I really don't remember. But according to our thoughts then — here they were coming to shoot us — I am sure we did not close an eye. And as daylight grew nearer the more we were filled with thoughts: "Has now our end come"? We did not talk to each other as we were afraid that the Germans would hear us and beat us. We were frightened of the cruel blows of the Germans. The murderer Selinger did not intend to kill us. He just planned an amusing spectacle for him and the other Germans. The next day he brought us new clothes as the dogs had torn ours and all through the night we laid nearly naked: He loosened the chain while we were dressing and then put us back again. After an hour

he came with other Germans to look at the wonder. In the whole environment there existed no more Jews and Selinger wanted to show them how he kept dirty Jews tied to a chain like dogs.

The Germans attacked us beating us with their whips, striking on heads and faces. I was screaming terribly but Tuvia did not utter a sound and kept stubbornly silent. His silence made them loose their temper and they hit him more and more striking real death blows but he continued to remain silent. Thus he returned again and again for several days every time with other murderers "honouring" every one of us with his peculiar murderous inclinations.

Officially we were not given food. But from time to time, once a day or every few days, the coachmen of the property flung a slice of bread or rotten potato into the stable. Water we did not receive at all, only on the fourth day they brought a dirty pot with little water on its bottom hardly enough to moisten our lips. Once a day we were unchained and we were taken out of the stable to relieve ourselves.

After 8 or 9 days they loosened the chains and we were let out, now I was sure that they were going to kill us, but they brought us to a heap of wooden beams and ordered us to cut them up.

From that day on we were taken out once every day or two to cut trees or to "brush" horses in the evening we were chained up again. All day long we were watched over by a guard with a gun. Gradually we got used to our dog's life and began exchanging some words on silence. We became calmer and more relaxed. We realised that for the time being Selinger did not intend to kill us though we could not know his real intensions, but the fear of death disappeared at least in the meantime. This situation caused us to think of escape.

Winter passed and spring was drawing near gradually the snow disappeared. Now they started to take us out of the stable every day, we had gained their confidence and we received more potatoes. They had not thought that we could slip away from their eyes and escape. Nevertheless we were tied up to the chain in the evening the idea of escape took a deeper hold on us. It would

be difficult to escape at night as we were chained up and also the camp was better guarded so we decided to escape during the day. It was in the beginning of spring, the snow had nearly disappeared Green began blossoming and the smell of spring penetrated into all limbs animating our blood with the desire to slip away from the claws of death and to escape into the forest. We had to wait quite a long time for this opportunity. At the same time we heard from the "Formalins" who were discussing among themselves the defeat at the Russian front and the retreat. This filled our hearts with joy and warmed our blood. We thought of one thing only: How to escape from the chains.

EISIK ROTHENBERG

Again in the Forest

When we were deep in the forest three gazelles jumped in front of us "this is a good sign" I said "We will succeed" and we rushed on.

In the forest it was dangerous to walk during the day but we did not have any choice.

This was the only possibility to gain distance from the area of the camp. While running I felt at my neck as if the chain was still there the feeling haunted us quite a long time, even when we had been already sure of our liberation.

Tuvia agreed that the signs were good but implored "Do me a favour, slow down your rushing, I cannot run after you, I feel as if I'm going to fall. I reduced my speed.

We arrived at the edge of the village Lubman which bordered with the forest, where the forester lived. Tuvia entered and I remained outside. The forester gave him a slice of bread and even for me he brought bread and milk. Then the forester explained to us the way where to go. According to him we knew that there were no Germans in this region, and therefore we passed and there we found a farmer with his carriage. He told us to mount and brought us to a hut not far from the village Podgosi. There we descended and he explained to us where the place of the partisans was.

While the farmer was still explaining a carriage with 2 horses approached. In the carriage sat Jewish partisans. They brought us to the partisans and we found there a few of those who had escaped together with me from Sobibor.

At the Headquarter

At the headquarters of the partisans which was known as "Jechiel's group", no one wanted to believe that we had just now escaped and had been rescued under such circumstances. Jechiel himself interrogated us and looked doubtful at our story of the

chain and of Selinger the supervisor of the camp. He could not believe that there were still Jews at all in this region. He suspected us to be spies, sent by the Germans. I don't know how this would have ended if there had not been some men who had escaped with me and could testify that I had been in Sobibor. After the tiring interrogation and the testimony of the escaped from Sobibor they still did not believe us entirely. But what were they to do with us? So, first of all they separated us. I was sent to one group and Tuvia to another. I don't know whether we were watched over or not, at any rate, I neither saw nor felt anything. On the contrary, I felt equal to everyone else in all matters.

In the Tabor

After a week this group which had already contained 100 people went to the woods of Mokoshi. During this time Jechiel became convinced of my loyalty and I received a gun. I went along with the group, but on the way I had to join together with Tuvia the people of the "TABOR" (camp) and the group continued. The "TABOR" was run by Nachman from Krassiwka. 50 people lived there: men, women, children and even elders. This was a group of unarmed people that was under the supervision of Jechiel, if someone did wrong in any way in his group, Jechiel did not kill him, God forbid, but sent him to the "TABOR". If a lost Jew was brought from the forest and they did not trust him he was sent to the "TABOR". There were a few who possessed weapons and so we could defend ourselves in case of small attacks. "TABOR" or we slept under the trees. The armed men stood on guard. During the night they left for the villages to bring the rations which the village — heads or leader of the villager promised to supply: a cow or a young bull.

The problem of bread was more difficult, as we had to pass from house to house gathering slices of bread, but finally the village head also took upon himself the responsibility for this. For a few weeks the "TABOR" wandered from place to place. If we learnt that the Germans intended to surround us — we moved on.

One day Jechiel and some partisans came riding to ask after us and they left. Suddenly, a moment after they had just disappeared, the "AKA" men (the Polish army organisation) attacked us "Ranee dogury" that is "hands up". We, the armed were so surprised of the

suddenness of this that we handed them over our guns.

Some of us who were not in their field of vision, escaped deep into the forest.

At the same time, more or less, the Russians parachuted Jews and Poles in uniforms and started to organize special partisan divisions and since then there began the formation of a regular army.

They also parachuted arms into the forest and a military movement was felt. From day to day we felt that the ground under our feet stabilized more and more.

Liberation

There were rumors that the Sowjet army was approaching. We guessed this also from the tenseness of the Germans: They tried with force to cross the forest and were pushed back. The partisans were already quite strong of defeating them.

Now each day brought news. Everyone felt that liberation's day was near. When August 24, 1944 arrived we heard that the Soviet army was already in Wlodowa. After the Russian advance partisans were sent to different woods. The group of Jechiel was located in Lublin. I was then 19 years old and weak so I was told that I could go where I would like. Though I did know that in Wlodowa there was not a single Jew, I went there. I trembled nervously upon seeing the streets where every stone had been familiar to me.

Now I did not recognize anything, everything was destroyed and ruined. The Germans had cleared the town from Jews, had executed the "Judenrein Aktzia" precisely and among this devastation I stood alone, the sole survivor of my whole family, my head bowed down towards the earth which had absorbed the blood of my relatives. I fell down on the ruins of our house and from my eyes the tears flowed.

"Kefer Avoit" in Sobibor

Sobibor had fulfilled its duty and was smitten. The Germans made it equal to the ground. There was no sign of the extermination houses, of the cruel bloodshed and other murders. There remained

only the pierced barbed wire fences and the barracks where the murderers had lived and feasted.

Mourning and with a bowed head, we stood a little group of Jews from Wlodowa and the surroundings, at this horrible place to offer the last honour to our relatives and our dearests. Sobibor, had formerly been a naive name unknown to the world. And now — a cursed word, a name of a place that had drunk the blood of 750,000 old men, women and children. May this name always be cursed forever. And may these people be cursed who participated in these murders. I could not remain in the surroundings of Wlodowa. The deadly silence destroyed the remainder of the energy I still possessed. The Poles who did not stop searching among the ruins to find among the burned Jews legal booty, devoured me with their hostile eyes that I had dared to survive. I left this place forever.

On Passover's Eve I arrived at Atlit and this was the happiest day of my life.

PERLA KNAPFMACHER

In the Valley of Death

In the year 1941 father with the family moved to the village Kalaz were grandfather Szlome Kalaher lived and we stayed there until 1942, the day of the order that all the Jews had to return to the town.

I was then 8 years old and I remember that once father went to look for his parents without returning again.

Together with my brother, mother and a glazier we went to the labour camp Adampol where we worked a little and received food. After work mother went to the village as she had some beans. While crossing the main road the SS-man Lotek saw her and beat her cruelly until finally he shot her.

Sometime after this event, I woke up at 4:00 o'clock in the morning for a roll call. My eyelids were heavy and I drowsed off while standing. Suddenly I heard shots and bullets flew over our heads I fell down on the ground with the face down not to see the terrible spectacle on the field. I was sure that they would shoot me too. After some moments passed, I tried moving a little in order to see what was going on around me. Next to me lay my brother dead. All those around me had been killed. I heard the voices of the Germans from far away and was afraid of moving a limb, I remained sprawled out all the day.

With dusk, I dared to raise my head and I saw the village inhabitants moving around the corpses stripping off their clothes and pulling out their gold teeth. I did not give any sign of being alive only late at night I dared to sit and to consider what I was to do.

I was a little girl, 8 years old and alone. All my relatives were laying in a pool of blood. I knew that not far from here there was the village Sochowi, where mother had taken me when she went to exchange a cloth for a slice of bread. I went there. Along the entire way there I was tortured by a wild thirst and arriving at the village I crept to the well to appease my thirst. Unfortunately the bucket creaked.

Immediately an old farmer came out of his hut and approached me. All my limbs froze from fear. The farmer bent down and told me whispering not to be afraid. He took me into the hut and told me that he knew about everything what had happened that day in the camp. He gave me something to eat and to drink and immediately he put out the light of the lantern saying: "We have to be careful that nobody should know that I let you in". After I had finished eating the old man told me that he was afraid to keep me in his house because of the frequent searches of the Germans after hiding Jews and he continued that the neighbours were even worse than the Germans denunciating every hiding Jew to the "Schwaben".

I asked him to let me stay until the morning and to show me the way leading to the village Kolatz, the village where my grandfather lived. There some farmers lived who were acquainted with my parents and I thought that they would provide me a hiding place. The old man agreed but when the sun rose and I intended to leave he told me: "Now don't go it is already broad daylight and you can be seen and get killed. Wait until the evening and then set off."

In the evening the old man gave me a slice of bread in a pouch a bottle of milk and a box matches saying: "Don't walk on the main road, there people can see you, go through the forest.

Though, there are wolves and they are also dangerous but not like man if a wolf approaches you, light a match and he will not come near you." All through the night I walked and crossed the forest until I arrived at the village Kolatz by sunrise. But as I was afraid to enter the village in the day time I hid in a pit I found in the field and stayed there until the evening.

In the dark I approached the hut of the farmer who had been our neighbour when we were living in this village and who was friendly with us but now when he opened the door I immediately felt his evil hatred and he said:

I will not give you up to Hitler, as we know each other but you have to vanish from here right away."

As I had no choice I went to the other end of the village and

thought I will open a door and ask for mercy, help, but in front of me I saw the hostile farmer and I was afraid to knock on any door in case I would meet someone who would hand me over to the Germans.

When I was already prepared to leave the village an old farmer approached me looking at me with warm eyes and saying to me in a friendly tone: "Food and to drink you will get from me. I am ready to do anything for you except to give you a place to sleep at night. The village is near the main road, and they make such searches that you have to be afraid".

I went to the field and during the daytime I found refuge among the plants. At night I found an open barn and I became acquainted with the dog watching it. Giving him the last slice of bread and he let me enter the barn. There I slept until sunrise and returned to the field.

Once someone saw me and he told "Wit" (the head of the village) who lived in Hansk. He gathered other village leaders and together they enclosed the field in order to find me. Bit by bit they looked for me among the plants. I saw them coming nearer and I felt that these were my last moments.

Suddenly I felt someone treading on my foot. I was sure that now, now... but he bent down pretending as if looking for something and whispered to me: "Don't be afraid... I will not tell them". He withdrew walking and as if searching for me he arrived at the other end of the field when I heard him saying loudly so that I could also hear: "I searched the whole field but she was not there, she certainly escaped." The information about the denunciation also reached the partisans (so I was told afterwards) and one night they lit the hut of the farmer who had denunciated me and killed him. The partisans wanted me to join them where I would be safer. They ordered me to come to a certain house from where they would take me to the forest. Unfortunately a big attack of the Germans took place at the same time — the German army enclosed the forest and the partisans had to withdraw. So I continued hiding in the field. In course of time I became friendly with the shepards of the village and they had pity on me and brought me some food. They even warned me of those who could give me away. Among the shepards was one shephardess who bore a grudge against me but as she was afraid of

the others she did not hand me over. Once when I was sitting with the shepards around a fire roasting potatoes some Germans passed on a carriage. One of them descended approached us, taking roasted potatoes asking in Polish if we had seen Jews or partisans hiding in the field. We answered in unison that we had not. The shepardess made a movement as if she intended to speak and one of the shepards seized her arm strongly making her understood to keep silent.

*

When I wanted to enter a hut to ask for something to eat a big dog attacked me threatening to tear me up. The owner of the hut came out and took me in. He allowed me to warm myself at the oven and even gave me something to eat. But his wife looked at me with hostile eyes — saying that she would not allow me to sleep there. But in the middle of the night I heard the owner speaking: "It is forbidden to send the girl away she will freeze in the cold. When his wife saw that he would not change his mind she agreed by remaining silent. I stayed there until summer. I helped them in all kind of chores but I did not dare to leave the house.

Apparently the neighbours were suspicious. One of them started to come over frequently. When he came I hid under the sofa. The neighbour sat down on the sofa while trying to find me with his feet, I moved to the wall and remained pressed against it until he left. I told this to the farmer and he understood that the neighbours were suspicious of him. One day he hitched the horse to the wagon I was placed under the seat and together with his wife they removed me from the village.

They brought me to another village not far from Chelm. There they had friends. He went to a farmer and revealed him the whole secret that I was Jewish and looking for refugee. I remained there working as maid and shepard.

Once in a while I was working in the stable. A German soldier who lived at my employer's entered: "I know you are Jewish, I see it on your face and eyes, but you don't need to be afraid of me. I have a girl like you your age. Who knows if I'll ever see her." He whispered: "Don't be afraid though I am German, but I will not cause you any harm."

I pretended that I did not understand what he said and answered him in Polish. But also in the future he acted to me in a friendly way. He gave me chocolate and conserves. But I was filled with fear due to the fact that I was Jewish. After the conquest of the whole environment by the Russians, I went to the farmer who had brought me here in order to thank him for what he had done for me though he endangered his and his wife's life. I intended to stay with them and to accept their religion, they were Baptists and to mix with the life of the village to avoid any further troubles which I had suffered as a Jew.

This reached the ears of a Jew named Glanzmann, inhabitant of our town, and he came to take me with him. I did not want to leave and so I escaped from him. I was afraid that these terrible times would return and again I would be forced to endure these tortures.

Finally someone decided to convince me to remain Jewish and I was brought to a Boarding School where everyone treated me warmly and where I felt well.

The family of Abraham Seligmann and also my aunt, my mother's sister asked for me and took me to their house. In the year 1948 I immigrated together with them to Israel. Here I got married and raised a family.

From the German Press
(The trial of Sobibor on 80 recorded tapes)

Hagen. The trial of the extermination camp Sobibor before the Jury that has continued since the 6th of September 1965 is already recorded on 80 tapes each lasting more than two and a half hours including the important parts of evidence of this trial.

The end of this trial which has already continued for 15 weeks and which according the plan was to be over before Christmas, is not yet to be seen.

The participants are sure that it will continue until spring or summer 1966. The reason for this is the evidence of Jews of the extermination camp Sobibor who survived. It is also expected that

the judges have to visit Israel and the USA in order to hear those who are unable to come to Germany because of their health.

Testimony Written with Blood

Hagen. The Sobibor trial which is taking place before the Jury of Hagen approaches its Jubilee, which means, on Thursday, December 23, they will meet for the fiftieth time. Though two camp supervisors, Erwin Bauer (65) and Hubert Gamarki (54) were convicted in 1949 to life imprisonment for the murder of Jews in Sobibor, the Jury is now hearing the testimony of 17 Jews who had escaped during the revolt in the death camp and so survived.

Moshe Bahir, a bank clerk in R.G. is an important witness for the prosecution. He is testifying against the two defendents Karl Frenzel and Kurt Balender.

He only tells what had happened to him and what he saw with his own eyes.

This witness accuses Balender of killing a child on the pavement of the camp and Frenzel of forcing a Jew to hang his son and finally killing himself the poor father.

He told about Jewish labourers who were brought from the death camp Belsiz to be exterminated in Sobibor and who had hidden documents written in blood in breed. These documents tell about what had happened in Belsiz and warn the Jews of Sobibor that the same fate awaits them — they would be killed.

Hagener Rundschau, No. 297, December, 22, 1965.

Hagen. One of the 11 accused at the Sobibor trial, Erwin Lampert (55), a constructor from Stuttgart is accused of helping to kill the Jews in Sobibor. He is accused of the same guilt in Treblinka.

He was convicted in the trial of Dusseldorf on September 3, 1965 to 4 years imprisonment but because of his appeal he was released at the moment. In the Sobibor trial again he was arrested and accused of building and perfecting the gas chamber in Sobibor.

THE TRIAL OF THE EXECUTIONER OF SOBIBOR

A jury of judges, prosecutors and defenders who arrived from Germany and headed by the Israeli judge Dr. Beniski, heard testimony for 3 days at the court of Tel Aviv. The testimony was given by Mrs. Ada Lichtmann who survived after the revolt and who had refused to go to Germany in order to testify at the trial of the executioners of Sobibor. Her testimony led to a loud and stubborn victory of the persecution over the defense. The more she continued in her descriptions of the hell she had experienced the more appeased the noise of the prosecutors and their questions and comments stopped and they lowered their heads.

In the eyes of the Jewish judge, who himself had tasted the camps of Hitler, stood tears and his voice hardly found its way through throat.

SPECTACLES OF CRUELTY

"Don't ask me for exact dates", said Mrs. Lichtmann to the provocative and torturing questions of the lawyers. At that time no calendar existed but on the other hand I remember the events of those days which I am describing because they will remain deeply rooted in my memory throughout my life.

The awful depressed the mood and atmosphere of the courtroom. Horror accompanied the route from Krakow from where the Germans had openly exiled her, through Miliz, Dubinki Charaschow, and other places on the bloody road to Sobibor. Physical and mental pains, blows and humiliations. Her husband Mark Weismann was killed with stones during the work in the camp Postak.

The strikes and blows of the SS-men and Ukrainians while passing the "Spalier" (their lines) before the entrance of the concentration points.

Already at the beginning of her simple words the lips whispered

automatically: "Is this possible?" From where did this woman with her delicate face and blue eyes, take the strength to endure these tortures? From where did she have the strength to tell again of her sufferings?

Devilish Laughter Deafens the Screaming of the Dying

She recalls events of Jews struck and shot on Dobinko. In Dobinko the Jews were loaded on wagon trains that went to Charabishow.

Planes flew over the train shooting with machine guns into the wagons. They lowered the planes so that we could see the faces of pilots. And when they stopped the shooting for a while we heard them laughing. The devilish laughter deafened the screaming of those dying.

On the way somewhere near to Dobinko, they were taken out of the wagons and the men and women were forced to strip off their clothes and to begin dancing. The voice of Mrs. Lichtmann breaks off.

Her face reflects her feeling of tortures and inability to tell all. Her words shiver and only an echo is heard of those awful days which had become from day to day more terrible.

They were kept on the ground only one day. It was fenced in with barbed wire and again they were loaded on the wagons, like cattle from the slaughter and brought to Sobibor. Usually the journey from Charobichow took several hours. But then it extended to eternity and no one, neither Mrs. Lichtmann nor someone else from the survivors, remembers how long they travelled in the closed wagons.

Nevertheless, the journey lasted for a few days and the German soldiers were amused by their victims. There on the station before Sobibor the Ukrainians broke into the wagons and plundered jewelry and those who did not succeed to take off the ring of their finger in time, had the ring taken off together with the finger. "You don't need either the finger nor the ring anymore" the wild Ukrainians consoled their victims! "Soon you will be broiled and soap will be made from you, dust".

The Polish farmers also waited in front of the entrance to Sobibor and shouted at the Jews in the transports. "Throw us your money, anyway it will not redeem you from death, you are going to the gas chamber."

The Speech to the Transports

The shouts of the Poles penetrated into the conscience of those weakened from hunger and thrust pains and agony and they started screaming and yelling thus deafening the camp.

The SS-man Michel who was called by the camp inhabitants "the speaker" as he received the arrivals with a prepared speech, did not have what to say to the Polish Jews. Those were received with whips and gunshots. The Polish farmers also shouted at the Jews from Holland, Belgium, Austria, Czechoslowakia, Bulgaria and Greece — but those did not understand the meaning of their shouts.

At their arrival to the camp they were welcomed with a speech by Michel: "You have to be disciplined. Strip off your clothes, make a nice bundle of them and attach them to the luggage, in order to recognize them immediately after the shower, because you will not receive other clothes here.

Among the transport of 7,000 men with whom Ada Lichtmann arrived in the year 1942 and who went on the same day to the gas chamber only three women survived chosen to work in the laundry. With an indication of his finger the SS commander took her out of the line and asked her for profession. When she answered that she was a teacher he and his assistants broke out in laughter: "We will teach you to be a laundress. Choose two other girls. Her closest friends Bela Sobol and Sarka Katz were already beyond the gate on the way to the crematorium, but she managed to get them out of the line.

The Jews believed the Germans and in astonishing order they packed their belongings and after an hour not even one was alive, only a few craftsmen were allowed to survive.

Shouts Going Up to the Sky in the Night

We three organized the laundry in the camp. Until then the German officers too were dirty and lice infected. In the course of time the laundry was enlarged and women from other transports arriving daily were distributed to us. The Judges realized how Mrs. Lichtman hesitates in her narration and talk to her kindly: "Talk, remember as much as you can".

The tension in the hall extended also to the memory of the woman. She feels the good eyes of Dr. Beinski on her and of the stenotypist, a Lieutenant in the police Mrs. Hela Koslowski who stops her tears while writing every word going out of her mouth.

The German do not want to hear about what she knows to tell but what she has seen with her own eyes. But how can she not tell about the shouts of women who arrived with the night transports. The heartbreaking shouts and screaming ceased for a moment and then once again beginning penetrating the limbs and soul. The SS-men boasted the next day that they raped the most beautiful women in front of the whole transport.

Generally the transports arrived during the day. Once on a hot summer day a transport arrived with thirsty people as it had been for several days since they had tasted a drop of water. The SS officer allowed some to go and fetch water, but there the "Unterscharfführer" Michel was already waiting for them and he made them run to a dug up hole which served as a privy and forced them to smear their body and face with the excrement. And thus he brought them back to the thirsty people of the transport. From another transport young men were forced to beat each other to death. The last one remaining from this terrible battle was shot by the Germans.

Heroic Deeds in Sobibor

The stories of Mrs. Lichtmann and her husband whom she met in Sobibor after the revolt are horrifying.

They tell how the semi-alive victims tried to maintain to the last moment not only their human faces but also their human souls. They tell about women who tried to save their children and were desperately driven to perform heroic deeds: About young mothers

who attempted with their own bodies to cover and to defend their children. They tell about the Jewish officer of the Spanish civil war who immediately after his arrival tried organizing a revolt. The Germans found out about it and they chose 72 men and sent them to the crematorium. The men rebelled with bare hands — and finally all were shot outside of the crematorium. This massacre was supervised by the "Oberscharfführer" Frenzel whose trial is taking place at the present inferment. Returning from the scene of the murder he ordered the quick erection of a temporary stage out of some planks, called for the orchestra, gathered the women and told them to sing and dance.

This Frenzel once caught a boy red-handed, eating sardines, he gathered all the Jews from the barracks and in front of all he shot the child. Sobibor did not become at once a concentration of plants and workshops. The camp gradually expanded, developed slowly, erecting all kind of workshops. There work was done only for the German officers and guards. Coats, dresses, furs were sewn there for them, their wives and mistresses. Very few Jews were sent to the forest to shop trees. Once the Jews of such a group attacked their guards, killed them and escaped. The Germans took revenge on other Jews. But all considered the heroism of the escaped as a miracle and dreamt of doing the same.

The Rebellion Committee

Sasha Pizurski who was brought to the camp with a group of prisoners of the Russian army immediately formed a committee to prepare a revolt. To this committee belonged also the heroes Leibl Feldhendler, Shaul Felischmann and others who strongly detested the Germans and had decided revenge.

In the barracks weapons there started to appear: axes and knives. How dangerous this was! How much courage, cunning, patience you had to use in order to conceal, this. Many efforts of the spirit and mind, will and courage had to be used to take guns, rifles and bullets from the storehouses. The participants of this operation were divided into groups. The plan was worked out to the smallest details: Every group and its duties — really imaginative tasks: Some had to assault the guard towers where the guards sat with machine guns; some had to tempt the officers into coming into

the workshops; others had to attack the guards that were wandering about. Special men had to cut off the telephone and electricity lines and tear down the barbed wires — to make passage ways.

The Malignent Blood of the SS-Men is Shed

The revolt was fixed for October 14, 1943. 700 condemned to death enthusiastically took their fate into their own hands. Until the prearranged sign was given every group had performed its tasks well. Nevertheless things which had not been expected in advance happened. Guns started firing from both sides, axes and knives greedy for blood shone in the air and the whole camp changed into a battlefield. On this day, October 14, at 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon there began on the hell ground of Sobibor the shedding of the malignant blood of the SS-men and their Ukrainian assistants. Those who had been so sure of themselves when millions of innocent women and children were led to death, seemed now anxious and inferior, they became confused and ran like mice into the trap looking for a hiding place.

The SS-men and the police pursued the escapers. They mobilized airplanes and the Polish farmers of the area to help them pursue the fleeing Jews. Only a few pitied the victims and did not hand them over to the Germans. Out of 700 escaping from Sobibor only about 30 survived. Also Mrs. Ada Lichtmann and two of her friends, one of them a Polish women called Alina Stern-Sofermann, who is living in Israel succeeded, with help of some young Poles, in arriving to the partisans in the woods of Parzew and continued their war against the German army. But until they reached the forest they wandered around day and night around the camp, living of tree leaves and poisonous mushrooms that so burned their intestines that they wished to die.

They lowered their eyes and one of them was turning his head from side to side replied: "No, we did not easily agree to accept such a mission. It was forced upon us officially". And the second added: "It's a good thing that you did not agree to come to Germany... so we were enabled to come to Israel, a wonderful journey." One of the present in the hall heard this conversation said: "The blood of the Jews shed by the Germans flowed like a river. Don't you think that by defending the murderers you emphasize the responsibility

of the German people of what took place." The two defenders ignoring the question avoided answering and the question remained unanswered.

MISHA LEW

Nearly a Legend

We the organisation of the survivors of Wlodowa in Israel, together with the survivors of the death camp Sobibor, declare herewith our recognition and our thankfulness to the Jewish Russian officer Alexander Zerski the courageous hero, the organizer of the revolt in Sobibor, and his three friends of the mutiny survived: Arkadi Weispapir, Simion Rosenfeld and Ipis Litbonowski. God bless also the memory of those who fell in the battle during the revolt!

In this death camp, 6 - 8 km away from Wlodowa, all the Jews of the town and its surroundings were suffocated and burnt. Thanks to the heroism of the organizer and participants of the revolt the honour of the Jews was saved and their revolt against the forces of their torturers marks the courage and heroism of the Jews. May the shortened fragments of the essay of Misha Lew about the four heroes and the description of the course of the battle that we bring on our memory book, be a document for the generations of the Jewish history.

Alexander Kazarski, Lieutenant of the Soviet army, captured by the German army near Viasma in the year 1941.

Arkadi Weispapir, was imprisoned near Lazernigow.

Simion Rosenfeld, not yet 19 years old bombed together with Soviet soldiers vans loaded with weapons, he was wounded and was imprisoned near the border.

Ipis Litwinowski was also wounded and captured.

For two years they were dragged from one camp to the other until they arrived to Minsk. There they were shut up in a cellar together with the other Jewish prisoners. Every day corpses were taken out of the cellar and the guard would ask: "Do we have still to wait a long until all of you die?" and a voice always answered: "Yes you will have to wait a long time!"

Together with them was a Jewish Communist from Poland, Shlomo Leitmann and someone from Sowjet Union, Boris Zibolski.

On September 19, all those were taken away from Minsk who declared that they were craftsmen, carpenters, constructors and others. They were loaded on 25 wagons, always 70 in a wagon. For 4 days and nights the train crawled to Sobibor. During this time they did not taste a slice of bread or a drop of water.

The Oberscharfführer ordered the craftsmen without family to leave. Among those Pazarski Leitmann, Rosenfeld, Weispapir, Litwinowski, Schubejew and others descended. They were led to an enclosed area with barbed wire, where the people of the camp were arranging logs of wood. Suddenly it became so difficult to breathe that one nearly could suffocate. In the area of about half a kilometer a dense smoke dispersed and you could see flames of fire and a terrible noise was heard: Hundreds of geese were making noise. When they were already in the barrack someone entered and told them to stand with their backs to the train. He asked: "From where are the Jews coming?" "From Minsk". He was answered and was also asked why nobody had answered their greeting. "This is an order because not all the people of our train have been burnt yet. You were left to finish the northern camp".

That same evening they learnt that the camp was built according to the order of Himmler. This plan was worked out by the SS engineer Tomol. The supervision of the construction was in the hands of the chief supervisor of the death camp Holdheimer and the engineer Maser. Himmler himself visited the camp in July 1943, and after his visit they started to burn 15,000 Jews per day.

Sobibor consisted of three camps actually. In the first the workshops of the shoemakers, tailors, carpenters and two officer domiciles were situated.

From there was a passageway to the second camp, there the belongings of those who were moved over to the third camp through the "Himmelsstrasse" (skystreet) were classified and packed. There already half a million Jews were exterminated. 1500 – 20,000 Jews a day arrived to Sobibor from Poland, Czechoslowakia, Holland,

France, Austria and others countries. From the Soviet Union this was the first train.

Baruch who had already been in the camp for a year and a half told us: "In the spring a couple tried to escape. They were seized and killed together with another 150 people. Two communists who worked with some of the camp inhabitants in town, suffocated the guard and escaped, the others were brought back and shot, But Pazarski acted towards him with suspicion.

In the northern camp there was work for a month only. On the same day 25 men who had approached were beaten. They were beaten with a whip coated with rubber and the one being hit had to count in a loud voice and if he made a mistake the beating started from the beginning again. The next day 25 others were beaten.

On the third day Franz, the camp leader shot the cook because he did not succeed in distributing the water soup within the time allotted to him, 10 minutes.

On the fourth day Pazarski was lucky and escaped from sure death. He stood with other camp inhabitants and was cutting woodblocks with an unsharpened axe. His working partner a Dutch notary, was cleaning his glasses and was contemplating how to cut the block Franz approached him and with all his strength struck his head. The glasses of the Dutchman fell down and broke into thousand pieces, strewn with blood he started hacking with his axe on the tree and Franz was hacking on his head with his stick until he collapsed on the earth drowning in his blood.

Pazarski stood looking on both until his glance met with the glance of the murderer and this one shouted: "Russ, komm her (Russian come here!)" Baserski, the Kapo told him that the Oberscharfführer gave him 5 minutes to cut the piece of wood and he would get a pack of: cigarettes and if not, he would be beaten until death. Alexander spread out his legs rubbed his hands, lifted the axe and turned his head towards the German, who had drawn his gun and quickly put it back.

After four and a half minutes the block was cut.

When he gave him the cigarette he refused to accept them: "I do not smoke — he said. Franz said something to the Kapo and he went and returned with bread and a package of margarine. This Pazarski refused to accept: "I am not hungry", he said.

And, oh, wonder, the Oberscharfführer put his gun back into his case and went away. In the course of the time Baruch gained the trust of Pazarski and one day he told Baruch about the underground group existing in the camp to which the following belonged.

Leon Feldhendler, who worked together with Baruch in the second camp, the manager of the tailor workshops, Jusek the shoemaker Jacob and the carpenter Janek.

"Do you know in which places the field is mined?" Alexander asked him. "Yes", answered Baruch, "it is like a chessboard for me, I myself dug the holes for the mines." Afterwards Baruch was brought to the women's camp where he was introduced to some girls and one of them Lioka who was breeding rabbits told him that from her place of work she could see through cracks in the wood, how about 300 geese where moved to the third camp and behind the geese followed for hours black naked people. They were driven to the brick structure then passed through the metal gate, then the Disel was operated, infusing the poison into the cells.

Pazarski and Leitmann came frequently to the locksmiths and the smith. Once they met Basatzki there. Leitmann pulled Alexander away: "let's go! "go alone", said the Kapo, I have to clear something up with Sasha. After Leitmann had gone Basatzki said: "You are not careful at all. The event with Franz, your frequent visits in the women's camp. You think I do not understand that Loika is nothing but an excuse. Your right hand is Leitmann. I only want to tell you, if I were a dog I would have handed you over long since, but I understand that I too will be burnt, they don't want to leave witnesses."

"It's good that you understand. But why do you tell me all this? Sasha why should we lose time in vain? remember that together with us you can gain a lot. Let us join you: Me and the Kapo Zapik from the train headquarters, of the Kapo Schmidt I myself am afraid.

Think it over and the sooner the better for all of us."

On October 12th in the evening not only the Fashists but also the Russian prisoners were standing on guard: Arkadi Weispapir inspected the ground and Simion Rosenfeld did not stop watching the gate. They had received the order to announce immediately if they had seen something suspicious.

But they did not know that when the guard beat 9 times with his iron stick on the railway. Nine people gathered in the carpenter workshop to discuss whether to invite a tenth man or not. What would have Arkadi Weispapir said if he had known that this tenth was the Kapo Basetzki.

Sasha sent for Basetzki and when he appeared he said: "We are starting with consultations. "What, Sasha, you want to try me or to warn me?"

"There is no time for reproaches now, you are really ought to be judged and nevertheless we are entrusting you with lives of 600 Jews, and why should we warn you? You know yourself quite well what is expecting you if you betray us."

The next morning Basetzki came to the carpentry workshop and shouted at Janek that the doors in Kasrektin do not close and open as they should. "How should I know this?" Janek replied, "I never go there". "You always have an excuse ready. Give me someone from the workers and I will bring him there".

The labourer who took the tool box was naturally Pazarski. He acted as if he tried out the locks in the empty rooms of Kasrektin, closed the doors and quickly opened the closets and saw for himself that the gun magazines and the girdles were empty. In the afternoon he and Shlomo ascended up the loft observing for a long time the forest to the right of the gate.

They decided to cut the barbed wire next to the officer's house, they knew that the mines around it were only warning mines and it was possible to explode them with stones they had long since prepared. Ready was also the dry sand to throw into the eyes of the guards.

On the loft it was also finally decided what everyone had to do the next day, Thursday, October 14th, at 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon when the officers would come to try on their suits. Everything had to be ready until 5:00 o'clock, the hour of the roll call. Tonight 70 men had to be equipped with arms, sharp knives and axes that the locksmiths and smiths had secretly prepared for them.

"Rest a little bit, Sasha, "Immediately, but I am contemplating the advise I am going to propose to Finkewitz, who will lead the line, after all he is a lieutenant in the army and experienced." "Don't dare, he is frightened". A few days ago I hinted to him that he has to do something — he answered that he would not participate in adventures". "Perhaps he does not trust you?"

"Nonsense, in Minsk he had already said: "Under Pilsudski it was still possible to be a Communist but under Hitler it is impossible". Very rarely has this region experienced in October such a warm and beautiful day. Basetzki burst out coarsely and let to the rubber hose run freely in his hands. The supervisor Greischutz called him and gave him a package of cigarettes for his nice work.

Basarski went with 7 men to the little carpentry workshop. From there you could look at the first camp hand as if it were on the palm of your hand. The head of the great workshop was Leitmann that day and not Janek. With him there were 20 men of the Red Army and under their shirts there were hammers and knives.

At 3:30 o'clock Basetzki had to lead Zibolski and two others to the second camp and to kill the four Faschists there. But at 2:00 o'clock an SS man came and ordered Basetzki and three others to come with him. Bazarski's face was bathed in cold sweat. He went to the great workshop of the carpenters and told Janek and the Kapo Zepik to go and see where they were being led. They were only taken to arrange the wood logs in the northern camp.

Bazarski called Zibulski and told him: "Zapek will bring you to the second camp". "This does not come into account!" shouted Sapek, "without a permit I am not allowed to go there. We have to postpone everything to tomorrow".

"What, you refuse?" Zibulski answered: "Everything will be alright".

The Germans officers were told to come at a fixed time for the try on of the suits or boots. The executioner Neumann had to be the first to come to the workshop of the tailors. At 4:00 o'clock.

He came ridding 20 minutes before the time. The main tailor Jusek and the "Tailors" Shubajew and Rosenfeld asked him to take off the coat. He took off the coat together with the girdle and the gun and put it on the table.

"Please" gave him Jusek a new coat, please turn to the light."

At the same moment Rosenfeld seized the weapon of Neumann Schubajew took the axe which was hidden near to the table.

The corpse they covered with rags and the blood stains with sand they dispersed on them. Schubajew went to Bazarski to tell him the news. At 4:05 o'clock came to take his boots the responsible for the "Himmelstrasse" the Vice head of the camp, Gottinger. He was killed by Arkadi Weispapir.

At 4:10 o'clock the head of the Police Greischütz opened the door, he opened and fell down on the earth. He was killed by Simion.

From far the SS man Gaulstick was seen going to the second camp, of which Bazarski did not know what was going on. Leitmann came towards him: "Mister officer, we were ordered to finish the bed planks and we don't have exact instructions, the carpenters don't do anything, perhaps you come in for a moment". Shlomo made the way free for him to the beds and from the first hit he was dead.

At 4:20 Zibulski came to Bazarski and told him: "The four officers are dead their weapons taken, the telephone connection cut.
The leaders of the second camp are now Lion and Baruch." To the courtyard came some tinsmiths with zinc cones in their hands and brought 6 German guns with bullets.

At 4:30 Basetzki returned with his group and told that the smith from Lodz Henrik Hengel had killed on the lamp shade with an iron bar the Unterschafführer Beckman and had taken his machine gun.

It was time to give the sign for the general action but Bazarski is waiting. Franz the supervisor of the camps is still living. It was promised that he would come to the little carpenter workshop to see the new closets. Why did not he come? Nevertheless they had to start. Bazarski told Basetski to give the sign and to stand them all in a line. In the first line stood 70 war prisoners of the Russian war who had to attack the weapon storehouse. Lion brought from the second camp 150 men. It became noisy, crowded and everyone guessed that something was going on and wanted to be near to the gate.

At the same moment appeared like from the earth the supervisor of the guards. He did not understand what this noise meant before the roll on and his whip started to work at its right and at its left. He succeeded in standing up all in lines of 5. And he turned around and saw that not only Basetzki as usual was going after him but also other camp inhabitants.

"Look Kapo that they should stand immediately." He shouted and drew out his gun. Rosenfeld and some others drew their axes. It was now impossible to stop the mass. And suddenly Bazarski's order was heard: "Friends to the house of the officers to cut off the wires!"

Now those in the watchtowers understood that there is something going on and opened the fire. Pinkewitz and others were running to the main gate. But they did not reach the forest, they were bombed on the mines. The Russian prisoners with Bazarski ran to the weapon magazine, but the fire shots laid them down on the ground. Also the Faschists set off for the storehouse. The uprising had only a few rifles and guns, but nevertheless they were enough to force the Germans to creep on four, but not enough to conquer a weapon storehouse.

Bazarski saw Franz arriving almost at the gate of the storehouse and when he tried to get up, he shot him.

"One after one to the house of the officers". Bazarski ordered, "Tear the wires and quickly to the forest". He himself would remain with some men with arms in order to prevent the enemy from pursuing the unarmed rebels.

"Commander" someone addressed him, "it is time to withdraw".

"Commander" his heart fluttered, it was the first time in 2 years he was thus addressed, although he was still in the death camp he was no longer its inhabitant. .

He stood at the edge of the forest to get a breath of fresh air and he saw some more people running. Bullets whistling, fell one here, another tread on a mine, and there fell a woman who was already near to the forest.

They were going one after the other, at the head Bazarski, after him Zibulski and the last Weispapir.

To leave the forest was like to abandon a fortress, behind which was on open field with a moat full of water.

Weispapir had heard something and one transmitted to the next — "Beware". There is still someone here. They heard Kaukasian — it was Schubejew with his group. All had already passed to the second bank of the moat and again the forest is spread out before them only Bazarski is sad. Schubejew had told him that Leitmann is seriously wounded. Schlomo, Leon and Baruch had to find the Polish partisans, now he was lying on the stretcher seriously wounded. Who could tell if he'd live until the morning.

Pazarski was walking and thinking of those days when he had been together with Leitmann and he had never realized how he loved him. It was enough that Leitmann would lay down his head and Bazarski would know that he could not live without him. Shlomo sent his last farewell and thanks with Schubejew, whom had he to thank first if not Shlomo that they were free now. Bazarski would never forget him.

But to further entertain sentimental thoughts he was not

allowed he had to take care of 60 men following him. He knew that it would be difficult to hide with such a great group and impossible to escape without it being realized.

A rustle — and all held their breaths, again silence. Good that it had been a false alarm. They continued and there a woman was crying: "Moishe, wo bist du?" (Moshe where are you). True no one heard Moshe's answer, but it seemed as if her voice did not spread only in the forest, but "Moishe, wo bist du?" she cried again.

What were they to do? To send her away? Shlomo would have shaken his head: "No!" The scouts went, returned announcing: "Sparse woods, field, railway. What should we do? Should we stay in the forest? Here they would certainly look for us. They crept to the railway and hid between the bushes. Lucky for them, the wind did not disperse the clouds and a dull thin drizzle trickled since the morning.

Only in the afternoon some planes were to be seen. And from the surrounding forests shots and the barking of dogs were heard, the Germans and the police were searching there. At night they crept across the railway and they continued.

In the forest they met other escapers from Sobibor.

"Are you going to the Bug?", Return, it is full of Germans there". Bazarski and 8 others decided not to deviate from their course. In a little cave in the forest all gathered for the last time. Bazarski said: "Friends, we will divide into 6 groups, I wish you all a good journey succeed and revenge!"

They hugged him, kissed him and whispered: "Many thanks to you, Sasha, we will never forget you."

After 4 days 9 men sneaked into a yard of a farm and they waited some hours until the evening.

Alexander knocked at the window. Someone moved the curtain and the door was opened. Bazarski, Zibulski, Schubejew and Weispapir entered. The rest stood outside guarding. Here in the

farm far from the border of Poland and White Russia you heard that there in Chelm or Maidanek a miracle had taken place.

"They say" — said the farmer — "that from the ovens where the Fashists were burning people, the dead-living had suddenly started to jump seizing the Germans at their necks, suffocating them. They say that not far was situated a division of Germans who at first grabbed their guns and then threw them away from fear and escaped."

"Help us to cross the Bug", whispered Bazarski. The owner adjusted the wick of the burner covered the window with a cover and said: "God himself helps you, how can I refuse?" addressed his children: "Adja, serve to eat and you Tadek, slip into your boots and prepare for the journey".

In the night of October 20th, they already stepped on earth of White Russia. And after 2 days not far from Brisk they met the first partisans. 8 men were accepted in the Kotowski division. Bazarski went to another camp called Shazar, because there he was promised to be put with a group of saboteurs who were due to bomb a train.

Boris Zibulski and Alexander Schubejew fell as heroes.

Alexander Bazarski and Arkadi Weispapir succeeded in joining the Red Army. The red ribbons on their hats were changed into stars and again battles.

At the end of August Bazarski was seriously wounded and Waispapir rushed to the West. Bazarski did not cease to inquire of the fate of his friends the rebels, during the 4 months that he stayed in the division hospital and later as a citizen in Rostow.

He learned that on the same evening they escaped, the Germans sounded the alarm. And on October 16, a special division of excavators arrived and exploded down all the buildings and guard towers. They pulled out the pillars of the barbed wire loaded them on vans and together with the bulldozers that had excavated the pits for the ashes of the burnt, took them away. They also took the transport of wagons on which there were still corpses and the diesel engines that had operated the flow of the nitrogen. They even killed the geese and the rabbits.

Many of the escapers were captured, others escaped to the partisans. Jaftim, Litwinowski was at the first in the division of a Polish partisan division. Afterwards he met in the woods of Skoporodniza a group of Russian soldiers, who also had escaped from German camps. Their leader was Fiodor Kawakiow. Together they joined the famous partisan union under the leadership of Fiodorow, a hero who had distinguished himself twice in the Sowjet Union.

Simion Rosenfeld felt sharp pains in his right leg, an hour after they had escaped from the camp. He and two young boys, the brothers Monik and Jusek, left the group and went southward to the woods of Sawin. They were told that there too a partisan camp existed. They wandered for two weeks in the forest until, near the Janow farm, they found an extinguished fire on which stood a big rounded pot covered with leaves in which were found boiled peas. Obviously someone was there. 100 meters away they found an excavation where 5 people lived who had come 10 days before from Sobibor, and 3 Jews from Czechoslowakia (Schnabel, Karnischauer, Silbermann) who had escaped from another camp.

At the end of December the first snow fell.

With the snow there came an armed group of "AKA" of 6 men who did not succeed in entering the ditch in time, 5 were killed (one escaped). From the grenade which was thrown into the ditch another one was killed and they started pulling the boards of the ditch.

Rosenfeld tied up the 3 gun bullets he had in his pocket and laid them on a board under them he put a burning candle, the bullets exploded and caused the murderer to flee.

Four people remained in the ditch. They had been hiding for 7 weeks and then they moved to a farm of friends between Lublin and Chelm. In the second half of July 1944, the Red Army liberated Chelm. The wound of Rosenfeld had not yet healed but he went to the Soviet General and demanded: "Send me immediately to the front".

In the region of Lodz — a soldier, at Posen — a sergeant and again wounded in his right leg and in his right hand, and back to Lodz in the hospital. But this time not for long. When the Reichstag was burning enclosed by smoke, stood a man, like thousands others, at the walls and moved for a moment the machine gun to his left hand. This was Simion Rosenfeld not yet 23 years old who had already white hair and a wrinkled forehead. In a splitter he inscribed — Baranowitz — Sobibor — Berlin.

Leaves in Memoriam

Such has been the custom of our fathers and forefathers for many a generation: on old books' leaves they would note down the memorial days of ancestors and relatives who had passed away.

During the holocaust the books were destroyed, the names disappeared from the face of the earth and those memorial days, sacred to every family, sank into oblivion.

We've supplemented our memorial book with additional pages, through which we wish to carry on with the great tradition of remembrance. Thus so our ancestors' memory shall forever dwell in the hearts of their offspring. In those empty pages may each and every one of the remnants of our community note down, in memory of those holy ones of his family who passed away, their names, ages, where and how they died or were killed and where were they buried.

And cometh the day, after 120 years, when our children shall continue to write in the remaining empty pages the memorial days of their loved ones passed away — fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, and all those dear souls whose memory shall forever be carried in our hearts.

Other empty pages are intended for noting down important events, such as marriages etc.

Rabbi Yehoshua Thon at a Keren Hayesod Gathering, Cracow 1920

Taken from an article written in Davar, October 23, 1940
Written by Avraham Nachtumi, who heard the speech 20 years earlier

Brothers! We are about to begin Bereishit New worlds are emerging and being created, new life is being founded.

With great enthusiasm all the oppressed nations are rising up to build their homes and their lands, and even the Jewish nation has been invited as bridesmaids to the wedding, and they said to us, "get up and make it happen." And my will is that this call will sink deep into your hearts. You must understand, to know, to appreciate this great historic moment.

And if, G-d forbid you allow this opportunity which we have been given to pass, you should know the men amongst you, בית ישראל, and more importantly, the women, בית יעקב, who are blessed with a sense of what the future holds for your children, what will happen.

If your ears refuse to hear and your hearts are like stone and do not feel, then I will tell you what the future will hold.

All the nations of the world together will build their homes and reestablish their ruins; we will remain amongst them, spread out through them. And war will once again come to the world, greater than the first and more terrible than the first Not tomorrow and not the following day will this war happen, maybe in 18 or 20 years. And the hatred of the Jew will not be limited to the Jews of Galicia or Poland, rather, within each nation will arise great anti-Semites, and the great nations will give birth to the greatest anti Semites, greater than their nations have ever produced. The hatred of the Jews will spread throughout the world, from end to end. By then you will be Bubbies and Zeides, and your grandchildren will be rolling, slaughtered and decapitated, your granddaughters raped and disgraced. Your grandchildren will be lying on top of the mutilated corpses, in thick forests full of deafening silence, and they will call out: Father, Mother; you were able to do it but you did not have the desire.

יִזְכּוֹר

Memorial Prayer
for the Victims of the Holocaust

אֵל מָלֵא רַחֲמִים

שׁוֹכֵן בַּמְּרוֹמִים. הַמְצֵא מְנוּחָה נְכוֹנָה עַל כַּנְפֵי
הַשְּׁכִינָה. בְּמַעֲלוֹת קְדוֹשִׁים וּטְהוֹרִים כְּזֹהַר הָרָקִיעַ
מַזְהִירִים אֶת נִשְׁמוֹת

אַחֵינוּ בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל הַקְּדוֹשִׁים וְהַטְּהוֹרִים
שֶׁנָּפְלוּ בִּידֵי הָרוֹצְחִים וְנִשְׁפַּךְ דָּמָם בְּאוֹשְׁוִיץ,
מִידָנֶאק, טְרֶבְלִינְקָה, וּבְשְׁאָר מַחֲנוֹת הַשְּׁמַד
בְּאֵירוֹפָּה שֶׁנֶּהֶרְגוּ, שֶׁנִּשְׁחֲטוּ, וְשֶׁנִּשְׂרְפוּ,
וְשֶׁנִּטְבְּעוּ וְשֶׁנֶּחְנְקוּ עַל קִדּוּשׁ הַשֵּׁם

בַּעֲבוּר שְׁכָל הַקָּהָל הַקָּדוֹשׁ הַזֶּה מִתְפַּלְלִים בְּעַד
הַזְכָּרַת נִשְׁמוֹתָם. בֵּן עֵדֶן תְּהֵא מְנוּחָתָם. לָכֵן
בַּעַל הָרַחֲמִים. יַסְתִּירֵם בְּסֵתֶר כְּנָפָיו לְעוֹלָמִים.
וְצְרוֹר בִּצְרוֹר הַחַיִּים אֶת־נִשְׁמוֹתָם. יְיָ הוּא
נַחֲלָתָם וְיָנוּחוּ עַל מִשְׁכְּבוֹתָם בְּשָׁלוֹם. וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן:

Exalted and hallowed be God's great name
in the world which God created, according
to plan. May God's majesty be revealed
in the days of our lifetime and the life of all
Israel — speedily, imminently,
to which we say Amen.

Blessed be God's great name to all eternity.

Blessed, praised, honored, exalted, extolled,
glorified, adored, and lauded be the name
of the Holy Blessed One, beyond all earthly
words and songs of blessing, praise,
and comfort. To which we say Amen.

May there be abundant peace from heaven,
and life, for us and all Israel,
to which we say Amen.

May the One who creates harmony on high,
bring peace to us and to all Israel.
To which we say Amen.

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא בְּעָלְמָא דִּי־בְרָא
כִּרְעוּתֵהּ, וְיַמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתֵהּ בְּחַיֵּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן וּבְחַיֵּי
דְכָל־בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל, בַּעֲגָלָא וּבִזְמַן קָרִיב, וְאִמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעָלַם וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמַיָּא.

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח, וְיִתְפָּאַר וְיִתְרוֹמַם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא,
וְיִתְהַדַּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלַּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקוּדְשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ
הוּא, לְעֵלָּא מִן־כָּל־בִּרְכָתָא וְשִׁירָתָא, תֻּשְׁבְּחָתָא
וְנֶחֱמָתָא דַּאֲמִירָן בְּעָלְמָא, וְאִמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן־שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל־כָּל־
יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאִמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

עֹשֶׂה שָׁלוֹם בִּמְרוֹמָיו, הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שָׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל
כָּל־יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאִמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

Yitgadal v'yitkadash sh'mei raba.
B'alma di v'ra chirutei,
v'yamlich malchutei,

b'chayeichon uv'yomeichon
uv'chayei d'chol beit Yisrael,
baagala uviz'man kariv. V'im'ru: Amen.

Y'hei sh'mei raba m'varach
l'alam ul'almei almaya.

Yitbarach v'yishtabach v'yitpaar
v'yitromam v'yitnasei,
v'yit'hadar v'yitaleh v'yit'halal
sh'mei d'kud'sha b'rich hu,
l'eila min kol birchata v'shirata,
tushb'chata v'nechemata,
daamiran b'alma. V'imru: Amen.

Y'hei sh'lama raba min sh'maya,
v'chayim aleinu v'al kol Yisrael.
V'imru: Amen.Oseh shalom bimromav,
Hu yaaseh shalom aleinu,
v'al kol Yisrael. V'imru: Amen.