

MARIAN GLINA

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Class 5b

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My experiences from the current war

The winter of 1942–43 was a sad time for me. German terror was in full effect. There were rumors in the village that the population of the Białopole commune was going to be deported. The word “deportation” was ravaging people’s minds and sending shivers down their spines. It was winter, 25 degrees below zero with strong winds, and they would have to leave their home. Nobody worked because there was nobody to work for. Everybody was thinking how to protect themselves from deportation. Days passed, and the fear slowly dissipated.

But one day, out of the blue, we heard that Rozkoszówka had been deported. The Germans and the Ukrainians were cruel; they separated the children from their mothers and let them freeze in the trucks.

Everybody left their home then, so as not to be locked up in Zamość. We too reluctantly left our house, farm and belongings and went to Lipowiec village in Zamość district, Teresopol commune, where our family was. We stayed there for six months. Dad worked in the forest, and I helped my uncle.

It was hard to live there, we lacked many things. On 1 July, the military police came to the village, surrounded it, and arrested some people. My dad’s arm and leg were wounded during the raid. From that day it was even more difficult because there was nobody left to work for even a piece of bread.

Three days had not gone by when the German troops came to the village once more to arrest the rest of the people and to deport the whole village. On 3 July, we were deported once more. My mom and my sister were locked up in Zamość, but I jumped out of the car when we were driving through the forest and came back to the village. There was barely

anybody in the village, apart from the Germans. I was wandering like an orphan, not eating for days, because there was nobody left to make any food. This was my life for two weeks.

After that time my dad returned from the hospital and started to write applications for mom's release. A week later mom returned, and we went back to leading the same sad and hard life, until the Polish and Soviet armies entered Poland.