

From *unre Walker*
The Journal - *(B. Kava)**

At March 20 1944

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I was eight when the World War II came to us. I lived with my parents, brother and grandmother. Before fascists occupied little town Kopaigorod, communists and rich people were evacuated. Soviet authorities forced teenagers over 16 to go by feet more then 30 kilometers to railway junction Gmerenka. But germans were bombing and hunger young people had to come back, my brother too .

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At July 3, Stalin made a speech . Nothing should be left for the enemy. A robbery started. At that time we started to feel antisemitism from our neighbors.

Approximately a month after the war began, in July, germans came to our little town. Immediately they began to rob and hit people. My father was hit on my eyes. The fascists created Ukrainian rule and police with chief Krushlinsky and helpers Petya-the-Blinder, school military course teacher Grigorash, my teacher Panas Sidorovich, the school director Basenko. All they forced jews to clean the attics for some reason or other. Dirty I was going nearby a german and he beat me cruelly.

At this time from Bessarabia and Bucovina through Mogilev-Podolsky thousands unlucky rumanian jews were driven to Transnistriya. Then the increased jewish population was gathered hastily at Shismans square and forced out. This violence shared jewish policeman too. In the head of the jewish community was pleasant cultural and gentle romanian jew Ornshtein. He had success in reaching agreement about no deportation the people from little Kopaigorod. But all finished, and we came to concentration death camp at the railway station Kopai.

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The camp was located in a forest in the open air and was enclosed with barder wire. There was one small red brick building. There was no food. People started to die from cold and hanger. Some of them got out from the camp for looking food. Often town major organized a raid around the camp. Once my mother was going too, and when she had to came back I heard a noise and cry out of the border wire. It was Nahman - Crooked who was running back and force with his daughter Rul along the fence. Dismay span them. It arrived the Town major. The fascist as a lynx rushed on the noise. I saw him taken out his gun and shooting both - the father and daughter. She was crying yet but two shots finished this murder.

TILL SEPT. 1941

So we lived and suffered for 3 month. Suddenly the fighter fascist disappeared and the power came to the romanian gendarmes. Some people for contribution were transferred in Ghetto located in Kopaigorod. The concentration camp existed up the winter, while elderly and sick people died. But in Ghetto the same started. People died like flies. Every day funeral

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undertakers throwed with no weigh skin covered skeletons, one per hand, in sledges. Like today I remember twisted in a jumble hands and legs.

The romanian gluttons gendarmes feeled themselves at home. Their chef was fat colonel Vorzan. Also there was Pretor-grand, and an Engineer in fascist uniform. He cruely hated jews and hit them to death with a whip and fist. After execution he took out his gloves and put them away - profaned by touching jews.

For forced labor the romanian convoyed people every day out of Ghetto. Labors brigade were supplied by self-interested jewish policemen Salo, Lazzo or their chef Leib Trahtenbroag - real monster. I remember how his brother beated with a stick David Moreynis. After Liberty Leib Trahtenbroat was brought to trial and got 10 years of prison, some ukrainian, Basenko - too.

Especially the policemen tortured local jews which did not know romanian language, and betrayed them, when were looking for forced laborers for sending them to Trehatka or Mogilev-Podolsky. One word we heard all the time: "repedy, repedy" and whip sounds.

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Then the jews were beating by the gendarmes. Always they wanted to knock out from someone a bride. Silently, without noise and witnesses they murdered jews. So one of the being killed was Shika my friends Suny Hasuks father. They force him to dig up a hole nearby on the byway to Hrenovka and shot him. An ukrainian saw this and told us about it. Once in snow was found Fima Kernermans murdered mam. (Suny with his family in 1945 or 1946 emigrated to Israel. At this time some jewish people - romanian, russian - emigrated with help of Zionists. It is a question were they survived after that Exodus?)

In Ghetto secretly ^{CAME} with help of jewish partizan people from places where all jews were killed. From Murovany Kurilovez escaped a few families including Raya Veizman (in future my brothers wife).

The life in Ghetto was an unbroken waiting and hearing stories where are digging up holes and killing. We were waiting death all the time, days and nights. I remember the typhus epidemic. All Ghetto was sick. Hundreds died. It was one treatment ^{FAMILY} ice on the head. One hope was - crisis - a miracle. In our ^{FAMILY} was infectioned my brother. It was terrible to hear his delirium. I remember how the policeman Salo and Lazzo were beating my mother, asking her where were our men to send them to Trehatka. Eventually the policeman were strive for him, catch, beat and put in our own house cellar together with another boys. On the white wall was scratch: "Hear were boys which were sent for destruction Munya Shmukler, Grisha Kramer, Gedaly Kaplan, Barat..." among others my brothers name. However he ran away.

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Once I was caught by appearance german soldiers and threw in a car body. In my mind I thought I never see my relatives. But I was lucky to run away.

I also remember how two boys made there way through german zone to us in Ghetto. They were asking for shelter after long torment. But the Udenrat gave them a loaf of bread, gave to spend the night, but did not permit to stay. Udenrat was afraid the romanian, all was possible. Me, a little boy, was very sorry for that guys. Much later, in 1990, when we came to the USA, I was reading about this episode in the newspaper "Novoe Russkoye Slovo" in terrific truthful story "Don't Forget".

In march 1944 it smelled the Liberation spring. The romanian dropped out don't saying "Good bye". It couldn't believe, it was a Miracle. The jewish community organized a self-defence. Women and children were hided in secrets.

At March 20 some children and I shook the rough hand the Russian soldiers which were going through Kopaigorod to Mogilev-Podolsky. I was already 11 years old. Maybe I am the only, who remember the Liberation date. I kept a little diary.

Before I came to the USA I went to say good bye my dead relatives and found at jews cemetery the Kopaigorod Common Grave and Monument to fascism victim of 1941-1944.

Aleksandr Ostrovsky

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1. what relatives survived —
2. how did they survive.
3. who ? Germans put them / ? Romanians in ghetto / ? Ukrainians + camps who were the actual guards?