# Me and the war.

It may be a funny title: "Me and the War", but when I set out to write down these memories, I wanted to present my personal feelings and the history of my closest family during and after the war. The composition of my immediate family: I was 32 years old at 39. Tulu (my husband) 36 years old. Husband's mother (Babcia) 70 years old, eldest daughter Lila 6 years old, son Otuś 2 years old, Ania was born on 11-X-1939. There was also a girl – a domestic help – Hela. At that time, we lived in Krzemieniec on Objazdowa Street. Tulu was a teacher at the T. Czacki High School in Kremenec and the head of the natural history department at the "Museum of the Krzemieniec Land". I didn't teach at that time.

In May 1939, children fell ill with scarlet fever — in fact, it has nothing to do with the war, and yet. The children were seriously ill, especially Otuś, and then I made a decision that if the children recovered, I would give to the church what I had most precious — our wedding rings. The war broke out — the government announced an appeal to fund the national treasury, so we gave our wedding rings as a gift. We often talked about the fact that someone probably took them and ran away (thousands of people fled) abroad, but deep down I did not regret and do not regret this step. My children and Poland are one. I remember how we did not leave the loudspeaker when the Germans occupied Czechoslovakia, when the announcer said goodbye to the listeners, when the Czechoslovak anthem was played for the last time. I cried then and began to realize the horror that was approaching us, and Poland.

On September 1-39, mobilization was announced. I will not mention the exact dates here, but the facts, experiences that have been fixed in my memory like paintings on a durable and accurate film. In the first days of September (or maybe at the end of August), Tadzik's mother (now my son-in-law) came to us on her way from Teremne for some treatment and asked us for advise about what to do, whether to go or return home. I advised her to go home and she did so.

Tulu got a double salary for two months, with which I bought some food such as flour, sugar, fat, cocoa (I used this cocoa to diversify my Anusia's food for a long time). I put these supplies in Babcia's locked trunk, added quite a considerable amount of preserves and juices that I had made in the summer, and we waited for the war — the war in Krzemieniec, for the war in our house. Events unfolded in an avalanche, People rolled through our house and our yard as if in a kaleidoscope.

The yard is full of cars. Refugees from western and central Poland fled in droves through Krzemieniec and Żeleszczyki to Romania. At night, the route leading through Dubieńska Rogatka (a suburb of Krzemieniec) looked like a shiny snake – it was the light of vehicles, an uninterrupted stream. The noise of vehicles reached the apartment. No one expected the bombing one beautiful day (probably sometime around September 11, 1939). The fugitives went shopping for food, and there was plenty of it on the market at that time (the peasants had already heard about the approaching Soviet troops and assumed that their economies would be collectivized, and therefore they sold their belongings). With the wave of refugees, a girl about 12 years old got to Krzemieniec. She was completely alone without family — we took her in — her name was Janka. On that beautiful morning, after a consultation with Babcia, we sent Janka to the market to get plums for dumplings. Tulu went to report or give the radio to the police. And so the bombing began. German planes descended over the square full of people and directly fired at the population with machine guns. At the same time, the entire main street was bombed, even the cemetery was seriously damaged. Many people died then. The girl - Janka jumped into the nearest hall, where she sat almost until the evening out of fear. Tulu in the abandoned police building lay down under the window and returned safe and sound. I was pregnant with Ania (Ania was born on 11-X 39), I took 2-year-old Otuś in my arms, Lila by the hand and calling Babcia ran away and took refuge in the so-called "Virgin Rocks". There were many people from nearby houses. Babcia was beside herself, rushed into the apartment and stayed at home. When we were all safely at home – me with the children and Tulu started to worry about Janka. Tulu went to the market and somehow found her and brought her home. From that day on, alarm after alarm followed. We took shelter in the basement, but in the end we didn't react to the sirens and we sat normally at home, only Lilusia sat in the basement for days and green out of fear she tried to pull us all into it. Finally, the alarms stopped, the news spread among the people that the Soviet troops were coming. The end of Poland and, as the Ukrainians used to say, "Poland is kaput". A new partition of Polish took place – it was divided between the Russians and the Germans. I cried terribly, but hung around the house, cleaning, scrubbing and crying. One of the fugitives, Marek, a miner, began to console me that he was in a worse situation because he was cut off from his family and the Germans were already there, that the world would not leave us like this. We learnt already that England had also declared war. We had been waiting since September 1-39 for the end of the war, the end of the war from one day to the next. From the first days of September, prophecies began to circulate, comments, that in a month, in 60 days, in 3 months it would be over, that somewhere the Polish nation and army were resisting the Germans, etc. etc. I forgot to write that during the last pre-war holidays, Kazik Unold stayed with us - Hela, my sister - Kazik's mother was on a teacher's course in Zaolzie. She came to us at the beginning of September and took Kazik and went to Podlis near Kowle to teach in accordance with the orders of the Polish government. It was a terrible Ukrainian village. Some of its inhabitants robbed and killed refugees and Polish soldiers as early as September. Fortunately, nothing happened to Hela - a court was held against her composed of the entire population of the village - they had nothing against her, this court was presided over by a political commissar of the Soviet army, who was of Polish origin. Hela even became the headmistress of a 10-year school. I had heard a lot about the Bolshevik army and I wanted to see it. The Ukrainians built triumphal gates for them, welcomed them with bread and salt. They marched along the wide - (main street of Krzemieniec). The soldiers were short, thin, impoverished, walking in helmets that covered half of their faces. The Ukrainian neighbors, instead of looking at them, looked at me as my tears choked me.

Slowly, life in Krzemieniec began to normalize. Some of the Polish refugees returned to their places in the General Government, some of them, especially men, fled abroad — most of them to Romania, some were deported to Siberia, and the remnants of the Polish Army were taken prisoner by the Russians. Some were immediately murdered by the Ukrainians.

One of those who tried to get abroad was Witold Duda - Lotek. He visited us in Krzemieniec, somewhere around 15 October-39, said goodbye (he was "in Polish times" the head of the post office in Stalowa Wola and a lieutenant of the reserve) and set off in the direction of Zdeszczyki. At the border, he was caught by the Soviets and taken to a penal camp in the Komi Republic. Since I am writing about him, I will finish his story. Only after a year did he write a laconic postcard to us from the camp saying that he was healthy. That was all we heard about him during the war. It was only after the war that we me made contacted and found out how he survived. After receiving the postcard, we prepared a package (rusks with eggs and milk, garlic, linden blossoms and some bacon) and sent it with great difficulty - I drove with it all the way to Smyga near Krzemieniec - the Bolsheviks made it difficult to send parcels (the weight of the parcel could not exceed 2 kg) Each time they designated different drop-off points and times. This package supposedly saved his life, because he was already dying of hunger. When an agreement was reached between Stalin and Sikorski, Lotek joined Anders' Army. On the way, he married Danka Musiałówna, who was also deported to Siberia. Lotek fought in Italy near Ancona. He left the army after the war as a captain. He was in England and then went to Argentina to Barilosha. He has a son, Andrzej, who is already married, and an adopted daughter. Now he would like to return to Poland.

But getting back to us. I was about to give birth. The yard was empty of refugees. The fostered girl went back to her parents. On 9-X, snow fell unexpectedly. I, fearing that the vegetables would freeze in the garden, picked them from under the snow and carried them wet and heavy to the basement, and this may have accelerated the birth. Around 12 o'clock in the morning, I sent Tulu to get a midwife. Babcia felt unwell, so I lit a fire under the kitchen myself, put on water, prepared the swaddling cloth and shirts. Before the midwife washed her hands, Anusia was born. A brave, smart girl. Courageous to the point of risk. She has already been on two "women's cruises" (there were four women), currently, as I write, she is sailing only with Krysia on a small club yacht across the Baltic Sea to the Gulf of Finland. I was always worried about her but now I am terribly worried, because they almost paid with their lives on the previous cruise. At first, Babcia was sad that it was not a boy, but after a few days she liked Anusia very much. I only lay down for three days, and even that was on and off, because I had to bathe and change the baby myself - the midwife did not come and Babcia was afraid.

After Anusia was born, beautiful weather came. It was then that Tula’s brother Lotek came to us. Tulu taught in two Ukrainian schools. Polish schools had been closed. I was a "housewife". To maintain, or rather feed a family was quite an art. You had to stand in queues for everything, and they were huge, because a lot of Jews fled to Kzemieniec from the General Government. I sometimes went out at midnight to bring 25 dkg of sugar, or at most 1/2 kg, and I often came back empty-handed. Sometimes I managed to get some (very poor) candy and then there were feasts, because even the adults could drink tea "as a snack". Sugar was only for children. Queues for bread. I usually brought home wholemeal bread — we like rye bread, but the children, especially little Ania, didn't like it. Queues for flour, queues for salt. Polish textile materials disappeared like camphor, some where sold out in September, and the rest was confiscated by the Bolshevik authorities and carried off. From time to time, transports from Russia passed by, but these were incredibly poor materials. Mostly printed, faded calico. I once bought a few meters (after standing in a huge queue) – Babcia sewed pajamas for the children and I sewed myself a dress. In the first wash my pajamas started falling apart and after the next queue the dress looked like a rag. They tore my dress in that queue. I borrowed 1 safety pin and that's how I came home. There was no laundry soap. I made lye from ash and soaped the dirty parts of the underwear lightly with toilet soap, because you could buy such soap from time to time. Bed linen was scrubbed on both sides. Tulu had mostly light coloured typical shirts with sleeves. Washing those was sheer torment — of course in the traditional way, in a washtub with a washboard.

The peasants did not want to accept money for milk, so I gave away coats, shoes, curtains from home, because the children had to have milk. Fuel disappeared and so almost from the beginning of the war until the we escaped from Krzemieniec, we burned what I had dragged from the forest or stolen from the surrounding fences. In the forest, I looked for the longest possible branches, tied the thicker part, put it on my shoulder and dragged it home. My left arm was swollen and sore. There was peat in the vicinity of Krzemieniec, but they sold it only to Ukrainians or those who worked with it. I also went to Sapanów. I worked literally for bread and water. I slept at a peasant's house on hay, and then it was already dangerous, because the peasants were getting ready to murder Poles. I stacked the peat in small piles on a measured-out area. In the evening I could not straighten my back, and blood was coming from the tips of my fingers. Nevertheless, I persevered for several days and brought home large carts of peat. It was a treasure because winter was approaching and I didn't have the strength to go to the forest anymore. I brought this peat before the war between the USSR and Germany and during the German occupation. A Pole simply had no right to go to the forest, because both the Germans and the Ukrainians threatened us with death. Luckily, Babcia was at home, who took care of the children, because I was constantly "on the go", in queues, exchanging clothes for food, or in the forest to get a tree.

Until the war with Germany, we were terribly afraid of being deported to Siberia. Initially, the families of the military, policemen, forest services, senior officials, families of suspects were deported, and we were one of them, because Tulu's brother Witold was in a penal camp in Siberia. All Poles were "suspicious", even refugees from the General Government. Fearing deportation, I constantly kept bread rusks, dry pasta, and I breastfed Ania until she was a year and a half. Because Tulu was working, organizing a baptism was hard, and we were waiting for the end of the war and then the baptism would take place solemnly with the family. Meanwhile, the war was not over and Ania was growing, so as a one-and-a-half-year-old girl she walked with her grandmother and me to church. Our friend Mr. Werner and Balcia "held" her for the baptism. I write in quotation marks "they held" because I remember that Ania in a long cream dress made from my pre-war ball gown stood alone on a chest in the sacristy. Ania was already running and talking well. Despite the hard times, Ania was thriving. She started walking in the ninth month. My grandmother was very happy to become a godmother, after her second grandmother (my mother) she received a name that I like very much — Joanna. As I have already mentioned, I was constantly in a hurry, but my grandmother told the children beautiful fairy tales that she made up herself, read to them, fed them. I also read them a little, especially poems by Porazińska. I remember that I added melodies to almost all the poems and read them "singingly", and after that, as I taught, I also "sang" in the first grades. Before the war, Lilusia passed her first entrance exam to the 1st grade of the model school attached to the Lyceum. Naturally, she passed it well, especially when it came to colours. In September 1939 Lila started attending first grade, but since "Poland was sinking" the language of instruction was Ukrainian, and Lila didn't know it at all — anyway, we were expecting the end of the war any day now, so we took Lila out of school. I remember that the school took place on Sunday as well, and that also discouraged me and Lila stayed at home. I sporadically taught her to read and write, she learned quickly, but it was harder with arithmetic, yet only now do I realize how bright Lila was—for she mastered all four operations, first within twenty and then within a hundred, without any concrete examples or lengthy explanations. Little Otuś listened to fairy tales and rode a lot on a bicycle with his dad. Otuś was born with black hair — I was also a brunette and when I walked with Otuś, everyone took us for Jews. The children had only a few toys. Before the war, Otuś got a toy monkey and with it we ran away from Krzemieniec. This monkey was still around when we were in Helena in Sącz. I regret not having kept it. Instead of toys, the children had plenty of little books, paints, paper, and crayons. Otuś started drawing tiny people early on - whole pages were full of [drawing of stick figures] and I sang to them

*I'm an old man, old man*

*What will I eat, eat*

*I'll go to the market*

*buy myself a loaf of bread*

*I'll eat it, eat it*

*" " " .*

Those were the nicest moments in those macabre times. One could not accept the fact that everything was "gone to ruin", as the Ukrainians said. I thought I could keep it all together so long as the house was clean. I don't know where my strength and energy came from. The first Easter holidays were approaching. I baked some cookies and bought a quarter of a pig from a clandestine slaughter. I made sausages. I polished the floors, washed the pavements. They were most wonderful holidays of the entire war. There were even some spirits in the house, which Tulu received as part of a share from the Krzemieniec Regional Museum. I bartered that spirit with the peasants for food. Tulu slept in a separate room, with a stack of books at his side as he prepared for lessons. I shared the bedroom with the children and Babcia. At midnight I hear the sound of sleigh bells (although it was Easter, it was snowing – the holidays fell in March). It was the time of deportation to Siberia. There was a pounding at the door from the courtyard. I opened it in my nightgown, and several Bolshevik soldiers stormed into the house. One took position at the door with his rifle, while the others fanned out through the rooms. To take Tulu. They did a search, looked through the books. Babcia, unwell and was shaking with fear, begging the soldiers for her son's life. Then.... They ordered me to give them vodka (I diluted our entire supply of spirits with juice), I served them our remaining meat, bacon, garlic and onions. They drank, ate, wrestled with each other, and at the same time messed up the whole house, and left in the morning. I had a hard time putting the house in order.

## The matter of the relatives – the Majeks.

At the beginning of the war, Gena Majkowa - Tulu's maternal cousin - wrote to us. She wrote that her husband Adam - the head of the school in Małoryt near Chełm Lubelski - had died, she (his wife) was left without means of living with three children. After some discussion, we wrote to her, asking her to come and live with us, saying that together we would somehow scrape by. Even in wartime, I kept the house neat—the floors polished and the bedding clean. We welcomed her as one of our own, into our beds and our shared kitchen. After a short time I realized that lice had come to us from them, and from then on almost the whole war it was lice and lice—and there was no soap or soda, whether under the Bolsheviks or the Germans. The second issue was eating together. Genia didn't want to give up good food. She sulked when, for example, milk soups were half and half with water, when I divided the meat into several dinners. The third issue was her eldest son, Tadzik. This boy was about 14 years old at the beginning of the war and was addicted to stealing. He robbed us, robbed his mother, "tricked" our friends by referring to our kindship with him. I suppose it's the parents' fault. He came from twins. His brother died, and Tadzik's parents doted over him and allowed him to do everything. At the time they came to us, Tadzik was about 14 years old, Krysia was about 3 years old and Ceśiu was about 2 years old. At that time, we occupied 3 rooms, a balcony and a kitchen. I could not bear Tadek, so I kept my distance — giving them one room and a place in the kitchen. Genia went to work at the brewery. We might have managed to live together under one roof, if not for Tadek. Even the Militia came to us because of Tadek. There was no escape—we had to move out. The owners of the vacant apartment demanded six months’ rent in advance. For this purpose, we sold my gold "Omega" watch, Tulu’s clothes, added from Tulu's wages and moved. We were, as they say, completely "broke", without money, without food, but the house on Lipowa Street was quiet. Not for long, however, because soon the war between Germany and the USSR broke out.

We lived on the first floor on Lipowa Street. We also had 3 rooms, a balcony, a small kitchen. One room was hung with beautiful display cases of insects. The cabinets were made by a carpenter according to Tulu’s design, at our expense. The beautiful collections remained in the Krzemieniec Museum. Their labour and value really priceless. Ever since I met Tulu, he has been constantly collecting something, there has not been a single trip that would take place without a purpose, above all catching insects and collecting plants. At night, we went out with white sheets and flashlights to catch moths. All our belongings remained in Krzemieniec: insects, plant collections, books, paintings, furniture, dishes, bedding.

## The Germans

One day Tulu came back from a conference and said that something was "brewing" and that the Russian inspector was calming the teachers and advising them to go for a walk to Mount Bona (were there are still are ruins of Bona's castle. From this mountain there is a beautiful view of Krzemieniec and the surrounding area). The next day there was commotion in town. There was nothing to eat in the house. I took Ania in my arms and stood in a "queue" for bread. I was standing on Szeroka Street, when suddenly the shooting began, two Germans on a motorcycle appeared on the street. Fortunately, Tulu came from our house, looked for me, grabbed Ania in his arms and we jumped into the stream flowing right behind the houses. The streets were emptied immediately. We went along the stream, ran across Szeroka Street, then dashed into our street and home, but without bread, which we constantly lacked from then on. From that time hunger entered our house. One enemy fled - another seized us. Just before the Germans entered, the Soviets murdered all the prisoners. People returned from prison crying, and some recognized among the brutally murdered — their own relatives and acquaintances.

### Famine during the German occupation

Tulu worked in the Museum, an institution the Germans only pretended to tolerate, but in fact tried to destroy. They gave orders, for example, to empty the existing museum premises in one day. The employees scrambled to find another location and carried the exhibits on their backs. I remember that Tulu earned so little that a month's "salary" could only buy you one kg of butter on the "black market". It was a sacrificial work, but the museum survived and is still there today, along with Tulu’s insect display cases and huge collection of plant.

Food rations were not even enough to support one person, and here three children and three adults had to be fed. Once a week I brought 3/4 of barley bread, which we immediately ate (the next day it became bitter and crumbled like sawdust), a bit of disgusting marmalade and from time to time a dozen or so dkg of meat. I exchanged whatever was at home for food. Coats, curtains, leather briefcases (people made shoes out of them), paintings. For Babcia’s black coat with a selskin collar i got almost one meter of wheat. It was a treasure. We ground that golden grain in a hand-mill hidden from the Germans. rom the flour I made [zalewka — a kind of flour soup or gruel], dumplings, and from the bran I mixed in grated red beets and baked flat cakes on the stove. The mother of our landlords, who was staying in the countryside with the son of the Orthodox priest, found out about this wheat. She asked to “borrow” it, because she wanted to grind a larger quantity and promised to bring it back from the village right away. She took it, and that was the last we saw of it. It was inhuman, because the Ukrainians were favorites of the Germans and had enough food. For example, I replaced beautiful curtains for 25 kg of millet groats. For a whole month we ate nothing but this groats and 1 liter of milk a day. I received 30 liters of milk for two beautiful, hand-embroidered pictures of the Virgin Mary and the Lord Jesus. Tulu, returning from work, secretly received 2-3 sugar beets, from which I baked pancakes with the addition of bran, or boiled them down to make "honey". Another time I exchanged some old pieces of clothing for a little rye, which Tulu and I ground on the museum’s hand-mill. For some time I kept two students, the children of the Orthodox priest "as boarders". The payment was food: some potatoes, flour and bacon. It was a paradise, but it lasted for a short time, because the Orthodox priest took his children away from the Poles. For a time Mr. Niedźwiecki lived with us. He had family in the village and therefore his own food supply. He paid us something for lodgings, but I would “pinch a little here and there” from him. I remember once, starving, I ate a piece of sausage and fell terribly ill – *“Stolen food never fattens.”* . went to I write "went" but this was in fact an escape made at the risk of life. Tulu brought caustic soda from the Museum, and we made soap. Soap was made not only from tallow, which was very difficult to obtain, but also from eggs, chickens, carcasses with the addition of peas for better foaming. I walked around villages with these "goods" and exchanged them for what I could, and it was already dangerous - Ukrainians were getting ready to murder Poles. Tulu got a bucket of salt from the Museum (I don’t know how that salt came to be there). The director at that time was Ukrainian, he could have given us more, but he preferred to give it to his own, some of them even got a metre of salt. There was also a shortage of salt during the German occupation. This salt also saved us a bit. I remember that once I exchanged a chicken for 1 cup of salt. Unfortunately, the hen either fell ill with us, or the old woman had already given us a sick one. I couldn't come to terms with the loss of my hen. I poured water on her to wake her up, and poured sour milk into her beak, and cured the hen. In the past, my Ukrainian neighbor used to kill poultry for me, now she didn't want to for a Polish woman. Tulu did this task. He took the hen and cut off its head on a stump, but he came out of the shed so pale that I never again asked him to do such a thing. And this food also had to be shared with one Jewish woman. The Germans, or rather the Ukrainian militia, drove Jews from the ghetto to work. On the way, a Jewish woman came to us with a request for food. I always gave her something, whether it be a few potatoes or a handful of some groats. Once, I literally had nothing at home and as proof I showed her peelings from the last potatoes. The peelings where thin (it is said in our country that Kreków was visible through them), but I gave them to her at her request. In general, potatoes were a delicacy. I usually cooked them in their skins. Once I had only a few, not enough to eat on thie own. So I made dumplings from them, and since I only had rye flour, I kneaded a dough from it, I "greased" the dumplings with onion browned in a little cream. The children were very happy. Lila even wrote about it in her diary (it was lost somewhere, a great pity). Once, we got some poor plums from a museum co-worker (it was Obolończyk — today he is a doctor in Kiev). I also kneaded a dough from wholemeal flour and made "dumplings", poured saccharin dissolved in water over them. Otuś called to his peer Dzidka Targońska from the balcony or from the window that we had dumplings for dinner. Tulu got some food by cycling to Hela who lived in Chodaki. He brought cabbage from her and a little groats. The rides were dangerous, because the Ukrainians were already getting ready for the Poles. Tulu would take long detours and ride around the villages. Once, he took his winter coat to a peasant for exchange. He got a goose for it and some honey. It was a feast for several days. Sometimes one of the Unolds came to visit us - (Jan from Szumsk or Apolinary from Chodaki). Almost always they brought meat from clandestine slaughter to sell. I distributed it among acquaintances. It was a very dangerous business in those days. For such things the Germans even punished by death. I kept the larger scraps for myself, for which I also paid them. In truth, we need not have gone hungry, because the Unolds lived in the countryside and had food in abundance. But, as the saying goes, *the full do not believe the hungry* — and they perished. Our drinks were tea made from roasted apple peels, linden blossoms or strawberry leaves. I think the best was from strawberry leaves. I also tried to make acorn coffee from roasted halves, but it was Sisyphean work because I could never grind them or even crush them in a mortar. I wrote so much about this hunger, but it was a huge problem that actually rested on me.

## The death of Babcia Dudowa

This, too, was connected with hunger. Babcia was full of life and if it hadn't been for the war, she would have lived much longer. She liked meat and fats, but then suddenly came hunger, so she lost a lot of strength. Once Julek Unold (Aunt Hela's husband) came to Krzemieniec with a consignment of tobacco. He came to us and persuaded me to go to Chodaki (40 km away), so I would bring back some food. I gathered together the last scraps of clothing to trade, and was just about to leave, when Babcia made a fuss about leaving them alone. I explain that I'll bring home some bacon, flour, butter, but Babcia was still angry. I was already downstairs and was supposed to get on the cart, but "something struck me". I turned back and cordially said goodbye to Babcia. To this day, I regret that I left then, because Babcia would have lived longer. In Chodaki, I exchanged my clothes mainly for fat and every day I went to the mill to grind wheat, because Julek told me that however much I ground, I could take that much back to Krzemieniec. Hela and I went together (Hela was pregnant with Alek) because they too were grinding for themselves at the mill. I was terribly impatient, but a neighbour who was also meant to go with a consignment of tobacco, delayed the departure because the Germans did not allow anyone to leave Chodaki. I think it was only after 10 days that I left Chodaki and on the way I received a telegram in Szumsk that Babcia was dead. It was at the end of winter. The house was cold. To get to the kitchen you had to pass through the hallway — the kitchen stood above the stairs. Babcia warmed herself by the stove in the room, but went into the kitchen to cook something for the children, and she must have caught pneumonia. By the time Tulu realised and called for a doctor, it was already too late. Had I been there, maybe she wouldn't have taken a chill, or I would have put cupping glasses on Babcia right away and she would have been saved. I cried a lot and still grieve for her. I know that if she were alive, she would be about 100 years old now, but I regret that she doesn't watch TV, doesn't listen to music, and she was very musical. She doesn’t rejoice in her grandchildren — or perhaps she does?! I beg my mother for protection over my children, and perhaps I should also ask her, Babcia Duda, for it? Tulu and I erected a monument on her grave (three years ago in 1970), and somehow it eases me. During her lifetime, she went for a walks to the "Tunicki Cemetery", sat on the grave of Słowacki's mother and told Lila that she would bring her (Babci) flowers because she wanted to be buried here. This is what happened - Her grave is located right next to the grave of Salomea Słowacka. I remember that I sewed tights from my red sweater for Ania (from the sleeves) and for Otuś (from the back). The children (Ania and Otuś) did not understand death and chased each other around the coffin. Babcia's old harmonium was left in a trunk in Krzemieniec.

## The Jews

We were then living in a little upstairs flat, and right after the Germans entered, some Jews moved in downstairs. It was a very wealthy, childless family. They wanted to store some things with us. Tulu, however, absolutely did not want to agree. Once, when we both left the house, they begged Babcia and actually forcibly brought a pile of suitcases and beautiful fluffy blankets. I came back from town and "laid into" Babcia with reproaches. Tulu returned and firmly told me to take this baggage back to the Jews. Tulu believed that storing and even more, using the possessions of Jews so cruelly persecuted would bring misfortune down upon us. Maybe he was right?! I gave it back and I don't regret it. The Jews were taken to the ghetto — surely they perished. It is monstrous, a terrible disgrace for the Germans and Ukrainians, who wholeheartedly helped to liquidate and persecute the Jews. I remember how the ghetto burned, how shooting broke out because the Jews defended themselves. I walked about as if insane, my head constantly aching. And yet one had to go on living. I gathered a whole bag of old shoes to repair three of the best pairs. It was unfortunate that the shoemaker lived opposite the gate to the ghetto. I saw a car leaving it. It was a truck loaded with Jews. They were crowded, crouched down, because on their backs lay a huge wooden plank and on it sat several Ukrainian militiamen with rifles ready to shoot. Tulu's pupil saw with his own eyes how over the common graves, planks had been laid, on which naked undressed Jews stood and were shot by the Gestapo. They had machine guns rested on stands, when they got tired of killing, they lit a cigarette, ate and continued "to work". The next day, over the graves covered with lime and earth they drove a road roller.

One day, shortly after the Germans entered, I went and stood in line for bread. Because I was taken for a Jewess, the Ukrainians began to murmur and look at me with hostility. Fortunately, there was a neighbor (a Pole) standing nearby, who had lived in Krzemieniec since birth and was therefore better known than me, and she began to explain that I was a Catholic Pole, not a Jew.

However I did not get bread, even though I showed the shopkeeper my chain with the Virgin Mary, and I witnessed a cruel scene. I heard commotion and shouting coming from the entryway next door and saw a Jew in a caftan with sidelocks run out into the street. Several people ran after him and they were joined by "people" from the queue, who grabbed stones and literally stoned this Jew. The street was neither cobbled nor paved. Once I saw an old Jewish woman carrying two wooden watering cans with water on a yoke, the road went uphill, and down it came a sleigh with the driver standing on it. The peasant deliberately ran over the Jewish woman, who got under the sleigh and was being dragged screaming, while the peasant kept cracking the whip and did not stop. I was also screaming in horror.

## The Ukrainians

Poles in the General Government were terribly persecuted by the Germans, but it was probably even worse for us in the so-called Ukraine. In the General Government there were Germans versus Poles, but here another terrible enemy joined: the Ukrainians, and we were a minority. The Ukrainians were on par with the Germans. They were the ones who handed us over to the Bolsheviks and then to the Germans. It was they who handed over such really valuable people to death (Prof. Opolski, Mączak, Sawojcówna, Torgoński, Szynajowiecz and many others). This same fate awaited us and above all Tutu, but the eastern front began to approach and we escaped. Prof. Mączak was the founder of the Museum, Dr. Opolski wrote a dissertation on Nazism before the war. Nothing is heard about Ukrainians staying and dying in concentration camps. Ania had some severe pains, at times she cried. No wonder if, for example, there was only rye flour at home (Maybe that's why I don't like rye bread to this day). So I took Ania in my arms and went to the " Gebietskommissar" to get semolina for her. I waited for perhaps two hours before I was admitted to the dignitary’s presence. I emphasised to the Ukrainian translator my request, and they chattered among themselves and gave me not even 25 dkg of semolia. The Ukrainians had first betrayed us and denounced us to the Bolsheviks — so many of us would not have been deported to Siberia, taken to prisons or shot if it had not been for the Ukrainians. As soon as the war began, Ukrainians contacted the Germans through radio transmitters, murdered arrivals from Western Poland and so on and so forth.

## The death of Julek Unold, his brothers, the death of thousands of Poles at the hands of Ukrainians.

Denunciations of Poles, arrests by the Germans and murders of them continued all the time. Then the Ukrainians themselves began to murder individual Poles, then entire villages and settlements. At Easter, news came from Chodaki that Julek Unold had been murdered, that this and that friend had died in the distrtict, and then a whole avalanche of murdered Poles, entire families with children, the elderly, entire villages. Poles defended themselves, fled to larger settlements - organized themselves (Read "Red Nights" by Cybulski). Many Poles from the surrounding villages found themselves in Krzemieniec, entire phalanxes of refugees were already heading to Kremenets under the cover of German rifles. For some time I went out every day to "Wiśniowiecka Rogatka" and waited with tears for Hela and her children. I saw these poor people, some on wagons, others on foot with bundles and children. They slept on planks in the lyceum church and dispersed to Polish homes, yet from the Germans, too, there still awaited the danger of deportation for forced labour in Germany. The Polish inhabitants of Krzemieniec organized helped them as best they could. Mrs. Doroszukiewicz and I also cooked a bucket of soup a few times. We contributed together for it. Usually it was potatoes with dumplings. The soup was with fat. I went round to the Ukrainian neighbours and demanded fat from them outright. Some gave like the Skibinieckis, others, such as the fanatical Ukrainian Turkova did not want to give even a slice. When, indignant and shaken, I spoke of it, she replied to me: *“Well, when they chop wood, the chips will fly*". Phalanxes — whole convoys of Poles abandoned their settlements, until at last, in one such convoy, was Unoldowa Maria with her two children — the wife of Jan Unold, cruelly murdered in Szumsk. She came to live with us. Right after our escape from Krzemieniec she also managed to escape. She lived in Opole. Her children got educated got married. She has already died of cancer. Hela, meanwhile, fled with her children to Ostroga - from there to Bożęcin near Tarnów, where at that time two of our brothers Kazek and Staszek lived. Of the four Unold brothers only one, Apolinary, was saved by a miracle and three were killed. One of them, Florian - the head of the school near Kowel, was killed together with his wife Danka just at Easter. The nine-year-old eldest son (Zbyszek) and his two younger brothers (one an infant) survived. The godparents of one of them from Kowel took care of them, but when later they were fleeing from Kowel the youngest little boy was shot and also died. The eldest, Zbyszek, himself buried his mother and father with only an adolescent Ukrainian friend for help. The sołtys [village headman] was afraid to take care of the burial because it was not permitted to bury “Lachów [Poles]”. He was afraid to give these children a cart so that they could go to Kowel. The son of our landlady was a militiaman. We had a bicycle and he borrowed it almost every day. Tulu would came from the museum and shout at me why I lent out the bicycle. I went to them as if to an execution and asked for its return (they lived in the courtyard, in the outbuilding). They returned it to me with a gloomy face. It was like that a dozen or so times, but we saved the bicycle and sold it just before our escape from Krzemieniec.

One day, people began to hang around the yard talking to each other in Ukrainian. I ask them what they are doing here, and they say that they escaped from Rybcza (a village near Krzemieniec) from the Ukrainians. Surprised, I said that they murder Poles, not Ukrainians — then I got the reply that they are Poles, but did not speak Polish. The Ukrainians did not ask whether someone’s ancestors had lived on this land for generations, they murdered, and they also murdered mixed marriages.

## Our children in time of war

The one who suffered most in those times was Lilusia, who in 1939 was six years old. She would hide in the cellar during the air‑raid alarms. With all her strength she wanted there to be a home, but everything was falling apart. She had enlarged lymph nodes, and I was terribly worried about her. In our family three siblings had died of tuberculosis. Tulu’s brother also died of tuberculosis. As soon as I left the house I cried and here the child is starving. Our neighbour’s husband, Mr Kruczkowski, was the manager of a state-owned estate and thus a German one. At that time they lived in the countryside in manor house (in Buchłów), and they had everything in abundance. They proposed taking Lila to stay with them for a time.

She was well cared for, with a wonderful food: dairy, meat, fruit, but what of it, Lila sought out secluded places in the park and cried. A visiting doctor said that he was crying for home. Tulu rode his bike and had to take her home. She insisted that for one Easter (it was our last Easter there) the house be whitewashed. At that time my arm was broken and in a cast, fortunately the left one, so with my right hand I whitewashed and cleaned. Her first Holy Communion took place in the high school church. She had only very little preparation. Her dress was borrowed, and her wooden sandals made by Tulu. The uppers were cut from my white felt hat. I prepared the wreath and the candle, and I let down her beautiful hair, at that time she had long braids. When the Polish neighbors found out that Lila was going to her First Holy Communion, they brought her a veil at the last moment and fastened it on her head themselves. Babcia did not live to see that moment and Lila went to church alone for I had no one to leave the children with. And I was ashamed to go with them, because I had nothing in which to dress them. I didn't have much time to devote to her education and Tulu didn't know how. When she almost learned to read and write on her own, Tulu gave her his student "textbooks" and told her to read them aloud. Naturally, she herself told me later that she didn't understand any of them. In general, during the entire duration of the war, as I calculated, Lila went to school for only 15 months. A few months in Zmigród, a few weeks in Turza and a few months in Zawada. In Nowy Sącz she immediately went to high school. In some subjects she had an excellent grasp — in others she had not the slightest idea. In his spare time Tulu painted, and he also gave Lila paints and cardboard. I remember her first picture: it was a fir branch in a little vase. Where are you now, my Lilusia?!

Otuś was 2 years old at the outbreak of the war. Like Lila, he had already been through scarlet fever. Lila had enlarged lymph nodes, and Otuś had a heart murmur. The child was growing, but there was nothing to clothe him in. I didn't know how to sew, and it was just a misfortune, because even in wartime, I didn't have a machine. I've always liked embroidery since I was a child. I couldn't afford a seamstress during the war, there was no question of a hairdresser either, so I cut Otuś's hair myself "a la pot". I stitched together some little shirts and blouses by hand, but they looked pitiful. Otuś was often ill. In Krzemieniec he came down with pneumonia, and there was neither a doctor nor medicine. We had acquaintances who worked in the German military hospital, and from them we received some pills, though I can no longer remember what they were — I also put on cupping glasses, and somehow they helped him as well as Lila. Education consisted mainly of piles of pre-war "Flames [childrens magazines]" and Babcia's stories, and from time to time I read children's books. I liked to sing to the children and I wonder how I could do it in such gruesome times. The children's education also included bicycle rides with Tulu, alternately with Otuś and Lila. They rode through forests, rode to the Ikva river until the Ukrainians started murdering, because then it was no longer possible to "stick one’s nose” out of the city. I taught Otuś to read and write at the age of six during regular lessons with Bogna, Nusia's daughter. It was already after our escape from Krzemieniec. From an early age, Otuś made plan-books and liked to look at geographical atlases. I remember how, after my arm had been set, I was coming back from the hospital after spending a single night there. I returned uneasy yet happy to be going back to the children, and from a distance I saw Ania and Otuś standing on the little porch. When I began to call to them, the children disappeared into my small barrel that stood on the balcony. They thought I had lost an arm entirely, and so they hid. Anusia, as they say, was born under the bombs. As long as she was a baby, there was no problem since she had the stroller, pillow, and little shirts from Otuś, but as she grew older the worse it was. Her first little dress was made from a wall hanging of coarse grey linen. A seamstress sewed the dress, and I only embroidered stars on it. Later she had more dresses, but that one I remember the most. Babcia used to admire her wise, large eyes, but Ania remembers little of Babcia, for she was barely two years old when Babcia died. She often cried until she was a year and a half old, apparently she had some pains, but it was hardly surprising, for sometimes even animals die from rye. She naturally had no toys. I told her when she was 3-4 how Otuś and Lila threw bananas and oranges under the bed before the war – Ania asked what look and taste these fruits had. I remember once when I got hold of sifted flour, and Ania would not eat dumplings made from it, saying she did not want such sticky dumplings. In Żmigród near Jasło she must have been about four years old, and although she was really an exceptionally clever little girl, she could not pronounce “r”. Mr. Kahl — a worker at the dairy was so delighted that he would pay her to recite a little poem:

*Cajma kjowa, w bojdo kjopki*

*Zajła tjawę, kjęcąc mojdą*

*Psiakjew skąd tu się tyle „j” nabjało.*

*[A black cow, with spotted coat,  
Ate grass, twisting its muzzle.  
Good grief, where did all these “j”s come from.]*

The Zmigród period was a separate stage for the whole family. I tried sending Ania to the nuns (in Zmigród), who ran something like a kindergarten. I gave her a bottle of milk and a slice of bread with butter (in Zmigród Tulu worked at the dairy, which was managed by Nusia), but Ania did not want to play with the other children and stopped going. The children played best together as a foursome: Ania, Olek, Bogna, and Kazek Unold (I had taken him in from Hela, who at that time was teaching in Łęki near Bożęcin). Lila did not take part in these games. Sometimes the children went wild, with Ania leading the way and always showing the greatest courage in those games. I remember when Mrs. Kruczkowska came to us (she also ran away from Krzemieniec and lived near Jasło). Nusia, I, and p. Kruczkowska couldn’t get enough of talking with one another — the younger children were playing and Lila disappeared; after a while I found her behind the curtain in the corner (that little storage nook served us as a clothes closet), she was sitting huddled and crying.... because she couldn’t bear the bustle, the loud conversation. Our children were a bit strange. I must go back to Otuś, who fell ill with pneumonia again. Ciocia Nusia had gone somewhere. I cooked dinners at her place for two households and took care of Julek, Nusia’s husband, who was sick with tuberculosis. It was very hard for me to look after a bunch of children and two sick people. There was a doctor we knew, Dr. Rezacz (he was murdered by the Gestapo because he treated wounded members of the AK [Home Army]), and he prescribed and gave us prontosil and only aspirin. It seems aspirin and cupping helped best. I still have to write about the children’s further “education,” especially Ania’s. When fate cast us all the way to Zawada near Nowy Sącz, we moved in there with our relatives, the Zarębas. Wanting to repay them, I undertook to teach their two children, Józka and Hania, to read and write. In addition, I took on two neighbors’ children for lessons. Ania doggedly kept pace with these lessons, although I was essentially not teaching her, because she was probably not quite 5 then, while the other children were already 7. I did have to buy her notebooks though, and Otuś and Lila would “assign” her homework. Before long Ania was already reading newspapers, while those other children were still “stammering through” the primer.

I return again to Krzemieniec times, to the breaking of my arm. In normal times it would have been a trifle, but in wartime it was a small tragedy. I obtained, for a piece of soap, 2 liters of buckwheat, but unmilled. It was early spring when I went with it to the hand-mill at some acquaintances’ place. I ground the buckwheat, an acquaintance woman sifted off the husks for me and on top of that let me have 2 liters of milk. Overjoyed, I hurried back so as to reach home before dusk, and part of the way led through a forest. I was walking downhill and fell headlong into the ground, which was covered with ice. I braced myself with my hand and it “burst”. I came down to the main road, but I didn’t go into our house. I handed the backpack with milk and flour to the children and summoned Tulu, who was tutoring pupils preparing for liceal classes [upper-secondary]. Tulu took me to the hospital. My arm swelled, and at the hospital they wanted to cut the sleeve of my fur coat — my only warm garment. I didn’t allow it — with difficulty they took off that fur coat and set the arm under anesthesia. The fracture was complicated and displaced, but everything knit well, and to this day I feel no pain in that arm. I had my arm in a cast for 6 weeks. It was a nightmare, because I couldn’t comb the children’s hair or my own. I wore two braids above my ears, which I tucked under, and that was my hairstyle. Tulu combed our hair, but very clumsily. Babcia was no longer alive then.

## Christmas trees

I think in those hard times I was very resourceful and tried somehow to keep this “home” going, and there was a Christmas tree for every Christmas. On one Christmas during the German occupation, there was an announcement that under no circumstances was it allowed to have a Christmas tree, and it was to bring it from the forest yourself was unthinkable. Two stubborn creatures, Gena Mojkowa and Gena Duda went to the nearest German estate. They found a hole in the park fence and cut down two beautiful Christmas trees in the park. It was already late at night when we each brought a Christmas tree to our children. The underground press was a great joy for us.

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Often these leaflets barely held on to the folds, after reading them, we naturally gave only to the Polish neighbor. Various prophecies were copied and they were very encouraging to us — "hope is the mother of the foolish" We still have them — maybe I will succeed, so I will prescribe them to the children. Oh, how we waited for the end of the war. My dearest dreams were to greet the Polish soldiers in my mind, and deep down I was sure of it, and I considered the marching Germans to be losers from the beginning.

Somehow I managed to get in touch with Nusia, who was in Zmigród at the time. She was much better than us, but she couldn't really come to our aid because packages from the Governorate could only be sent 25 dkg. Nusia sent me something 2 times in a package with new stockings. Naturally, I immediately sold them and with that money I bought an iron stove with one "fireplace", it saved us a lot because I put it in the room and that's why it heated us at the same time and I could cook on it. I would forget to write about one important thing. They gave us a manuscript of Balladyna from the Slovak Museum for safekeeping. Słowacki's handwriting was like gems, even, clear, on wonderful paper. Apart from that, there were also poems such as "Smutno mi Boże", which Słowacki illustrated with a pen. It is clear that he was an artist in the whole sense of the word. I didn't know where to keep this treasure. Between the books, I was afraid that in the event of a revision they would find this manuscript, and after all, by hiding it under the mattresses, I put it at risk in the same way. I wrapped it in linen cloth and looked through it from time to time. The only thing that the Germans did not liquidate was the Slovak Museum, located in the manor house where Słowacki was born. (Currently, the Soviet authorities have made a library in this house, and the exhibits in the form of furniture have been placed in the attic above the general museum. In this museum there is only a small room with two showcases in which there are some souvenirs of Słowacki). The custodian for the Germans was Dr. Kryński, he was a cripple but a very educated man, he had a young and beautiful wife. I've been to this museum several times and I liked it very much, silence, perfect order, Apple trees grew near the house, we got apples from them. We were in Kremenec three years ago and we visited everything. It is clear that they are destroying all souvenirs and traces of Polishness. If I am already talking about cultural matters, I must also mention the fate of a huge library that was located at the T. Czacki High School. It contained all the new publications and, in addition, the so-called black and white ravens of our literature. When the Bolsheviks entered Kremenets, Tulu worked in the Museum (he was the head of the natural history department), so he had access to the high school buildings. He came one day and almost cried, as they say, because he saw how the Bolsheviks lit a fire in the courtyard and burned and tore beautiful books. Tulu secretly brought some books, but when we were running away from Kremenets, it was all gone. Słowacki's manuscript was saved by one guest (I didn't remember his name) who managed to get to Warsaw. Hearing about the manuscript was lost. If he had stayed with us, he would have survived.

Next, about the Museum. Until the war, Tulu simply put his life on collecting (now he continues to do so). As a little boy, he started with matchboxes. Then he collected books, chemicals, plants and insects (now stamps, newspapers and books). He collected insects with great knowledge and passion. The showcases were made for him by a carpenter at our expense. Insects had their foreheads and legs set up to tens of millimeters, larger insects were prepared, and, for example, caterpillars were inflatable. At night, we both hunted Moths. Each walk was associated with either catching insects or collecting plants. Even little Lila paid attention to insects that she called "eku". I sometimes looked at it askance because we didn't overflow and the showcases cost a lot. There were 32 of these showcases. At the outbreak of the war, Tulu assembled these showcases at home. One room was completely hung with them. In each display case, there was an ampoule with a molicide. The showcases are very tight. When we were escaping from Kremenets, Tulu gave these showcases to the Museum "for safekeeping" and they have remained so to this day. When we were with Tul three years ago, we saw them - they are beautifully preserved. Tulu was going to open it now, but I advised him against it for fear that bacteria would get there and destroy insects after opening it. These are priceless collections. All the satisfaction was that the employees present treated Tula with great respect and talked about the organization of a large exhibition of insects with a portrait of Tula. In addition to these showcases, there are also plants collected by Tula in the museum. There are about 2 thousand. The current employees write to us and asked Tul who was the founder of the Museum, of course Prof. Mączak murdered by the Germans, and not Mr. Cynkałowski, who claims to be the founder.

I cried during my stay in Kremenets. I like Kremenetsk very much. Two of our children were born there, and Grandma's grave is located there. Lili was born in Zhovkva, which is now rechristened "Niesterow". Everyone greeted us there, even Mrs. Turkova, a fierce Ukrainian, gave us a jar of honey, but what good is it when everyone is waiting for the Germans. For me, all this gave the impression that I was in a grave. At times it seemed to me that I smelled corpses, And everywhere dirty, ugly. Our relatives live in old, musty houses. Stare Brody is one ruin, rutted roads, pits, mud, dust. Trees cut down. Not a trace of Grandma's house. In general, people there are very little construction and these new buildings are such combined houses, without fences. Shops, dirty, vain. People are very badly dressed. Neglected, obese women. Trees cut down. Quartzite is relatively undamaged and clean, because it owes it to scientific congresses. Cemeteries overgrown - drowning in nettles, torn plaques from Polish graves. There are no Greek-Catholic churches, there are only Orthodox churches, only old women go to them. Workers and young people are not allowed to go to church. The Catholic church in Brody was turned into a school for education. Physical. A high school church in Kremenets, packed with boards. The Catholic parish church is open once a month. The monastery in Podkamienie is turned into a house for the insane. In Podkamienie, beautiful figures of saints lie beaten on the roads. The buses are dirty, rattling. Eateries are ugly. In stores, you can get something valuable only for a bribe. I didn't believe Tul when he told me about the grain drying on the roads, until I saw it with my own eyes. Everyone drinks vodka. Divorces are the order of the day. I know that the current government does not care about these lands, but if Ukrainians were more cultured, it would not be so. I don't want to go there anymore. Tula is pulling there, but let him go alone.

## Our escape from Kremenets.

We left Unold's Maria on the "farm". She also ran away soon after us and Gena Majkowa took over the farm. I don't know what happened to the furniture, but there were quite a lot of them because there were three rooms furnished. We loaded some of the bedding, dishes and books into chests and trunks and left them with our neighbors "for safekeeping". We had to run away - Ukrainian black around Kremenets. In Kremenets, the Germans are raging. Tula's collaborators - Polish were like peas sought after by the Germans. Any day Tulu might not return home from the museum. The children have been asking me for a kitten for a long time. Downstairs in the basements lived a woman. Her cat had cute kittens. I got one - a beautiful gray one. We called him Szarus. The children did not want to leave the kitten in Kremenec and took him with them. Everyone then talked about the cat running away with us. Before that, we collected messages, addresses needed during the escape. We had very little cash, because the Ukrainians did not want to buy it, so they knew that we would not take our belongings with us, besides, these hyenas were supposed to be eaten from the Jews. We took the rest of the clothes with us, some bedding. Tulu used to take a lot of his staples, like a microscope, some special mirror, tweezers, etc. Now Tulu says that he took it unnecessarily, but then it was difficult for him to part with it. The most important were documents and photographs. I took the kettle that my mother bought me when I went to work, and which still serves us today. We rented a cart and loaded our "property". The children also got on it with a kitten and a toy monkey, Tul and I walked on foot into the unknown, scary. We did not receive permission to leave, but at the railway station we got on the train as a "freewright". There were some Germans sitting in the same compartment, but they pretended not to see us. This is how we got to Dubno. We took out our bags and set up camp in the waiting room. It was as if some railwayman was supposed to put us there on a train going to Brody, where Tula-Aldku's brother, who was working on the railway at that time, was waiting for us, but here one train after another was leaving and we were sitting at the station. Tulu fainted. When I alienated Him, I was happy to advise and Tulu went to the railwaymen and showed them a gold five-ruble note - it helped. They put us on the train, but what good was it when they ordered us to get off in Radziwiłłów. It was a border station between the so-called Ukraine and the Governorate. The next station was Brody and Aldku. The station was empty and we were alone with a mountain of manats and children in the middle. A Polish railwayman approached us and advised us to leave the platform quickly, because if a change came, and they were Ukrainians, we would be lost. We drag the handcuffs and children to the nearest house as much as we can. We were lucky because it was the house of a Polish railwayman. He installed us in the room from which the body was taken to the cemetery of the son of this railwayman murdered by the Ukrainians on the same day. A railwayman from Brody arrived in the afternoon and took Lila and Otusia to the freight train to the railway booth. He closed it and I was terribly afraid of this parting. The children arrived happily, Aldek took them, who reportedly cried when he saw them. We were left alone with Ania in Radziwiłłów, because our hosts were not there. Suddenly, in the evening, we heard shooting, and it was very close. We lay down on the ground under the windows and waited. Suddenly someone started to shout at the windows, we were terribly scared because we thought they were bandits, until we heard a voice; Mr. Duda – please open it. This young, tall railwayman came specially for us. He grabbed Ania in his arms, and we only took a suitcase with documents and photographs and rushed after him to the locomotive waiting for us. A German stopped us on the tracks for a while, but the railwayman vigorously replied that he was saving us from bandits, and that's how we ran to the machine. They came for us on purpose, apparently this railwayman crossed many families to the Governorate for evacuation and died himself. We got off at night in front of the station and went to the agreed house to sleep. In the morning we went to Aldki, where Lila and Oluś were already waiting for us. Supposedly safe but poor, homeless, helpless. All our belongings remained in Radziwiłłów and only then this railwayman, moving to Brody, transported our "treasures". We received "left" kenkartas (equivalent to an ID card) for a fee, and we waited for Nusia, who was supposed to come to pick us up from Zmigród. When Nusia saw us, she was disappointed because she thought that the professor's family would come, and here Tul and I were skinny, blackened, dressed "God forbid" and three miserable children. We walked for the last time in the garden in old Brody, we slept under the family roof of Tula. In this house, during the holidays, Otuś was baptized. I used to come to this house when I was a virgin and then as a married woman, Lila stayed in this house for some time under the care of her Grandmother. Ania was in this house for the first and last time. We ate fruit from the trees that Tulu planted. The cottage was charming. It had a porch overgrown with wine, a porch from which you could enter the room and a stove on the right and on the left there were two rooms, these rooms were separated by a thin wall that did not reach the ceiling. Wooden floors, clean yellow, white walls. In the garden there are lilacs, ash acacias, fruit trees and lots of flowers. We had to say goodbye to the Aldkas (they had four sons) with the house and go further - to Zmigród near Jasło. We had a terrible road. In Lviv, in Podzamcze, we waited for a long time and the smell of burnt bodies reached the train. The train was incredibly crowded, the children were standing on the benches behind people's backs all the time. They were holding a kitten in their arms, which was breaking away from them. We had a hard time getting to Jasło and from there by some truck to Zmigród. My aunt's apartment was clean, cozy, calm, but unfortunately Julek – Nusia's husband was already ill with tuberculosis at that time. Tuberculosis had already taken over his whole body, he could no longer walk because his legs were also sick. At that time, Nusia's sister Julka Zosia Mrożkowa – the mother of the later famous writer Mrożek – was staying with her. I remember that there were potato dumplings for dinner at that time. I don't remember how many days later, I think the next day we moved to "ours". It was one room in a post-Jewish house. Apart from us, there were two other families, the Przewłocki and the Brożyns. They had two-room apartments. Brożynowa came from Zmigród and they even had a piece of their own field. The Przewłocki family are refugees. Mrs. Przewłocka worked in a dairy. Przewłocki wrote poems. The Brożyns had a little daughter, Halinka, and the Przewłocki family had a little pupil, Janeczka, who was sickly and very inadequately dressed and hidden, and during the front this child died. Tulu also worked in a dairy and it was a food paradise at the time. There was a lot of milk, we got cream and butter, there was bread and even meat. Nusia gave us some materials from which I sewed Ania and Lila's coats, Otusia and even Kazik Unold (he was also with us) I sewed from old clothes. I also sewed two dresses for myself. In a word, paradise compared to Kremenets. I remember my first trip to a seamstress who lived outside of Zmigród. I had to force myself to go for this walk, because in Kremenec it was impossible because of the Ukrainian bands. Before escaping from Kremenec, we slept with axes under our beds to defend ourselves in case of an attack. Not far from us, they murdered our friend Górecki. Our "furniture" in Zmigród was mostly made of sawmill shavings disposed of by Tula. There were two "couches" and a cabinet made of boards, and Nusia lent us 1 iron bed, a table, a small cabinet and a few chairs. It was not much bigger, or maybe the same as our current room. One couch was taken out into the hall for a day. He was supposed to be at Nusia's, but I took him to my place because the sick Jurek had to be calm and Kazek was terribly talkative, secondly, I didn't want the starving, emaciated boy to come into contact with tuberculosis. On the shelves, as usual, where Tulu is, there were already piles of newspapers. We lit a lamp. In the evenings, we would sit at the table, the cat would walk under our chins or on our shoulders. As usual, I didn't idle, I often cooked dinners at Nusia's, helped her do the laundry, clean, we also had to scrub the floor, cook, etc. I taught Bogna and Otuś, and Lila even took a few piano lessons and went to school. I also went to Jasło with butter for the Germans, on this occasion I always brought something for trade, most often veal, cream, butter (it was Nusia's goods), but I also brought so much for us that the dentist repaired me and Lila's teeth for this goods. These were dangerous expeditions, because we were often searched by the Germans at the entrance to Jasło. For this purpose, I took Lila and hid the goods under the seat, there were crates of butter for the warehouse in the back. Nusia always waited with fear for our return. Tulu often took the children for walks - they collected cherry, from which I made excellent juice. Otuś fell ill with pneumonia again, but as usual, he happily came out of it. It was Julek's illness that was a nightmare. Nusia, as they say, "stood on her head" to save him, but the inexorable tuberculosis devoured him. He was a very handsome guy, he was a teacher, but even before the war Father had brought him to the dairy (it was their own). When the war broke out, Nusia and Julek took over the facility in Zmigród, and Julek's parents stayed in Bożęcin. Kazik U. was in Zmigród for her First Communion, and he was Lila's peer. This idyll lasted not long - the front was approaching from the east. The Germans were getting fits of fury. The Home Army (A-K) had its hands full. Almost the entire intelligentsia of Żmigród belonged to the Home Army. They worked during the day, went to actions at night, and here the Germans ordered to dig trenches. I was exempt from it because of the small children. Tulu as a dairy worker too. Some traitor betrayed the Home Army. The Gestapo raided them. The front was already close — the "theater" was going to Zmigród, the "Artists" lived in private houses. One of them lived with the Brożyn family, who belonged to the Home Army. Just in case, he cut some soil under the floor to hide in case of a search. The night was steamy, we slept by the open window. Suddenly I hear: "Das Fenster zumachen, aber schnell." I closed the window and the Gestapo was already banging on the door of the hall. Przewłocki opened the door for them, and the Germans went straight to us. They shone their flashlights, saw Tul in bed and said "Gut, gut der Mann ist zu Hause" and pulled out a list of convicts. They ask for Tula's name, which, however, did not appear in their list. However, they made a search and ordered Tul to get dressed and took him to the Brożyns. Brożyna, hearing the rumbling in our house and in the hall, immediately jumped into the hole, which was located in the corner of the kitchen. In this place stood a table covered with a tablecloth. The Germans slapped the "artist" in the face for not taking care of Brożyna, they were just going crazy. They ordered Tul and Przewłocki to throw a piece of coal in the basement. They pricked every sheaf of straw in the attic with bayonets. Brożyna disappeared and the house had been under surveillance since nightfall. They took Tul and Przewłocki and ordered them to be led to the indicated addresses. Tula knew who he was, but he happily wriggled out that he was a stranger, that he didn't know anyone, and led him to a house that wasn't on the list. They beat Tula and told him to go home, Tula came drenched in sweat because he was sure until the last moment that they would kill him. My reaction was constant screaming. The Germans jumped up to me and silenced me like a witch, and I probably looked like that because I was in a black combination and my hair was disheveled. The next day they told me that I had alerted the neighboring houses with this shout, and the suspects ran away. When they took Tul away, I was sure that I would never see him. The Germans took Brożynowa and said that if her husband did not report by morning, they would kill her. Tul and Przewłocki were not there – I was left alone with my children and little Halinka Brożynówna. The Germans ordered the light to be left and every now and then they burst into the house together with the "artist". Little Halinka had a cradle attached to the floor – I had to sit next to her and rock her. After some time, I heard Brożyna's voice from a hole in the kitchen, asking me to give me clothes, because it was only about the shirt. Brożyna's clothes were lying in the kitchen, but I handed him the other one from the closet. Tulu came in the morning—a great relief. I told him about Brożyna. In the morning, a lamenting family came by and took Halinka away, but I didn't tell them anything about Brożyna. Only when the guard left the house did I serve him breakfast and some cigarettes under the table, and Brożyna escaped through the gardens into the forest. Brożynova and several other hostages were handed over to the front to the kitchen — after some time they began to molest the soldiers, and they all returned home. Then there was the assassination attempt on Hitler. The German army was marching through Zmigród — I was standing in the threshold and the soldiers were waving their hands at me and shouting, "Mother! Das Krüg ist cu ende." Unfortunately for us, "Krüg" had just begun. During this manhunt, they took several people from Zmigród and shot them. The front was approaching — when the houses began to shake from the explosions, then we did the biggest stupidity with Nusia. We took the most valuable things, the sick Julek and the children and went to Kąty (closer to the Dukla Pass) on the Wisłoka River in the hope that the front would bypass us, but here it was quite the opposite.

## Angles

We arrived one beautiful September day in Kąty. The sun, the fruit on the trees. We set up the "camp" at a friend of mine - Wokurka, in a new house under the hill. Aunt Nusia drove us and returned to Zmigród to save and secure the property. Meanwhile, the front immediately approached and encompassed Kąty within its range. Some of the inhabitants and their cattle took refuge in the forests, some in vaulted cellars. We spread the kilims on the floor and "cake" on it: Sick Julek, his daughter Six-year-old Bogna, Tulu, Me, Lila, Otuś and Ania. Our hosts fled to the forest. The house trembles from the explosion of bullets, plaster flies from the walls and showers us with dust, the room is white from it. "Out of here, out of nowhere" the first Soviet soldier enters the house, opens the window and sets up a machine gun in it and shoots. I beg him to leave this house, because there are children and a seriously ill man here. It didn't help. He advised us to leave the house, but as Julek walked on crutches, small children and bullets whizzing thickly in the field. Where to go?! It's too far to the forest, we don't know how far to some basement. (The cellars were separate, almost completely dug into the ground, only the round roofs protruded above the ground.) With a sore heart we leave Julek (at his insistent requests), the children put on coats, we only collected a suitcase with documents and literally between the crutches we sneak, we run wanting to reach some basement, I think we came across a big one and no one accepted us. A peasant stood under the roof of one of the cellars, he generously advised us to take care of the trees by the Wisłoka River before cutting down the trees. Indeed, tall trees grow on the Wisłoka, we run down the steep bank and snuggle into the hollow under the roots. Above us, the Bolsheviks on the opposite side of the Wisłoka River, Germany. Fight! The bullets right at our feet splash, falling into the water. At some point, a German figure emerges from behind the frame of the house on the other side of the Wisłoka River with a rifle ready to shoot. I was numb because he was aiming at us. But maybe he realized that they were civilians with children – we were left alive. We sat under this corner almost until nightfall. In the meantime, Tulu "visited" Julek twice. Although the house was left without glass, Julek survived. In the evening, we got to the basement of our friends. It was tiny, along one wall there were trunks with clothes and bedding of the hosts. We lined the free half with kilims. Two-thirds of the basement is one bed, in which sometimes 13-14 people slept. After small children, no one could straighten their legs. Poor, tall, sick Julek! The cellar, especially at night, shook in its foundations, and heavy tanks drove right under the sounds. If a grenade hit the roof, we would all be buried. It was quieter in the morning. Then we left the basement. Both Nusia and I combed and washed the children. They cooked in the hut, we secretly picked potatoes in a hurry and even ground grain on the mills. We had fat in the form of melted butter. Before the offensive I bought a little piglet, of course it stayed in Zmigród, but our friend Jan Nowak (now a referee) killed him and drove half of us to Kąty. We cooked "ein Topf" and only Julek ate separately, the rest from one pot. Kąty passed back into German hands. The village was full of corpses of soldiers. Tulu had to bury them. In the neighboring house there was the so-called "Szreibsztuba". The Germans rushed the captured civilians to build a bridge, which was bombed by Soviet planes. Tulu was driven there several times. The Germans caught chickens all over Kąty, which they ordered me and Nusia to nibble. Once I started swearing, calling Germans Swabians, etc. One of them, who was dozing against the table in the kitchen, understood Polish, jumped up to me with a revolver - I kicked into the basement - the German behind me, only Tulu blocked his way and began to justify me - it helped, because the German waved his hand and left. Among the hanging Germans, they were also cultured and even hearty. Didn't I exaggerate with this heart? But the fact is a fact - One of these Germans took Ania in his arms almost every day, carried her to the warehouse-car and put her either sugar or some canned food. The front was prolonged, for us it was centuries. We decided to get out of Kąty. But how? To the point from which you could leave the front far away in a military car, especially for the sick and limping Julie, and here on top of that small children and some handshakes, Nusia found out that the German, on whom our fate depends, celebrates his name day or birthday. She picked some autumn flowers in the neighboring gardens and went to make a wish. She came with a promise that they would take us out of Kąty, only we had to get to the point on our own. You can't go on foot because Julka is lame, small children, manatees. Some means of transport depended on the commander of the "szreibsztube". I was the one who was supposed to take care of this cart. I went to a German and he was going to the cupids - fortunately a front-line soldier came to report and that saved me. We got a cart. We unloaded it with our belongings, put the sick Julek and little Anusia on it, Lila, Oluś and Bogna clung to the back of the cart and rode standing. We hadn't gotten far when the Soviets started shelling the road with hurricane fire. It was hell. We kidnapped Ania, helped Julek to descend in a flash and took refuge in the nearest basement. Meanwhile, our cartman drove the horses with our belongings to the place where the cars left. Again, a terrible problem of how to get there with the sick Julek and small children. There was a dressing point nearby. We went there with Nusia. The chief doctor was furious, he lived basically on black coffee, cigarettes, because he constantly carried out amputations of wounded Germans. Somehow we asked someone from the support staff and gave us an ambulance, which Julek came. The children and we walked. Our belongings were knocked down in the empty barn, attacking again. Lila and Otuś were in the barn at the time, and the tiles from it were falling onto the field. Naturally, we came out of it alive, but in order to completely immerse us, heavy rain, mud up to our ankles started and we carried the manatees to the truck waiting for us. When the children crawled under the car booth, a puddle literally formed around each of them. None of the children or we even sneezed. Finally, we went beyond the front line - until one felt stupid in that silence. They drove us late at night to some town and we found ourselves in an empty room with straw and hay on the floor. The Germans, who were sitting in the further rooms, gave us hot black coffee and we went to bed in a blanket. In the morning we set off on our way. The driver was a bit under gas and wanted to take us to the house in Turza near Gorlice. Julek's brother, a teacher in Turza, lived in this house. Even before the finish line, this ride would have ended tragically. The road was slippery, clayey, led uphill on the left and right side of a steep slope called "parije". The car was just over the abyss when Ania made a terrible scream and the unfortunate driver stopped the motorcycle. We got out carefully so that the car would not overturn and we got to our destination on foot, a little on a cart brought by Kazik Kędzior. Nusia, Julek and Bogna lived in a tiny room with Kazik, and we lived nearby with one widow.

## Stay in Turza.

Aunt Nusia tried to get food as much as she could and nursed her sick husband. We were healthy, but every day was very difficult to survive. I exchanged the remnants of rags for food, I went to dig potatoes, Tulu went to the forest to get firewood. Digging was hard work for me. Peasants gathered and dug each other's excavations. They were full and strong towards me, and I wanted to leave with honor and kept up with them as much as I could. For my daily work, I received two meals and a basket of potatoes. The girls saw that I was having a hard time and then left me in the kitchen where I cooked a hearty dinner for an average of 15-20 people. Our housekeeper and her sons were infested with lice, and the lice did not pass us by. The village was relatively wealthy and, despite the quotas, people did not go hungry. Lila started going to school in Turza. When the teacher asked the children what everyone ate for breakfast - Lila said that "I do" because that was the name of the mixture. The children all laughed at Lila. We had no help from anywhere. I felt that I would not last long in Turza. One day I went to Sącz for a reconnaissance. I was riding a truck train in a booth with a railwayman and again cupids, from which I had a hard time getting out. I think somewhere after 10-12 years I came to Sącz. I cried and laughed alternately walking through the streets. I went to our "street". "Our" house was standing. I walked into "our" apartment with strangers. It was something like "Fata-Morgana" in the desert. An elusive mirage. Then I went to Zawada near N.Sącz, where my Father's relatives still live: the Zarębs and the Kumors told us that they would accept us. I don't remember how I got from N.Sącz to Gorlice, from where I walked to Turza (about 10 km). After coming to Turza, I went to the mayor to ask for a cart. He didn't. They explain that if we don't leave, they will have to support us because we have nothing left and we probably won't die from hunger and cold. He didn't, and after all, most of the peasants, and Turza is a big village, owned horses. The mayor generously advised us to go with the Germans, who would come here for hay. We had no other choice and at the appointed time we drove our housekeeper's cart (the cart was pulled by cows) to the mayor's house. We were there around 11 and we left in the dark. The mayor smelled of fried scrambled eggs, there was bread and milk on the table, and we left on dry bread. The Germans unloaded 2 carts with hay "up to the ceiling". On the bottom of one of them they put our manats (kilim, a bit of bedding, photographs, documents and leftover clothes). On [the second one] we barely "got out" and, swaying, we moved on the way. The Germans, probably on order, sang the Polish anthem almost all the way, naturally hurting it very much - they lost and therefore became "Polish patriots". We arrived somewhere around midnight in Gorlice. The Germans unloaded the hay elsewhere and our "property" remained there as well. We stayed with the Germans in the quarters. They offered us hot coffee and bread. In the morning we started looking for a means of transport - to Sącz. The train was going down because we didn't get a pass. We stood on the road for a long time before one German agreed to go and pick up the children and our belongings and take us to N.Sącz. We had the remains of vodka and bacon and we promised it to the driver. We arrived in Sącz - they got off at the market square - the German looked at us and did not take the payment. I went to Mrs. Doroszukowa on 3 Różana Street. Unfortunately, she was not at home, the children looked out the window to the balcony. While waiting for Mrs. Doroszukowa, we went down to the shoemaker who had a warstat on the ground floor. Tired to the last limit, I told him a few words of bitter truth about some Poles. This great patriot was offended and did not even offer us water. Mrs. Doroszukova came, fed us "what a rich cottage" and she was miserable. We slept one night and in the morning I went to Zawada, from where I came in a cart and took my family to relatives.

## Hindrance.

We first lived with the Kumors. It was a childless couple. They had Mietek Fręczek to raise, whose mother, Kumorowa's sister, died when Mietek was still a little boy. Kumorowa is a Zarębianka from the house - the daughter of my father's sister. Kumor is an old, conceited man. He treated us as intruders - who disturbed his peace. They had three rooms, and they gave us the smallest room right next to the kitchen, without a stove. At first we ate together, the meal was very simple, but it was stupid, we liked everything. What was worse was that Kumor wanted to get rid of us. On the opposite side of the road lived Józef and Maria Zaręb. Joseph is also the son of my Father's sister. They had as many as 9 children. They were relatively wealthy, because they had 25 morgs of land and a piece of forest, but they were terribly devastated by the war. However, they were much more cordial than Kumor, who was also the mayor and could really help us. The Zarębs whitewashed our room, lent us two beds, a table on crosses, a bench and two folding chairs, and we had our own "home" again. I tried to get food as much as I could on my own - Kumor looked down on us. He couldn't believe that Tulu was a professor at the Krzemienice High School, I was a teacher. Once I baked cookies on saccharin, made tea and asked Kumor. By the way, I showed him our diplomas, the youngest five-year-old Ania produced him to read the newspaper, and we impressed the mayor a little. He made sure to get a larger allocation of flour for us, clogs for Tula. Kumorova gave us 1 liter of wonderful milk (for 5 people). I went to the cellars for potatoes as if they were my own. Christmas was wonderful because there was a little bread, there was even a roll, some meat in the form of a chicken I earned. A Christmas tree dressed with sugar cubes in tissue papers. I was at the name day of another Zarębianka, Ludmiła, it was also a childless marriage, also "oak", but I ate sausages, cakes and got drunk with a samogon. In order to repay the Zaręba, the most honorable of all these relatives, I taught two of their children, Hanka and Józek to write and read (currently Hanka has graduated from a professional seamstress, got married, has a beautiful house and 3 children. Józek is preparing for the master's exam in part). On the occasion of teaching the Zaręba, two more children of the neighbors went to lessons, and Ania also studied. All this lasted less than 3 months, in January 1945 (January 20 to be exact). Just a few days before, a German unit had arrived in Zawada, which had taken the whole killed piglet to Kumora. They didn't have time to eat it, they had to flee. Kumorova called me to "make him". It was the first time in my life that I took up such a job. I took Tula's razor and shaved the piglet with it, and then they helped me unravel it. I got the whole half from the Kumors. I gave a quarter to Zaręb, and a quarter was left for us. It was a great meal. Night came, bullets again Through the yard whizzed like swallows. I had to go to the well to get water, and literally a bullet flew right next to my ear. The Zaręba family and I went to the basement, but we only spent one night there. I couldn't sit still and kept coming out of the basement and watching the fight. A problem at the top. At the bottom of N.Sącz, the sky was dark and navy blue densely illuminated by bullets. One terrible nightmare - the Germans, they left. In the morning, Bolshevik troops entered Zawada. There were a lot of them at the Zaręba and Kumer families. They literally stole from under their hands, raped women. Due to my command of the Ukrainian language, I often had to intervene in various matters with my neighbors. The captain himself lived with the Kumors, of which Kumor was extremely proud. He was given the best room, in which there was a chest of drawers and in it two gold wedding rings, a gold chain and a large gold pocket watch. The "gentleman" captain had to go on to Berlin, but before that he pryed open the top of the chest of drawers and took all the gold "as a souvenir". There were countless such cases of theft. During the war, the beautiful Sącz castle was blown up. The castle was blown up by order of the Bolshevik troops, quite unnecessarily. In my youth, various celebrations took place in the castle courtyard. Exhibitions of paintings by such painters as Reguły or the great portraitist Barbacki (he died at the hands of the Germans as a hostage) were organized in the halls. In the forest surrounding the castle, I collected stumps and cabbage rolls. The bridge on the Dunajec was blown up by the Germans. The end of the bridge on which I walked with my dad as a child, and then with my friends, and with Tul as my fiancé. I saw from the shore how the Soviets were setting up a pontoon bridge. The winter was light, the water was large, cloudy. The soldier fell in front of my eyes and drowned, and no one tried to save him. Soon the old bridge was "patched up" and the old bridge was rebuilt, and in this condition it had to serve people for several more years. After it was dismantled, parts were taken to Opole and there it still serves people. For us, very normal times have come. Tulu started his studies in January. He walked from Zawada in clogs, often his entire day's food was a plate of "dziama" with milk. Education took place in various houses throughout the city, there were also classes in the tenement house where we lived before the war. Lila started going to class VI in Zawada and Otuś to grade II, Otuś had a nice navy blue clothes (made from Tula) and that's why I dressed her clothes in a "shoemaker's" apron for protection, until Otuś rebelled and didn't want to go to school in an apron anymore. In the spring, the children ran around the yard all day long. Once, Otuś and Ania fell into a slurry. In Zawada, Ania and Otus also fell ill with whooping cough, especially Ania had a hard time with it. I started looking for an apartment in the city. It was extremely difficult. Marysia Korpińska (our former friend from the same street) advised me that there is a post-Jewish house at 3 Helena Chełmiecka Street where Poznań residents live and who return to their homeland. I went to the Housing Office and they granted it to us. Unfortunately, in the meantime, Mrs. Sekułowa quickly moved in with her three sons and did not want to move from it. I asked the municipality to appoint another apartment for me, but they said that they would sue this lady and she had to move out. The case went to court and Mrs. Sekułowa was ordered to move out. (She had a sister on the same street, Mrs. Cieślowa and she had an apartment with her), but it didn't help, and Tulu walks kilometers from Zawada every day. I came up with a "brilliant" idea, loaded the manats onto the cart and we moved into half of the house through the window (the house had three rooms and a kitchen). It was only then that Mrs. Sekułowa moved to live with her sister, and then to a beautiful apartment in the commune.

## Chełmiecka 3.

It was a cottage consisting of 3 rooms, a kitchen and a large veranda. He also had a piece of garden. Tulu taught - I was just a farmer out of necessity - because teach the job. they gave me far away in the village - in Sącz they didn't want to give me it. It was hard in every way, both financially and because of all the comforts. Far away from water, kerosene lighting. In the apartment, the "furniture" consisted of two beds from Zawada (each different), I borrowed [another] from an old friend a simple wooden bed and there was a "bedroom", an iron one stood in the other room. There was a problem with haylofts, because the salt had to be driven all the way to Zawada. The "shelves" were made of Unrowski packages (these were packages sent by the USA for the starving population), precisely the "United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration", an international organization created in the USA in 1943 under the slogan of providing economic assistance to the population of countries destroyed by the war, dissolved in 1947. The curtains hung on strings. The second room had an iron bed, a huge table from a Jesuit boarding school and chairs that the students brought us with two bedside tables. Tulu got a huge wardrobe somewhere at school, which she used for us both as a wardrobe for clothes and partly as a pantry. Tul and I whitewashed the apartment ourselves (later Hania, or Józia Kulawa's mother - Przybyłowa, came from Zawada every year). A garden with two apple trees was important, I bought something 2 "smorodyn" bushes. I enjoyed this garden very much and put a lot of work into it. Tutu earned little. I used to go to Zawada to get potatoes. They never brought a single scoop, except after we bought 3-6 m. for the winter and 2-3 kopecks of cabbage. I dug these potatoes for free myself and naturally loaded myself with them like a horse - a backpack full and two bags and I walked 6 km in one direction with it. Often I literally had nothing to give the children for dinner, and then I remember during the long days of June, we would go to bed. I gave private lessons. Various mothers also came asking for protection from Tul. They wanted to give something — I made excuses, and in my heart I asked God to persist and leave the gift. Queues for food are like the continuation of the war, it was a plague. 1 kg was produced, sometimes 1/2 kg of sugar or flour and you had to stand in line for hours! The children did not want to stand. I was often pushed out of the queue - I had to argue, our children were angry at me because of it. When they started leafing through the food, it was a little better, but there was not enough of it so that we didn't stand in queues at all. With the clothes of the macabre. Marysia Korpińska worked on American gifts and brought some clothes in a handbag about 3 times. Sometimes Aunt Hela (she worked in Kudowa and her eldest son Kazik went to high school with us, and then all three boys were with us) sent some post-German "clothes" and that's how we consulted, but step by step it got better and better. We were with the children about 2 times in Kudowa at Hela's, who had a beautiful apartment in relation to us, so much so that we didn't want to go back to our junk from her. I had a headache very often, in general in the afternoon I felt like a "pea by the path". Otuś was probably most worried about this and sometimes brought me headache pills from the neighbors late at night. These were probably all the effects of war experiences and hard work. When the gate creaked, I was worried with terror. The displaced doctor Isterewicz told me to lie down, measure my pulse and take some medication. The whole "affair" was before Easter, I was directing the children from my bed - Lila was kneading and baking a cake. I rested - I got out of it and often afterwards it seemed to me that there was no job I couldn't do. And I had this job, because on Chełmiecka Street almost all the time, apart from our children, there were initially 2 Hela boys, and then three. Of course, neither washing machines, nor water, nor light. In order to make ends meet, I leased a piece of land from Bastowa - our milkmaid. The stay was diversified by Hela's arrivals - first with the children and then to the children. I remember that for one holiday I started to fold flour and sugar early and baked cakes from 30 kg of flour. It wasn't much at all for 6 children. Iwonka was born only on October 30, 1949. For the girls, or Lila, I sewed coats from blankets. One Christmas Eve was with borscht and soap. In winter, the kitchen was run in one room. A makeshift iron stove, one table was occupied by children, a kerosene lamp, dark. I hurriedly put the ladle on the soap that stuck to it and fell out into the borscht. There was always a lot of fish for Christmas - it was the cheapest "Dunajcówka". Until Christmas Eve, we sat on a bench, on a bed on two chairs, on chests. Tulu took out several of his tweezers to remove the bones from the fish. There was always kutia and apple strudel.

The children helped me a lot - there were weekly shifts, the older ones also had to carry water, they lit it in the stove, swept it, they were on errands.

On 30-X-1948, Iwonka was born. Maybe it was a reaction after the war, or maybe it was self-defense against the approaching old age, enough that I was all happy about Iwonka's birthday. I searched for her names in the calendar. The whole family knew that there would be a child with us. There were solemn baptisms. Hela became the godmother and Olek - my siblings - the godgodmother. The children went to school, went on vacation, I was left alone. Her aunts looked up her name "Iwonka" and that's how we called her and we still call her. It was only when I was enrolling in school that I really found out how Tulu gave her name: Urszula - Elżbieta. It was Tula's beloved "T-shirt", as Tulu called her. Before Iwonka was born, we often went together to the Chełmiec forest, or to Klimkówka - to the forests of my youth. I like orchids very much and when I saw them for the first time after the war in the forest in Sącz, I screamed with joy. We went to Rytro, Głębokie. These are also places where I used to go when I was a child. It was hard, there was a lot of work, but the house was pleasant, the street was quiet. We kept dogs, first there was "Ksenia". The children were going to the library and screaming that Ksenia was dead. They were crying enormously - she was run over by a Soviet car. The second dog was a wonderful wolfhound - Reks. He went swimming with us, he went for walks. The end of the idyll came when our house was bought by the hairdresser Jurkowski. A Jewish successor was found and sold the house. From that moment on, Jurkowski constantly haunted us. He picked apples and deposited some junk in the yard. He repaired the roof until he finally gave poison to the dog. We saved him. We went to the vet with him, they drank milk and the dog recovered. However, not for long, because when he pampered him for the second time, nothing helped. This Jurkowski is worse than cattle. Then he came to us to swap apartments with him. It tired us so much that we finally decided. We gave him a landscaped garden, a clean apartment, and he a bed bug-infested apartment, and a terrible yard because Jurkowski raised pigs and a cow. The yard was one dung heap. I was simply captivated by working in the garden. We filled in the manure, dug up the entire yard and the garden in front of the house. At first we had all the vegetables in abundance, then there were fewer because sycamore and large apple trees grew and darkened part of the garden. There were so many flowers that when there was no bread, Olek and Alek went to the market and sold them. However, the financial situation was still difficult, and that's why I bought small pigs, raised .... in.... basement and after some time I called the butcher. Kazik and Lila were already at university. When the piglet was replaced with sausages and sausage, both we and the children in Krakow had something to eat. Just when Iwonka was 6 years old, we were tempted to have a dog again. It was a small wolfhound as a ball. He also grew up with the children, he was their favorite, and Iwonka was especially fond of him. Tragedy has already happened to him in his current apartment. Knock him down. I went on a trip with Tul and Iwonka was alone at home, she experienced it terribly. I don't want any more dogs or cats. Szaruś, this kitten from Kremenets, also died of poison. In general, the people of Sącz are angry - they threw us out of the queues for food and threw us out of two houses, poisoned our dogs, cut down that beautiful tree we planted, covered the flowers with sand.

Hela moved in with us permanently, along with the furniture - I threw away those combined junk and it was already at home, but it was terribly cramped, in the first year there were 10 of us at Helena. In the summer, half the poverty because we were saved by a room in the attic, but the winter was terrible. At the same time, a chronic lack of money, because Hela initially worked as an intendant in a boarding school and earned very little. Tulu taught from morning to night (he had periods of over 60 g. a week), but it was all too little, especially when autumn came when it was necessary to supply the house with firewood, potatoes, cabbage, shoes and coats for the children. Usually, when I walked to the city across the bridge, I cried, or prayed to find some money or for someone from America to send us it. Lila and Kazek were already at university, Olek was finishing high school, Radek and Ania were catching up with him. I rented a field at Bastowa for potatoes and once I even sowed wheat, but I had an awful lot of trouble with it. Hela and I washed and dyed old clothes and made them into new ones. We finally came up with an idea and started embroidering blouses, dresses, collars. Tulu helped us with this because he drew new patterns and reflected. Lila also had a part in it. We sometimes embroidered all night. In order not to fall asleep, in the summer we embroidered by the open window and listened to the nightingales on this occasion.

Finally, Hela moved into her own apartment, which she received with great difficulty. She took some of the furniture and then we took a bright dining room in installments. I enjoyed it terribly. Hela left the piano, but for a while - Iwonka and a little Ania played it, and even Lila when she came to Polish from England. But the time has come for the piano too - because Kazek Unold took it. I felt sad because my childhood dream was to play the piano. The violin tires me when someone "saws" it. I like the violin orchestra. I like the piano very much, but I hate banging on the keys. I stood on my head and bought an old piano for 11000 zlotys. It's a piano because Iwonka is behind the house, and when she rides, she doesn't play much. Lili is not there. It also encourages. Ania far away. Iwonka is to take the piano. Such was our luck – our pity that we couldn't warm up anywhere for a long time, and we had to leave the house on Helena. This house was cracked, the scratch was visible through and through, but Borus had a kennel there, there were those few beds. Our host sold Mrs. Wróblówna's house. She bought it very cheaply and started stalking us to move. We submitted an application to the housing office, we didn't want to go to a private house, anyway, where? The housing committees said that we had enough space, we wrote piles of applications – in vain, and in the meantime Wróblówna first cut down the maple that I had planted, then she covered the flowers in the garden with sand, she tore up a piece of the ceiling in the basements, so that the floor in the room next to the kitchen lay only on joists for a while during the long winters. Stoves were smoking, I swept the soot twice a year. It was so cold in the apartment that in winter the water in the kitchen was constantly freezing. What were we supposed to do?! Repair? For what? Whom? When Lila came with tiny Romus (for the second time), Wróblówna ordered to dig a pit next to the house, supposedly to make sure of the condition of the foundations - we were afraid that Romuś would fall there. After Lila left, I came up with the idea not to whitewash the apartment, not to plug the gaps with plaster, but with cotton wool. It looked terrible, I had a hard time calling the sanitary commission in the winter, which considered these conditions inhumane, but again the ordinary housing commission ruled that all these "deficiencies" could be removed. "And so on, Mr. Maciej". I was terribly disgusted by this tug!! Wróblówna was obliged to give us an apartment, but it was a PIG in the full sense of the word. This wealthy, lonely woman. When they already granted us an apartment, she didn't want to give a penny to pay a deposit (6000 PLN) for the move, for the apple trees planted by us. At that time, we were very indebted to both the ZNP and ORS (Installment Sales Service). If it weren't for Tula-Furtek's student, there would have been the cost of moving. There was a big problem with piles of books, newspapers and other clutter that Tulu didn't want to get rid of, and the apartment with an area of 46 meters + a small basement. I came up with an idea and with my own money, with the permission of the management, I fenced off a storage room under the stairs, now we have two cellars, one of which is packed with piles of books and newspapers, the other serves as a handy warehouse. Who and when will use these newspapers and old books? Water, bathroom and radiators are a great thing, but the surroundings are terrible, kolkhoz. Our block in the middle. There is no balcony — Not an hour can be done without curtains in the evening and without curtains during the day. Smoke from the boiler room billows between the blocks as if through a chimney. Trampled lawns, screams of children. In the house on Helena, when I was embroidering at night, I heard nightingales singing by the open window. I miss the greenery, the bed, and I am tired of the fact that Tulu feels very bad, especially in winter, when they smoke in the boiler rooms and because of Biegonice. What a terrible mistake, an irreparable loss of these Biegonice. They built a cathode electrode factory there (a distance of about 4 km from Sącz). The beautiful Land of Sądecka smoky, smoky. They explain that the main motive was to relieve unemployment and what turned out to be?! Less than 2000 people were employed. Unemployment still exists, "They displaced" hundreds of farmers, and the land was fertile, beautiful. If instead of this factory they had built, for example, a holiday and tourist combine, how much greater would the benefit have been. I would blow up this factory. Flowers do not want to grow in the apartment. Anyway, our girls claim that potted flowers warm up the apartment. Personally, I would throw away half of the debris and make metal bars, I would partition the apartment and hang everything with flowers. I have to try to get flower boxes, maybe in the summer they will have flowers. And how poor Borus felt! But at least the dog had us. We went out for walks with him. I don't want to describe how he died! Why don't people understand that people can love a dog, a cat! Anyway, they are people from Nowy Sącz! I'm ashamed that I was born here. I have the impression that some of them threw us out of our homes like that, poisoned animals, and they would poison us to have more space for themselves. Before we moved here, I went every day for almost two months and painted and cleaned the apartment. Now I move the furniture more and more because I want to bring some variety to the prison. They will introduce gas and new expenses. Now, as I prescribe to Lili, gas already cost about 10,000 PLN. It is convenient, but distributing it cost a lot of health and energy because the workers are messing around, drinking and demanding bribes.

I haven't written anything about the floods in Helena. We experienced one flood on Chełmiecka Street. The water flooded the street, the garden, it only penetrated under the threshold. I took the children and went to a relative on "Paścia Góra". This relative (no longer alive) was a gamekeeper. From there we watched the flood, there we ate a wonderful venison (I prefer not to think about a shot roe deer). We survived two floods and several flood alarms in the second apartment, and since the house had basements, they were always flooded almost to the ceilings. During one flood, Ania did not have time to go to practice because the water tore up the railway lines and she returned home with a suitcase on her shoulder, wading through the street close to her waist in the water. The boys rode on a bathtub and a hot tub down the street. When the water subsided, it was necessary to carry tons of silt out of the basements. It hasn't been terrible in our country yet. From the railway tracks, I could see the houses on the Dunajec River flooded with roaring, murky water up to the roofs. People were transported by soldiers on pontoons. They were waiting to return to their homes in the commune, whose building stood by the main road (now there are private apartments there). The Lupa family has also installed themselves here. When it rained for several days in a row, it was already an alarm. A supply of coal was brought from below, all the wood was carried upstairs. I was brought from the well of drinking water, I bought bread and sugar, potatoes and waited for the flood. We went out in raincoats to watch the water increase in the Dunajec River. The house was humid and "moody". Iwonka was very scared, and all night she asked how much water had decreased, and it was quite the opposite – the water was increasing. There is no flood here, but there is a flood of smoke almost every day.

## People from Nowy Sącz.

There is a story that in the old days, when the people of Nowy Sącz returned to Starosączany (a town 7 km from Sącz) with a request to borrow the gallows, they were refused, saying that they had it for themselves and their children. This is the mentality of the people here. Immediately after the war, I applied to the inspectorate with a request for a job in Nowy Sącz. I was refused and given in the countryside. Tulu taught in high school, children went to high school, there was no communication. Terrible roads. To live in the countryside with younger children and run two houses?! So I had to resign and we had to live on one meagre conscription of Tula. In Sącz, they worked alone. Tulu probably wouldn't have gotten a job either, but he started it in January 1946, and there was no strength with higher education.

It was only after great patronage (our neighbour Janas was an inspector) that I got a job in Biczyce in 1958, it was a contract. The buses were already running, and I commuted by bike as much as I could. My enthusiasm had no bounds, I longed for this job for years. I also studied on my own, because during the years of "unemployment" I forgot many things during the black work. In Biczyce, I organized performances, trips, I had good results, and this may have contributed to the fact that I got a job in Chełmec and already a full-time job. In Chełmec, it was a charówka! Every year I painted benches, doors, windows, set up gardens, aquariums, I bought aids especially for history with my own money. I organized performances (for one performance, decorations and costume designs were made for me by Lila, who just came from England at the time). This performance was even in the press. At the performance, or rather the staging of M. Konopnicka's poetry, old people cried, even teachers. I read to children "from cover to cover" Pan Tadeusz, Sienkiewicz, and finally I built a school. Sooner or later, a school had to be built there, but my mainly efforts accelerated the construction by a good few years. The conditions there were terrible. The children were crammed into a former C K Austrian building at a crossroads. When cars passed, the ceilings shook, until once there was a breakdown, there was a risk of a complete collapse of one ceiling. We were turned off large classrooms on the first floor and 2 on the ground floor. In order to get some additional rooms, it was necessary to organize a march with children to Prez. Pow. Council of the Nation. I argued, I was the initiator. They flew in from the party and finally gave us the keys to the old three-room granary. One classroom had only one window. The children went blind. I took photos of these "objects" and having faithfully described the conditions (the meeting with the authorities took place in the evening in the fire station, so no one would bother to go to school anyway) and supported my words with photos that I handed over to the authorities. I wish I had kept it as a souvenir. After this meeting, the School Construction Committee was formed, and I myself put forward my candidacy for secretary. The whole family helped me in editing various magazines. Otuś helped me a lot, who, due to his position as a clerk of the spatial planning department, knew the plans for the expansion of Chełmec, etc. There were many opponents of the construction of a new school, various intrigues and adversities would not even be written on cowhide, but finally the construction of the school was approved and the foundations began to be laid in the same year. Within a year, a beautiful 12-room school was built. However, I was so disgusted with these people that I moved to N.Sącz. I got my job at Primary School No. 13 - Exercises. It is a promotion, but there is also a lot of work and difficult housing conditions.

While I'm on the subject of this matter, I'll add my retirement. Despite 64 years, it was not voluntary. They gave me by force because I felt good and the teaching profession is my passion in life. Anticipating my dismissal, I submitted an application to the inspectorate and the board of trustees with a request to continue employing me. Nothing helped. I am transcribing my application here

*School District Board of Trustees*

*Krakow in Krakow.*

*On May 29, 1972, I received a letter from the Department of Education in N. Sącz informing me that I had been retired.*

*I hereby appeal against that decision on the following grounds:*

I started to rewrite this application and gave up. Button! They fired me, period. One more thing just about this topic. How I defended myself like a lion before retiring, one of the teachers. She told me: "It's hard to get old and you have to leave. As soon as it hits 60, the railwaymen absolutely must leave." I was outraged by such a comparison and said that when a writer turns 60, he is not allowed to write, a poet to create, a painter to paint.

I won at least so much that for a relatively short period of time, because only 21 years of work, I received a pension not much less than Tulu's. Tulu has 2420 PLN – I have 2379 PLN. Maybe even now I will be able to devote time not so much to my children as to my grandchildren! Kids and me! Lila was 6 years old, Otuś was only 2 when the war began. Ania was born at the beginning of the war, Iwonka in a short time after the war, and all my efforts were primarily directed not so much to upbringing as to keeping my children alive. When the situation began to improve, the children basically grew up and began to leave the house one by one. I didn't have time to raise them in an organized, thoughtful way, and the children seemed to me to be such a part of me, just my whole, that I often caught myself as if they had been with me since my earliest years, that they felt and thought like me. My father wrote for me in such a book - a diary, m.p. "Who gets up in the morning, to whom God gives good", "Truthfulness you will pass through the world", "Love of the Homeland and honour are the most important good", etc. I have read Rodziewiczówna, Kraszewski, Sienkiewicz, Mickiewicz, Słowacki, Konopnicka. The ideals of these writers became my ideals. I was and am stupid, although the so-called honest. I wrote a lot of things that happened after the war, but these are the effects of the war.

I would also like to write a lot about children, about their adolescent years, about studies and life as adults. One thing that cannot be changed is that their worries, their lives make me constantly afraid, they often keep me awake from my eyes. Although I enjoy many things, although I would like to embroider some nice things, because I actually only know how to do so much (I can't act, I can't paint), as a result I would rather die to stop forever worrying and worrying about children.

### [*Almost illegible lament about children erased]*

We took ... plot to hold on somehow. Our children are good, but a little dry and they don't even like to look at them, but to touch them, God forbid. You can't say anything heartfelt either. I walk around like a fool and pretend that I don't care that everything is fine, what I'm writing now will also be criticized and badly received. Lila once told me that in England in the West, as soon as children grow up, they break up with their parents and are almost not interested in each other. Is it possible? I know that I have made a mistake more than once in my mutual relations, but I have never done anything wrong with premeditation. Do I know – maybe Otuś won't care much about the children, but I don't know if Lili will be indifferent to how Romuś arranges her life. I know, Liluś, that you not only travel thousands of km to be in Poland, but also to see us. Forgive me that sometimes I burned stupidity in anger, I regretted and regret every bad word. I regret that I watch TV while you are here, I do it with premeditation, that it is like nothing if you are about to leave. And again, I would like to sleep through this time so as not to be afraid of a bad adventure during your trip. Dad is a thousand times better off because he is a fatalist, and he is a thousand times more optimistic than me. When you were little, Lilusia, and the doctor found enlarged cavity glands in you, as soon as I went out on the street, I cried out of fear for you. I'm such a coward. I know that for you, Lilu, every visit to Polish is associated with disappointment. When you miss each other, everything is idealized, and here both Dad and I are getting older, and with age we have many different habits, flaws, unpleasant changes in appearance, movement. Well, youth has its rights, and old age can't have?

At the end I wrote some "nonsense" and that's why I was mostly reluctant to give this "diary" and I wanted to cut out the last pages, but you have it, Lilu.

### Mum.

### 7-X-1973 - Warsaw.