



GHETTO YARUGA

In July 1941, the Jews were resettled in a street on the outskirts of town.
Leaving outside the fence was forbidden.
In October and November 1941, more than 500 Bukovina Jews were settled in the ghetto.
On the morning of May 30, 1942 many Jews were shot.
In 1943 about 800 people lived in Yaruga.
During the years of occupation, more than a hundred people were killed. The township was liberated on March 20, 1944.



Bubis Lev

I was born on June 15, 1935 in the village of Yaruga, near the river Dniester. There were two kolkhozes, one Ukrainian named Molotov, the second – Jewish, named Petrovsky. There were two schools, one Ukrainian, the second a seven-year Jewish school. The principal of the Jewish school was my father Bubis Mark. My mother worked as a teacher at the same school. Famous Jewish writer and poets often attended the school. The town celebrated Jewish weddings. Jews have

lived a full life, attending the synagogue, working on the farm.

Everything collapsed in an instant – on June 22, 1941. The place was bombed by Nazi aviation. There were victims and much destruction. Border guards blew up the underground fortifications and began to leave the village. Three days later, father was mobilized to the front. We never had a chance to evacuate. It was the beginning of the German-Romanian occupation. Our luck was that the Germans did not stay in the village, leaving us to the Romanians. Yaruga was part of the so-called Transnistria.

The Romanian invaders established a brutal regime. The Jews were placed in a ghetto, forbidden to leave. We worked in the agricultural sector (vines, sugar beet, etc.) We were taken to and from work under escort. We worked for free. The apart-



ments were looted by Romanians and Moldovans. Some Ukrainians helped them as well. Several times the Jews were gathered for execution. But God was merciful. Beyond the village overnight they shot up to 500 persecuted Jews from Bessarabia. We constantly lived in fear, experiencing hunger and cold. Drunken Romanians, along with policemen would stage "amusement games", randomly firing at the working people in the vineyard. In front of the eyes of the people they shot the chairman of the Jewish collective farm Malamud. We wore armbands with the Star of David. The Jews managed to establish contact with the surrounding farmers and some policemen of Ukrainian nationality. They informed us of upcoming raids, helped us with food.

On March 16, 1944 Yaruga was liberated by the Soviet Army.



Yampolsky Baruch

Before the war, our family – father, mother, brother Elya and I lived in Yaruga. My father and mother worked at the collective farm.

In the early days of the war father was mobilized into the army, and for us – came the black days of the occupation.

One of the streets of our town was turned into a ghetto. Raids began, all our belongings were looted.

In the fall of 1941, Jews from Bukovina were brought to Yaruga, and the entire town became a natural ghetto. Each home sheltered several families. We were cold and hungry. The conditions were terrible. In 1942, on the orders of the Romanian administration, the entire Jewish population of our village was taken to a camp in the village of Skazentsy, Mogilev-Podolsk district. After staying there for a few months, we sold our last property, and bribed the authorities in exchange for permission to return home to Yaruga. There we were again herded into a ghetto. Our mother with her sisters worked in the most difficult works, taking my brother with them to work. In March 1944, when our village was liberated, we made a pontoon bridge across the Dniester River, to pass troops to Moldova. One day the German planes flew in and bombed the ferry and our town. Mother came out into the street with my older brother, and a shell fell nearby. Mother was immediately killed and my brother suffered a concussion. My brother and I were taken in by my mother's sisters.

We survived the ghetto because there were many good people who helped us, Ukrainians. They saved us, informing us in advance about upcoming raids and pogroms. We would hide in ravines and at our Ukrainian friends' homes. Much gratitude to the good people for everything they have done for us.