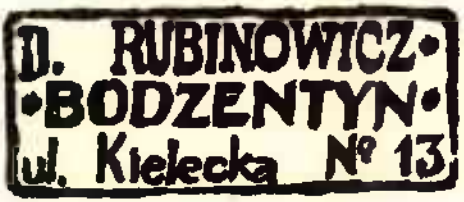
# THE DIARY OF DAWID RUBINOWICZ



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Translated by Derek Bowman




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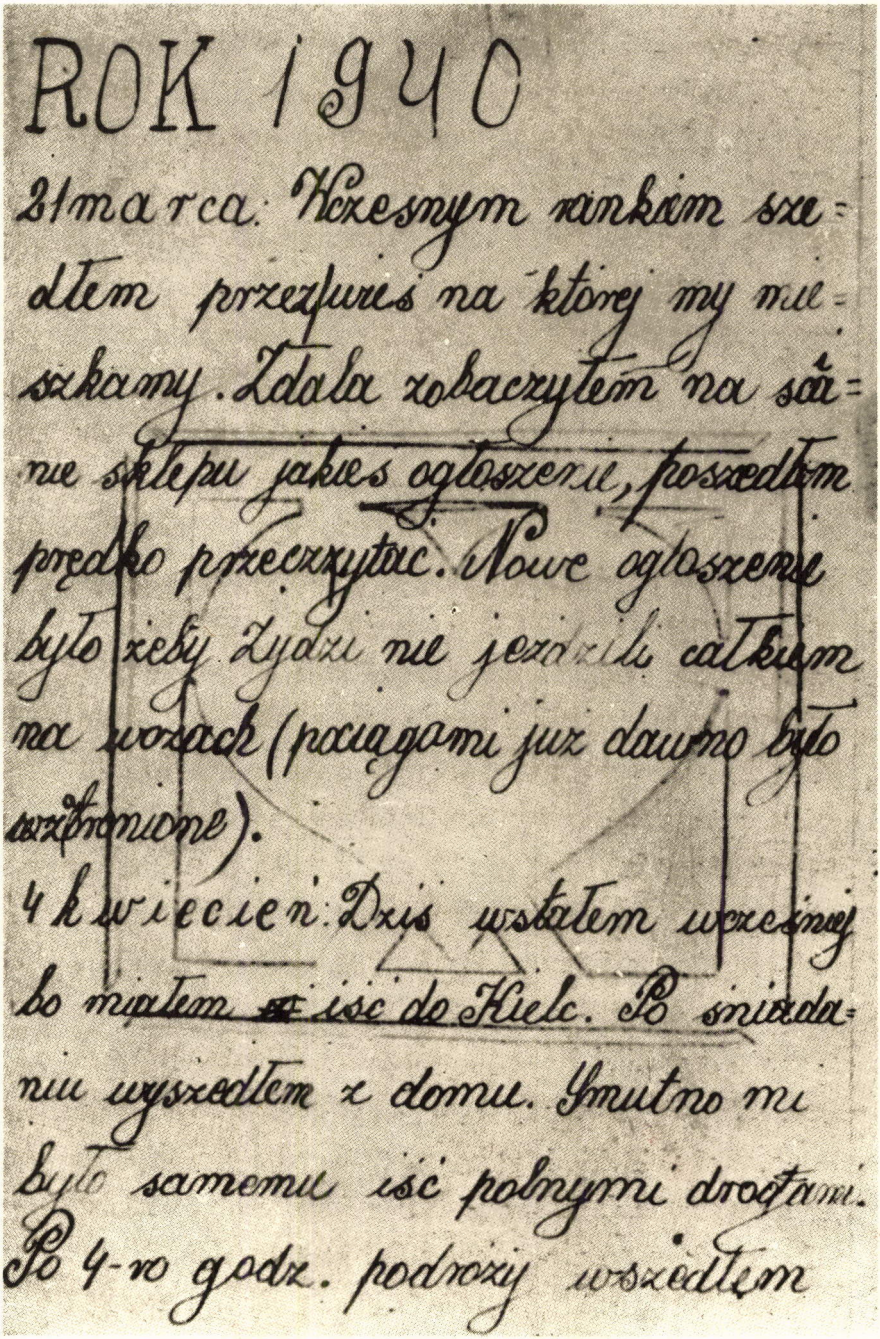
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*The Diary of Dawid Rubinowicz* was first published in English by William Blackwood, Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1981; the original Polish edition, *Pamietnik Dawida Rubinowicza,* with an epilog by Maria Jarochowska, was published in Warsaw in 1960.

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ROK 1940

21 marca. Wczesnym rankiem szedłem przez las na którego my mieszkamy. Zdala zobaczyłem na ścianie sklepu jakieś ogłoszenie, poszedłem prędko przeczytać. Nowe ogłoszenie było żeby Żydzi nie jeździli całkiem na wozach (pociągami już dawno było zabronione).

4 kwiecień. Dziś wstałem wcześniej bo miałem iść do Kielc. Po śniadaniu wyszedłem z domu. Smutno mi było samemu iść polnymi drogami. Po 4-ro godz. podróży wszedłem

This entry for 21 March 1940 marked the beginning of Dawid's diary.

# Foreword to the American Edition

The Introduction to this text by translator Derek Bowman details the brief life of Dawid Rubinowicz, and how his diary was discovered in the post-World War II rubble of Poland. It is a vivid reminder of the atrocities Hitler perpetrated — atrocities that took the lives of millions, and affected countless millions more. Holocaust survivors can describe the terror, the suffering and the humiliation, but for those of us lucky enough never to have experienced it, this devastation is unimaginable. *The Diary of Anne Frank* — a sensitive story of one girl's short life, and death, has been a major focal point of our literature on the Holocaust. More recently, other first-hand accounts of life and death in eastern Europe have been published. Now, Bowman's translation of *The Diary of Dawid Rubinowicz* adds another dimension to Holocaust literature. Young Dawid's story is a simple one. His diary begins when he was twelve years old, during the German occupation of Poland in 1940. Dawid records the emotional scenes, as well as the mundane ones. His two-year diary chronicles the fears and pain of Jews under a tightening Nazi rule, tracing his too-sudden growth to manhood at fourteen.

The diary's contents — written in Dawid's school notebooks — provides us with a window on a bit of

history most of us would rather forget. But to turn our backs would be a sin in a sense nearly as damnable as Hitler's. Humanity should be condemned never to forget; should we ever, perhaps somehow it could happen again. *The Diary of Dawid Rubinowicz* is an epitaph to more than one boy, one family or one village. It is a very small reminder of how terribly inhumane human beings can be. We simply cannot let ourselves forget.

Creative Options wishes to express its gratitude to Tom Gregersen of William Blackwood Publishers, Edinburgh, Scotland, for his assistance in making this book available for publication in the United States. It was Blackwood which in 1981 published Derek Bowman's first English translation of *Pamietnik Dawida Rubinowicza,* the 1960 Polish edition of the Rubinowicz diary, with an epilog by Maria Jarochowska. Several members of the Jewish community — and publishing industry — were helpful in seeing that this book was published in the United States. Moral as well as editorial and publicity support from Anita Bolotin and Christine Laing were helpful throughout the project; and most instrumental in publication of this edition was Sam Bolotin, a Russian-American Jew, whose strong belief in the value of such an important piece of Jewish literature and even stronger personal faith in its publisher made it financially possible to publish this edition.

—Norman P. Bolotin
Creative Options

# Introduction

DAWID Rubinowicz, born on 27th July 1927,[1] was twelve years of age when, on 21st March 1940, during the German occupation of Poland, he began keeping his diary. He lived in Krajno, a remote rural village near Bodzentyn, in the district of Kielce, from which city his parents, Josek and Tauba, had moved. At Krajno the father had first bought a small-holding, then a dairy. The small house where the family of five lived – Dawid had a brother and sister – and where Dawid kept much of his diary, is now destroyed. The Rubinowiczs were liked and respected by their neighbours for their honesty and helpfulness. The mother possessed a medicine-chest, containing bandages, iodine, plaster and ointment, and without charge tended those who came to her for assistance. In the pages of the diary the father can be seen constantly caring for his family and advising others. Dawid attended the local school, being promoted in June 1939 from the sixth to the seventh

[1] *Das Tagebuch des Dawid Rubinowicz*, translated by Stanislaw Zyliński, Berlin 1961, note on p. 29. Information regarding Dawid's background has been drawn from the epilogue by Maria Jarochowska to the above, pp. 121-127, supplemented by her epilogue to the original Polish edition, *Pamietnik Dawida Rubinowicza*, Warsaw 1960, pp. 115-123. There is a copy of the latter in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

grade; according to school reports still extant he was an apt pupil.

The life of such a poor peasant family was simple but not without its pleasures. Besides doing his school work and helping with household chores, Dawid occupied himself milking the one cow the Rubinowiczs possessed, mending sandals, growing chives, mushrooming, picking berries in the nearby woods or keenly observing a fox. Facilities were primitive, a bicycle a valuable commodity; for transport horse and cart or sledge were employed, when the service of a carter might be called upon. Shopping was done in the nearby co-operative store in Daleszyce, while for dental treatment Dawid would walk to Bodzentyn where he might spend the night before returning home.

The Rubinowicz family was close-knit – there is much talk of uncles and aunts and cousins in the diary – indeed such a strong bond was necessary, for the Jews felt themselves to be a race apart. Dawid always draws a sharp distinction between Poles and Jews. Although he does not dwell on religious practices, Dawid is seen in his diary as reared in the staunch faith of his fathers. His faith in God and love of his neighbour remain unshaken, even as he closely observes the German occupiers in 1940 and the years that follow, carrying on in their terribly systematic and yet wanton fashion the long, ugly tradition of oppression of the Jews in Poland. On one occasion Dawid recalls the death of his grandfather at the hands of the Cossacks, his own father, then a boy, being a witness: 'That's why nowadays he only

needs to see a German and he's so scared he starts shivering in his shoes.'[2]

Dawid inherited the virtues of his parents. One can trust his word; whenever he does not experience something he says so; he checks everything carefully for himself, nor does he exaggerate any of the appalling incidents he describes. Sensitive and intelligent, equally aware of larger economic realities and highly alert to his immediate physical surroundings, he notes the spread of inflation; he watches interestedly a German's motor-cycle being repaired, or vividly describes the dramatic changes of weather in his region. When the time comes for his family to move from Krajno to Bodzentyn as part of the gathering together of rural Jews into ghettos, he helps to take down the extension to the old cowshed and set up the kitchen table in the new flat; nor is he slow to see the commercial use to which the large oven owned by an associate of his father can be put. He offers useful advice regarding the investigation of the burglary perpetrated on his family, unearthing clues which lead to the capture of the criminal. He resists any tendency to nostalgia on his return to his deserted home, later going out into the yard to weep so that no one will see him.

Between 21st March 1940 and 1st June 1942, the date of the last and incomplete entry of the diary, one can see in Dawid's very handwriting how rapidly the writer has matured. He stays brave amidst all the terrifying house-to-house searches and increasing murders. Overcoming any revulsion he may feel, he

[2] *The Diary of Dawid Rubinowicz*, entry dated 10 April 1942.

calmly registers the jostling of the Plock refugees for food and the meanness of neighbouring peasants haggling with his father over property and exploiting the poor bargaining position of the Rubinowiczs. Noting without fuss human selfishness, he is always quick to appreciate kindness on the part of enemies as well as friends. Apart from one or two occasions, prompted by particularly shocking brutality, he avoids moral censure, thereby rendering his account all the more effective an indictment of Nazism. He conveys vividly the growing irritability of a family hemmed in more and more by injustice, till Dawid's parents quarrel and the kind father unwarrantedly thrashes his dearly loved son.

The diary is a precious human document; but for it, Dawid Rubinowicz would have perished without trace. Not only that, his account speaks for thousands, indeed millions, of his Jewish contemporaries. What was being perpetrated in places like Krajno, Bieliny, Bodzentyn or Suchedniów was going on all over the 'Generalgouvernement', created in 1939 by the Nazi occupiers out of a large part of central Poland – and beyond. The poorer the community the more exposed it was and the less chance it had of surviving; in Dawid's diary we see clearly how relentlessly the net tightens round its victims.

By 1941 the racist doctrines of Nazism were being enacted on the grand scale as part of 'The Final Solution', the extermination of European Jewry. Dawid describes some of the methods used to this end: the registration of Jews, the prohibition of transport, the enforcement of taxes, the repeated

imposition of crippling fines for 'real' and imaginary offences, the rationing of food, forced labour, house-to-house searches, the obligatory wearing of the Star of David, the wholesale confiscation of property. Not content with such measures, the Germans attempted to lower the Jews in the eyes of their Polish compatriots by issuing notices depicting degenerate-looking Jews and warning readers against them. The eventual herding of Jews in the outlying areas into ghettos in larger townships which had a railhead produced further injustices, such as the punishment and frequent killing of Jews at large, and of any who assisted them; starvation; then the issuing of work-cards ('Scheine' – 'the sole guarantee of security, the admission ticket to life')[3] to the able-bodied only and their transportation to harsh labour-camps like Skarżysko, to which Dawid's father had to go. Eventually Jews would be sent wholesale from the ghettos, under appalling conditions, to concentration camps, there to perish.

To carry out their programme of genocide, the Nazis employed their own SS extermination squads; the German militia (in Polish, 'Zandarmerja'), the Polish and the Jewish police also played their part. Administration at grass-roots level was to a large extent left to the 'Judenräte' (here translated as 'Jews' Council', or 'Jewish Elders' Council'), made up of locally elected Jews, who were forced, often under pain of death, to follow the constantly worsening Nazi directives. Lucy Dawidowicz, in her

[3] Lucy S. Dawidowicz: *The War against the Jews 1933-1945*, New York 1975, p. 285, (henceforth call 'Dawidowicz').

excellent book, *The War against the Jews 1933-1945*, describing the deterioration of society under these conditions, writes:

> The Jewish police, officially designated *Ordnungsdienst* (order service ['auxiliary native police']), was the Judenrat's instrument of enforcement. As a ghetto institution, the uniformed Jewish police exemplified the dynamics of degeneration that the Germans set in motion. . . . Having lost legitimacy in the eyes of the ghetto, the Jewish police could assert their authority only through force. Instead of being the protectors of the ghetto populace, they had become their assailants and adversaries.'[4]

To be fair to the 'Judenräte' and their instruments, they had little choice, and undoubtedly some did what they could in the circumstances to stand up to the authorities and try to temper the harshness of the measures they were forced to carry out. Dawid, for instance, writes gratefully of those who conscientiously delivered mail to and from his father at the HASAG[5] camp in Skarżysko. Reuben Ainsztein in his book, *Jewish Resistance in Nazi-Occupied Eastern Europe*, ably, and in great detail, defends the Jews under the 'naked coercive power of the Germans'[6]

[4] Ibid, p. 234f.

[5] The armaments firm of Hugo Schneider, headquarters Leipzig. For details of Skarżysko Kamienna forced labour camp see *Das Tagebuch des Dawid Rubinowicz*, note on p. 96f.; also Reuben Ainsztein: *Jewish Resistance in Nazi-Occupied Eastern Europe*, London 1974, pp. 818-822, (henceforth called 'Ainsztein').

[6] Dawidowicz, p. 240.

against the charge of going wholesale like lambs to the slaughter. To take but one point, he shows how difficult, if not impossible, it was to organise an effective Jewish resistance, a guerrilla movement, in the face of an often hostile native Polish population. What use was it for Jewish resisters to escape from the ghetto into the countryside, only to be denounced to the Germans by their compatriots under whose roofs they sought refuge?[7]

Of course it is in times of adversity that people reveal themselves in their true colours. In a deliberately created atmosphere of terror, of growing famine and fear of reprisals, of despotic punishment and senseless killing everywhere, is it any wonder that Jew as well as Gentile might behave badly? Dawid writes with shame of the way one Jew robs another Jew; he describes a woman betraying menfolk to the militia; he notes how some peasants – old neighbours of his – will not put themselves out when he returns to Krajno on 28th April 1942 to try to get a little milk. Amid the whole travesty of justice, enacted by a police-state, he notices pockets of justice, as when the coarse village mayor is brought to book for corruption. At the same time Dawid's father is understandably loath to report the robbery of his possessions to the authorities for fear they will use this as an opportunity to impose an extra fine on him. In such conditions bribery and corruption were bound to flourish, indeed, ironically, they provided a kind of brake on fanaticism and sadism. The wonder is that the young Dawid remained so clear-sighted

[7] Ainsztein, pp. 246-8.

amidst all the chaos and brutality around him.

Although the reader is saddened to see an innocent young life subjected to such repeated atrocities, only to be cut short so soon, he is again and again impressed by the moral calibre of the diarist: this terse account bears lasting witness to the nobility of the human spirit in the face of man's inhumanity.

Dawid Rubinowicz's diary – one of many such life-lines written during Nazi persecution[8] – consists of five ordinary school exercise-books with orange covers. According to Maria Jarochowska in her moving epilogue to the first edition in Polish, *Pamietnik Dawida Rubinowicza*, the original is written in good Polish, 'typically provincial, with the characteristic village idioms of the Kielce district'.[9] Dawid seems to have bought or cut himself a rubber or wooden stamp, and, as is the way with schoolboys, stamped his name as well as writing it all over the exercise-book covers. Although the diary gets progressively more detailed and penetrating, perhaps as a sign of the strain under which Dawid was labouring, there are, according to Ms. Jarochowska, more grammatical and orthographical inaccuracies in the latter parts. Its style is simple

[8] Dawidowicz, p. 260: 'The idea of preserving a record for history and posterity inspired hundreds, perhaps thousands of Jews in the ghettos of Eastern Europe to keep diaries or accounts of their beleaguered existence. The diary became an expression of the will to live.'

See the bibliographies of Dawidowicz and Ainsztein, where such diaries and accounts are listed.

[9] *Pamietnik Dawida Rubinowicza*, p. 118.

and clear throughout, and in my translation I have tried to catch this simplicity and clarity.

As to the provenance of the manuscript Ms. Jarochowska writes:

> In March 1959 I went to Bodzentyn to collect material for an article on certain repulsive crimes committed during the occupation which had amongst other things an anti-semitic basis.
>
> On printing the article I received anonymous letters with threats and epithets of the coarsest kind and at the same time a certain Mr Artemiusz Wolczyk, the former secretary of the Communal Council of Bodzentyn, and the director of our local radio centre, sent me some material about Bodzentyn . . . enclosing with it the five exercise-books which make up Dawid Rubinowicz's diary.
>
> Through correspondence with Mr Wolczyk I learned something of the history of the Rubinowicz family and of the activities of the diarist himself. It was very likely that in September 1942, when the Hitlerites drove the Jews from Bodzentyn to Suchedniów, Dawid in the confusion of hurried preparations for the journey forgot his diary or preferred not to take it with him.
>
> Not until fifteen years later did it turn up in the hands of Mr Wolczyk.[10]

The present version, the first to the translator's knowledge in English, is a complete translation of the *Tagebuch des Dawid Rubinowicz*, published by

[10] Ibid, p. 122f.

Verlag Volk und Welt, Berlin, D.D.R., 1961. This German version by Stanislaw Zyliński has been checked against the Polish original, and two omissions are given in footnotes.

Finally I wish to thank Dr David Guild, Department of Russian, and Professors John Erickson, Department of Politics, and Neil MacCormick, Department of Public Law, all of Edinburgh University, for their expert assistance.

*Derek Bowman*

Edinburgh

# YEAR 1940



**21 March**
Early in the morning I went through the village in which we live. From a distance I saw a notice on the shop wall. I quickly went up to read it. The new notice said that Jews may under no circumstances travel on vehicles (the railway had long been forbidden).

**4 April**
I got up earlier today because I had to go to Kielce. I left after breakfast. It was sad following the paths across the fields all by myself. After four hours I was in Kielce. When I went into Uncle's house I saw them all sitting so sad, and I learned that Jews from various streets are being deported and I also grew sad. In the evening I went out into the street to get something.

**5 April**
I couldn't sleep all night, such strange thoughts kept coming into my head. After breakfast I went home.

**12 April**
Father has allowed me to learn to ride a bicycle. So I went to a boy who owns a bicycle for him to teach me. He said he would.

**20 April**
Today I went out on my bicycle. I can get on by myself, but he wouldn't teach me any more.

**14 May**
It's already the second week – and it's been raining and raining. I haven't even got anything to write in my diary.

**28 May**
Today for the first time in my life I went into the woods with my brother to search for mushrooms, even though we didn't know our way. Although it was the first time we'd gone mushrooming, we found a lot of morels, because there aren't any mushrooms yet.

**9 June**
Today the German soldiers were out training. The soldiers all scattered in the fields; they set up machine-guns and fired at each other.

**18 June**
The police searched our house for military equipment. The policemen asked me: 'Where are the things?', but I kept on answering, 'There *aren't* any'. So they didn't find anything and left.

**30 June**
I feel rather weak, I've got a bit of a temperature. Mother said I should go to bed but I didn't want to, but then I went and lay down. I've got flu. I'd lost my appetite and only had a bit of porridge.

**7 July**
I've been ill now for a week; today I feel a bit better. I

sat at the window and looked out at the green fields. It was nice looking out like that, when I hadn't looked out of the window for a whole week.

**11 July**
I feel well already. I went out into the yard, the sun was shining and it was hot. I stayed out the whole day, because I couldn't stand being indoors.

**16 July**
Each day I get happier after this illness. Just as the days now get happier and sunnier.

**5 August**
Yesterday the local government officer came to the mayor of our village and said all Jews with families must go and register at the rural district offices. [*There is a sentence in the Polish original omitted from the German translation. It reads: 'By 7 o'clock in the morning we were at the village offices.'*] We were there for several hours because the grown-ups were electing the Council of Jewish elders. Then we went home.

**12 August**
All through the war I've been studying at home by myself. When I think of how I used to go to school I feel like bursting into tears, and today I must stay at home and can't go anywhere. And when I think of how many wars there are going on in the world, how many men are daily dying by bullets, by gassing, by bombs, by epidemics and other enemies of man, then I feel fit for nothing.

**18 August**
The Jewish Red Cross has transported several sick persons (they have an infectious disease) from Bodzentyn to the hospital at Kielce.

**1 September**
Today's the first anniversary of the outbreak of war. I remember what we've already gone through in this short time, how much suffering we've already experienced. Before the war everyone had some kind of occupation, hardly anyone was out of work. But in present-day wars 90% are unemployed, and only 10% have a job. Take us, we used to have a dairy and now we're utterly unemployed. There's only very little stock left from before the war; we're still using it up, but it's already running out, and then we don't know what we'll do.

**13 December**
The village mayor said we had to get out of our house because he wanted to tip the potato quota into our house. Father had a job persuading the mayor to get the men to transport the potatoes to where the dairy used to be.

**14 December**
Today they began bringing the potatoes. Today about 40 cwt were delivered.

**16 December**
Today the peasants were delivering the quota of potatoes the whole day.

**28 December**

Winter has just set in but there've been blizzards for a few days. The frost so nips your face and hands that you can't even go out into the yard.

# YEAR 1941



**21 March**
Other years work in the fields would have already begun by now. And today it's still winter, as if it were still January and not March. Severe frost and blizzards.

**24 March**
Today it's a bit warmer. German soldiers have been passing through. They were mostly cavalry. I stood at the window, watching the soldiers pass. My head was in a whirl with so many vehicles and cavalry. Heavy artillery was also on the move. It was fun watching the soldiers pass through; we hardly ever see soldiers in our parts.

**1 April**
At 10 o'clock a Jew dropped in from Kielce and said, as from today there'll be a Jewish quarter in Kielce. I was so upset by this bad news that I couldn't tell what was happening to me the whole day. The same day Jews who have relatives outside the Jewish quarter already left Kielce to go to their families. Almost all our family, however, lives in Kielce. What will they do now? And prices will go up terribly, as in other towns where there are such quarters. Today Uncle came from Kielce to consider what he should do. Papa told him he should join us for the time being; he'll do as we do. So he went to order a cart for tomorrow.

**2 April**
Early in the morning Uncle had gone to Kielce to

fetch the things that are there. The whole day carts were going to and fro with things. The people who were transporting them had been crying and were utterly apathetic. Uncle was supposed to be coming about 3 p.m. It got to be evening and he was still not back from Kielce. We didn't know what to think might have happened there. The whole evening we waited for them; not until 2 a.m. did they come.

**3 April**
Many carts drove up today too, loaded with things. In the evening while we were sitting, chatting with Uncle, another uncle arrived. I wondered where on earth they could find room to stay in our house.

**4 April**
The uncle who came yesterday went to Beczków today. He's a tailor and has been working there.

**5 April**
We learned that the uncle thought things over on his way to Beczków and drove back to the Jewish quarter. We were very worried because we knew very well he'd get nothing to eat there. He'd always made a living from his work. And nowadays so many people are in his position. The deadline for removal was only from 1st April till 12 noon today.

**23 April**
A boy from this Jewish quarter came to our house. He said 2 kilos of brown bread cost 11 zloty, 1 kilo of potatoes costs 1·5 zloty etc. I thought to myself, how

many people are dying of hunger, how many people are eating potato-skins and other things which cause diseases. It's common knowledge all kinds of diseases come from such food, and hundreds of people can die of them.

**14 May**

Today's already the middle of May and spring tilling hasn't even begun. Every day everything gets dearer; only recently a loaf cost 5 zloty and now it already costs 10 zloty. In this way everything gets so dear that you can't buy anything with money. This'll be the second war.

**25 May**

It's been quite warm now for a whole week. Work in the fields will soon be over. Only food is so terribly expensive. Hundreds of people are dying of hunger, and there are thousands who don't even have a bite to eat. Almost every day letters come, asking us to buy food for this or that person, and we can't even buy anything for ourselves.

**12 June**

Today the militia searched a rich peasant's house because someone had reported him. They took away 4 cwt wheat, 3 cwt rye, 10 cwt potatoes and 4 cwt oats and he had to transport it all to Bieliny. They jailed him for selling corn so dear.

**13 June**

Today too the militia have been searching rich peasants' houses.

**14 June**

In the afternoon I was sitting at the table, when I saw a horse-drawn carriage full of militia drive up. They stopped at our house, came in and immediately began searching the place. When they'd searched every corner they said Father had to go to them on the 16th. We had no idea what they were looking for.

**16 June**

This morning Papa went to see the militia. Mama went with him. When Papa left the house we were all very sad. I looked out of the window for hours on end, thinking, they'll soon be back but the hours went by and still no sign of them. All sorts of ideas went through my mind – whether they'd been arrested, whether such militia didn't really exist. In the end I didn't know what to think. I took my sandals and went to the cobbler's for him to put straps on them. I was sitting at the cobbler's, waiting for my sandals, when a boy from Bieliny came running up and entered the cobbler's because he didn't know where we lived, and said Uncle was to go to the militia quickly, he was to say whose corn it was, because they'd taken Papa into temporary custody. We raced home with this bad news. All were alarmed. Uncle went to the militia right away, and Auntie as well. And we children stayed behind on our own, except for Grandma. We had no supper at all, at 12 o'clock I went to bed.

**17 June**

Zelman came to us from Poludniowa. We were very

curious why he came. He said a man had cycled over from Bieliny and said we must hide all our valuables, linen and clothing because the militia would be back. While he was still there we hid all our valuables. I kept on going out to see if they were coming, but there was no sign of them. There was terrible panic in the village, as if bandits were coming. And then they came. First they searched a peasant's house and then they left. When they were near to our house I thought my heart would jump out, it was thumping so violently, but thank goodness!, the militia didn't enter our house, though they certainly meant to. But I said, if they come back, then they're bound to search our house. We were so afraid we didn't know what was happening to us. When they returned, they again didn't enter our house. I went right after them to see if they were not going somewhere else. They went to the same place they'd been to that morning. I can't say whether they requisitioned anything because I don't know. I immediately ran to my cousin to tell him to cycle to Bieliny and bring them food, as they'd taken nothing to tide them over such a long time. [*Polish original: 'After a few minutes'*] I then fetched him a parcel and he cycled off right away. When I got home I had something to eat. My brother had taken the cow out to graze; my brother couldn't eat anything. I went to my brother to tell him to come and have a meal. While I was looking after the cow, my sister came running up, saying 'Our relations are coming.' I was very glad when she told me that. My cousin was already there because he'd met her on the

way. I ran straight home to see if they'd arrived. After perhaps half an hour they came. You can imagine how glad we were to see them. Papa described how they'd got on in prison, who gave them enough to eat – he gave us all the details.

**18 June**

I forgot to write down yesterday about Zelman coming to see us and telling us all had been arrested, but thank goodness!, they were now back. After what happened yesterday I felt somehow strengthened. In these few days I've lost so much strength that I don't know if I can recover it in 3 months.

**20 June**

We went to collect wood in the forest. It was pleasant in the forest; I found three mushrooms and each of us brought back a bundle of twigs.

**22 June**

It was still dark when Father woke us all up and told us to listen to that terrible din coming from the north-east. It was such a din the earth quaked. The whole day thundering could be heard. Toward evening Jews dropped in from Kielce and said Soviet Russia was at war with the Germans, and only then did it dawn on me why there'd been that din all day.

**24 June**

While we were talking we heard a kind of terrible droning from aircraft. After a few minutes we heard that the barracks in Bukówka had been bombed by

the aircraft that had just flown away. I wasn't frightened in spite of the loud crashing of bombs. But Auntie was very frightened.

**26 June**
You can still hear the din, sometimes even better now. It hasn't rained for a fortnight. If it stays like this another 2 days then everything will wilt. It's already very dry; you can't walk along the highway for the sand scorching and choking.

**29 June**
Today you don't seem to hear the shots any more, only thundering from time to time. There's a cloud coming up from the north which may produce rain. Human beings are thirsting for it and so are all living plants. The cloud came and the longed-for rain. It rained for over an hour, a bit too little for the parched earth.

**3 July**
I arranged to go and gather wood with a boy in the forest. After dinner we went into the forest. While we were gathering wood in the forest we saw a fox. We were a bit afraid but the fox was afraid of us too and ran off. We went on gathering twigs.

**10 July**
Very hard times are upon us. It's a difficult business surviving. We always used to have some stocks of food, if only for a month; now it's hard to buy food even for a day. Not a day passes but someone comes

begging; they're all after food, but that's the hardest thing to come by.

**11 July**
Some boys who were going picking berries in the woods, called for us. We took a bowl along. For the first time this summer we went to the woods after berries. Once there, we immediately began picking bilberries. It's good fun picking bilberries, only the midges and flies stung us badly. We filled the bowl and went home. We got 5 litres to start with.

**14 July**
Today two cars of German militia from Kielce drove past. Rumour had it they were going to make a house-to-house search at Bodzentyn. When they'd passed through, Uncle came round right away, but he was in the dark because they'd driven past him en route. He said his son would be back that evening; he'd then say where they'd gone. He came round in the afternoon to tell us they'd gone to a village beyond Bodzentyn, because the peasants hadn't furnished any of their quota of cows, so they took away a lot of cows.

**16 July**
Today the weather was fine in the woods. Early in the morning we went gathering berries and had already picked a whole lot, half a bowlful, when a kind of mist came down in the woods. It began to rain and we ran straight home. By the time we got out of the woods we were wet through. As soon as we arrived home we changed.

**17 July**

While I was standing out in the yard I saw a girl on a bicycle suddenly lose her balance. She went round the bend, fell and began screaming loudly. Father went to her right away and pulled her out from under the bicycle. She'd injured her knee right to the bone. She was screaming terribly with pain. Mama immediately put a bandage on and she sat down for a few minutes. Then the owner of the bicycle came along and took her home on the bike.

**18 July**

The girl who injured her knee yesterday was taken into hospital today at Kielce. Only today was she driven to Bodzentyn, and from there straight to Kielce.

**22 July**

The sky already became overcast in the morning; about mid-day a small thunder-cloud came up and there was terrible lightning. Every time it thundered the earth shook. And then suddenly! – suddenly a girl comes running up, saying a cow has been struck by lightning and would Father come and flay it, but Father wouldn't go. Once the rain stopped we went to this peasant's.

**30 July**

While I was driving our cow home from pasture I saw a lorry standing by the German's grave. At first I thought they're doing repairs. When I got nearer I saw that they were removing the remains of the corpse of the German who'd been killed at the

beginning of the war. I saw all the parts of the body, each separate – the head, the arms, the trunk and the legs. It wasn't a proper body at all. There was no smell because they'd poured some fluid onto it. On the lorry there were already two full coffins, and many empty coffins as well. They filled in the grave again and sprinkled some kind of powder on the spot.

**4 August**

From early on the sun was burning down terribly. We went into the forest after wood but we couldn't get back, it was so sultry. In the afternoon two big clouds came up, one from the north-east, the other from the south-west, and approached each other. Toward evening the two clouds collided and there was a terrible cloud-burst with huge flashes of lightning. Every minute there were several flashes of lightning. It was like broad daylight inside our house, and whenever it thundered the earth shook. We said it's probably the end of the world. Water covered all the fields; anything in the water's path was washed away. Uncle went out several times into the yard. He said the clouds from the north were terribly red, and we didn't know what it was. Then I stand at the window and see there's a fire somewhere. We left the house immediately, and not far away there was a fire. Then there was great panic, but no one went there because the thunder didn't stop but increased. The fire soon went out because the rain extinguished it. This awful storm lasted 2½ hours, then the cloud went away northwards.

**5 August**
I went out first thing to see what damage the water from yesterday's storm had caused. There are holes everywhere, in the fields are no

[*Here a page is missing – Translator.*]

in the late afternoon we slaked lime. I and the foreman carried water and the other person mixed the lime. In the evening we went home.

**3 September**
Today the police-inspector came to our house to tell us we must go to work next day.

**4 September**
At 8 o'clock I went to work – not only me, there were several boys. When we arrived, the foreman said that I and another boy were to hand bricks to the bricklayer. The work wasn't hard but I found it unpleasant. As we prepared to leave, the clerk said we were to turn up for work at 7 o'clock.

**7 September**
Today we went back to work. Today a few dozen people had come to work. Some went off to white-wash and scrub out the local prison. I went along too. Because there were many people there we finished work early and went home.

**16 September**

It's been fine since early this morning. After dinner we went into the forest to collect wood. While I was looking for wood in the forest I found a machine-gun. I was so upset my legs were trembling.

**21 September**

The militiaman from Bieliny, motor-cycling to Bodzentyn, went so fast his motor-cycle broke down. He couldn't leave it just anywhere so he pushed it into our hall. Just then along came some Jews who were on their way to Bodzentyn, and this militiaman began checking their papers, and in the process a Jew received a severe beating from him. He told them they should send a mechanic to have a look at the motor-cycle. At 8 p.m. the mechanic drove up on a motor-cycle and set to work. I watched with interest. At 12 o'clock the motor-cycle was finished. There were two mechanics; they'd motor-cycled over to Bodzentyn, where they had to finish off something and transport it next day to Bieliny.

**7 October**

Last week the police discovered two peasants in possession of a slaughtered pig, and they took the meat to the militia. They were told by the police to report to their local police today. One of them reported, the other, however, didn't turn up, so the police came to fetch him. As they entered the house they met him getting dressed, and when he saw the police he ran away. The police pursued him and when they saw that they couldn't catch him, they

began shooting and hit him in the right side. But he wasn't dead. The police telephoned immediately to Kielce for a taxi; it came in a few minutes and took him to hospital. While telephoning, the militiaman tore his hair, he was so sorry at what he'd done.

**12 October**
This morning it rained at first, then the rain changed into sleet. Later there was such a blizzard that you couldn't go outside into the yard. About mid-day it began to freeze and winter was upon us. Today was just like 12th January, not at all like October.

**13 October**
Early in the morning a militiaman arrived, motor-cycling to Bodzentyn. He came into our house to warm himself. When he was inside he said the Jews in Krajno should buy two sheepskins for him to make up into a fur coat. Before returning, he went into the shop and called Mama to interpret for him. As Mother left the shop the militiaman gave her ¼ litre of vodka.

**15 September**
Early in the morning we went to a service in Górno because today's a holiday. When we arrived at Górno we were told the Germans were in the village. After a while they arrived, saying the elders were to accompany them on a job. Several men hid behind fences and one in a loft when he saw the Germans coming. As the Germans were leaving, a woman told them the men had hidden. When my uncle saw

they'd gone he returned home. As he was entering the house, I noticed they were returning and told Uncle to put another cap and jacket on so they wouldn't recognize him, because they'd seen him running away. When the Germans returned they didn't recognize Uncle and asked where the others were. They looked for them but found no one. They said nothing to Father, as he's excused all work. When they found no one, they said everyone was to go home, there'd be no praying there that day. On our way home people told us the militia were going round in Krajno after quotas and taking away cows and peasants who hadn't supplied any of their quota.

[*This diary-entry almost certainly was made on 15th October. 15th September 1941 was not a holiday. See* Das Tagebuch des Dawid Rubinowicz, *note on p. 33 – Translator.*]

**1 November**

Today notices were put up in Kielce that anyone who goes in and out of the 'Jewish Quarter' will receive the death-penalty. Up till now people could go in and out of the Quarter. This news made me very sad, not only myself but every Israelite who heard it. These notices were not only put up in Kielce but in all towns under the 'Generalgouvernement' (that's the name of the area which used to be Poland).

**28 November**

The postman came in the afternoon, bringing a registered letter with a writ for us to pay 150 zloty, because on 2.IX. our neighbour, a Jew, had come to our place to grind corn. Immediately afterwards the village mayor and the parish-clerk came, smashed the millstone and deposed that he was from the Quarter, and now the fine must be paid today.

**5 December**

Today the sequestrator was out with the mayor and they entered our house, and the mayor sent me to another mayor to give him a message. As I was going home, I met my sister running off somewhere. When I asked her where she was running, she said she was going to borrow money because another demand had come for 154 zloty back tax. When I got home the mayor was arguing with my father because he intended deposing that we're hiding Jews from the Quarter, and that's utterly untrue. Then they stopped arguing and were in a good mood again.

**6 December**

Late in the evening the cobbler's boy came running up, saying the police, the mayor and the requisition-committee had gone to the cobbler's, demanding 150 zloty, otherwise they'd arrest his father, and Papa was to repay the 100 zloty that he'd borrowed from them. Father went with him right away and asked the police to allow the owner of this money to wait till Tuesday, and he agreed to let Father bring him the money.

**12 December**
Yesterday afternoon I went to Bodzentyn to get my tooth filled, and intended staying there overnight. Early this morning the militia came. As they were driving along the highway, they met a Jew who was going out of the town, and they immediately shot him for no reason, then they drove on and shot a Jewess, again for no reason. So two victims have perished for absolutely no reason. All the way home I was very frightened I might run across them, but I didn't run across anybody.

**13 December**
Today the militia drove to Bodzentyn again. The peasant who went with them was from Krajno. When he returned, he said today another victim had perished at their hands. This news upset us very much, as up till now nothing like that had ever happened.

**21 December**
Today I walked to Bodzentyn to get my fillings finished and the dentist managed to finish them today. When I got home Father wasn't there, because he'd gone to Kielce to fetch the flour-quota for the Jews in the whole district. Late at night Father came, but without flour because the horse couldn't go any further. He's left it with a peasant 3 kilometres away, and is going to fetch it tomorrow.

**22 December**
Father has hired a horse and cart and fetched the

flour, and I made up a list and we began distributing the flour.

**26 December**

Father was just dressing when a boy came up to him and told him to go into the shop, a militiaman was calling for him, but it wasn't clear why. Father finished dressing and went into the shop. We were very frightened because we didn't know why he'd called for him. Nowadays a person can be arrested for any trifle. After a few minutes Father returned, saying 5 Jews must join him in the shop, but he didn't say why. I left right away to notify them. They too were curious as to why the militiaman had summoned them. We immediately went to the shop together. On the way we met Father. Father said they were to go home because an order had come that Jews were to hand over all furs, down to the smallest scrap. And 5 Jews were to be made responsible for those who didn't hand them over. And whoever they found with any furs would receive the death-penalty – that's how harsh the regulation was. The militiaman gave till 4 p.m. for all furs to be handed over. After a short while the Jews began bringing in small remnants and whole furs. Mother unpicked three furs right away and took the fur collars off all the coats. At 4 o'clock the militiaman himself came to our house for the furs and ordered the Polish policeman to make out a list of the furs that the Jews had handed over. Then we put them into 2 sacks, and 2 Jews took them to a peasant who was to take them to the local police at Bieliny. We

heard about this decree yesterday, because Father had been in Kielce and told us this decree had been issued recently in Kielce.

**28 December**

I was awakened from sleep by a knock on the window; I dressed and went to open the door. It was 2 Jews from Bodzentyn who were going to Kielce and had come to warm themselves. I asked them for news, and they said two more victims had been shot at Christmas, for no reason either. So not a day passes but there's bad news. They also said something had happened in Daleszyce too, but what they didn't know. In the afternoon the Clerk of the Jewish Elders' Council came from Daleszyce and said there'd been 5 victims that day, 5 Jews killed by the militia because someone had reported them for hiding furs. The militiaman ordered them to be buried in a hole in their own yard. They were a father, 3 sons and a daughter. In Kielce several people fall victim every day for leaving the Jewish Quarter. Under such terrible, bad conditions days and weeks pass full of fear and terror.

**29 December**

In the morning I went with my brother to a neighbour's to grind a bit of corn. Whilst grinding, a peasant came up and said they were going round the village checking inventories, because they'd made up inventories the previous months, and today if anyone has more than is entered up on his inventory then they requisition it, and if the cattle that have

been listed are sold, then they report it. We were sure, however, that our cow hadn't been listed because we've sold it. But the inspectors came to our house – it was listed – and when they didn't find it, they began yelling 'Where's the cow? You're not allowed to sell the cow'. Father apologized, said he didn't know etc., etc. But Father's excuses were no use, they were determined to write a report on the spot. In the evening the village mayor sent me after sugar and I fetched some right away. In the evening the mayor came and called Father because the inspectors wanted to speak to him. When Father was outside they put him onto a sledge and drove off. We didn't know where they'd taken him or why. Mother went out but they'd already gone. Mother and my brother ran after the sledge but they couldn't catch up with it. At home everyone was depressed, but what could we do? I kept on going out all the time to see if anyone was coming, but no one came. Once when I went out to look, my brother came running up and told me they'd let out Father. After a few minutes Father came. Already en route the mayor had ordered Father to go home, but the inspectors hadn't allowed him to, but in the end they told him to go, and then they beat him with a stick. After supper the mayor returned, saying Father should go to a peasant because they were there. Father didn't go, instead Mother did, but she didn't settle anything. They ordered her to come back tomorrow.

**30 December**

Mother went early on and settled the matter. She

asked them not to make any written report, so that there wouldn't be any punishment but . . .

These inspectors were going round last night to other Jews, making each one hand over a cow and take it to Kielce to the slaughterhouse.

# YEAR 1942



**8 January**
In the afternoon I learned that there'd been 2 more Jewish victims in Bodzentyn. One was killed outright and the other wounded. They arrested the wounded man and took him to the local police in Bieliny, and there they'll probably beat him to death.

**11 January**
From early on there's been a blizzard and severe frost – down to −20°C today. While I was watching the wind blowing across the fields, I saw the village-crier sticking a notice up. I immediately went out to see what was the news. There was nothing new in the notice, only the village-crier said that he'd brought notices to the mayor that all Jews were to be evacuated from all the villages. When I told them at home we all got very upset. They're going to evacuate us now in such a sharp winter, and where? Now it's our turn to suffer. How long, God only knows.

**12 January**
I went out first thing to clear the snow. As I was going to warm myself, the deputy mayor came and said he'd read the notice at the mayor's that all Jews were to be evacuated and that they were to take nothing with them, only what they were standing up in. We were so distressed by this news that we were utterly bewildered. When Father came we began packing bundles of things we didn't need so much,

and took them to neighbours so that, if there was an unexpected evacuation, at least these things wouldn't be in the house. Father intended selling the cupboard and other household articles, but there was no buyer. There had been buyers round, but they wanted everything half-price, but Father said he'd rather leave the things behind than sell them for such a price. After we'd calmed down a little, we began making plans who should take which bundle, which clothes we should put on and which should go into bundles. There was nothing in the notice about where they're evacuating us and when. All it says is we're to be evacuated – that's all. In the evening a peasant came, wanting to buy the cupboard, but he was prepared to give only 250 zloty for it, and didn't buy it. I reckon a cupboard like that is now worth 500 zloty at least.

**13 January**

Father went to Kielce to try and pick up information about the evacuation, where they're evacuating us and when. We waited impatiently for Father – maybe he'd bring us better news. When Father came he told us nothing definite, only that today there's a meeting of all the Jewish Elders' Councils from the whole district of Kielce at the District President's office. At this meeting a Jewish quarter's to be partitioned off from each locality or town. But Father didn't say where they'll be, because he left earlier than the others, and they were to call by at our house, but they didn't come. They probably didn't leave till night-time.

**14 January**

Father went to Daleszyce today. During the afternoon I was in the co-operative store. On the way I met a neighbour who told me her sister's daughter had come from Bieliny and had said the evacuation was postponed until May. This news made me very glad and I went to her place to hear more. When I got there she repeated what she'd said. I went home right away with the news in order to cheer the family up. In the evening Father returned from Daleszyce. Father also said the evacuation was postponed till May, that we should get the quota of flour for January and that he was going to Kielce the following day to fetch the flour.

**15 January**

Looking out of the window, I noticed a horse and cart drawing up full of militia who approached the house. After entering, they chased us out into the snow, but we didn't know we were supposed to go and shovel snow. We wondered where on earth they might be taking us. I, my brother and Auntie ran off into the village, while the militia were still standing outside the shop, but Uncle, Mother and Grandma went away. I didn't go home because they were still in the shop, but went to a neighbour's and stayed there for a while. Mother had gone without gloves, Grandmother too. They'd had no dinner, even though it was all prepared – and that in such cold weather! While I was having my dinner I saw the same militiaman who'd been at our place, walking along the street. I ran out into the fields, fleeing

because I thought he was coming to fetch us. Out in the fields I thought I'd go to another village and stay there until they left. I set off, then I saw that the militiaman was walking in the same direction as myself. I couldn't run away because he'd already seen me. I resigned myself to my fate, took off the armband so that at least he wouldn't recognize me from a distance and carried on walking. When I entered the village I thought I'd have a stroke, I was so frightened. I then went down the village street. At the other end of the village I met the same militiaman again, because he hadn't been going after me but had come up the other street. He didn't see me however. You can imagine how terrified I was. He went past and I went home. I was already near our house when I saw a cart standing outside the shop, so I went to a neighbour's. The neighbour told me all Jews were out shovelling snow, Mother too. I went out to see if the cart had gone and saw they were all shovelling snow outside our house. I didn't go home yet. While I was sitting there a boy came by and said I should leave because the militia were going through the village. I went to another peasant's and he told me to leave, but I didn't. When I went out into the yard I saw the cart leaving with the militia and went home right away. It was already evening, all were back and we told one another all we'd experienced. The militiaman had asked Mother where we'd gone this morning, but he'd then forgotten. I learned that they'd manacled a Jew and taken him to the local police, and that they'd jailed two others, ordering them to pay 100 zloty each, then

they'd be released. The village mayor had gone bail for them and they'd let them go. I then changed my clothes and went to see what had happened to that other person. When I arrived he was no longer there. They'd tied him to their sledge and he'd been forced to run after it. Perhaps they'll shoot him – who knows? We sat there the whole evening, very sad and thoughtful. How many enemies are on the prowl after such a poor defenceless creature! Late in the evening Father came with the flour.

**16 January**

During the night the father of the Jew they'd taken away came to our house. He wanted advice from Father, but what advice could Father give him? Today the whole population assembled to clear snow. While we were busy at it a girl came up with a card from Górno. The card said they'd shot one of the two they'd taken away yesterday. Who knows if it wasn't the Jew, because the other was a Pole? His sister went to Bieliny for information. In the afternoon I went to the co-operative store to buy an electric torch. On the way back I visited a Jew. As soon as I entered his house I saw all the company had been crying, so I immediately thought the boy had been shot. I only asked briefly if it was true that he was buried in a wood. While he was tied to the sledge he couldn't run any more, and they'd dragged him along behind the sledge and then shot him – such an unhappy fate he'd had to suffer! I returned home with the news. You can imagine how sad everyone was. Toward evening the mayor came to

our house. Father fetched some vodka and they finished it off together because he was a bit chilled. . . . The mayor said all Jews would have to be shot because they were enemies. If I could only write down just a part of all he said at our house, but I simply can't . . . Today we were again out working in the snow, and the overseer for the Jews was the village constable.

**17 January**
Today, I thought, we won't have to shovel snow. As if that made any difference! After all we've been through, all the strength we've lost, we're forced to stand out in such severe frost and shovel snow.

**18 January**
Early in the morning I went to the mayor to ask where we were to shovel snow, but the mayor gave no orders because there was no snow.

**19 January**
After breakfast I went with my brother to grind some rye. On returning, I saw Jews standing in a circle in the snow by our house, with the village constable in charge. The village constable ordered us to go and shovel snow right away. He gave the order to work until the mayor returned from the local authority offices, because he'd gone there that morning. He returned at 4 o'clock, drew up, entered the shop, the constable following right behind. When the constable emerged, he ordered us to line up in twos and

march up the street with our shovels on our shoulders. He said the mayor had given him this order and he had to obey. He took us right up the hill where the worst frost and driving snow was, and we had to work until sunset. We were weeping with cold; everyone had to stay till sunset. Then he returned and made us line up in twos, and we had to march. When we arrived outside the shop the mayor was still inside. It was already evening, but he still didn't allow us to go indoors. Not until it was evening did he release us, saying we had to report for work next morning.

**20 January**

Very early in the morning Mother and Uncle went to the mayor to ask him to release us all from shifting snow. They pleaded with him and he didn't give the order for snow to be cleared. Only if it started snowing again, would we have to go . . . Father went to the District President's offices at Kielce to get his permit extended. He returned late in the evening.

**22 January**

In the morning after breakfast we went shovelling snow with Father. While we were shovelling snow, the overseer came from another village and said we were all to go to another highway 3 kilometres away and clear snow. Father said the mayor had ordered us to work in the vicinity, and the overseer began to kick up a row, beating Father and driving everyone away. I didn't go, and hid, but Father went to ask the mayor. The mayor hadn't given the order to go

there, but Father went after all – nowadays anybody at all may report anybody else to the militia. They didn't work for a long time; they went there before 12 o'clock and at 3 o'clock they were back.

**24 January**
The village-crier came to our house, saying we had to work in the snow, and we went right away. Other Jews had come too, and we cleared the highway as neatly as a street. The police went by – they *were* pleased.

**28 January**
Overnight the whole highway was snowed up again, so we went in the morning to shovel the snow away. While we were working a girl came up and said the village constable had arrested a Jew; the mayor would take him to the militia because Jews are not allowed to go from one village to another. Mother and Uncle went to the mayor to ask him to release him. Mother had a job getting him out and he had to pay a 100 zloty fine.

**1 February**
In the morning a taxi drove up and pulled up at the mayor's. We thought it had broken down. Father had gone to Bodzentyn and I'd gone to clear snow with my brother. While we were shovelling snow the car returned and drew up alongside us. A militiaman got out, repaired something and they drove off. After a while a girl I knew came, saying they'd taken the mayor away in the car without giving any reason. A

peasant came along and told us the car had driven away and that 2 militiamen had gone to Bieliny by horse and cart with the mayor. Two militiamen had stayed behind in the school and were supposed to be making some sort of investigation. Then I heard that the mayor had been arrested for selling the flour quotas. They took along a peasant from Poludniowa as well.

**2 February**

From early on there's been quite a stir over what happened yesterday. Most people are glad because he'd wronged many people, especially the poor. The chairman of the local district council and the clerk came, we didn't know why. In the evening I learned that a new mayor had been elected.

**8 February**

Someone said that the members of the quota-committee and a German would be making a house-to-house search for corn. They began about an hour later. I went to shovel snow. While I was shovelling snow a boy told me this German had gone to a Jew's house and turned everyone out of the place. He'd then ordered the snow to be shovelled into the house because it was so dirty inside. I didn't believe it. In the evening, however, I went and saw with my own eyes that it was really true, what he'd told me that morning. Everyone was terrified, as you can well imagine. He'd visited the house of the Jew here whose son had been shot.

**9 February**

Today they were in another village, making a house-to-house search. We were very frightened as they stopped outside our shop, and we thought they were coming in, even though they'd never have found a thing. While I was eating my dinner, the village constable came and said I'd have to go and shovel snow at the back of the school, so I went right away. On the way I called in at another Jew's to see if they were going to shovel snow too. Just as I was going there the German came out with the committee. When I entered the house it couldn't be recognized – they'd turned the place upside down. Everyone there had been beaten up; so much was obvious. The head of the house wasn't present, he was shovelling snow, so they went after him and beat him up dreadfully and cut off his beard. We had to shovel snow till evening. Father came from Kielce just as the German and the committee entered our house. They didn't make such an exact search of the house. As they were leaving they demanded two chickens and a bottle of vodka for supper. We had to hand them over a chicken and a bottle of vodka. So one day follows another – always expense and fear.

**12 February**

After breakfast we went out to shovel snow, even though no one had ordered us to, but the highway had got covered with snow during the night. I recognized the village constable and asked him where he was going. He said he was going to the mayor with notices. About two hours later the

village constable came up and began putting up a notice. It wasn't a notice but a caricature of the Jews. On it a Jew is shown, mincing meat and putting a rat into the mincer. Another is pouring water from a bucket into milk. In the third picture a Jew is shown stamping dough with his feet, and worms are crawling over him and the dough. The heading of the notice reads: 'The Jew is a Cheat, Your only Enemy.' And the inscription ran as follows:

Dear reader, before your very eyes,
Are Jews deceiving you with lies.
If you buy your milk from them, beware,
Dirty water they've poured in there.
Into the mincer dead rats they throw,
Then as mincemeat it's put on show.
Worms infest their home-made bread,
Because the dough with feet they tread.

When the village constable had put it up, some people came along, and their laughter gave me a headache from the shame that the Jews suffer nowadays. God give that this shame may soon cease.

**20 February**

Father was in Kielce today. He's obtained a ration of flour, but only half – even that much is good.

**24 February**

Father went to Kielce again today. He wanted to find out about the evacuation and when he's to fetch flour. Father came late in the evening, saying he's to

fetch flour tomorrow. He got 30 kilos of jam and 15 kilos of sugar. We were very pleased because we've never managed to get these products before. At least we've got something to go with our coffee. Our pleasure was short-lived; it was all sold, not shared out, because the money is needed for some common purpose.

**25 February**
Towards evening Father returned with flour. Only 6 cwt, only for the evacuees, but there's no wheaten flour.

**27 February**
Father was today at Kielce to find out about the evacuation, whether it can't be postponed for two months. But he didn't succeed because the District President has already signed all the papers for the evacuation. There's just one more faint hope of postponement. Father discussed the matter with the manager of the co-operative store at Daleszyce. If he sends a messenger tomorrow, then we stay put; if not, we'll be evacuated to Bieliny. This manager was supposed to settle this business at the District President's offices, Father left him money for the purpose. We have our doubts, however, because there's little time left, and because the papers only now need to be sent to the Council of Jewish Elders. Mother said we'll go to Bodzentyn to Auntie's. Father said in other rural districts 43 families are to be accommodated in some Jewish houses, some from the neighbouring district as well.

**28 February**

From early on we waited impatiently for the messenger, but he didn't come. We've put ourselves in God's hands and are ready for anything. In the afternoon Father went to Bodzentyn, saying today or tomorrow a cart will be coming to fetch our things. In the evening Father came with the cart and I helped to stable the horse, then we began packing our things. We put the potatoes into sacks. It got to one o'clock in the morning but I didn't feel sleepy at all. We also took a bed to pieces. No one went to bed, we all just dozed a little because Father intended leaving at 3 a.m. I and my brother lay down for a little while. I didn't hear our things being loaded onto the sledge, only Mother's voice saying that when Father drove out of the yard his shafts got stuck in a snow-drift, and he had a hard job getting the sledge out.

**1 March**

Once Father was gone we kept wondering whether he'd managed to get through all right. While I was standing in the yard a cyclist pulled up and handed me a card from Bodzentyn. We were very glad because everything's all right and Father's coming toward evening. Father came soon after mid-day, saying one of Auntie's lodgers is not at all keen on leaving the flat. Meanwhile Father's tipped the potatoes into the lodger's cellar and nailed it down. He's also set up the bed.

**3 March**

Father went to Kielce today to buy jam and sugar. He didn't bring anything, however, because he's not got any vehicle until Friday. He had no news about the evacuation.

**5 March**

Our Bodzentyn uncle asked Father to buy him 2 cwt rye. He's done so and is delivering it today. He also bought 3 cwt potatoes for us. Father left early, we didn't sleep any more. Getting on for 4 o'clock a girl came, a Jewess, seeking advice because she'd handed over her field to the mayor, and now another person's come along who has no land, with papers from the rural district offices, and wants Zelman to sign them. He wasn't there, however, but in Bieliny. The girl came because she knew Uncle was going to Bieliny, he was to tell the people there that her father should come home, but Uncle had already gone. The man who'd come to them won't allow straw, hay, dung or anything else to be sold.

Father had already arrived when Uncle came. Uncle told him the militia were saying that everyone was supposed to go to Bodzentyn, Daleszyce or Bieliny and take all their things with them.

**8 March**

The chairman of the Elders' Council sent a card, saying Father and some others had to go to Bieliny where dwellings had been allotted to the Jews. Father and some others went. They were all back toward evening. They've allotted one or two families

per Jew, according to the nature of the dwelling. A Jew had an argument with Father over something but apologized later. Father said he's going to Bodzentyn tomorrow by cart.

**9 March**

A peasant has taken various things off us that we no longer need; in exchange he's going to provide us with transport today. I went with my brother to borrow a sledge. We brought it and began to pack our things. Our little sister was supposed to come along too. When the sledge was ready, I went to tell the peasant he should come with the horse. He left right away. Father came in the afternoon.

**10 March**

Early in the morning I went to order a cart. I arranged with a peasant for him to fetch some things from our house and transport them tomorrow. When I got back home, I met my cousin at our place who'd just come from Bodzentyn. I then intended fetching an iron stove as well which had been lent out, because if we are going away, we may need it. There's hardly anyone in our village who's not sorry for us. Many don't even want to come and see us – they say they don't want to witness other people's misfortune. My cousin asked me to go with him after a machine. I went by sledge in the early evening. He loaded the work-bench and ½ cwt of potatoes onto the sledge. I went home and he stayed behind. I was supposed to go back. When I got home supper was already prepared. I didn't go, instead my

brother went. After supper many peasants came to our house, wanting to visit us since we soon won't be here any more. Thinking of how we had to leave here, I had to go out into the yard. I cried so much that I stood there sobbing more than ½ hour. When I'd quietened down a bit, I went back into the house. The peasants had already gone. Only two who wanted to buy the cowshed remained behind. One came to an agreement with Father, and he's coming tomorrow to dismantle the cowshed.

**11 March**

My brother and cousin went to Bodzentyn early in the morning. The carter came shortly before 7. Then we began piling our things onto the sledge. When the carter had gone, it was as empty at home as a tunnel – and all in a few hours. It's always cheaper to buy things in a village than in a town. As long as we're still here we must now attend to food, as it'll be much more difficult later. I went with Mother to a peasant to get some wood or some other cheap offer. Mother also sold a peasant-woman a table-cloth for food. We took a few potatoes from her as well. When we got home, they'd already arrived to dismantle the cowshed. Mother stayed at home, and I went out to collect a debt which was still outstanding for our table. They dismantled the cowshed later, however, because no one could help. I took down the extension to the cowshed – it'll provide firewood for a few days. After a few hours there was no more sign of the cowshed. It had got very sad at home and I wished

we were already leaving. After dinner Uncle hired transport to go to Bieliny; he was ready for off. It was very hard parting from them. I helped him load his few things onto the conveyance. This evening was very sad; there was no one here, only myself, Mother and Father.

**12 March**

Father woke me very early this morning. I got up and Father went to wake the carter. Father came back right away, saying the carter was not at home. Now we'll have to wait till the morning and hire another – and it was still only 4 a.m. Mother lit the stove and we warmed ourselves. It got light, then there was a knock on the window. It was the carter come to wake Father. He asked why Father hadn't come; he wanted to be off. We were glad we didn't need to go after anyone else. We fetched the sledge and began to get ready to leave. After about an hour he came with the horse. I went out without any armband on. As I left I couldn't say a word, my heart was so heavy. I walked perhaps five kilometres, almost unconscious – I didn't know how I managed to walk so fast. The whole way the sledge couldn't catch up with me. En route I was terribly frightened, O God, if anybody had met us, then . . . Thank God we arrived safely. When everything was stowed away, we had breakfast. In the afternoon we carried various things up to the attic, things we don't need for the time being, that we won't be using in this house.

**13 March**
Although we've only just arrived we're not strangers in Bodzentyn. Everyone treats us well, like brothers, not to mention Aunt and Uncle.

**16 March**
At home everything was different from here. There was always something to occupy you. Here I go out into the street, but in no time at all I'm back – what's there for me to do in the street? Someone at home said that in Krajno 4 Jewish persons had been shot while walking in the direction of Kielce. Two persons had only been wounded with bayonets, and two, a mother and son, were dead. When you hear endlessly of such atrocities how can you live calmly, without fear? When you hear such things you really do get very frightened. The militia came today, but everything was quiet. Acquaintances came from Krajno today. They came because they were afraid to stay there, because a punitive expedition had gone there for requisition purposes. They take away every scrap of corn, and if they don't find anything they lay about them cruelly, beating up men and women indiscriminately. Father went to Krajno today, he's staying there overnight and tomorrow he's going to Kielce.

**17 March**
All sorts of thoughts are going round and round inside my head – whether Father's pass will be signed, how on earth will he come if the pass isn't signed? Often utterly senseless thoughts force them-

selves upon me. I kept a look-out the whole day to see if Father was coming. Father still wasn't back even when I went to bed. In my sleep I could hear Father was back, I dressed and went into the kitchen. They've signed his pass, but crossed out Bodzentyn. It's valid only on Tuesdays and Fridays and only until 1st April. This is how they intend hemming the Jews in until they all starve. A kilo of rye already costs 9 zloty, potatoes 3·20 zloty – a mark of how terribly food prices have risen. Now the poorer people will certainly die of hunger.

**18 March**

Today the committee came that allots larger dwellings to Jewish families. We were allotted to Auntie's lodger. At first he resisted, but then he had to give in. We put in the cupboard; we'll manage here.

**19 March**

Today there've been rumours circulating that on Sunday six squads of Polish police are coming, plus the militia. Some say they'll be making raids, others say otherwise, no one really knows. Raids of course not on Aryans, only on Jews. Everyone goes round frightened, wondering where he can hide and find somewhere safe. But where can one feel safe nowadays? – nowhere at all.

**22 March**

Today this dreaded Sunday is upon us. The militia and civil police have come, but not on raids. We



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didn't know why they came. We waited in great fear for some terrible moment – what, we didn't know. I kept on going out of the house. It was so quiet, it was as if everyone had died, only the militia kept walking up and down. Standing at the door, I heard they were making a house-to-house search of Jewish dwellings. I didn't have the courage to go out into the street. After they'd ransacked some Jews' places and found various goods, some of the militia left; the rest remained. They searched for perhaps an hour and then they too left. They arrested those persons in whose places they'd found illegal goods. The requisitioned goods they loaded onto their lorry and it wasn't long before they returned. Those they'd arrested they took to Bieliny.

**23 March**
Father went to Krajno where we're owed a few zloty. We were terribly worried whether he'd get through safely or not. The whole time we spent worrying and brooding.

**24 March**
The whole day we were on the look-out for Father, but he didn't come. I'd already gone to bed when someone said Father was coming. I got dressed immediately and went into the other flat. He'd got through successfully. He's bought 2 cwt potatoes, but they won't be transported here until Friday.

**27 March**
The potatoes arrived early in the morning and I

went to buy some beans from a peasant. I go into the street and see nothing but people running. I ran with them, and then I heard the arrested Jews were already returning. On the way I met no one; they'd all gone straight home so I went to see them. The joy here is indescribable. So many people came into the flat that there was no room to move. When everybody was there they said they'd shot someone because he'd refused to give anything away.

**28 March**

One misfortune – that's easily borne, it's not until several combine that a human being is crushed. As if being driven out of house and home and being brought low weren't enough, on top of everything the padlock on our stable was broken and almost everything inside stolen. When I woke up, I heard Auntie saying we'd been robbed. I put something on and went out. They've stolen three geese – two belonged to us, and one to Uncle – 15 kilos rye, 5 kilos flour and 8 loaves. Only one of the geese belonged to Uncle, the rest was all ours. This blow was all we needed in our precarious position! We were robbed of everything we owned, not even a piece of bread was left us. I can't compose myself, so upset I am; I can't say a word, so depressed do I feel. Our neighbour said it's no good moaning, best do something, moaning won't get you anywhere. During the whole incident a man from Plock had been standing nearby. Auntie said he'd left the house during the night and was an accomplice, but he denied it. I suggested we should go to his brother's

place, perhaps there'd be some clue there. Father and my cousin went there right away and returned immediately. There *was* a clue – near the house there were bloodstains everywhere. We then all went straight there. At first he refused to let us in – only with the police. But we did go in, the bread was lying right by the entrance. We needed no more proof, we just told him, 'Return the geese, the rye, the flour, everything you've taken'. He confessed everything and returned the lot. Then there was a terrible bustle – everyone came to have a look. And when we took everything home, everyone was highly delighted. Two loaves were missing, and the geese were no longer alive. I was at his place once more with Grandmother and we took perhaps a kilo of bread from him as well. The whole town already knows about this burglary. We haven't reported anything to the police – we didn't want to bring them in; we've only reported it to the Jewish Council. But someone had gone to the police and two policemen came. Father didn't want to make a report and gave 25 zloty specially, so that everything would be hushed up. He'd perhaps tell everything later.

**29 March**

Today somebody came whose wash-tub had disappeared. He's seen it at the same thief's. Later several people were at his place, but they didn't find anything.

**2 April**

The militia came during the night and took away

those they'd recently let out. They took in two more. Panic broke out again in town. About 11 o'clock I went to see them driven away to Bieliny. Each one went alone with a policeman alongside him.

**5 April**

Today rumours are going round that one of those taken away has been shot. The others were sent to Kielce.

**6 April**

This morning someone came from Bieliny, saying that what had been related yesterday was true. One was really shot. The wife and family don't know yet, but when they're told there'll be such weeping . . . Our position worsens every day. Whenever they take anyone away, he informs against ten others. And so more and more people go to their deaths.

**10 April**

They've taken away a man and a woman from over the road, and two children are left behind. Again it's rumoured that the father of these children has been shot two days ago in the evening. The woman, very ill, was transported to Kielce. The militia was in Slupia and arrested three Jews. They finished them off in Bieliny (they were certainly shot). Already a lot of Jewish blood has flowed in this Bieliny, in fact a whole Jewish cemetery has already grown up there. When will this terrible bloodshed finally end? If it goes on much longer then people will drop like flies out of sheer horror. A peasant from Krajno came to

tell us our former neighbour's daughter had been shot because she'd gone out after 7 o'clock. I can scarcely believe it, but everything's possible. A girl as pretty as a picture – if *she* could be shot, then the end of the world will soon be here. If only you could have one quiet day. My nerves are utterly exhausted; whenever I hear of anyone's distress, I burst into tears, my head starts aching and I'm exhausted, as if I'd been doing the hardest possible work. It's not only me, everyone feels the same. Not enough that in the previous war the Cossacks shot Papa's father, and he was a witness, and only 11 years old at the time. That's why nowadays he only needs to see a German and he's so scared he starts shivering in his shoes.

**12 April**

Last night a cow was stolen from a peasant. The police immediately began their enquiries. In the house of a Jew from Plock they found several cow- and calf-hides; they took him away. The militia will have plenty to do tomorrow.

**13 April**

Our neighbours came today to take out the cupboard. It's better that way. At first we didn't want it done, but now there'll be a bit more room. So we can be pleased about something. When you think, in Krajno we left four rooms, and here we're pleased over such a detail. But what's to be done? – there are ten thousands, not just ourselves, who've been driven out of their homes like us. In the

afternoon they dismantled the cupboard. We put the kitchen-table in its place; it'll be a bit more comfortable now. All that's needed now is a stove and everything will be a bit better. Father, together with someone else, has bought some flour. We'll bake bread for sale. Father's associate has a big oven and we'll bake in it.

**14 April**

Early in the morning I learned that the militia had come to search through the Jews' dwellings. They've taken away three people from one house. Now they're searching through other people's houses. At a tailor's they found lots of wares, also over twenty peasants' furs. They took him away immediately. They've searched through many Jews' places and requisitioned a lot of merchandise. They were at our neighbour's too; everything he owned was taken from him, even dirty washing and worn clothing. Surely there was nothing illegal in that house. We were very frightened they'd perhaps visit us; Father went away; and even though we don't own anything, we were frightened. But God didn't let them visit us. While I was sitting at home, I saw a militiaman go past, and someone went into Auntie's place. I went to the stairway and heard the Germans were with Auntie and a policeman had come in from the yard. My heart began pounding like a hammer. I didn't go home, but instead walked along the street slowly. I turned into a side street and saw them already going up to the attic – oh dear! I thought, now they'll take away our bit of corn. I didn't wait around any more

to see what might happen, but walked on. Then I met Father, and he already knew they were there. Sitting with an acquaintance, I thought to myself there'll probably be nothing left at all. Then my cousin came with the news that they'd taken away his brother; he'd seen them removing the bicycle frame, but that was all. What a shock to hear they'd taken away my cousin! His brother began weeping – they'll beat him there, he'll have to suffer such terrible tortures there. I sent a girl to see what was happening. After a few minutes she returned and said they were still there and now writing a report. My cousin went there himself. After a few minutes he was back, saying that apart from the bicycle they'd taken nothing, only 5 metres of dress-material from his sister. We then went home with Father. Our house was full of people. Everything had been turned upside down, and now they were clearing up the mess. Everybody was talking about it all. They were all saying how they'd waited in fear and trembling for the moment to return home. The militia who'd conducted the house-to-house search had been quite decent; they hadn't bawled at a single person. When they'd found nothing in the flat, they'd gone up to the attic. Here they discovered the cycle-frame and got it taken down. They asked where the other parts were – he'd answered that the tyres and inner-tubes were in another attic and the wheels at his sister's. He had to fetch down the tyres and take them to his sister's. They then made a thorough search at his sister's. They took several pairs of trousers, suitings and other things from her. When they'd finished

they came back to fetch the frame. On the way my cousin begged them at least to leave his sister's material. They only took the bicycle, but paid 80 zloty, and my cousin had to sign for it. They didn't take anything from his sister, only the 5 metres of material because they simply had to confiscate the material. Thus they've caused 1500 zloty's worth of damage. When the house-to-house search was over, carts came for the goods. They were loading for several hours. I watched the convoy of carts driving off. Altogether 5 cartfuls of various goods! As they were passing us one cart stopped, the rest went on. When the German then fired a shot, I immediately thought: that's somebody killed, but it was nothing. He'd only fired to bring the other carts to a halt. The tailor whose skins they'd confiscated has been terribly beaten up; he has bruises on his face and his whole face is swollen. He sat on the cart like a dummy. They only took three people to Bieliny, the others they let free. They took along the man with the skins, one other man and his wife. There's a terrible atmosphere in the town, because they're continually searching the Jews' houses, and illicit wares can always be discovered in their places.

**15 April**

Early in the morning a messenger came from Bieliny, saying if several thousand zloty is paid, then the prisoners will be released. A horse and cart left immediately. This messenger also said Uncle had received a pass for a week to go to Bodzentyn and Krajno. And we've heard more good news. The girl

who was said to have been shot is alive. So we got better news today than yesterday. Father also said that they're not issuing any more passes, food is to be sent by post.

**16 April**

Today a cart went for those they'd taken away. Everyone's waiting impatiently for them to come as soon as possible. The cart's taken presents for the militia because they were kind to people. Toward evening there came some very bad news. Someone said those who'd left this morning with the presents had been arrested, and no one knows why. No one knows exactly, but who can know for sure if it's not true? Nowadays anything's possible. While we were talking things over, we saw the cart coming up. We quickly ran out to pick up all the news. Our neighbour who was with them in Bieliny said they were not being released – it was only a trick, but what kind nobody knows. He also said that the tailor with the furs had perhaps already been shot by now. And we were *so* pleased they were going to be released. As soon as a scrap of hope shows, as soon as a tiny ray gleams, immediately comes a storm and all is lost. This tailor has seven children, what will the poor orphans do now? All they had has been taken away, the father is away, and on top of that the mother must report to the police. The things these brutes do with people!

**18 April**

There hasn't been such weather as today for a long

time. If only there were freedom then everything would be fine. But we're not even allowed to leave the town. We're now tied up like dogs on a chain. They've taken away the parents from across the road, leaving two little children on their own. Next door they've again taken the husband away; if you look into their window you can see the sadness there. You can forget other people's troubles until a fresh worry comes along. Wherever you go, whether to a flat or to a café or elsewhere, everywhere people are talking about how much they've taken away from this man, how much from that etc., etc. While we were sitting quietly over our dinner, the policeman came to remind us we still had to pay the 150 zloty from Krajno for the corn we'd ground. We must pay up right away; if we don't hand over the money, it'll mean 18 days immediate detention. Mother went to the police station immediately, and the commandant said it must be paid by Monday at the latest. Of course we didn't think we'd get out of it, but nowadays in these hard times it's so difficult to pay 150 zloty.

**19 April**

News came from Kielce that they're releasing our neighbour's wife today, but they shot him in Bieliny. Father met a Jew from Bieliny today who's just been evacuated. He said he'd seen Uncle, and everyone was well. He also said food is much cheaper there than it is here. As I was just going along the street I saw the people from Plock jostling one another, then I heard that they get dinner here privately. What a

jostling there was, each one wanting to be first for those two potatoes in water! Today I also saw dinner being doled out in the kitchen. One person said, 'I'm entitled to dinner for 3 persons, why have I only got it for 2 etc.?'

**20 April**

We got up earlier because we wanted to grind a bit of rye for someone. It was already ground by eight o'clock. Father went out to the suburbs; perhaps something can be bought there. A few minutes later my brother came, saying the militia were coming. Immediately all was in confusion. I hid the hand-mill. The militia were accompanied by this boy who'd reported Uncle because of the bicycle. Now he was going to inform on someone else. Father was really supposed to go and pay the fine, but he didn't go because the militia were there. Later the policeman came and we paid him the money. We've hardly enough for necessities, and here we have to pay so much money. If we could only earn a little bit extra. To pay this fine we had to sell some of our clothes. Such hard times are upon us that people are obliged to sell their own things which they've had to work for so hard. But what can you do? Thank God there's still something to sell.

**21 April**

In the morning the cart went to fetch our neighbour's wife. Uncle sold the manure, the peasant came to fetch it. Just as the peasant was leaving with it the special constables arrived. Uncle had to pay a

20 zloty fine because the yard should have been cleared by 18th April. I didn't actually hear that myself; by the time the special constables came it was 11 o'clock.

**22 April**

Mother went to the neighbour's to hear her news. It's better not to write down what tortures she and her husband endured; at least she's still alive but he . . .

**24 April**

When we came to Bodzentyn we owned a few zloty. We didn't have much capital, and now it'll soon be gone. We've paid the fine; now we're done for. Mother had earned those few zloty trading, but how far do *they* go? Admittedly, we don't have many expenses now, but you have to pay hundreds for every trifle; for example, even such a paltry thing as saccharine, which used to cost 70 groschen per 100 tablets, now costs 10 groschen a tablet. For saccharine alone you have to spend two zloty a day, and do you think you only need saccharine? Can anyone earn enough to cover everything? How long can we go on selling household possessions? O God make the war end as quickly as possible. If it goes on much longer, no one will survive this terrible war and these terrible tortures.

**26 April**

While I was sitting at home I thought I heard Uncle's voice, and then in he came. We hadn't

expected him to come today. He said right away he'd brought Father's pass. We were so glad. Father was going to Krajno anyway, but now he's at least got a pass. Uncle went into town to buy something, and when he returned he left right away with Father. Now at least we don't need to worry so much.

**27 April**

Early in the morning the chairman of the Jews' Council came from Bieliny and said Father had sent potatoes from Krajno. I immediately went to fetch them; there weren't many, only 25 kilos. In the afternoon Father came and sent us to a Jew at whose place he'd left rye. When we'd fetched it, Father said that was our rye that we'd left behind in the village. A Jew came to ask us if we'd take rye for grinding. I went with him right away and fetched 15 kilos of rye. In the evening the job was finished. You have to work really hard at it, but there's nothing else one can earn by, and it's no good despising such work. After all it's not the first time we've done grinding. We're grinding daily from morning till night. Even on such heavy work where 4 persons are employed the most you can earn is 30 zloty. Last night there was a raid on property, and today at 4 o'clock in broad daylight the militia were telephoned from the bank here, and they're coming tomorrow.

**28 April**

At daybreak Father and I went to Krajno. On the way a cart caught up with us and we were given a lift. While we were going along I felt exactly as if I was

going home, and soon I found myself lost in day-dreams. But shortly after I realized they were only idle reveries. Arriving, Father went to the village and I waited at our former neighbour's. Later I went to our house; there Father was waiting for me. When I went in, the dwelling seemed so strange, as if we'd never lived here. Father gave me money to pay for the potatoes he'd bought. How glad I was to run along the path I knew so well! And again I felt as if I was just running back home, that my parents were there and all the others, but then it was all over. When I got back Father was no longer there. I baked a few potatoes for myself and waited for him. Then I sat down at the window specially to recall better the moments I'd once spent here. But I didn't sit for long. Somehow I felt so sad that I went out, otherwise I'd have wept. I meant to collect a few coppers, but it was no use . . . While we lived here, it was easier to get things; now people won't put themselves out. I only got a litre of milk at two places. We drank half a litre with our bread, had a bit of a rest, then returned home early, otherwise the militia might have run across us. Although we have a pass, it's better not to meet them. Whenever we heard a cart we hid in the woods. From there I watched them go past.

**29 April**

Yesterday when I went to bed it was still summer, and when I got up it was already winter. It's been snowing like in January and not the end of April. As if God hadn't punished us enough, he has to give an

extra punishment, a second long winter. Work in the fields should be over now, and it hasn't even started. Now everything should be cheaper, but in fact everything gets dearer. And that's not all – Uncle and the others in the house nag at us continually. We're not even allowed to chop wood in the yard, and on top of that various trivial things which really aren't worth mentioning. But we live at a time when you can't speak out, all you can do is keep quiet and swallow everything.

**30 April**

While Father was in Krajno he ordered 2 cwt potatoes from a peasant, and they were transported here today. These potatoes were weighed like oranges before the war; they haven't given us a single extra gramme, and on top of that so madly expensive. Two cwt cost 270 zloty. For that money you used to be able to buy 200 cwt, not just 2, but now everything has changed, and this is no exception.

**1 May**

While I was in Krajno I got several clumps of chives. Today I had time to plant them in flower-pots. I still wasn't finished when Father called me to help with the grinding – I was to leave everything in the yard just as it was, my brother could clear up. After grinding I went into the flat. When Father came, he began to be very angry at me – why had I scattered the wood all over the wood-shed? – and beat me. I told him I hadn't had time to tidy up the wood, and he beat me even more. I was very upset at him

beating me without cause. And finally, when he'd beaten me so hard several times with his belt-buckle, I began crying, not so much out of pain as anger. I got real bruises which hurt badly. Finally he ordered me to start grinding. But how could I grind when my arm hurt me so much I couldn't move it? But for the war I wouldn't have been at home, I'd have long been out learning a trade. As it is, I must just put up with things. Father doesn't love me at all, and he wouldn't be sorry if something happened to me. All he feels is his duty; it doesn't cross his mind there might be more to it than that. All day long everyone was talking about me.

**2 May**

In the evening Uncle's whole family came round and were talking about my beating yesterday. Father's always arguing with Mother, over why she interferes when he beats me. A serious row even developed. I think a married couple shouldn't argue like my parents, but today's not the first time.

**3 May**

Uncle came from Bieliny, bringing a few kilos of rye. The chairman of Bieliny came too, bringing Father the pass for three days, starting tomorrow.

**5 May**

There are rumours of a raid on the Jews tonight. Father hasn't been home since yesterday, and he may land right in the middle of the raid. We've written a

card, saying he shouldn't come today. A boy from Krajno was here just now; we've given it to him.

**6 May**

A terrible day! About 3 o'clock I was awoken by knocking. It was the police already making a raid. I wasn't afraid. After all Father and my cousin were in Krajno and knew what was going on. The other cousins had hidden. After a few minutes I heard more knocking on the door and Uncle opened up right away. A Jewish and a Polish policeman entered. Immediately they began making a search; one of them eyed me and ordered me to get dressed. The other asked how old I was, I answered 14, he then left me alone. They rummaged about a bit, found no one, however, only they took the two from Plock. I wasn't afraid, even so I was trembling as if I had a fit of the shivers. As soon as they were gone I fell asleep. In the morning my cousin woke me – Father had arrived with the cart. I dressed quickly and went out, but Father was already no longer there – he'd run away before the police patrol arrived. The merchandise had already been unloaded from the cart, and then I saw a policeman come and turn into our yard. I ran away, but heard the policeman shouting: 'Where are the potatoes? Hand over the rest!' And he shouted other things, but I didn't understand what they were. Now we're finished, I thought, they've loaded everything onto the cart and driven to the police-station. And Father's not here. What can I do? – Mother and Auntie went to the police-station. I was utterly

confused. Everything we had has been taken away, now we're forced to hanker after a crust of bread. Anciel came, saying Father and my cousin had been caught as well. Only then did I start crying. They've taken Father from us, they've taken our property, and now I felt such a yearning for Father. We soon forgot the merchandise. Mother went to the Jews' Council to ask for Father's release. After all he's ill, he can't live without medicine. It's terrible that he must now get sent to a camp to work! They said Father would be released after interrogation. We had hopes of his release. I didn't go out into the street at all for fear they'd pick me up too; my brother and Anciel are the only ones to take them food. Anciel came in from the street, saying they'd picked up his brother-in-law as well. There was dreadful panic, everyone hid wherever he could. The relatives or wives of the arrested men wept terribly. How can you help weeping? The Bieliny police have also made raids. When it got a bit quieter, two lorries came up and one had a trailer. When I saw it I immediately thought they were taking Father away in it, and began weeping terribly. Father told my brother he should bring him food, some clothes and a little mug. And again I couldn't help crying when I saw him taking all those things. Mother was the whole time at the Jews' Council, making representations on Father's behalf, but all they'd say was that they'd be releasing him. My brother came to see about a warm cap, but it was already too late . . . The lorry was already at the other market-place. I burst out crying, and as they came up I cried out:

'Papa! – Papa, where are you? If only I could see you once more' . . . and then I saw him on the last lorry; his eyes were red with weeping. I kept on looking at him until he disappeared round the corner, then I had a sudden fit of crying, and I felt how much I love him and how much he loves me. And only now did I feel that what I wrote on 1st May about him not loving me was a beastly lie, and who knows if I won't have to pay for suspecting him, when it wasn't true at all? If God wills and he returns then I won't be like that to him any more. I cried a very long time, and every time I thought of Father's tear-stained face I began sobbing all over again. The dearest person in the whole world we had, they've taken from us – and ill as well . . . When we'd calmed down a bit, Mother went to the police-station because it was getting on for two o'clock. While I was sitting in the flat, thinking about Father's fate and what had happened to us all, my sister came, saying 'Go to the police; take somebody with you - they've handed back everything'. I ran there with Anciel, on the way we met Mother. Anciel took what Mother was carrying off her, and I accompanied Mother. We had to make several journeys till everything was cleared. No one can imagine the joy, but it was only superficial joy; in our hearts is an indescribable sadness. Mother asked some of the members of the Council to help her rescue our things, but no one wanted to go along. God so ordained it, however, that we retrieved all our things without their help. When we got back from the police, a militiaman came to our house and asked if we'd got everything back. He was a very

kind German, and but for him we'd have retrieved nothing. Mother is as exhausted by today's events as if they'd been going on for a whole month. I went to bed, thinking about Father . . . Here am I, lying in a comfortable bed, but he may not even have a bit of straw in some hole of a place. I felt so sick at heart I could hold back my tears no longer and cried myself to sleep.

**7 May**

I can't possibly forget yesterday's scenes – how could anyone? Mother's continually going to the Council of Jews to get them to help. One of them told Mother that they're going to Skarzysko on the 12th to fetch the sick; Father would come then. What sort of a promise is this? God give that Father returns before they go. Everyone goes round distracted, not an instant passes but I think of Father.

**8 May**

The rumour's going round that today there'll be another raid because they're still 120 men short. All the men have hidden, it's dead quiet out in the street. While I was standing on the stairs I saw three cars drive up. I recognized them right away, they were the same as on Wednesday. Immediately there was panic, all the inhabitants fled from their dwellings into the woods; the police had already begun seizing people. Auntie came, saying they're also picking up people like me. At first I didn't know what to do, but then I suddenly realized I had to hide. I went to our

Polish neighbour's wife and stayed there. The slightest rustling, and I was terrified it was them coming in! This neighbour said the police had gone into the woods, and the very moment she said this we heard several shots. Someone must have been shot dead, I thought. I wasn't there long before the lorries drove off; only two were full, the third was empty. I went straight home; now I could be quiet at home for not a soul came in. I didn't go out into the street again the whole day. In the evening I went to pray – after all it *is* Friday. We used to always go with Father; however things might be, whether happy or sad, we were still with Father, now . . . When we returned from praying I was dreadfully sad. How could I help being sad? – supper was prepared somehow or other, the table laid; after all it is a feast-day. But when I see Father's place, and he's not sitting there, then grief and sorrow break my heart. . . .

**9 May**

Mother went to an acquaintance to telephone Skarzysko. She waited several hours for a connection, then they told her to come back at 2 o'clock. These people are in no hurry, they're not bothered; why should they put themselves out? If you were suddenly to give them several hundred zloty, then they'd soon be interested. But where from? . . . You'd have to sell the clothes from off your back. What matter, the vital thing is Father comes back safe and sound.

**10 May**

The Jewish police has received the order that 50 men are still required. Immediately on receiving the order, they began picking up people. I hadn't gone out anywhere, instead I sat at home, but thank goodness, they didn't come! As I was standing on the stairs a gentleman came and asked if a Rubinowicz lived here. I said yes. He then parked his bicycle and came into the flat. Here he took out a letter from Father and gave it to Mother. I asked him who he was and where he came from. He answered that he was the overseer of the Jews in Skarzysko. He not only brought us a letter, but also others for several people. Many people immediately gathered round, everyone was curious. He didn't stay long with us and went off to deliver other letters. It wasn't a long letter, but even those few words were enough. He'd written the letter in haste; he says he's well, that the work isn't very hard, that it's tolerable, only he's very concerned about us. He writes he's very worried about me, at all costs they shouldn't pick me up, I was to see I hid well. We were to send him by post at least something to drink or a few dumplings in a flask, some envelopes, a half-kilo loaf and money. He probably hasn't received the parcel from the German because he doesn't mention it. He asks for things to be sold off to rescue him from there. So Father knows the lie of the land; there's a reason for his writing to us to sell off things. Mother made up a small parcel and gave it to the man with the bicycle. That evening an acquaintance of Auntie's in Suchedniów came especially to say a person could be

rescued for 500 zloty – if more persons, then more money. Mother can't go after money today any more. Tomorrow she's going to borrow some somewhere or other.

**11 May**

Mother has a piece of material for a coat. She went out to sell or pawn it. She soon returned, having borrowed the money. She gave it to the woman, then went out borrowing money from several people and returned home. Impatiently I waited for the postman, because Father had written me that he'd written two postcards. After an hour a postcard was delivered to our flat. Father writes he's well, on the same day he'd arrived at the camp at Suchedniów. In the evening they had a good cabbage soup; he has a bed and a roof over his head. In the morning they go to work, but what work he doesn't say. They work 12 hours, from 6 to 6. Then they went to wash. He asks if we've been using up any of the turnips, if we've got something to grind and what we grind with – that means he's asking whether the hand-mill wasn't broken when they took away some of the potatoes and turnips. He writes how badly off he is there; he's very worried about what we'll live on. He asks for a few zloty to be sent just for bread, old slippers, a few fritters, shaving-cream and saccharine tablets. He writes: 'Dear children, obey your mother.' The most painful part was the last sentence. God give that he returns soon. There's a notice at the Jews' Council office that if anyone wants to send anything he's to get it ready; the Jews'

Council is going to Skarzysko tomorrow, and they'll take along everything. Although we've already sent money, Mother is taking along a parcel and 20 zloty. The Jewish police have also been picking up people today. I stayed almost the whole day at a Polish boy's house, I was frightened of staying at home.

**12 May**

During the night the Jewish police were in our yard. They were looking for our cousins, but they weren't there. After breakfast Mother went to the Jews' Council to hand in the parcel and the 20 zloty. Mother came back from the Jews' Council, her eyes red with weeping. However things may have been in the past, now she's unhappy, the whole day she goes round crying. You can well imagine how I feel . . . Mother talked to several acquaintances on the Jews' Council; they told her not to worry, if anyone's to return it'll be Father. Getting on for mid-day I heard the sound of a lorry. My heart began to pound. People were saying 25 sick men were coming; perhaps Father will be among them . . . They came – 25 persons – but no Father. The pain I felt – why do others come and not Father? When the lorry pulled up, they didn't let the sick men down until healthy persons had been supplied to replace them. One man from our tenement-block had come back, someone from Plock. I asked him what the work was like, whether he'd seen Father. I bombarded him with questions. He told me he'd seen Father, and so far he's not been starving. The work is hard; they fell trees and uproot the stumps. They get

120 gramme bread per day, black coffee and lots of soup – on such food no one need go hungry. Each man has a bed and Father is billeted with our cousins. He showed me several scars on his face from a whip; an overseer supervises the work. When he told me that I began to weep. Why has such a terrible fate befallen my father? – perhaps God is giving him his desserts.

**13 May**

Early in the morning Mother went to enquire if the parcel had been delivered. Father hasn't sent any letter or anything else. In the Jews' Council they said everything had been delivered. We racked our brains as to why Father hadn't sent even a card, but since he's sent nothing, our worry is fruitless, because we're completely in the dark.

**14 May**

As Mother was crossing the street, a member of the Council stopped her and gave her a parcel. They said they'd forgotten to hand it to her yesterday. Father is sending his dirty washing, our cousins are as well. The parcel also contained three letters. Father writes it's very upsetting for him that we don't write any letters and tell him when we send anything, or otherwise keep him informed. Obviously they haven't delivered the letter to him. He writes I should hide, there'll be more raids; he wants me to put on girl's clothes. He asks for a few zloty to be sent, but where from he doesn't know, nor has he any idea where we're to get money for our expenses. He

stresses we should sell something and save him, if at all possible. I cried my eyes out after such a sad letter. When I'd calmed down I went across to read my cousins' letters. They write the same as Father, asking to be saved. While reading the letters, I thought to myself, we're here in freedom (such a freedom as I wouldn't wish on a dog; all the same we're better off here than Father there), and perhaps Father is going short of even a piece of bread? Ah, how terrible it is! . .

[*There are two entries under the same date – Translator.*]

**14 May**

Today there was a notice put up that parcels can be sent to Skarzysko because transport's going there. Mother made up a parcel right away and I even managed to get a knife for Father. In the evening a girl came to our house, saying the militia are coming tomorrow at 4 a.m.; but no one knew the reason why. We were still in the dark, but very afraid.

**15 May**

At 4 a.m. several lorries arrived. We thought now they'll be quickly evacuating everyone. I was so scared I got a terrible pain and had to go outside. Scarcely had I opened the door but I saw a German standing on the other side of the street, looking straight at me. I didn't go out but left the door open. I was very frightened, scared he'd come into our flat.

He didn't stand there long, however, but went away. Everybody stayed indoors or went to the main door, but no one went out into the street. The whole time, however, everyone was extremely restless. While I was standing at the window I saw a lorry with Germans and some civilians who were handcuffed. Then a second one, a third and a fourth. On each lorry there were as many civilians as Germans. The Germans were heavily armed, in steel helmets, they had hand-grenades and machine-guns. We calmed down a bit when we saw we were being left in peace. Indoors I heard that the Jewish police had been at Uncle's, then my sister came, saying they were about to confiscate his cupboard because he hadn't paid tax to the Council. The police came with the lorry and began removing the cupboard. Everybody resisted but it was no use, they still took away the cupboard. When the cupboard was loaded, Uncle came out; he was very upset and stood in the way of the lorry. Immediately the policeman came and pushed Uncle aside, Uncle returned the blow and they began fighting. A crowd gathered and tried to separate them; there was a terrible outcry. The militia saw what was going on, approached and began shooting from a distance. I saw it all. I thought someone had been killed. The bullets whizzed over people's heads, and one went through the window into Uncle's flat. A German burst into our house, flinging the door open with such force that the panes shattered. He asked where Uncle was, and immediately began searching for Uncle, but didn't find him. After perhaps half an hour the

Polish police came and they had to pay a 100 zloty fine. During the shooting there was great panic, everyone was full of a sense of chaos. In the afternoon the Germans drove off in the first lorry, in the middle one were Poles, handcuffed, at the rear another lorryload of Germans – that's how they were taken away.

**16 May**

Not until today did the truck go off with the parcels for the Skarzysko camp. Mother put in an extra piece of bread. My cousin's wife phoned Skarzysko; they answered that it had all been arranged and that they'd come today or tomorrow.

**17 May**

My cousin got a parcel of dirty washing from her husband in Skarzysko; a postcard was also with it. He writes that a lorry full of sick people is to leave; perhaps they'll be returning home. Then the carter came who'd been in Skarzysko yesterday and said he'd spoken to Father. Father had said he'd received all the parcels we'd sent him. He'd been to see the doctor four times, now he was to see the German doctor, but he didn't know what would be the outcome. In the afternoon we were visited by the same man who'd come to our place the previous week on a bicycle, and he brought a letter. After reading the letter we were very worried. Father writes we're to put pressure on the Jewish Council, and if not them, then the woman from Suchedniów,

to do something. He'd been to the doctor, and he refused to release him. It wasn't a good letter – it's better not to go into detail. We don't know what to do now. Father writes we're to go to the woman from Suchedniów to whom we've given the money. We're completely at a loss. After this letter Mother's been going round as if distracted; she's been several times to the Jews' Council. There they said she was not to worry, everything would be all right. They said, once the sick ones come then Father would be with them. But what sort of comfort is this? – he's still in the camp. Not until he's home will I be satisfied.

**18 May**

Today Mother rang up the woman from Suchedniów who told her Uncle had written from the camp that she was not to concern herself on Father's behalf, since the Bodzentyn Council were already concerned with his case. Mother answered that she should do something for Father herself and ignore other people. Today a notice was put up at the Council that a truck's going to Skarzysko tomorrow, and parcels may be sent. We didn't send any parcel, only 50 zloty.

**19 May**

Today 6 Germans came because the horses in 5 rural districts are to be requisitioned. So many horses were produced that you could hardly move. The truck with the parcels left for Skarzysko after the horses had been produced.

**20 May**

Today a letter from Father was delivered to us, covering 4 whole sides plus an extra slip of paper. He describes everything exactly. He writes he's seen the doctor seven times already and he won't let him out. Tomorrow 65 sick men are to leave; perhaps Father will come too. Father asks, in case he doesn't come, to send him bread, potatoes and some other things. We wait impatiently for tomorrow. During the night a cow was stolen from a peasant. It was reported to the police and they immediately began investigating. The clues led to a Jew; there they found the head and 40 kilos of meat. They arrested him on the spot. Everyone's very angry at this Jew, that a Jew should dare to steal a cow. As if we hadn't enough with persecution on all sides, this has to happen too.

**21 May**

At half-past eight the lorry with the Jews arrived. When I saw the lorry my heart began to pound like mad – perhaps Father's with them. As it came nearer I looked for Father but didn't see him. I ran after it; the lorry stopped by the Jews' Council and all the men immediately jumped out, but Father wasn't with them. I started weeping to see so many men arrive, but no Father. Some were quite healthy and yet *they'd* come back – that gave me quite a shock. Father sent several cards by means of acquaintances, asking us to send him some potatoes, bread-dough and groats. We made up a parcel right away and gave it to the lorry-driver. We quite forgot that today is Whitsun and made no preparation –

we were entirely taken up by the one concern. It's never happened before that Father hasn't been at home for a feast-day, and today he's not only not here but in a camp.

**22 May**

While praying I felt a deep yearning for Father. I saw other children standing with their fathers, and the parts of their prayers that they didn't know were told them by their fathers, and who is there to tell me? . . . only God alone. God give me good thoughts and lead me in the right way. Never before have I felt my prayers to be such a burden to me as today. How could they have been so before? If only God would allow Father to return soon safe and sound. We rang up Suchedniów, and the woman said the matter's not settled yet.

**23 May**

Today they took away the Jews arrested because of the cow; they released an innocent man.

**25 May**

Uncle came very early from Bieliny; he told me he'd paid a 20 zloty fine. In these hard times you can't even earn these 20 zloty. He had to pay the fine for travelling about with several Jews, and one of them hadn't a pass. He was very lucky not to have been taken away there and then. Uncle didn't waste any time and went home. Today a notice was put up that the Council are going to Skarzysko tomorrow. We haven't sent a special parcel, just money; perhaps

he'll get bread from the Council. We're making up a small packet and enclosing it in the cousins' parcel.

**27 May**

My brother brought a parcel and letter for us from the Council. Father sent back his sweater, a scarf and warm clothing and a clean coloured shirt as well that we'd sent him. He'd like us to send him fresh linen. Father asks why we don't write to him more often; he'd be so pleased to get a letter from home, he'd read it several times a day. Tomorrow he's to appear before the committee because he can't work. Father writes Abraham is to blame for everything. He tells us to send only food from home, no money because everything's so dear in the camp. He enquires about everything, whether we've got wood, whether we've still got potatoes and whether – God forbid! – we're not starving. He asks where on earth we get the money for everything, and says if he knew we had everything we needed he'd be relieved; but as it is, he broods the whole night through and can't sleep. He wants us at all costs to send him this money because he can sort out everything better on the spot. If he'd had the money the previous week then he'd have come home in the second batch. Father writes he's sending letters every day but we don't answer. Those are his words – and we haven't received a single letter by post. Today we're bound to get a letter. I wrote him a letter right away and put it in the letter-box because the postman was just coming. The postman gave us a letter from Father and then two postcards. He writes the same in the letter and

postcards as in his earlier letter, only in this letter he asks whether, knowing his irritable nature, we're better off with or without him. Mother immediately rang up Suchedniów, saying the money was to be sent to Father right away, and we sent Father another 100 zloty from us. We're sending him the money because there's nothing we can do here; he'll maybe have more chance trying to arrange something there.

**29 May**

During the day there were bandits in Wzdolo. When the police came they didn't run away but began shooting. The police had to hide, and they slipped into the woods. A telephone call was made to Kielce for the militia. After a few hours two lorries came; they were at Wzdolo but didn't catch anyone. Today a postcard came from Father and one from Uncle in Kielce. Father gives no news, only that he hopes to come soon. Uncle doesn't give any news either.

**31 May**

Today a notice was put up that the workers in Skarzysko are to be exchanged, and on 4th June 60 persons are to report to the Council; those who report get cards. If so, God will perhaps grant that Father will come. The 60 persons will only be going for a week.

[*The same order as in the original – Translator.*]

**29 May**

After the Kielce militia had gone, the 8 from Bieliny stayed here. A passing militiaman saw a Jewish woman trying to run away across a yard. He immediately ordered her to stop, but she didn't hear and continued running. When she didn't stop he fired, and his first shot hit the mark. He ordered her to be buried where all the others lie who've been shot. What a terrible fate, to be shot for no reason at all! As she lay there in the yard, not one of her children – and she has 6 – was allowed to go near her. Whenever one tried to approach or began to cry, the man hit it.

**1 June**

A happy day. We were expecting a letter from Father, but none came, only a postcard from my cousin with greetings from Father, nothing else. We made up a large parcel for Father, because the Council is going to Skarzysko tomorrow. We've packed a light jacket, linen, shoes, some potatoes, bread and other odds and ends. I waited impatiently for 3 o'clock to come – that's when the mail's delivered. Perhaps there'll be a letter from Father, perhaps there's a chance of him being released. Toward evening I went to our neighbour's to make slippers for my sister. While I was working I heard a lorry approach, and singing. I immediately thought it was the Jews coming from Skarzysko. I ran out, and right enough! – there they were, driving up. From far away you could see them waving their arms, their caps; I saw my father waving too. I threw

everything down, ran to meet them and arrived at the same time as the lorry. I immediately took Father's bundle from him, and he got down from the lorry. Mother took the bundle off me and I went to the police to recover the parcel. I entered our flat and couldn't even greet Father, I was so glad. No one can imagine our joy, only someone who's been through the same experience will understand. It was all like in a film, we experienced so much almost in a second. The place was immediately full of people – they all came for the good news. Father had injured his arm – that's why they'd let him out . . . At first I was very frightened, thinking he'd been very badly wounded. It's hard for me to describe everything Father related. I'll begin at the beginning. The first week was the worst, until he'd got used to things. The work wasn't so terrible, only the discipline; if a man doesn't march well or sing, he gets beaten. Reveille is at 4 a.m.; at 5 p.m. work ceases. For thirteen hours at a stretch the men aren't allowed to take a rest; anyone who sits down receives a terrible beating. There was no end to his account; we stayed up till 2 a.m. – it's impossible to describe how it was. Father didn't look too bad, he'd had as much to eat as he needed. I'm so glad, I've forgotten to write down the most important and most terrible news of all. This morning two Jewish women, a mother and a daughter, had gone out into the country. Unfortunately the Germans were driving from Rudki to Bodzentyn to fetch potatoes and ran across them. When the two women caught sight of the Germans they began to flee, but were overtaken and arrested.

They intended shooting them on the spot in the village, but the mayor wouldn't allow it. They then went into the woods and shot them there. The Jewish police immediately went there to bury them in the cemetery. When the cart returned it was full of blood. Who . . .

# Afterword

Dawid's diary broke off abruptly. It was found later amid the rubble the Nazis left in Poland. Researchers were never able to verify with one hundred percent certainty what happened to Dawid or his family. Most assuredly they were taken to the nearby Treblinka death camp and executed.



Perhaps as many as one million children . . . one million Dawids or Anne Franks . . . were executed by the Germans. They grew only to know a thirst for peace and a hunger to survive. Few left even a family or friends to remember their names or to mourn for their shortened lives. Dawid left this diary . . . an epitaph to something too horrible to imagine or to forget. (Courtesy New West Agency)



Nazis look on as troops burn the Warsaw ghetto, stamping out the uprising there by defiant Jews. (Courtesy New West Agency)


4759





Nazis rounded up Jews for shipment to concentration camps as part of the systematic annihilation. (Courtesy New West Agency)









Jews were not just hauled off to death camps; often, they were beaten, tortured and humiliated first — a portent of what was to come in the camps, as well. (Courtesy New West Agency)



Jews were beaten and robbed of their possessions, and as an added insult, often were shorn of their hair and beards. (Courtesy New West Agency)





Atrocities continued in the camps. Those who weren't put to death immediately were starved or used as slave labor and medical guinea pigs by the Nazis. (Courtesy New West Agency)



These Jews were new camp arrivals, being marched to their deaths. Most were stripped prior to their execution — as a final effort at dehumanization and also so that any valuables could be confiscated. (Courtesy New West Agency)









These photos were taken by U.S. Army liberation forces. Rails led to the ovens, so cremation was done with the utmost efficiency. Tens of thousands of bodies were still stacked in trenches when the camps were liberated. In some camps, according to survivors, Russian troops freed the men . . . and raped the women, who were little more than living skeletons at the time. (Courtesy Dick Kent Photo and New West Agency)



Still, somehow, a small handful survived. They will never forget, and after they are gone, the world simply cannot forget. . . .
(Courtesy Dick Kent Photo)

