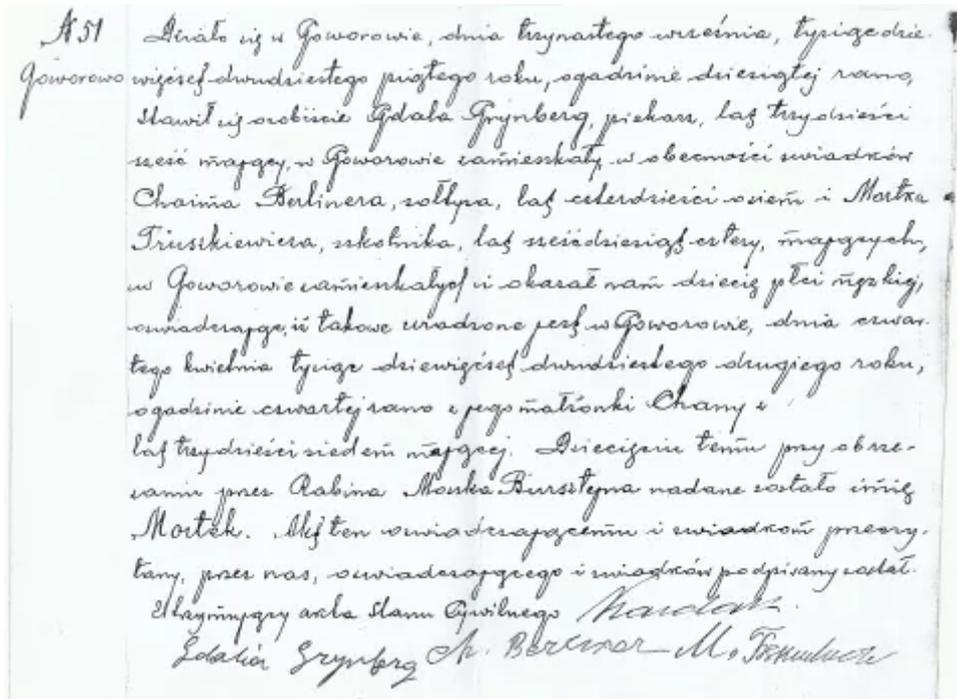


Motl Grynberg's Birth Certificate



This is a copy of my, Icchok Grynberg's, younger brother Motl's birth certificate. It was noted by a Polish official in the community documents. It was signed by my father - Gedala Grynberg, the rabbi and a friend of my father's. The time we spent together in Russia made me very attached to my brother Motl.

During our stay in Ufaley rules were becoming more and more strict. If someone was 21 minutes late for work, then, without a sentence, without a court, he was sent to prison for six months. I remember, my brother, who worked with me, was late once and they put him in prison. He got a six-month sentence. They put him in prison in a small town, about 60 kilometers from Ufaley. It was winter. In prison Brother got frostbite on his legs. When those six months passed, he couldn't come back because he couldn't even stand up. He was very weak. Whenever he got bread, someone who was stronger would take it away from him. Once I got a telegram from that prison. It said that Brother wasn't able to come back by himself, and asked me to come and get him. I had to ask for time off. I asked them to give me a few days off, so that I could go get Brother. They gave me time off. I went to catch a train, but at that time only the army was using trains. I couldn't get on it. I remember as if it was today, I was sitting at the train station and saying to myself: 'I have very little time.' I decided to walk. It was extremely cold. I took a backpack, bread, and a bottle of milk, and I was trying not to eat it all on the way. I walked on foot day and night, and finally got there, but couldn't find the prison. I said to myself: 'I'll go to the train station, maybe I'll ask there.' I remember, I went to the train station, but found no one to talk to. There was only one handicapped man, a Russian, but he looked like a good man. I asked him where the prison was. I got lucky because he said: 'I live near the prison, if you want, you can follow me.' I told him I came for my brother, he let me spend the night at his place, and in the morning I went to the prison. I had the telegram, but when I went closer to the gate, they told me to move away. I was standing in the frost outside the prison. Then I saw a smiling face and heard: 'Have you come for your brother?' It turned out it was that nurse, Jewish, from Kiev, who sent me the telegram. Motl was telling her he

had a brother in Ufaley, and asked her to notify me. And she did. If it hadn't been for her, nobody would have done anything for us. Brother would have died of exhaustion in that prison.

I waited for a while and she brought him out, holding him under his arms. He was so thin, his beard overgrown, and he couldn't walk. He started to cry. I picked him up and took him to that Russian, who let me stay with him the previous night. I gave Brother whatever I had - bread and milk. When he was eating, you could see how the food was going down his esophagus to his stomach. After he ate he felt sick. He couldn't digest any more. He stayed in bed one day, and the next day I said: 'We'll go to my place, to Ufaley.' We waited for the train, because I told myself: 'I can't walk, I can't carry him.' But the train that came was full of soldiers. Finally I picked him up, and got on between the cars. I was holding on to one car with one hand, and onto the other car with the other hand. I was standing stretched like that, and he was lying on my chest. That's how we got to Ufaley. In Ufaley we had to walk quite a bit, too. We walked for a few hours, and finally got to my place, and I put him on my bed. From then on I slept on the floor and gave him my bed. In the morning we went to the factory nurse. They started wrapping the frostbite on his legs. Two of his toes fell off then, it started bleeding... I went to work and told the manager that my brother was there and that he had no shoes. He gave him the shoes under the condition that Brother would come to work. I took the shoes, but Brother couldn't go to work yet. The manager was upset with me. But it took about two more weeks, and Brother went to work with me. He could move then, but he was very weak. He couldn't keep up. I was helping him. With time, somehow he got better. He got healthy again.