

ON "THAT SUNDAY" OF JASSY POGROM

JUNE 29, 1941

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With an introduction by BENO BARUCH

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Eleven YEARS has passed!

Eleven years have passed from that bloody, unforgettable Sunday. Eleven years have passed since tens of thousands of Jews from Jassy were massacred under the lenient eyes of the locals, which, if they did not effectively take part in the slaughter, took care to mark their own houses with crosses and to lock their doors.

The Jews from Romania drew their own conclusions from "That Sunday" pogrom. The Jews from Romania did not forget Antonescu's slaughter houses, Dorohoi's deportations, Bessarabia's massacres. They understood that the hate of the locals will never settle. The red flag will not chase away the thirst for blood and the green shirts will never turn from ferocious wolves to kind, democratic sheep...

Their firm desire to immigrate to Israel is a consequence of that tragic day of June 29, 1941. The Jewish history in Romania had a lot of such "Sundays". Jewish blood flows abundantly in each of these days, in Borsha and Balaceana, or during the uprising from 1907. For some ideologists, the peasant uprising from 1907 turned a new page in history. But in the Jewish chronicles, 1907 is the year when the earth received more tormented and massacred Jewish bodies.

For some people, Khmelnsky is a national hero. For us, he remains the instigator of numerous massacres of thousands of Jewish lives.

This difference of historical perspective, this tendency to turn the pogrom instigators into historical heroes, has determined a Jewish reaction all over the world. Some of them did not wait for "That Sundays". Others did wait for them. Others still wait for them. Undoubtedly, Jewish life in Romania still lives in the shadow of June 29, 1941. If "Vasile Alecsandri" street, where the Police Headquarter was located, would change its name, it would not mean that the memory of the 10,000 Jews killed in the backyard of the Police Headquarter can be ignored. Even more

so, as some of those assassins are still walking free. Justice is blind when it comes to punishing pogrom instigators. Forgiveness is a profound Christian value and a crow does not prick another crow's eyes...

Eleven years have passed since the Jassy pogrom. The Jews from Romania have not forgotten "That Sunday". The memory of that tragic day still haunts us.

The majority of Jews from Jassy lives now in Israel. They keep a pious memory of the deceased ones and if they still remember those pogroms, they have no fear that those things can happen again.

BENO BARUCH

LAZAR LEIBOVICI, the author of this testimony, has been a leader of the Jewish community in Jassy, for many decades.

He was an active and enthusiastic member in many institutions, such as the Jewish hospital, Sacra Society, houses for old people, cultural societies, Jewish Community, Zionist Founds.

This is to testify for his activity.

PRO DOMO

This essay was not written for petty commercial purposes. As a witness of the Jassy pogrom, it would be a desecration of the victims' memory to try to sell their history.

My humble essay tries to offer to the future historian information, details and clarifications about that tragic and unforgettable "Sunday".

The chronicle of the Jewish people accounts for dozens and hundreds of such "Sundays". They must not be forgotten. They constitute a new reason for the right of the Jews to have a country of their own.

By printing this essay, I try to contribute to the clarification of the Jassy pogrom.

At the same time, I tried to bring a pious homage to the thousands of Jassy Jews who were killed, "Al Kiddush Hashem" in the death trains, on the streets, in the cellars, in the graveyards, in the police backyard.

The following lines come from the need to commemorate our brothers killed by the legionnaires and the Nazis and to contribute somehow to History.

LAZAR LEIBOVICI

THE POGROM PRELUDE

ON JUNE 21, 1941, Marshal Antonescu declared the Holy War against the USSR and through a proclamation, orders the Romanian army to cross the Prut River, in order to revenge the past shame, the occupation of Bessarabia.

On Sunday, June 22, amid trepidation and agitation, the Nazi boot suddenly appears, probably already prepared. Jassy city, its Jewish citizens, begin to suspect that hard times are coming.

Monday, June 23, the first Soviet bombardment makes a few victims, among them eight Jews. The arrests begin. Dozens of our Jewish brothers are arrested under the false accusation that they indicated to the Soviet aviation the strategic objectives using flashlights through the chimneys of their houses. Frightened, all the Jews throw out their flashlights, although it was very difficult to walk around under camouflage without them. Nobody goes outside after 6 PM, hoping that way it will be easier for them. In vain, that was only the beginning!

The following day, Tuesday, June 24, all the Christian houses were marked with distinctive Christian crosses. When asked by the Jews, their Christian so-called friends just shrug their shoulders.

Wednesday, June 25, the Jewish community receives a firm order from the military headquarters of the Police that all the board members should be present at the headquarters. The board members begin to realize what it is all about. They immediately write down a very well researched document to show their obedience and complete submission to the Crown and to the Army, indicating that the Jewish population is always ready to perform their duty, whenever the Country will ask for it. With this document, we all went to the police headquarter. The chef of police Leahu and colonel Kirilovici were there. The atmosphere was tense, as the police courtyard was full of German and Romanian soldiers who recognized us and looked at us with hateful glances. Respected Rabbis were also among us. We were 30 people in all, but we were

immediately asked why we are not 52, as mentioned in the police documents. We were ordered to come back again the following morning, at 10 o'clock – ALL of us.

Throughout all that Wednesday, the Soviet bombardments continued and the planes came at an hour interval. Also the arrests continued under false accusations such as cutting the telephone cables, possession of maps and other secret military documents.

Thursday morning, at Nicolina, six Jews were shot to death after they were forced to enact a made-up action of cable cutting by being told to hold compromising scissors in their hands.

In the morning of June 26, we all gathered at the community center and, as we decided, we headed towards the Police headquarters, as a group, while the entire Jewish population of Jassy wondered with fear what will be the outcome of this action.

With our hearts full of bitterness, we entered the Police courtyard where the German and Romanian soldiers threw us the same menacing glance. We were immediately received by the military commander and by the Chief of Police who forbid the community president to speak. Instead, we received the following order:

“We summoned you here to warn you that from now on you are personally responsible, WITH YOUR HEADS, for all the sabotage actions!”

The general secretary of the community, Mr. H. Gherner, a lawyer, started to read our motion of obedience and submission to the Crown and the Romanian Army, after which, the colonel and his subordinates, standing, repeated the order, emphasizing that in some of the crashed Soviet planes they found Jews who had recently left the city and that other Jews were indicating to the enemy planes strategic locations by flashlight.

After all these accusations, we were asked to sign, all 52 of us, a typewritten declaration.

I remember that on our way out from the police courtyard, Gh. Buchman told all of us, as if he had a premonition of what was to come: “We had sign that we are responsible with our heads and that’s exactly how it will be!”

And that’s exactly how it was, because many of the leaders who had signed did indeed perish, assassinated by the Nazi - legionaire brutes. Among them: I. Ghetzler, Dr. Solomovici, Leon Reicher, Ghetzel Buchman, Schulimsohn, C. Drimer, Aron Weinschtein, Shtrul Rottman, Haim Ghebler and many more whose names I can’t remember.

After we left the Police headquarters, another very heavy Soviet bombardment took place, leaving behind heavy casualties among the Jewish population, 103 victims. Using the Sacra society wagons and carts, only 80 of them could be buried, the remaining bodies were going to be buried on Sunday the 29th because we could not dig them out of the debris faster. Among them were those of Rabbi Reines' wife and son.

At the Jewish Cemetery, our young Jews doing forced labor were forced to dig lots of long trenches, 50 meters each. Who would have known that they were actually prepared for us?

On Friday June 27, in the evening, we heard that the Romanian and German armies had been defeated and that they are heading towards the city for recovery. All kinds of rumors began to circulate about the soldiers' intentions regarding the Jews, since they were considered to be partisan supporters, sent to prevent their way forward and later on their retreat. And that is what was happened. The first victims went down in the Aurel Vlaicu district, where peaceful and unsuspecting people were forced out of their houses with their families, including young children and old people and shot down on the spot by the soldiers of a retreating artillery regiment. The distinctive sign was the Christian cross on the Christian houses, which made them stand out from the Jewish houses. Among those victims was my good friend Butzi Bergher, killed with his three children, the wife and the parents, in front of their home.

The city was rumbling from the shooting that went on all Saturday night through Sunday. We all thought that the battle front was approaching and that what we heard was the battle sounds. Nobody could imagine that it was just an infamous staging as a response to a military order to execute 500 communist Jews. In order to create a cover up, the German and legionnaire brutes were shooting all night towards retreating armies pretending that the Jews were doing that. This action took the life of 14,500 of our brothers, dead on 5, 6 and 7 of Tammuz.

All Saturday night through Sunday, thousands and thousands of Jews were taken out of their homes, from the streets, from the shelters and put in the overly crowded cellars of the police.

THE POGROM HAS BEGUN!

Saturday morning Jean Olivebaum was arrested, he was photographed with a machine gun in his hand and shut down in the middle of Lapusneanu Street, under the pretense that he was trying to gun down a group of Romanian officers in uniforms.

All the Jews from Nicolina, Socola, and Podul Ros were taken out and driven to the banks of the River Bahlui to be shot. As if by miracle, a colonel went by at that moment and ordered the blood thirsty brutes not to shoot them and to let them to go home. This way 5-6,000 of our brothers escaped from death.

But the Pacurariu district was heavily hit. Part of its Jewish inhabitants were gunned down on the streets or in their homes, the remaining ones were took to the cemetery and shot in front of the trenches previously dug. One of the grave diggers later said that old Strul Roitman, one of the community leaders and Zionist veteran asked to be allowed to make his final prayer. While the brutes were laughing, the old Strul finished his prayer and fell into the trench.

At the Sacra Society, Drimer, Ulrich Platzman and I were taking the necessary measures to bury our brothers killed in the bombardments. At 11 o'clock, the alarm went off again, but no plane was in sight. The streets were empty, no one could be seen and the sound of shooting came from everywhere. The market place was completely empty; Beceanu's drug store, in the corner, was open and inside lots of Jews covered in blood, among them the old Aizicovici with his head bandaged.

We could see, coming from the hospital, on Anastase Panu Street, a convoy of Jews, leaded by legionnaire brutes. Among our beaten and wounded brothers, I recognized Wolf Friedman.

Understanding the situation, we headed towards Drimer's house to wait for a quiet moment. In front of the house we met Diamand and Hersh Finkelstein who told us the worst news. The Germans and the legionnaires were going from house to house and taking out all the Jews and nobody had any doubt about their future. My friends decided to stay put and that decision cost them their lives, poor souls.

I bid them farewell and went off decided to join my family. I heard shooting on the streets, but no one could be seen. Suddenly, I met another convoy of Jews escorted by legionnaires, but I managed to remain unseen and to continue my way. As I reached my home, the sound of shooting was approaching, announcing the coming of the legionnaires and German hooligans entering every house and killing with cold blood entire families, children, old people, men and women, as if the history was going back in the time of barbaric invasions.

My house and my salami and sausages factory had already been confiscated on May 15th, 1941 by the German army. Many of my neighbors thought that the legionnaires would not enter in the house and took refuge at my place.

They were terribly wrong because the Germans put us in a line and handed us to those in the street who put us in a convoy already formed and forced us to walk with our hands above our heads.

Our Christian neighbors, whom I considered my friends, came out of their homes with iron bars, hoes, spades and guns and begin to hit us. Dozens of people fell down without the possibility to defend themselves, guilty only of being Jews. Among the first victims I remember Iancu Ghelerter, Shloime Morantz, Leib Sohet, as well as Aron Feldman, father of Bercu Feldman, the head of CDE who, to this day, prefers to stay among the killers of his people and of his father.

In front of The Jewish Maternity Hospital we are stopped by another gang of legionnaires who inform our keepers that in Toma's House there are still some "kikes". They furiously rushed to tear down that house. One Romanian corporal cut himself into a broken glass and started to shout that "the communist kikes" attacked him. It was the sign for the all the beasts to throw themselves at us and to beat us and hit us with all their might.

A Romanian sergeant and a Romanian corporal started robbing from the living and the dead alike everything they could find.

Our convoy of people covered in blood, with their hands in the air, barely dragging their feet, walked from street to street among Jewish dead bodies, robed and left on the street like dogs.

We arrived at "5 Drumuri" and from all over the place the legionnaires called the German troops to kill us because we shot the Romanian soldiers who did not know that they must defend themselves in their own country against evil alien creatures. But the German soldiers, obeying their strict orders, did not react and thus we are moving forward.

We joined a bigger convoy headed by rabbi Calaraser, his head uncovered and his hands tied at the back. Convoys after convoy are coming from Sararie, from Bratianu towards the Police Headquarters. Jews who are passing by with authorizations for free circulations were constantly stopped and forced in line along with the rest of us, regardless of their complaints.

Walking over our brothers' bodies, with our hearts full of pain, our eyes full of tears and our soul full of helpless hate, we arrived, after two and a half hours, in front of the Police Headquarters.

We go inside and among thousands of people, more dead than alive, covered in blood, crazy with sorrow, we are beginning to recognize our friends, H. Gherner, with his large hat pulled over his head, G. Altein with his fur cap and his topcoat full of blood, Solomon Kahane in his pajamas, morbidly pale, Sulimsohn, almost unconscious and many others, pulled out from their homes as they were, beaten, tortured physically and mentally with the uncertainty of their faith and the faith of their families.

Trucks fully loaded with people leave the police courtyard to make place for other hundreds of Jews from all over the city. Nobody knew where they were taken and for many years I did not know anything about their fate. From the people that returned from the Police Headquarters we found out that other thousands of our brothers are at The Military Police Headquarters and at The Army 13 Regiment.

Some young people rescued from the factory workshops tell us how the mechanics and tram drivers killed the Jews there with iron bars and hammers.

We all realize that our faith is doomed and that sooner or later our turn will come for each of us.

In the scorching heat, with no food or water, with their bodies crashed and their souls tormented by the injustice suffered, people say goodbye to each other. It is a very emotional sight.

Slowly, slowly, like a long and inhumane agony, hours are passing by until three o'clock in the afternoon. At that moment, on the surrounding walls and roofs dozens of German soldiers and Romanian military police appeared with their sleeves rolled up and their hands holding tight the rifles and the machine guns waiting only for an order to exterminate us.

At the first burst of gunfire, hundreds of our brothers fell down while the blood thirsty beasts continue to shoot them.

Trying to run for their life, those from the back of the courtyard tore down the fences and tried to run away. Many of them collapsed on the spot, others managed to squeeze out until the Nigel Alley, at the Cinema Sidoli or through the backyards from Bratianu Street where they were gunned down from the roofs where soldiers were set up in the morning according to the plan.

Convoys after convoys came to the police headquarter. When shooting stopped for several minutes, the iron bars and clubs were used and dozens and dozens of dead bodies gathered in front of the gates. However, death seemed to be a rather easy solution given the torture suffered by the wounded people scorched by the sun whose faint moans were covered by the sound of shootings and by the grins and cursing of the assassins who went on shooting in the name of the Christian God.

The massacre continued uninterrupted until 10 o'clock in the evening when we hear shouted orders and boot steps on the street pavement and the shootings stopped. The gates opened and those who could still stand were pushed out and aligned to the new convoys.

Our torment resumes, driving us mad. Soldiers were looking at us with hatred, played with us with their machine guns and we understood that we need to prepare for death. A drizzling rain slowly begins to pour. From our bodies burned by the scorching sun vapors start lifting.

At 12 o'clock precisely, after a moment of silence, a few short orders and the Police headquarters was taken over by the Germans. The Romanian soldiers were replaced by the German soldiers. We realize that our end is minutes away.

A rough order and all those with a glimmer of life in them are forced to stand up but they start shouting for water with all their force. They receive water, in some filthy, stinky buckets. Tormented by the thirst and by the scorching heat, the Jews gather in a crowd for few drops of water under the scornful grins of their butchers looking down on "the last supper of the convicted".

Other orders can be heard and groups are formed and taken out at a precise order, in German language. After each group is taken out, bursts of machine guns can be heard, fading moans, then silence. Another order, other bursts of fire, other moans and the massacre is going on. We are going to be massacred but with a typically Teutonic order and discipline.

At one moment soldiers armed with rubber sticks bend over the bodies lying on the ground, more dead than alive, and begin to count them. At 3 o'clock in the morning we are ordered to stand up, we are aligned six in a row and flanked on one side by the Nazi soldiers and on the other side by the street police sergeants, brought from other cities especially for this task.

The convoy makes its way forwards, walking among dead bodies. The streets are full of bleeding corpses. In Unirii Square the bodies are already piled up, ready for transportation.

Our eyes full of tears are recording all that automatically, almost unconscious, but the sorrow in our souls makes our hearts cry out:

“When will these beasts be punished? When will our innocent brothers, killed in excruciating tortures, be revenged?”

Slowly, slowly the convoys are gathering and are guided to the death wagons. Here, a committee of German high ranked officers and legionnaires commanders are looking at us and make several comments and decide that all of us will be shipped in 50 wagons, tightly closed. We are going to be in the second shipment, the first one has already departed right under our eyes when we were in the police courtyard. Today we know that from the 5,500 people who left towards Ialomita, only 800 of them made it. There are no words to tell and nobody can rightfully express the horror and the torture endured.

Our convoy is no exception. When we arrived to Unirii Street, we were attacked by the mechanics and other legionnaire workers from the railway company. More victims fall to the ground, but we are pushed forward. When we get into the railway station we are pushed down with shouts and hits. At that moment a passenger train is coming into the station and we can see the horrified and bewildered faces of the travelers. A Jewish lawyer, impeccably dressed, who had arrived in the city to work in a lawsuit for a company was recognized as a Jew, dragged down, undressed and heavily beaten. Later on, in the prisoner's camp at Podul Iloaiei, I found that his name was Blumen. Meanwhile, more and more Jews are brought from everywhere.

The old innkeeper Climer was killed with the hammers in front of everybody. Major Dr. Kaufman, an air force pilot, who came into town a day before to bury his father, is dragged out from the row and, at the officers' orders; the soldiers pull down his epaulets and his military tunic and beat him senseless.

We are counted and dragged in the wagons after being again robbed of what we had in our pockets. Our wagon has the number 31 and I believe that there were at least twenty more.

The legionnaires checked every wagon to make sure they were fully loaded. People are packed like sardines in a can, standing, around 120-140.

I happened to be standing in such a way that I was able to see outside through a narrow opening.

Poor Sami Glickman, the accountant, a huge fellow, was killed right in front of the wagon door.

Slowly, slowly, the wagons are filling up. The heat inside was unbearable because the wagons had been filled with carbide which was hot as fire from the sun.

The horrible noise was unbearable from the shouting of the people wounded by hammers or clubs and the cries merging with heart-breaking sighs.

Hours passed one after another and nobody could keep track of time, but the train wasn't moving from the Jassy railway station. One by one people were falling to the ground and never rose back up again. In our wagon, the first to fall was poor Margon who was almost naked and heavily beaten. Since I was the most fitted among us, I tried to hold him up around 10 more minutes, but soon I realized that it was in vain. Immediately after, poor Gal fell down, with his broken glasses and bits of glass stuck to his frightful wounds on his head. I tried to encourage him with positive words, but it was all in vain, his body collapsed on the floor.

At 9 o'clock the train begins to move towards an unknown direction.

In fact the train was only doing some maneuvers, hoping that we will die sooner. At 4 o'clock in the morning the train really starts moving but at a very slow speed, stopping every 5 minutes, thus the way to Podul Iloaiei, which usually takes 20 minutes to reach, now took 14 hours and we arrived at 6 o'clock in the evening. The situation inside the wagon cannot be described; the human mind could hardly take in those facts.

The Jews from Podul Iloaiei had already have been summoned since Saturday evening to gather at the synagogue where they had been locked until Sunday at noon.

At that time they had been informed by the local authorities that they were going to be released only if they accept to receive 500 "communist kikes". It was a good estimation because that's roughly how many people were still alive in the train. After our brothers from Podul Iloaiei accepted and were set free, they started preparing for our arrival. But they had to wait quite a long time because the beasts, lead by judge Triandaf were playing with us by making lengthy train maneuvers, while corpses fell to the ground among us like autumn leaves. In Cucuteni the train stopped for about an hour and the Jews, driven crazy by the torture, managed to break down some rotten boards and to jump out of the wagons, knowing what their fate will be, shouting: "We prefer to die now instead of that torture in your ovens!"

Through a narrow opening I could see the horrors outside. The legionnaires turned up suddenly and begin to shoot mercilessly at the people trying to escape.

Among the dead bodies I recognized Buium Schwartz, Leibovici the lawyer, but the others were too mutilated to be recognized.

I turned to my suffering brothers inside the wagon and, overwhelmed by my helplessness, I told them what I just have seen, begging them not to jump outside to a certain death. But for some of them, death was a sweet medicine instead of the torture they had to endure inside the wagon and they kept jumping outside, looking for a quick end. The shooting was their answer.

For those of us who were still alive, the torture was even harder and the chance to escape even smaller. I owe my life to my older son who thanks to his age had more strength and every time I fell down he raised me to an opening in the wagon wall to breathe a little fresh air to recover. My son had a small bottle of ammonia and he brought it to every person and managed to keep them alive by slapping them and making them smell the strong odor that kept them awake.

The wagons were constantly bumping into each other. The assassins knew what they were doing because those heavy bumps brought the end closer for many of us. Poor Puiu Frenkel, a 30 years old robust boy fell down just in front of me and I could not bring him back to life. At 6 o'clock the train stopped on the way to Harlau and the beasts opened the doors and started the evacuation amid excavations and mud pits. Yes, their hopes had not been in vain, from some wagons only 8 or 10 people were coming out, from some wagons, nobody did. Those coming out could hardly be called human after this ordeal.

From 25 wagons with 3000 people only 300 had survived.

Those who were still able to walk and those seriously wounded were put together in the carts which had been gathered in haste by the community and taken towards the town. Until they were able to climb in the carts some of us threw themselves in the mud pits and rolled over like animals trying to cool themselves from the scorching heat.

They keep beating us shouting: "You, kikes, you are communists, you shot at the Romanian army!"

Among the survivors I saw Dr. Kaufman Leon and Marcu Grumberg with his wife, completely naked, abused by the military policemen guarding them. Even the usually quiet peasants, who had arrived at the Sunday food market, incited by the situation, started to whip us and beat us with whatever they could grab.

Finally, we arrived at the Big Synagogue from this little town where our brothers welcomed us crying with pain and sorrow. They had already prepared barrels of water, food and

sweets, whatever they could find in their homes. All 763 Jews who were still alive have been accommodated in the Jewish families from Podul Iloaiei.

I immediately started to organize the help. I gathered beds, bed linens, underwear and clothes. The wounds have been dressed, pain has been alleviated. The next morning we started to bury the dead, Al Kidush Hashem. We asked all the Jews for help and all those who still have their strength helped us. Only 1370 corpses were buried. To this day we don't know where some of them are buried because at Jassy only 254 graves with names on them were found. Meanwhile, Romanian people came to the cemetery to take pictures and the German planes also took pictures above us.

The town hall doctor ordered that people should be buried without their clothes on because during the night, the Christian population was robbing the graves.

After the burial ceremony, we collected all the money and jewelry we could find. We found 2,500,000 lei and 2 small bags with 8.5 kg of gold, precious stones, rings, earrings and watches. From the money we gathered we created an assistance fund and 350 people received 60 lei a day. The jewelry bags were handed over in Jassy in the hands of Martin Weldt, a pharmacist, and to Mr. Kaner, and we wrote an official statement.

The days spent in the prison camp were hard because of the filthy conditions and the uncertainty. Whenever a train was passing towards the front line, soldiers were told about the communist kikes and they often rushed into the nearby Jewish houses for revenge. Thus died another two Jews, survivors of the death train.

Other times, we were taken by the military police, beaten and insulted, to unload freight trains, at random hours. It was a big step forward the day when this activity was regulated, meaning that the community sent "the kikes" to work.

For the next five months, the Jews had to harvest and thresh the grains, doing the hardest jobs in the field.

On November 20, 1941 those of us who had survived the massacre were allowed to return to their homes.

When we got back to Jassy, our first thought was to commemorate the souls of those killed by our side.

I begin to work without rest until I fulfilled this task. On June 29, 1947 we inaugurated the monument raised in the memory of our fallen martyrs, Al Kidush Hashem. A stately monument can be seen today, in front of The Jewish Hospital in Jassy bearing bilingual inscriptions, Romanian and Hebrew:

*“Behold, if there is a greater sorrow than mine.
They broke my limbs and I was alone in my sorrow”*

Jeremiah, XIII

On the other side, closer to the street, anyone can read from faraway:

“In the memory of our martyrs, killed by the bullets, asphyxiation, starvation and thirst. Our people will never forget you.”

Only after seven years, on May 15, 1948, the trial against the authors of the massacre of the 11,000 Jews from Jassy was initiated.

The assassins of our brothers cannot be counted. At least 100,000 criminal legionnaires had their hands full of innocent Jewish blood.

The Bucharest trial court managed to gather with difficulty 35 people, only 35 people, to pay for the horrible crimes. The deeds of the others were swept away. The law forgot them!

Among the main defendants were people from all social backgrounds, who believed that behind the green shirts, they can do anything.

General Stanescu, the front commander, who ordered to execute “500 communist guerilla Jews”; Colonel Colea Ionescu Policandru, who executed the order through his political views, aggressively legionnaires, without taking into consideration the numbers; Judge Triandaf, who organized and led with cruelty the death trains; Vivosky Emil, an artist, who killed in cold blood, the entire Leibovici family, on Lapusneanu Street; Cudi Dumitru, legionnaire merchant, who led the assassin gangs on Lapusneanu Street; Adrian Pascu and Botez Francois, journalists, mass instigators and some others.

Those were punished. But where were the hands bearing the deadly weapons? Where were the mouths cursing and abusing while the wounds were multiplied and the blood was pouring out from the bodies taking the life with it? Where were the beasts with their eyes beaming of hate when the clubs shattered the human lives?

All those were forgotten by the Romanian state justice!

But our God and we, the Jews, will never forget them!

Eleven years have passed. Dirt lies over the graves of our brothers killed at Maidanek and Vapniarca, at Auschwitz and Bergen-Belsen, in the ovens of those who bragged with their pure race. Will the Jews from Galut understand this lesson from the past? Eretz Israel, the land of all the Jewish people is ready to welcome them with open arms and is ready to defend them!