

## MEMORIES OF KAZIMIERZ AND ANTONINA SIDOROWICZ

FROM D. TUROWSKA FROM THE VILLAGE DOMINOPOL IN THE COUNTRY WŁODZIMIERZ  
WOŁYŃSKI IN WOLYNI 1930 - 1944

My name is Antonina Sidorowicz, I am 87 years old and I live in the colony of Siedliska 115, commune Zamość, Zamość powiat, voivodeship Lublin. I was born in 1916 in August in the village of Dominopol, commune Werba, Włodzimierz Wołyński powiat. My mother, Maria nee Zinkiewicz, and my father, Aleksander Turowski. For the Kingdom of Heaven, I was born in the Church in Swojczów [gm. Werba]. My parents, taking me to baptism, had to take a special pass from the army standing on the bridge. I don't remember World War I, I know it only from stories.

My home village was almost exclusively inhabited by Polish people, and about 300 families lived in it, it was a very large village. There were only two Ukrainian families: Markiewicz and Dubczuki. It was often very quiet and peaceful with us, wooden houses were surrounded by orchards and gardens with lots of various flowers and fruit trees. Orgines and asters were the best memories, and cherries were the most numerous of the trees. He added charm and spread the fragrance without: white, blue and red. It was very beautiful here, from the north side, from Świnarzyn, there was a beautiful forest, we often went mushroom picking with our families, we also eagerly collected hazelnuts, wild strawberries, blackberries and blueberries. The forest was our common pantry. From the south, the Turia River was slowly meandering, with meadows and pastures along it. I often went there with my friends to pick meadow flowers, there were many cows grazing there. The water in our river was clean and healthy, there were many fish in it, which the boys caught with the rods. I loved our village very much, I had many friends there.

When I was a child, I went to a Polish school in Dominopol. I liked going to school because it was fun there, our teachers organized "Jasełka" and many other performances in which we were actors. I saw these plays many times, even once I took part in such a performance and was then an angel. These children's favorite shows were organized throughout the year, mostly at Christmas. Our school was a 4-year school and it was attended not only by Polish but also Ukrainian children, mainly from Wołczak. The village of Wołczak [gm. Werba] was inhabited only by Ukrainians, among them there were only two Polish families, one Pole was called Buczak. The other host was called Adam Mikulski, around 70, his wife Helena, 65, their daughter Józefa, around 18, and our good friend Franciszek Mikulski. So I had friends, both Polish and Ukrainian. Our childhood was extremely harmonious and full of love. Today I do not remember even a single case of even a slight hostility born out of national differences. I have been to Ukrainian homes many times and I do not remember anyone speaking badly about Poland and Poles. I felt the same in Wołczak, nobody was making the Poles feel bad. I would like to emphasize that this situation did not change also in the 1930s, I was already a young lady then, but in our mutual relations nothing has changed, it was still calm.

My family was Roman Catholic and we attended the church in Swojczów, which was very close, only 4 km from our village. Most often we walked through the colony Piński Most [commune Werba], and then through the German colony of Wandywol. When the Germans left it before World War II, both Poles and Ukrainians lived in it. Our temple was very beautiful, bricked around with lime trees. In the main altar there was the famous Image of Our Lady of Swojczowska. I remember how at the beginning of the Holy Mass the painting was unveiled and then it was covered. In this church, I received my First Holy Communion for the first time, it was a very unusual experience, as every child I liked sweets, so I remembered very well how, after our celebration, our priest invited all children to the garden, which was next to the rectory. When I got there, I saw many tables with cake and hot tea on them, and everything was prepared with me and the other First Communion children in mind. I liked it very much then.

#### HAPPY BIRDS OF YOUTH

Soon after, I was only 8 years old and I took part in Christmas processions around our temple many times, wearing a beautiful white dress that my parents made for me. I was walking with the other children and I was throwing flowers densely in front of Jesus walking in the Blessed Sacrament. I remember that for my confirmation I chose the name of Maria, because that was the name of my beloved mum. Then Fr. Bishop, and the whole ceremony was very beautiful. Actually, I liked all the holidays very much, until today I remember the indulgence in Swojczów especially well, in honor of the Sowing Mother of God, which was ego year September 8. On that day, many people came to church from all parts of our large parish, and even people often came from very distant places. Many priests were also guests. On that day there was always a very solemn procession around our temple, we went two or three times.

The fair was a real attraction, which always accompanied such great celebrations, and you could buy all sorts of trinkets there, a paradise for children. The carousel, a large and beautiful carousel, enjoyed particular interest. On the suspended chains, gypsum and wooden horses, painted in various colors, darted briskly, they looked alive. There were people inside who were spinning the carousel and an orchestra of several musicians to keep everyone nice and fun. Kazimierz recalls: "I personally knew the leader of this orchestra, a Ukrainian from Rzewuski named Pieter, he played the Barytyna - a wind trumpet. There were eight musicians in total. Another well-known and liked music group in our homeland was the Polish band from the Polish colony of Czesnówka. There were several musicians from one family, their name was Struś and they often played at various receptions in and around Swojczów.

Under the tender protection of Our Lady of Swojczowska, religious life also flourished in our village, I remember how much we liked to sing various religious songs during various holidays, and more. In May, I and my friends Feliks and Stanisława Potockie and our friend Wasilewski also went to the statue to sing the picnic. Our statue stood at the very beginning

of our village, on the west side, from the village of Zarudle, next to the gamekeeper's house of a Ukrainian, Władysław Czereniuk and his wife Maria. It was a beautiful large wooden cross on which Jesus was hung. It was there, throughout May every evening, we joyfully sang various songs in honor of the Mother of God, we loved her very much. In turn, during Lent, many people of all ages came to our house and together with enthusiasm we sang Bitter Lamentations and celebrated the Way of the Cross. It was like that almost every day, I remember that I liked to take an active part in these meetings. The faithful of our parish were buried in the cemetery in Swojczów. There was an old and a new cemetery, in the old cemetery the ashes of my grandparents on the part of my father and my mother were laid. My husband's grandparents, on the other hand, are buried in the cemetery in Włodzimirz Wołyński.

I do not remember that before World War II, Ukrainians sang hostile songs against Poles, there were not even any artificial divisions between us. People spent their free time together and happily, having fun and singing on various favorable occasions, such as holidays and family celebrations, even ordinary meetings. Even the defeat of the Polish state in September 1939 had practically no effect on changing this situation. I don't remember any acts of hostility, even after the Soviets came. I have not heard anyone in this difficult time for our nation making fun of what constituted Polishness.

When the terrible deportations to Siberia began, no one left our village as a representative of the village council "prociedadatiem", established by the Soviets right after their entry into Poland, was a Ukrainian from Dominopol Dubczuk. He was a very good man who, when the Soviets asked him the question: "How are you Polish women good or bad ?, he was supposed to answer:" There are no bad people with me, all are good. This story was told to me personally by Franciszek Mikulski from Zamość, who previously lived in Wołczak. How did he know about this? Probably local people told him. To sum up, during the first Soviet occupation there was no hostility between us yet, no one was talking about the murders yet.

#### THE YEAR BEFORE THE DESTINATION

June 1941 did not bring any major changes to the common life of Poles and Ukrainians in our neighborhood. I did not notice any signs of joy in the Ukrainians because of the arrival of the Germans to our lands. On August 17, 1941, I married Kazimierz Sidorowicz and moved to the village of Smolarnia, commune of Drum. In 1942, I did not hear any Ukrainians committing an attack on Poles, I do not remember even one act of hostility. In the winter of 1942, a Ukrainian family of Stefan Maciocha came to our village of Smolarnia, who had previously lived in the village of Młyniska on the Bug [commune of Chotiaczów, powiat Włodzimirz Woł.]. Stefan and his brother, Iwan, were relocated to the place of the Germans, who were transferred to Poznańskie.

Kazimierz Sidorowicz: Soon afterwards, me and Stefan Maciocha were riding a wagon together to Włodzimirz Wołyński. Then I asked: "Stefan, when will there be an exchange

between Poles and Ukrainians?", Then he replied: "The exchange will be like this: if you are stronger, you will kill me, and if I prove to be stronger, I will kill you. But since I have nothing against you, I won't kill you. "

Antonina Sidorowicz: My husband told me about this conversation right after he returned home. Since then, I felt tender They are already in danger, even though Smolarnia was actually a Polish village. Only a few families were Ukrainian. So, already in 1942, I knew that a pogrom of Poles could take place, and it was not the only signal of the impending genocide. My sister, Eugenia Turowska, told me in Dominopol that she had talked to Soviet partisans in our village, who informed her that the Ukrainians were getting ready to murder Poles. When Eugenia and her friends were standing next to their houses, the Soviets approached them and told them: "You are pretty girls, I feel sorry for you, but the Ukrainians will kill you! We will run away from here, but they will murder you! " It was in the summer of 1942. These Soviet partisans stayed with the Ukrainian partisans for some time, and after what they said and what actually happened later in Dominopol, it is highly probable that they knew about the planned slaughter much earlier. My sister Eugenia told me about it personally in Dominopol, when I went from Smolarnia to visit my relatives there. I also remember that from the beginning of 1942, from the winter, Ukrainian guards stood on the roads leading to Dominopol [in fact: Ukrainian guards were later, from 1943]. One was located by the village from the side of Włodzimierz Wołyński, and the other was on the bridge, on the Turia River. At that time, it was impossible to go to the church in Swojczów or go to Włodzimierz to the city, they did not let go at all. Meanwhile, in our village, Smolarnia was not worth the whole year 1942.

Kazimierz Sidorowicz: My full sister Ludwika Skawińska, who lived in Smolarnia, told me that in the summer of 1942 she had the following dream: "I dreamed of Jesus, who was lying dead in the coffin, and next to the coffin there was a large bowl of human blood. this, suddenly the Lord Jesus woke up and sat down in the coffin. He looked at me with his beautiful but sad eyes and said to me: "If you do not improve this year, I will destroy you completely for the next year." And after these words the dream ended! "My sister told me this right after the murder of the village of Dominopol. She saw then:" a great strange brightness "that was going from Swojczów through Smolarnia towards Włodzimierz Wołyński, from the east to the west. It was then that, under the influence of the recent bloody events and this strange phenomenon: "Mysterious Walking Light", she remembered this dream about Jesus speaking. Soon after, she, her husband, and their eight young children were also brutally murdered by the Ukrainians in their own backyard.

#### FIRST VICTIMS OF BANDERS

Antonina and Kazimierz Sidorowicz: Franciszek Mikulski told us in Włodzimierz Wołyński that he knew that a Ukrainian from Gnojno named Komar murdered a Polish officer with the rank of lieutenant, in September 1939, in Gnojno. Franciszek learned about it from the Ukrainian himself, Komar, who was staying with him at his house, and from many other Ukrainian

partisans, also with him. One day another Bandera came to visit Komar and seeing him in the Polish uniform, he said: "You're a pretty Pole, you have nice Polish clothes." Then Komar answered him this: "In 1939 I killed a Polish lieutenant and this is his garment!" Komar said it so that Mikulski heard everything.

Antonina Sidorowicz: My parents had a field near the village of Piński Most. Poles and Jews lived there, there were no Ukrainians at all. I remember a young Jewish woman, Łejka, she was blind, just like her father Szloma, sometimes I saw her mother in our village, who chased calves for slaughter, they were very poor Jews. The second Jewish family in Pińsk Most was called Abramek and it was quite a wealthy family. There I knew a girl named Złotka. In the summer of 1942, the Ukrainians took Jews from this village to the nearby Świniarzyński forest and murdered them there. My mother, Maria Turowska, told me that she saw with her own eyes how they led Jews into the forest, carrying spatulas. Later, they were used to dig graves for themselves and their families, and together three Jewish families were murdered. Also Mr. Kazimierz Sidorowicz confirms that the Ukrainian police from Gnojno shot the Jews from the Pinsk Bridge, he says: "My brother-in-law Franciszek Iwanicki from Dominopol personally led me to the place of execution and burial. I remember it was on the edge of the forest, I also saw still fresh soil. Franciszek then said to me in this place: "Here the Ukrainian police from Gnojno sent Jews from our village and Wandywola." together there were 3 Jewish families.

Antonina and Kazimierz Sidorowicz: From the end of 1942, our entire stay in Volhynia was in constant fear of death. On the one hand, the Germans took people to forced labor, and on the other hand, rumors that were repeated more and more often, chilling blood in our veins, telling how brutally Ukrainians murder Poles in the eastern part of Volyn. And at least in our neighborhood there were no such terrible pogroms, but both our family and other Poles more and more often left their homes and went to makeshift shelters and hideouts at night. Barns, stables, farm buildings of various kinds, grain in the fields, hay mounds, gardens and ordinary bushes were also frequent places to spend the night. We felt like hunted animals, unsure of our fate.

Kazimierz Sidorowicz: I remember that also from 1942, on the doors of Ukrainian houses, someone painted a large number "102" with chalk [also in this place the time of the event was given incorrectly. The houses were marked in 1943]. This number was probably secret. the slogan of the Banderites, because it was certainly not done by Poles. Moreover, it is striking that this sign appears only on the doors of Ukrainian families, on the doors of Polish houses it was not painted anymore. Therefore, also for this reason, Poles kept quietly saying to each other that mysterious " 102 "is a secret sign of the UPA gang, which surely does not bode well. These signs were not present in Dominopol and Smolarnia, they came from Kohylń. Michał Roch told me about it, who was told by Stanisław Roch, Michał's brother, Stanisław Roch's wife. numerous numbers "102" painted on the houses, she became very worried and meeting a Ukrainian friend from Kohylń, crying, she began to complain to him in

such a voice: "Something bad is happening when the door will Polish houses are marked with a strange number: "102", but not Polish. This begins to show a difference! "Then this Ukrainian, reassuring Józefa, said to her:" Józia, you write it on your door, in the same way. "

#### POLISH-UKRAINIAN COOPERATION

Antonina Sidorowicz: My parents Maria and Aleksander Turowski, my sisters: Ewa, Anna, Eugenia and aunt Katarzyna Majewska, told me during their lifetime that as early as 1942 the Ukrainians, passing through our village [Dominopol], sang a song of this content: " Smert, smert Żydam and Lacham and the Moscow commune. " They usually went to the Świnarzyński forest, where their UPA headquarters were located. From the spring of 1943, Ukrainian partisans were also quartered in a school in Dominopol and in private apartments of many Poles in our village. Local people said that these large Ukrainian troops came somewhere from the direction of Lviv. I remember there was talk of 2,000 soldiers, and maybe even more. Polish families fed them, washed their clothes and lodged them, while they were solemnly assured that there would be peace and an alliance against the Germans between us. I was also told that as early as the summer of 1942 [at that time, the Ukrainians were not yet organized enough to involve Poles in a common partisan movement. This recruitment took place in the spring of 1943. The Ukrainians publicly announced a call, addressed primarily to young, strong Poles living in our area, to willingly join the Polish-Ukrainian partisans. They even came personally to Polish homes by carts and took selected men, saying: "We will fight together, we will not go to the pit like the Jews!" Most of these men were later murdered. Before this happened, many speculated that the Ukrainians could murder everyone, but in their hearts, Poles did not think that something like this could happen. And yet the worst happened, not only almost all the soldiers from the above-mentioned unit died, their number was supposed to reach 120. Almost all of my village, including my closest ones, was also brutally murdered.

Antonina and Kazimierz Sidorowicz: There was another, very painful blow that was aimed at the Polish population: in those days, the Ukrainians very often called Poles to show up with carts and horses for the forszpan, actually who went, no one else about him he heard. People told themselves with trepidation that the Ukrainians were almost certainly murdering all of them treacherously. My brother, Adam Turowski, and three other farmers from Dominopol, once also went, called by the Ukrainians, who had come to our village to collect them. Marcel Mikulski told me about it personally. Since then, no trace of them and their horses have been found.

Kazimierz Sidorowicz: Before it happened, however, in the summer of 1943 a quite significant event took place, about which Poles told each other from mouth to mouth throughout our neighborhood. Terlecki, a Pole, lived in Teresin, and he had a quarrel over some private matter with his brother-in-law, who was also Polish and was probably called Ozga. The brother-in-law reported to the Ukrainian police in the German service that Terlecki had a hidden weapon. Soon the Ukrainians came to Terlecki's yard during the day



and began to look for a barn in front of the gate, where Ozga showed them the supposed hiding place. The Pole defended himself that he knew nothing about the buried weapon and did not confess to what they accused him of. Meanwhile, the Ukrainians found nothing but the remains of a dead dog and left with nothing. After some time, however, they returned again, once again unearthed the dog's remains and this time they decided to check it also eat under them. The gun was hidden right there. After finding her, the policemen took Terlecki's wagon and his horses, and tied him by the neck to the wagon with a rope and dragged him along. From then on, all hearing of him was lost, people said that he was probably murdered then.

Kazimierz Sidorowicz: A few hours before the bloody Sunday, July 11, 1943, at night, several armed Ukrainians came by wagon to the Polish village of Ludmiłopol. They traveled to Polish families and called strong, young men to the Polish-Ukrainian partisans that were forming in Dominopol. In this way, they took a few Poles with them and drove towards Dominopol. However, they did not reach their destination. That same night, the Ukrainians, arriving at the first houses of the Zarudle village, right next to the farm of the Pole Żukowski, suddenly stopped and ordered the Poles to get off the cart. When the Poles found themselves in the meadow, the Ukrainians treacherously opened fire on them and fired everyone. The following people died then: Feliksiak Józef approx. 30, Szymański Henryk approx. 30. Puzio Franciszek approx. 30, and I do not remember the other names. I am also aware that a Ukrainian, Ostapczuk Pieter, also from Ludmiłopol, took Polish men from his home and he also shot them later. The murderers either did not hide their crime at all, or were scared off by something, because they did not manage to hide the bodies of the murdered, who were found in the morning by the road, in the place where they were shot. The victims were also partially robbed of their clothes. Later, the victims' wives and their families would come to the place of the murder, and they would recognize their boys. Among these people was also Józef Feliksiak's wife Antonina, who later told me all this personally. One peasant survived from this group: Jarmuł Zygmunt, when he was already riding a wagon with others to his destination, a Ukrainian acquaintance rode by bicycle, who he recognized among the men of Zygmunt, his friend. He called to the Ukrainians and stopped the wagon, then asked only Zygmunt aside. When he escorted him a bit to the side, he ordered him to flee, as he guessed that the Poles were going to their death. A few days later I met personally, miraculously saved Zygmunt, who told me that a Ukrainian friend told him then: "You have to run away or they will kill you!" Zygmunt didn't think much, he just started to run away, the others drove away on the wagon.

#### BLOOD SUNDAY IN DOMINOPOLY

Antonina and Kazimierz Sidorowicz: From the spring of 1943, Ukrainian partisans were quartered in Dominopol, in schools and in many private apartments of Poles. Local people told that hundreds of Ukrainian soldiers came from Galicia, somewhere from Lviv in the spring of 1943. The Ukrainians assured everyone left and right that there would be an

alliance against the Germans, that we would fight together, shoulder to shoulder for a common cause. We found out what it actually looked like afterwards on Sunday, July 11. The inhabitants of Dominopol were murdered by Ukrainian soldiers from Lviv, peasants from Kohylno and Wołczak.

Antonina Sidorowicz: My neighbor from Dominopol, Marcel Mikulski, who lived next to us, just across the road, told my husband and me in 1944 in Siedliska near Zamość the tragic fate of the inhabitants of Dominopol. I remember that he told us about it for the first time in Włodzimirz in July 1943, right after the pogrom, and then several more times after the war. He said: "Your family is dead, my children are also dead, they were all murdered by the Ukrainians!" Then he began to narrate the course of events in turn. On the night of July 10-11, the entire Mikulski family was at home. It was night, Marceli's mother, who was awake that night for some reason, saw a red rocket in the sky. Deeply concerned, she immediately woke her children and cried out to get up and run to the barn, because something was starting to happen. Marcel and his wife Helena managed to escape and hide in the barn, and their mother hid with them. Meanwhile, the children stayed at home because their parents did not want to wake up their children. They still didn't know what was really going on, so they didn't realize the seriousness of the threat. As soon as they got to the barn, they saw Ukrainians running from house to house, who soon also found their way to their yard. They did not know that their action was being watched by three people hidden in the barn and looking through the gaps. The Ukrainians started hitting the house violently, shouting: "Open up, you won't run away anyway. If you don't open the door, we'll break the door!" As no one answered, they broke into the house and stabbed the Mikulski children with bayonets. Two girls, around 12 and 10, and a boy, around 8, died then. The children were pricked in their beds, you can see that they were terrified of this situation and didn't even try to run away, but buried deeper in the sheets. The departing criminals left their bayonet stuck in the table top on the table. Those sitting in the barn were trembling at that time for the lives of their children, and after a while they saw three ch Ukrainians when they leave their home and go to their neighbors' house. Fortunately, they did not look in the barn and set fire to the farm buildings, and the Mikulskis did not notice that the Ukrainians took anything from the house.

Marcel continued that right after the bandits had left, Marcel's mother went home and found the strangled children. She returned to the barn and told her parents what had happened. After some time, the Mikulski family left the barn and moved to the garden, where they hid in peas. After some time, they noticed the approaching Ukrainians again, who dug a grave next to the house and threw the bodies of the children there. Marcel also saw the Ukrainians burying the bodies of their Traczyński neighbors, who had also been brutally murdered earlier. From hiding, he recognized the bodies of Weronika, around 35, and Aleksander, around 40, Traczyńscy, and their two adult daughters: Eugenia, around 16, and the other Felicja, around 14. The Mikulskis were sitting in peas all day, July 11, all Sunday. Marcel also informed me that in the morning he heard two shots, hidden in peas,



coming from the Turowski barn. However, he did not see anything else and then he did not hear about the death of my immediate family, and I still do not know how they were murdered. To this day, I also do not know where my parents, siblings and others were buried. Only on the night of July 11-12, they withdrew through the road "concrete" located there to the second village. As far as I remember, Marcel probably told that they escaped to Zarudle, and then to Włodzimierz Wołyński.

After the war, I also met Mr. Bronisław Kraszewski, who was my close neighbor in Dominopol. That tragic night he was returning from the village of Wandywola and when he wanted to cross the Turia River, there was a Ukrainian guard standing on the bridge, with which he did not want to see him, he heard shots and chilling screams of people being murdered. Slowly it was getting light, so he hid in the nearby bushes and watched the village closely. Then he saw how, on the farm of Ewa and Antoni Turowski, the Ukrainians were taking their parents: Ewa and Antoni and their three children out of the house to the orchard. Then, before his eyes, they began murdering them one by one. At first they murdered the children, then their parents. They left them beaten in the orchard.

Antonina and Kazimierz Sidorowicz: The second daughter of the Wasilewski family, her name was Stanisława, about 24 years old, she married Jan Szulakiewicz and they lived about 1 km from Dominopol, near the Ukrainian village of Rewuszki. Marcel Mikulski told me that they were also murdered, and it was like this: "On Sunday, July 11, Ukrainians came to Jan Szulakiewicz's yard and entered the house. Stanisława was just having a cake when the Ukrainians immediately murdered her husband, then she decided to leave the house to the court. However, when the Ukrainians noticed that she was leaving the house, they started shooting at her and killed her at the door of her house." Marcel Mikulski told me and my husband that he knew the course of these events from a neighbor who was an eyewitness to it.

Kazimierz Sidorowicz: Leon Buczek, Kazimierz's brother, told me after the war that early on Monday morning a few Ukrainians armed with vending machines came to the Bernacki's yard in carts. At that time, Kazimierz Buczek was sitting in the barn and saw everything through the gaps. Together with his wife they stayed in the barn because they were afraid to stay at home. In the morning, my wife woke up, got up and told Kazik that she was going to see how the kids were at home. When she was in the yard, the Ukrainians had just arrived and immediately, without a word, started shooting at her, killing her on the spot. Kazimierz noticed that the attackers had their faces masked with scarves so that they could not be recognized. Meanwhile, the parents, greatly disturbed by these shots, left the house outside. The Ukrainians, in turn, opened fire on them and killed them too. Grandpa Bernacki, around 50, died then, and his wife, grandmother Bernacki, around 50, and Kazimierz's wife, around 26, and a boy around 15. The son, Kazimierz Bernacki, was after his first father and was therefore called Buczek. When Kazimierz learned how the Ukrainians treated his closest family, he went out to the back of the barn and began to flee to the meadows into bushes,

closer to the Turia River. One of the bandits noticed him and started chasing him on horseback. Kazik was escaping as fast as he could, the Ukrainian, in his zeal for the merciless murder of Poles, wanted to jump across the ditch in a long leap. This time, however, by our Lord's will, he miscalculated and the horse collapsed, immobilizing the rider for a moment. Kazimierz took advantage of this and stabbed the thug with his bayonet. Kazimierz later told his full brother Leon Buczek, and he told me about it.

Antonina and Kazimierz Sidorowicz: Another inhabitant of Dominopol, Jan Nowaczyński, survived the massacre because he managed to hide in a shelter, in an underground garden. Janek met us in Włodzimierz Woł. shortly after the attack and began to talk about what happened in Dominopol, he said: "On the night of the attack, my Nowaczyński family stayed with me in the shelter, which was in their garden, near the river Turia. During the night I heard shots and terrifying screams of people being murdered in our village. As our shelter was well camouflaged, peas planted on it grew. Ukrainian bandits did not manage to detect us. Me and my wife and our son Henryk, aged around 10, even saw clearly the legs of the Bandera torturers who were looking for us. Terrified by what was happening around us, we sat quietly in this shelter all day, hearing from time to time screams of people being killed. Only at night, when it got quite dark and quiet, we left the shelter and crossed the Turia River to the other side, walking carefully towards the Polish village of Władysławówka. John had parents and brothers who helped us immediately. From there we escaped to Włodzimierz Wołyński. " It was then, while in the city, that they met us and told us everything. We know that the rescued Nowaczyński family settled in Gdańsk after the war, lived and worked there and left there for eternal watch.

Another eyewitness to this terrible tragedy, Franciszek Mikulski, told me and my husband Kazimierz after the war, in our home in Siedliska near Zamość: playing in Budy Ossowskie [gm. Turzysk, Kovel district]. When, after the party was over, we returned by bike at night, already on Monday, July 12, to Dominopol, on the road we met a Ukrainian friend from Rzewuszek, who was a famous Soviet official during the first Soviet occupation. He warned us not to return to our village, because all the inhabitants of Dominopol were murdered from Saturday to Sunday by the Ukrainians. He said to us then: "Don't go to Dominopol, because everyone has been murdered there!" Then I decided to turn back and went back to my girlfriend in Budki Ossowskie, while Mokrecki and Zawadzki did not believe the words of the Ukrainian. They really wanted to see what actually happened there and continued on their bikes. As they approached the village, they met Ukrainians who shot them. Some time later, the Ukrainian bandits also murdered the Ukrainian who warned us on the road. The murder was revenge, just for the good deed for me and my friends right there on the road. The Banderites also murdered his entire family, who lived in Rzewuski. " Franciszek Mikulski was a good friend of this Soviet "Procedatiel" and he must have found out about this murder somewhere.

In the summer of 1943, on one of the streets of Włodzimierz Wołyński, we met Stanisław Uleryk, the son of Władysław, who began to tell us about the death of his closest family, his experiences and the very escape from Dominopol. He said then: "It was only 500 meters from our house to the village of Dominopol. On this tragic morning, July 12, 1943, my mother and my siblings, my sisters and my brother, left the house and went together to our meadow to rake dry hay together. Our meadow was even closer to Dominopol, only about 400 m, just at that time the Ukrainians caught them and murdered them, and after this murder I escaped here to the city. I temporarily stayed at Lotnicza Street and live there with Marcel Mikulski and his wife. " Once, however, when the Mikulski family returned home from the city, they found the body of the murdered Staszek Ulerik on the floor. The Mikulski family later established that a woman had entered the house where they lived earlier, in fact it was supposed to be a Ukrainian disguised as a woman, who, taking advantage of his surprise, cut Staszek's throat with a knife. It happened in July 1943 and it was loud in the city.

Kazimierz Sidorowicz: Ukrainian murders on the Polish population of Dominopol could be heard in the Piński Most colony, only 1 km away. An eyewitness to this was a Pole, Antoni Sienkiewicz, who told me personally after the war that on Sunday morning, July 11, he and his family heard terrible, desperate human screams coming from Dominopol. He told me: Based on the voices coming from Dominople, we quickly realized that this was where something terrible was going on, so my brother Kazimierz and I wanted to immediately run away to Włodzimierz Wołyński. From the very morning we saw horses walking freely in the gardens and cows and other cattle. Besides, there were no fumes from the chimneys of the Dominopol village. After making these observations, around noon, we made sure that the people of Dominopol were attacked and murdered tonight and in the morning. Meanwhile, single shots were still coming from that side, at that time those who miraculously survived the first, most violent phase of the murder were killed. When my brother and I were still trying to make our family run away, we communicated with them that they stayed while my brother and I run away to the city. My father and mother, Sienkiewicz, and our sister Leokadia, aged around 30, stayed at home then. to persuade my parents to flee as well. Unfortunately, the next day on July 12, Ukrainian murderers attacked our village, Pinsk Most, and murdered many Poles, including my immediate family. Thus, after the Jews who were murdered by the Ukrainian police in the summer of 1942, it was finally the turn of the Poles who lived in this colony, many of them died:

1. Sienkiewicz Hipolit, approx. 35 and his brothers: Kazimierz, approx. 25 and

Antoni, around 20.

2. Zymon Stanisława, approx. 20 and Konstancja, approx. 21. There were 3 families there

Zymonów, but I don't remember the names anymore.

3. Hypś Stanisław approx. 40 and his brother Eugeniusz approx. 25.

4. Żukowski Stanisław or Antoni, approx. 35, and his wife Antonina, approx. 35.

5. Dobrowolski, there were 3 Dobrowolski families, I remember that they were numerous family, but I no longer remember the names of these people, nor their ages. "

Antoni Sienkiewicz also told me how Ukrainian nationalists previously attacked the Polish village of Rudnia near Kisielin and murdered Poles there. It was like this: when they burst into the house of Leokadia Dobrowolska, who was staying with her husband there, she managed to survive. Meanwhile, her husband and the entire Dobrowolski family were cruelly murdered. In this attack, which took place about 3 days before the attack on Dominopol, most of the inhabitants of the Polish village of Rudnia [commune of Kisielin, powiat Horochów]. So it was either on July 8 or 9, 1943. Sienkiewicz said: My full sister Leokadia told me about it, after she hid in our house after the murder of Rudnia. It was about 16 km from our house to Rudno, as I remember today the day when I was returning home from my sister by wagon. At that time, armed Ukrainians passed me on many wagons, who were on their way to Rudno. A few hours later, the Poles living there were brutally attacked and murdered. After the war, Antoni Sienkiewicz settled in the Zamość region, married a girl in Szpikołosy and lived with his wife in Moroczyna.

#### VICTIMS OF THE GENOCIDE IN DOMINOPOL

Antonina Sidorowicz: Of my family then died:

1. My dear parents Maria, around 65 and Aleksander, around 70, Turowscy, and my sisters: Ewa, around 40 and her husband Antoni Turowski around 42, their children: Ryszard around 13, Roman around 10 and Romuald approx. 4 years old.

2. My second sister, Anna, approx. 33, and her husband Franciszek Iwanicki, approx. 35, and their children: Zbysław, approx. 12 and Roman, approx. 11.

3. My third full sister, Stanisława, about 35, and her husband, Stanisław Iwanicki, about 30, and one girl, about 1.5 years old, I do not remember her name.

4. My fourth full sister, Eugenia, about 18 years old, was still a virgin.

5. The first brother, Władysław Turowski, approx. 30, and his wife Weronika, approx. 25, and their children: Alina, approx. 3, and the second child - an infant around 1, I think it was a boy.

6. The second brother, Adam Turowski, approx. 25, and his wife Władysława, approx. 20, and their one child - 1 year old, a boy.

7. Edward, his third brother, aged around 16, was still a bachelor.

8. My aunt Katarzyna Majewska lived with Władek and Weronika, she was around 60.

All of the above-mentioned, who belong to my immediate family, were probably brutally murdered along with other inhabitants of Dominopol. Today, although I do not know the direct witnesses of the murder of my family, I am almost completely convinced that they were murdered, just like the others, by the attacking Ukrainians that night. One thing I know for sure, after that terrible night my family's hearing was lost and to this day nobody has been found. In all likelihood, their remains remain within our yard to this day. At this point, I would like to express my heartfelt desire to carry out, if possible, the exhumation of the mortal remains of the former inhabitants of Dominopol and to solemnly transfer them to the nearby cemetery. I would be very happy if a symbolic cross would be placed on the graves and a service for the dead could be celebrated.

My family also died in Dominopol:

9. My first uncle, Adolf Turowski, approx. 70 and his wife Maria née Czyżewska, approx. 65 and their children: son Mikołaj, approx. 40 and his wife Dominika approx. 35, and their three little children, boys and girls, Unfortunately, I don't remember their names. Mikołaj was a gamekeeper in the Świnarzyński forest and lived on the edge of the forest.

10. Daughter of Adolf and Maria Adela Krawiec, approx. 35 and her husband, probably, Stanisław, approx. 38, and their children: daughter Bronisław, approx. 25, second daughter Maria, approx. 20 and son, approx. 13.

11. My second uncle Julian Turowski approx. 60 and his wife Maria approx. 55 and their children: daughter Władysław approx. 30 and her husband Leon approx. 32, I do not remember their surnames and their children: son Antoni approx. 7

12. The son of Maria and Julian, Stanisław Turowski, about 30 years old, was mobilized into the Polish army in 1939 and never returned to Volhynia. We know, however, that he was taken prisoner by the Germans, survived the war there and lived in The father of Poland, where he married and started his family, has already died.

13. My third uncle, Stanisław Turowski, approx. 45, and his wife, approx. 35, and their three children. The eldest son went to Germany to work, I think it was in 1942.

14. My cousin, Antonina Karagin, about 23 years old, and her two children, I don't remember their names. Antonina's husband, probably Bolesław Karagin, about 25 years old, was taken by the Germans to work in the fall of 1942. After the war, he returned to Włodzimierz Wołyński, but I do not know what happened to him later. Aunt Antonina's parents died of typhus during the First World War.

In January 2003, a book by Władysław and Ewa Siemaszek came into my hands. I am very glad that someone devoted so much time and energy to commemorate the fate of borderland families, the fate of our countrymen in Volhynia. As much as I can, I would like to join the group of people who, by sending their memories and reports, have been writing the

history of the genocide committed on the Polish population during World War II for years. Listening to the report on Dominopol, I would like with the greatest joy to add to the list of possible victims with those whom I still remember.

Here are other families I remember:

1. Bernacki, approx. 60, and his wife, approx. 55, and their children: a boy, approx. 15, and the wife of Bernacka's son after his first husband, Kazimierz Buczek, approx. 25, the wife came from Budki Osowskie. The Bernacki family was adjacent to the Szulakiewicz family.
2. Buczek Paweł, approx. 50, and his wife Maria, approx. 40, and their children: Stanisław's daughter, approx. 26 and her husband, approx. 35. I only know about him that he came from Poland. I also remember that Marcel Mikulski told me that the entire Buczek family was murdered on the night of July 10-11.
3. Czereniuk Władysław approx. 40 and his wife Maria approx. 35 and their children: first daughter Felicja approx. 18, second daughter Kazimier approx. 13 and third daughter Zuzanna approx. 12. Władysław was a Ukrainian from Marcelówka, and he married Maria, a Pole from Dominopol, by profession he was a gamekeeper in the Świnarzyński forest together with Mikołaj. He and his wife lived in our village and were murdered during an attack by thugs.
4. Czyżewska, approx. 70, widow, was my aunt and her children: Bolesław, approx. 30, and his wife Petronela, 27, nee Uleryk. I don't remember if they had children, probably not yet.
5. Czyżewski Leon, about 30 years old, was an old bachelor, he was my cousin
6. Czyżewski Władysław, around 32, and his wife, probably Zosia née Pruchacka, around 30. Today I don't remember if they had children. Władysław was the cousin of Bolesław and Leon and they all lived in one house. Władysław's wife was a Czech woman from Kupiczków.
7. Dębniak, about 40, and his wife, about 32, and their many children, probably seven. All the children were still small, the oldest was about 15 years old, unfortunately I don't remember their names. Mr. Dębniak came from Radom a few years before the war and married a girl from our village.
8. Dubczuk Aleksander, around 60, and his wife, a Ukrainian, and their children: daughter Maria, around 35, and her husband, Wróbel, around 35, I don't remember if they had any children. The second daughter, Antonina, approx. 25, and her husband Władysław Iwanicki, approx. 23, I do not remember if they had children.
9. Kołodziej Jan, approx. 60, and his wife Katarzyna, approx. 55, and their children: daughter Janina, approx. 17, in 1942 the Germans took her to work. Currently, Janina lives in Skierwienice and the last time my husband and I visited our home in Siedliska was 20 June



2002. My second daughter, Emilia, about 19 years old, was a maiden and was murdered, Franciszek Mikulski told me about it after the war.

10. Krawczyk Stanisław, 37, and his wife, 30, and their children: daughter Bronisław, around 25, married Jan Turowski, and another daughter, Maria, around 17, who was taken to Germany to work in 1942.

11. Jan Magrecki, approx. 45, and his wife Cezar, approx. 42 and their children: daughter Helena, approx. 18, virgin and son approx. 13.

12. Mokrecki, approx. 55, and his wife, approx. 50, and their children: son Sylwester, approx. 20, a bachelor, was shot by the Ukrainians when he was cycling back to the village on Monday morning. There were other children, probably three.

13. Potocki Piotr approx. 65 and his wife Kamila approx. 50 and their children: son Hipolit approx. 25. First daughter Maria Żukowska approx. 30 and her husband Jan Żukowski approx. 35 and their two children. The second daughter of the Potocki family: Felicja Bydychaj and her husband Bolesław lived in Swojczów, they had three sons: including Piotr. I know that the sons of Bydychaj left for Zielona Góra and are still alive. The third daughter of the Potocki family of Stanisława, around 20, married Oleryk Stanisław, around 25, they had one child, probably a girl, around 2.

14. Potocki Władysław approx. 55 and his wife Marianna approx. 37 and their children: the first son Antoni, approx. 30 and his wife, I do not remember their children, they probably did not have. The second son, Jan, about 28 years old, and his wife, I don't know if they already had children. The third son Józef, approx. 27, and his wife, Władysława, approx. 25, and I do not remember here whether they had son-in-law. Władysław Potocki was Piotr's full brother.

15. Pruchacki Władysław, approx. 30, and his wife Anna, approx. 27, and their three young children: a son, approx. 5, and two girls, approx. 2 and 4. I would like to confirm that there was a family in our village named Pruchacki, and not Pluchacki, I do not remember them. Władek was a Czech from Kupiczów.

16. Rakowska Pelagia, a widow of around 64, and her children: daughter Bożena Bielicka, left with her husband for Poland before the war. The second daughter, Maria, married in Turzysk and she was also not in the village during the pogrom. The third daughter, Ewa, about 22 years old, married Stefan, a teacher in Dominopol, about 30 years old, it seems to me that they didn't have any children yet. Ewa and Stefan were murdered during the slaughter.

17. Uleryk Władysław approx. 75 and his wife approx. 70 and their children: two sons: Stanisław approx. 30 and another approx. 25 and two daughters, still unmarried approx. 19 and 17.

18. Uleryk, approx. 65, and his wife, approx. 50, and their children: son Stanisław Uleryk, approx. 26, and his wife Stanisława, approx. 20, and their one child, probably a girl of 1.5

years. The daughter of the Uleryk's old parents, Wiktoria, 34, and her husband, Andrys, about 35, and their little children, today I don't remember how many and what were their names.

19. Wasilewski, approx. 55, and his wife, approx. 45, and their children: three sons and two daughters. The first son, Feliks, approx. 33 and his wife, Stanisława, approx. 30, they had no children. Antoni's second son, aged around 22, was still a bachelor. Third son, Stanisław, around 17, also a bachelor. The first daughter, Ewa, approx. 35, and her husband, approx. 38. Ewa and her husband lived in Budy Osowskie, commune of Drum. The second daughter of the Wasilewski family, her name was Stanisława, about 24 years old, and her husband, Jan Szulkiewicz.

20. Zawadzki, approx. 50, and his wife, approx. 43, and their children: son Jan, approx. 25 and a daughter approx. 25, she married in Turzysk. There were still small children, but I don't remember their names. Zawadzki came to Dominopol from Radom before the war and here he probably married one of our girls. Jan Zawadzki, a bachelor, was shot dead on Monday morning on the road, when he was cycling back to the village from play.

21. Zdończak Paweł, approx. 50 and his wife, approx. 40, and their children: two daughters, Bogusława, approx. 19 and Urszula, approx. 15. They were unmarried women. That Sunday, the day of the attack, Bogusława was to marry Hipolit Potocki. I also know that Zdończak came from Fajstawice in Chełmsko.

22. There was also one Gypsy family in Dominopol: a husband, around 25, his wife, around 25, and their children, but I don't remember the names of their parents and children. I only know that the Gypsy was a blacksmith in our village. They too were murdered.

#### ON THE SMOLERY

Antonina and Kazimierz Sidorowicz: Even in 1942, as Poles, we quietly spent Easter and Christmas in Smolarnia. We were at home singing Christmas carols, we had not yet escaped from our homes to spend the night in barns, bushes and other places. Even the winter of 1943 was still exceptionally calm, but in the spring, just before the feast of the Lord's Resurrection, our few Ukrainian neighbors began to tell a disturbing story. Both Ukrainian women and men said: "Three Ghosts will go to Easter and they will ask the inhabitants of Smolarnia: Are you sleeping? Are you awake? When you sleep, you will sleep with eternal sleep, and if you are awake, hide, you will live. " We, Poles, started to sense something bad, it was incomprehensible to us and it seemed to be dangerous. We already sensed that they wanted to murder the Poles, so Easter 1943 was already very restless, but we still spent the night in our houses. The Ukrainians living in our village were exceptionally calm, it seemed that nothing threatened us from their side.

Kazimierz Sidorowicz: I remember that in the spring of 1943, before Easter, I was repairing the fence on my farm. Then a Ukrainian friend, Jehor Krawczuk from Kohylno, approached

me and asked me like this: "You are building a fence, and what do you need it for?" I then asked him, "Why are you saying that?" And then he said to me: "You'll live and see it!" After these words, he left me and walked away. I understood his statement as a harbinger of something bad, of some possible danger.

Those were already very troubled times, I remember when I was returning in a cart from the church from Swojczów on the Holy Resurrection with Antoni and Kazimierz Sienkiewicz. At one point we reached a fork in the road, where we split up, they went to Poczekajka and I went towards Gnojno. When I drove away about a few hundred meters I heard shots from small arms behind my back. I turned and saw how the horses of the Sienkiewicz brothers sped up rapidly. I found out that they were probably shot at from the grove outside the village. I didn't stop at all, but rushed on. The village of Poczekajka was mixed, both Poles and Ukrainians lived there. Antek and Kazik told me later, in Włodzimierz, that Kazimierz had been stuck in shot in the toe and in the leg. Both were convinced that the Ukrainians were trying to kill them then.

Antonina and Kazimierz Sidorowicz: After Easter, we no longer stayed overnight in our house, but hid in various places: in barns, attics, stables, bushes and gardens. We were already afraid to sleep in our house. It should be emphasized, however, that when they were murdering elsewhere in our village, they had not yet beaten Poles, either in May, June or July. In those months we heard only rumors from various people that other villages had already been murdered, especially far to the east, near Równe and Łuck. I remember today the tragic beginning of July 1943, my wife and I already knew on Monday 12 July that our large family in Dominopol was almost certainly brutally murdered by the Ukrainians. From morning to noon that day I was showering potatoes, at one point my neighbor from Smolarnia, who was called Krzysztof Krzyszcak, came to us and said: "Give up the job, because I just met two fleeing Dominopol peasants who shouted to me like this:" Dominopoly is defeated, Ukrainians are murdering Poles, run away! " In fact, I quit the job immediately, because I was very concerned about it and the work did not stick to my hands.

Soon after, I saw a Polish priest, the parish priest from Swojczów, Franciszek Jaworski, who was escaping through our village to Włodzimierz. I met him across the street from my house and recognized him because I had known him beforehand, and it was also Father Jaworski who gave the sacrament of marriage to me and my wife Antonina. The ceremony took place on August 17, 1941 in front of the miraculous painting of Our Lady of Swojczów. The priest also recognized me and motioned to the carter Leon Rusiecki to stop for a moment, then, clearly excited by the recent events, he said to me: "Run away, because Dominopol is already slaughtered by the Ukrainians! He added nothing more, but quickly drove off towards Włodzimierz Wołyński. Father Franciszek Jaworski survived the war and served the faithful for many years in Puławy, Jan Nowaczyński from Dominopol met him personally there and then told me everything.

I also remember how people in our village of Smolarnia were lively discussing what had happened in the recent hours in the nearby Dominopol, that Swojczów was only 4 km away. Older people did not want to believe that it was the Ukrainians who attacked and murdered Poles. Still many hoped that even if they were indeed our neighbors, it must have been some one big, terrible mistake. This is another proof of how incredible was the thought in our part about mutual exaltation between Poles and Ukrainians among the elderly, who remember the happy, peaceful pre-war years. However, the young people were not so sure, so they did not want to listen to what the elders said and they left our village en masse, with their entire families, also escaping to Włodzimierz Wołyński. They escaped on carts, openly, in broad daylight, nobody stopped them yet, made their escape difficult, attacked, let alone murdering people. Meanwhile, the older generation of Poles, almost all of them, stayed at home, because they were convinced that even if there were mutual Polish-Ukrainian fights, nobody would touch the old people.

In view of the recent events, me and my wife Antonina also decided to flee to the city where the German army was stationed and there was a larger group of Poles. Already on Tuesday, I packed the most necessary things on the cart and we left the Smolarnia House, going to Włodzimierz Wołyński. Then the following escaped with us: Sidorowicz Karol, his daughter Józefa and her husband Stanisław Łuszczak, Sawicki Władysław and his sister Maria. The city was only 6 km away, so we were there in just an hour. At that time, my father, Sidorowicz Stanisław, about 65 and my mother Antonina, about 60, stayed in our house in Smolarnia. In Włodzimierz Wołyński, we stayed at the house of Sawicki Karol on Horodelska Street and we lived there until September 1943.

#### DEATH ON THE SMALL SHOP

Kazimierz Sidorowicz: I remember that in July 1943 people in Włodzimierz started to tell that the Ukrainians were spreading propaganda, that the murders on July 11 in the entire district of Włodzimierz were one big mistake. The Ukrainians assured everyone, through numerous leaflets sent to Poles, that a similar tragedy would not happen again. At the same time, they urged the Poles to calmly return to the harvest and collect the grain left in the fields. Many Poles were persuaded and returned to their previously abandoned homes, especially those who lived in the suburbs. And indeed, in the second half of July and at the beginning of August, our poviát was exceptionally quiet. Personally, at that time, I did not believe in the good intentions of the Ukrainians. Nevertheless, I decided with my wife Antonina and a few other people to return to Smolarnia.

It was the beginning of August, you stopped we stayed at our parents' house and spent the night. Our parents were healthy and the village has hardly suffered any damage so far. There has not been a pogrom in our village so far. However, the very next day I noticed the particular mobility of the Ukrainians. They rode horses and carts through our village, looking carefully left and right. I quickly realized that it was a Ukrainian reconnaissance and that something was wrong. When a Ukrainian friend from our village, Olga Maciocha, came to us

and said: "Run away, because the Ukrainians will kill you, and if you survive, let us know about yourself.", I did not think about it any more. I took my wife and we escaped in a cart on the same day, back to Włodzimierz Wołyński. Other Poles, however, stayed in Smolarnia. Also my parents, although I strongly urged them again, that they should run away with us to the city, do not take the chance to escape and stay home. While still in Smolarnia, just before our second escape, I met a Ukrainian, Piotr Marczuk from the neighboring Barbarówka colony, who told me: "Go back to Smolarnia and harvest, nothing will happen to you, I have nothing to do with you!" Then I was standing next to my brother-in-law, Bronisław's house. When Marczuk left somewhere for a moment, another Ukrainian, who was with him, and whom I knew well and was friends with, told me in secret: "Run away or they will kill!" He made a very telling sign so that I would not tell anyone that he had warned me. This real friend, as it turned out, was called Antoni Wrona and he came from the village of Marcelówka. In Włodzimierz we stopped at Horodelska Street.

The menacing announcements and warnings have been verified to the letter. The attack on our village took place in the second half of August 1943. Ukrainians took part in the pogrom and murdered almost all the Poles who were still in Smolarnia. In our village, my mother, Antonina, approx. 60, and dad, Stanisław, approx. 65, Sidorowicz, died. My brother-in-law, Skawiński, Bronisław, approx. 40 and his wife Ludwika Skawińska, née Sidorowicz, approx. 35, and their eight children, including: Adam approx. 12, Mieczysław approx. 10, Antoni approx. 6, Jerzy approx. 5 and daughters: Stanisława, approx. 18, Izabela, approx. 16, Maria, approx. 7 and Aniela, approx. 3. My sister-in-law, Marianna Sidorowicz, approx. 35, and her two daughters: Regina, approx. 10 and Leokadia approx. 6 years old.

A Pole, Jan Gawroński, who also lived in Smolarnia, told us after the war that two Ukrainians had come to his house just before the murder: Władysław Radzik and Marczuk Piotr. They knew Janek well, they were even friends, so they came to his house and told them this: "Get together and run away, because the Ukrainians will beat you up, because they had beaten the Skawiński, Sidorowicz, Sawicki and Puchniacz families in Smolarnia. And they will kill you too!" Janek Gawroński lived in Smolarnia only 3 houses from our house. Later, these Ukrainians ordered them to gather and escorted them towards Włodzimierz, as far as the Ukrainian village of Poniczów.

Kazimierz Sidorowicz: One day I was playing the accordion in Włodzimierz, then Waclaw Jakubczak came to us and asked me to stop playing because the Gawron family had just arrived, claiming that my family in Smolarnia had already been murdered. Based on these testimonies, I am convinced that my family was murdered by Ukrainian nationalists during the attack on our village, but to this day I do not know where their bodies were buried. After the war, a Ukrainian friend, Sabina Błaszczak, came to our first house in Białobrzegi near Zamość and told us how my closest Skawiński family died, she said: "My sister, Michał Marczuk's wife, who lived in Smolarnia, told me how your brother-in-law's family died Skawiński. Marczukowa was going to the Skawiński house after the slaughter to see the

bodies of murdered Poles, what she saw there in the daylight shocked her deeply, she said: "Bronisław Skawiński had his elbows cut off and legs in the knees, his daughter Staszka was cut in half with a saw, and other people were hacked with axes. The attack took place in mid-August, after the harvest, at night. Bronek has already finished the harvest. The Ukrainians first led everyone out of the house and then murdered them all in the yard. " In this massacre also died:

1. Sawicki, around 65, and his wife around 65. They were Poles, the rest of the Sawicki family managed to escape to the town of Włodzimierz.
2. Puchniacz, approx. 60, and his wife, approx. 50, and their children: daughter of Józef Puchniacz, approx. 22. Second daughter, approx. 24, married to a young man approx.
3. Widow Malidz, around 50. Her daughter Balbina managed to escape the torturers and after the war she lived in Hrubieszów. Widow Seweryn's son was taken to Germany to work in 1942. Widow Malidzowa comes from Niedzieliska near Zamość, and they came to our village before the war.
4. Old lady Perekupka, around 60, I don't know what happened to her and her family, but they were probably also murdered.
5. Malec Maria, around 60, murdered in her barn.

Kazimierz Sidorowicz: Franciszek Krawiec, son-in-law of the Malec family told me in

August 1943 in Włodzimierz Wołyński, when grandmother Perekupka and his mother-in-law Maria Malec died. It was like this, he said: "During the attack on Smolarnia, the Ukrainians came to the house of the Malec family and took both women to the barn with them. There they probably murdered them, and then, by setting the barn on fire, they also burned the bodies. The next day, local people found two charred bodies of women, the nearby neighbors of the murdered women saw it personally and told Franciszek Krawiec everything.

Kazimierz Sidorowicz: Mrs. Marczuk, the wife of a Ukrainian, Michał Marczuk, saw with her own eyes how Poles were murdered in Smolarnia and she told Sabina Błaszczak everything, she said: a masked ambush in our village. Then the captured people were murdered and thrown into one well, which was located in the yard of Piotr Szaluś Polak from Smolarnia. This well was 25 m deep, wells were dug at least that deep. Each concrete was one meter high, and usually 25 such concretes were needed. I saw with my own eyes that the well was filled with the bodies of the murdered people to such an extent that you could see the legs sticking out above the first concrete. " After the war, Szaluś settled in Siedliska near Zamość. Sabina Błaszczak married Bolesław Błaszczak to Smolarnia, and she came from Becheta, a mixed Polish-Ukrainian village.



A Ukrainian, Sabina Błaszczak, also told me another very significant story, she said: "The Ukrainian pop from Swojczów was holding a service in the church in Poland. During this Holy Mass, he said in a word addressed to the assembled faithful, the vast majority of local Orthodox Ukrainians, the following words: "Come back home, give up what you have to do, because you will regret it very much!" As soon as he had finished praying, the Ukrainians came for him and forcibly led him out of the church. Together with him, his organist was also taken and in a moment, they were both shot by the same Ukrainians in a nearby ditch ". In the summer of 1999, I was in Ukraine, also in Swojczów, I was interested in many things, I also asked a local Ukrainian about the case of the shot of the Pop. During this conversation, he said to me then: "Indeed, the Ukrainian army killed Pop and Organista!" From what else I can conclude, it could have happened in 1942 or already in 1943.

Antonina and Kazimierz Sidorowicz: Franciszek Walczak lived in the village of Ludmiłpol, he and his family were Poles. Their house was wooden, but very nice, and it stood at the beginning of the village, facing Kohylń. In front of the house there was a large, beautiful statue of Our Lady Immaculate. During the attack on their village, in the morning he noticed that a large group of Ukrainians on carts were approaching the village from Kohylń. He quickly jumped out of the house, hid in a shelter under the barn and watched through the crack what would happen next. After a while, three Ukrainians drove into his yard, just at that time his wife, Gustafa, aged around 22, came out of the house with a tiny child in her arms. She clearly didn't know what was going to happen to her yet. When three Ukrainians, each armed with an ax, saw her in front of the house, they quickly captured her and then one of them said to her: "Oh, how did you dress nicely. Your dress will be for my wife." The second one added immediately: "Your shoes will be for my wife." Then the third of them said firmly: "Hurry up, hit!" The Ukrainian first hit the child that Gustka was holding in her hands with an ax. The baby fell out of her hands and fell stunned to the ground, but came to life and began to crawl. One of the tormentors said immediately: "Kill the child or he is alive!" The Ukrainian struck again with the ax, and this time successfully. Immediately afterwards, they killed Gustafa, Franciszek's wife, who had seen and heard it all from the shelter.

Walczak told us about the course of this crime personally in Włodzimierz Woł. in August 1943, right after his arrival in the city. From what he told us, we realized that the attack on the village of Ludmiłpol took place in the first days of August 1943. Franek also told us that he recognized the peasants of the Ukrainians from Kohylno that he knew, and in his opinion they were murdering the Polish inhabitants of Ludmiłpol. When the attack ended and everything was quiet, in the evening his brother and his wife came to the yard, who managed to escape from their house and hide in the surrounding crops. When they found the bodies of the murdered Gustka and the child, they talked about this tragedy. Franek, half-conscious with despair, heard their voices and left the shelter. After a while, they all escaped to Włodzimierz, where they temporarily lived together.

Kazimierz Sidorowicz: Wacław Kuźmiński told me after the war, at his house, that the Ukrainians had murdered Ewa's family and most of the inhabitants of the village of Budy Ossowskie, many Poles. I believe it was at the same time as the Dominopol attack on July 11. Wacek lived in Budy Osowskie, near Dominopol, survived the war and settled in Dobromierzyce in Hrubieszowski, 3 km from Hostynne.

Mr. Kazimierz: 'Stanisław Nalepko's father was an inhabitant of our colony of Siedliska, he is no longer alive. After the war, he told me about his experiences in Volhynia. Their family lived close to Równie. One time, Nalepko was driving a wagon and then he was met by a Ukrainian acquaintance who warned him in the following way: "Run away from the village to the city, because there is going to be an attack on Poles and they are to kill you all!" Nalepko immediately took his family and they all fled to Równie that same day. Meanwhile, that same night, right after their departure, the Ukrainians attacked their village and murdered all the inhabitants and burned the buildings down. " Another inhabitant of our village of Siedliska, Mieczysław Pilczuk, told me in April 2003 that he saw a well in Volhynia, filled with children murdered by Ukrainians during the bloody events of the last war.

#### MY FRIENDSHIP WITH BOLESŁAW ROCH

Kazimierz Sidorowicz: I knew Bolesław Roch from an early childhood. We lived only about 1 km apart, he was in Zastawie in Kohylno, and I was in Smolarnia. We played together and grazed the cows in the meadows. The Germans and Ukrainians grazed the cows with us, before the war it was quiet, we were friends and there was no hostility between us. I don't remember any bigger differences between us just because this one is Polish and the other one is Ukrainian. I also often visited Zastawie, in the family seat of the Rochów family. I stayed at Bolek's house there, I remember well his mother, Anna, who always welcomed me nicely. We did not go to school together, Bolek studied in Kohylno, and I in Barbarówka. As we became youngsters, we started going to games to have fun, meet friends and dance with the girls. Even then I played the accordion well, which is why I was invited to wedding ceremonies. I played in Polish and Ukrainian houses, I also played at parties and dances. Thanks to this, I met many people in the area, I had many friends, as it turned out later, it saved my and my wife's life.

In those years, however, I do not recall a single case of Ukrainians singing hostile songs against Poles. Bolek Roch also liked to go to dances, we played most often in Teresin, Kohylno and Swojczów. He also lived in harmony with the local Ukrainians, he often met with them in Kohylno, especially at the Orthodox Church. The church was beautiful, wooden and stood on a hill surrounded by lime trees. Ukrainian youth would gather there, most often in summer, to sing loudly beautiful songs, and Bolek with them. They liked to sing and could, sometimes even in Smolarnia you could hear them singing. It was a happy people and eager to sing. The Roch family was similar, Zastwie was closer to Smolarnia, so it was even clearer from there how often they sang loud and joyfully. Especially church holidays, whether Catholic or Orthodox, were celebrated solemnly and joyfully. I remember how

young people at Christmas walked with a star that shone beautifully, together with Poles and Ukrainians, to sing caroling in all houses that invited carolers inside. And it must be said that in those days there were no houses that were closed to the joyful Christmas Carols. I also went to sing Christmas carols to God for glory in Barbarówka, Smolarnia, Kohylno and Zastawie, but I went with Poles. The Polish Szymanek family, related to the Rocha family, lived in Kohylno.

In 1939 they did not take us into the army, we were both still too young. I do not recall the Ukrainians in Smolarnia and the surrounding area attacking Poles right after the September defeat, or that they hung Ukrainian banners and flags. When the Soviets came it was similar, we were not mobilized, although they took many others in "boots". Life went on with its current rhythm, in fact, the thread did not change here. Ruski kept a strong discipline, when someone jumped too high, he went fast to Siberia and that's it. From September 1939, the Soviets deployed two large Soviet divisions in our Kohylean forest. Everything was there: cavalry, infantry, artillery, and the Soviet guards stood in order.

After the Germans entered our lands on June 22, 1941, a prisoner-of-war camp for former Soviet soldiers was established in the sawmill and its vicinity. I don't know how those soldiers were treated there, but they certainly didn't feel well there. I heard that at last a prisoner revolt broke out there, after which many of them managed to escape into the forest. 35 of these fugitives later sought help and shelter in Kohylno and Ukrainian peasants. Meanwhile, the Ukrainians murdered all of them treacherously, people told about it not only in our village of Smolarnia, but all over the area. After the arrival of the Germans, the Ukrainians began and join the Ukrainian police in the German service. The nearest police station was in the village of Gnojno and in the seat of the commune in Werba. At that time, Poles did not seek to serve the Germans.

#### ON SET

Kazimierz Sidorowicz: Bolesław Roch lived at that time and was still the farmer in Zastawie, we never met so often. Anyway, it was already partially made difficult, since 1942 a Ukrainian guard was standing on the Kohylean road. Stanisław Roch married Sierociński's daughter and ran the farm with his father-in-law. Sierociński was a Pole who took this economy from a former military settler. Bolesław Roch had a large family, his parents Anna and Antoni died before World War II, his older brother Aleksander married Agnieszka, née Cichosz, and lived in a house near the forest about 1.5 km from Zastaw. Michał Roch got married in the fall of 1942 to Maria née Tymoczko and they settled in Ludmiłpol, about 3 km from Zastaw. Michalina Roch married Waclaw Szymanek and they lived in Kohylno, about 1 km from Zastaw. Józefa Roch married Franciszek Pieczonek and they lived in a sawmill, in the Kohylean forest, about 1.5 km from Zastaw. Marian Roch married Anna, née Rusiecka, and they lived in Teresin, about 3 km from Zastaw. Stanisław Roch and his wife Józefa née Walczak stayed in the house in Zastawiu (the first surname after Józia's parents was Bąk,

Józia was adopted by the Walczak family and raised by them, therefore she was nee Walczak) and siblings Bolesław and Anastazja Roch.

Bolesław Roch told me personally how many times he saw Ukrainians who met near the village of Kohylno, near the forest, where they had military exercises in the meadow. It was there that they organized their partisan unit. In his opinion, they also planned their actions there and held their meetings. It was right next to Aleksander Roch's farm. Bolek told me that the Ukrainians called this place "Łużok" from the name of a small lake that used to be there. These exercises took place in the summer of 1942 and lasted continuously until the summer of 1943. "

It was getting more and more dangerous these days. Bolesław Roch told me how one day he would probably be one of the first victims of Ukrainian hatred, he said: "One day I went to visit my Ukrainian friend, with whom we were grazing cows. And at some point he started urging me to go with him to the barn and help him, he said to me: "Bolek, come with me to the barn, you will hold something for me there!" As soon as he said that, his mother, who had apparently already guessed her son's intentions, begged him with these words: "Don't do this, don't do this, because I won't survive it!" And this friend of mine would then say to his mother in this way: "Job to be yours, go to the Church, pray!" She, however, did not give up and said to me with passion: "Bolek go home, Bolek go home!" She said that to me several times. At that moment, I was not very aware of the danger I was facing, but at the request of my Ukrainian friend's mother, I returned home. "

Kazimierz and Antonina Sidorowicz: Michał Roch was one of Bolek's older brothers, he lived with his wife Maria in a Polish village in Ludmiłpol, with his parents-in-law. A few days before the pogrom in Dominopol, at night, a few armed Ukrainians came to their yard in a cart and knocked on the door. When asked why they had come, they said they wanted to talk to Michał. Times were already very turbulent, and the atmosphere between Poles and Ukrainians seemed to be increasingly tense and dangerous. That is why Michał did not trust the Ukrainians, who had a pile of weapons and had come for him at night. Without thinking much, he jumped through the window at the back of the house to escape unnoticed. Here, however, a Ukrainian was set up and attacked him immediately, trying to prevent his escape. A violent fight ensued, Michał managed to take the Ukrainian's weapon away and ran through the garden and the field on Zastawa. The next day, Michał got on his horse and went to the UPA headquarters in Wołczak. He told me after the war that he decided to go to the UPA Staff because he was seriously afraid for his life and that of his immediate family. In fact, he didn't know what was going on and wanted to explain what had happened. When he reached Swojczów on horseback, he met a Polish friend, Bolesław Dylecki, who asked where he was going. Michał quickly told what had happened in Ludmiłpol the previous day and explained why he was going to Wołczak. When Dylecki learned the purpose of his journey, he immediately said to him: "Come home. They struck Dominopol tonight, where are you going?" Michał was so worried about this terrible news that Dylecki had to help him get back

on the horse, he was unable to do so himself. Then he went straight home. Michał personally told me that he came straight home from Swojczów. At this point, listening to Mrs. Antonina also confirmed a: "Michał Roch returned home from Swojczów and did not reach the Świnarzyński forest at all," as testified by Mr. Roman Szymanek.

Kazimierz Sidorowicz: I would like to emphasize that both Bolesław and Michał Roch assured me personally that the Ukrainians took with them several men from Ludmiłpol, who were later murdered in the area of Zarudel, on the same night when they came for Michał and on the same night when the inhabitants were murdered Dominopoly. Everything seems to indicate that this action was previously well prepared and centrally controlled. As the situation in our parish at home was becoming more and more dangerous every day, also in Zastawia there was a heated debate about whether it was time to flee to the city. Opinions were obviously divided, it was not easy to leave the legacy of the whole life and just walk away, everyone expected that when he returned home again, he would find only bare walls, a cruel war was going on. Besides, the living conditions in the city were not easy either, there was a widespread hunger, there was a lot of food and it was also very dangerous. Finally, a joint decision was made to rely on God's Providence and, however, run away at night to Włodzimierz Woł., Because nothing is more important than life.

#### DESTRUCTIVE WORK OF COHYLES

Kazimierz Sidorowicz: Waclaw Szymanek told me personally that when he and his family decided to escape to Włodzimierz Wołyński, they made an appointment with the Roch family from Zastaw. It was already night, only then Wacek realized that he could not find a short weapon, which he had accidentally hidden somewhere. It was a gun he had left in the forage harvester's box. As precious time was inexorably running out and they were already late, Wacek ordered his wife and children to go to Aleksander Roch "Olesko". In this situation, all happily left Kohylno and soon they were at Aleksander's house, there they patiently waited for Wacek, but he was still gone. Meanwhile, he too, seeing the time slipping away, decided to join those waiting for him. When he was leaving Kohyln, he came across some Ukrainian friends from Kohyln who, when they met him, wanted to stop him and called to him: "Wait Szymanek, we'll talk." He, however, had a bad feeling and started to run away. The Ukrainians started chasing him, but Wacek managed to escape them and happily reached the house of "Oleśka". From there, they managed to pass through meadows to Włodzimierz Woł., They got there the next morning.

Bolek said that after his escape to Włodzimierz, he made contact with the Polish police, which received weapons from the Germans. These were the beginnings of the emerging Polish "Self-Defense". Their activity was based on the fact that they often left Włodzimierz as an armed Polish unit to defend the Polish suburbs of the city against the attacking Ukrainians. Sometimes they also went out into the field to get for themselves, their families and those most in need, at least some much needed food. There was a nagging hunger in the overcrowded city.

I also remember very well that around July 16 or 17, 1943, I met Włodzimierz Woł in the suburbs. Grzegorz Roch, who was the uncle of Bolesław Roch and also lived with his family in Zastawie. We talked then about the present, dangerous situation and about the recent events in our homeland, especially in Dominopol and other places of Ukrainian murders of Poles. Then he said to me: "Ukraine will be like this, when I have lint on my legs!" He also showed his feet. I learned from people later that Grzegorz and his family fled Zastawaw right after the Dominopol pogrom. Already around 12 or 13 July they were in the city, where they stayed with a Pole. At that time, there was also a general belief among the Polish population, who knew the large Roch family, that they were gone. It was said that even if they were still alive, their "Kohyleans" would not let them go. The Ukrainians from Kohylno were considered to be particularly closely related to their Ukrainian language and traditions, hence the belief that they were already after Rocha and Szymanki.

An extremely important fact for a good understanding of the full picture of the situation in Zastawiu in Kohylno in those tragic days is a story that Michał Roch told me after the war. Well, he told me this: "The Ukrainians from Kohylno: Chwedor, Osep and Prikip Kozaczuk visited Grzegorz Roch's family at least twice in Zastawie. The first time they came to the yard of Grzegorz Roch, who at that time was milking the cows in the barn. Grzegorz heard their voices and began to watch from hiding what they were going to do. He saw three Kazaczuks with axes and heard their conversation: "There is nobody, the apartment is closed." They stood for a moment, then picked up and went back to the village. The second time Grzegorz gave food in the cattle barn, three of the same Kozaczuk brothers came to him and started a conversation. The meeting took a very dangerous turn, because one of them decided to kill Grzegorz with an ax there. He had already raised the ax up to strike it when Grzegorz began to ask: "You want to If you want to beat me, we fed you Ukrainians during the last war, when everything was missing. We wanted you to survive, and you want to beat me today." The bandit hesitated and after a while he quietly lowered the ax, he became sad, as if he was a little confused, saying nothing more, left where they came from." Both Michał and Bolesław Roch told me this story.

A year before his death, Bolesław Roch told me how his close family, his cousins, were killed. He said that an old Ukrainian woman from Kohylna, who was called Koteluczka, told the Rochów family in Kopyłów near Hrubieszów that the Ukrainians took the Ukrainians from Zastawia by cart to Kohylno, right next to the church, and there they hung them on linden trees by the church. As she lived in Kohylno, right by the road, she saw and heard the Ukrainians taking Grzegorz Roch's family to their destination. Grzegorz's wife, Rochowa, asked the Mother of God to save them from inevitable death. She asked and even shouted loudly: "Save people!". Koteluczka learned that those who were taking them to the place of their execution were local Ukrainians from Kohylno. She told this to Stanisław Roch, who in turn told it to Bolek Roch. Old Koteluczka was named after her husband, a Ukrainian, Honopy Kotyluek.



Kazimierz Sidorowicz: The well-known Franciszek Kuszpit told me in Siedliska, after the war, about the fate of his mother, he said: "My mother, Rozalia Kuszpit, who lived in Zastawiu, was murdered by a Ukrainian neighbor from Kohylno." From what he told me then, the murderer would be that Ukrainian who lived in Kohylno alone with his mother, and the tragedy happened sometime in August 1943. Franciszek learned about it from a Ukrainian woman he visited in Kohylno. According to what he told me, it was like this: the front was rapidly approaching our sides, the Soviets were pushing hard, the Germans needed many people to dig trenches for the needs of the German army. So they took many Poles from their homes, including Franciszek Kuszpit. The workers were housed in the village of Oseredek, where one day Franciszek asked a German, maybe he paid him well to go with him to his family house in Zastawie. The German agreed and they left, but when they arrived, their home was gone, it was demolished, and he couldn't find his mother anywhere. Then they went to the Ukrainian village of Kohylno, and it was there that he found out at a Ukrainian woman's house that her mother was killed by a Ukrainian from Kohylno. In this situation, despairing, he returned to the camp in Oseredek. The murder of Rozalia's widow must have taken place sometime in August 1943 .. [date incorrect, in 1943. The Germans did not take people to dig trenches, it was 1944]

Rozalia Kuszpit's husband was a blacksmith by profession and he died before the war broke out in 1939. His son Franciszek followed in his father's footsteps and was also a blacksmith by profession. Franciszek Kuszpit took Krystyna as his wife and they lived with their mother Rozalia in Zastawie until the day when he and his wife fled to Włodzimirz Wołyński under the influence of impending danger. My mother stayed at home in Zastawie, did not want to run away to the city and probably died. Franciszek still had a brother, his name I think was Fabian, I don't know what happened to him.

Michał Roch also told me that he was after the pogrom in Kohylno, where he met a Ukrainian who was a neighbor of Drabików. Whether it was the same trip or another, I don't remember. In any case, I know that there were many such and similar trips to different places. It was this Ukrainian who told Michał how their whole family was murdered. In August 1943, on Sunday morning, the Bandera followers came to Drabiki and entered the house. After a while, they began murdering those who were at home. They killed a mother and two daughters in the cottage, while the two sons slept in the barn. When the Ukrainians discovered their hiding place, they killed one boy on the spot, and Józek ran away through the fields. However, he did not manage to escape and when they caught up with him, they also killed him. He was probably supposed to ask the bandits to spare his life before he died. Michał also learned that the bodies of the murdered Ukrainians had thrown into a dungeon, a mound of wooden stakes for potatoes, which was located between Drabików and the Jew Moszko Bejder, then they collapsed everything. As for the Brzozowski family, this family has probably survived. Brzozowski was a Pole, but his wife was Ukrainian, so there is some hope that they could have been spared during the same pogrom.

In our neighborhood, there was also a lot of talk about the death of Jan Roch, who, according to human speculations, at the end of July 1943, left a bit "tipsy for courage" to the village of Poczekajka. He found out that the Ukrainians had taken a Pole with them from the house with a wagon and his horses and that the farmer had not returned so far. Jan, who knew some Ukrainians in the area, hoped that if he interceded for this Pole, he might even save his life. However, when he went, he did not come back anymore, and he and that peasant lost his hearing, one and the other. People in our sides, therefore, believed that they were both murdered. The fact is that in those difficult times, whom the Ukrainians took with them to the forszpan, they almost certainly did not come back.

Bolesław Roch sometimes told me his experiences after the war, which he experienced during his stay in Polish self-defense in Włodzimierz Woł. He said: "In the summer of 1943, the Ukrainians attacked the suburbs of Włodzimierz Woł. They approached the town from the side of the village of "Cold ". At one point, it was even possible to assume, after the intensification of the fighting and the onslaught of the attackers, that they even tried to break in and capture Włodzimierz Woł. However, they failed, because Samoobrona put up a strong resistance to the partnership with the Germans. A violent fight ensued, losses were increasing rapidly on both sides, we finally gave the resoons a decent shot. " He also told me that he personally took part in the Polish-Ukrainian fights in the vicinity of Poryck, Sokal and in Iwanicze, and from what I remember they were victorious fights for Poles, in which the Ukrainians suffered heavy losses. In Iwanicze, Bolek was a soldier of the Polish Self-Defense, which was armed by the Germans. Later, however, the unit became independent and fought in the Zamość region with Ukrainians and Germans. After the reorganization of the unit in the forest, Bolek joined the Peasant Battalions and fought under the command of "Rys". He told me that one of the actions in which he personally took part was aimed at "black people" who had been settled in Siedliska during the war. The Home Army managed to establish that the inhabitants were actively cooperating with the Germans, which is why they blew the village twice.

Antonina and Kazimierz Sidorowicz: God's Providence caused that shortly after the liberation of the Zamość region by the Red Army in the summer of 1944, the new People's government designated the village of Siedliska and a small colony in the fields as a place of settlement for the former inhabitants of Volhynia. One plot in the colony of Siedliska also happened to my family and so we lived with my wife Antonina in the beautiful Roztocze. We felt good here because most of our neighbors were Kresowiaczy, also a large Roch family settled in the village of Siedliska and in the colony. Our neighbors were Aleksander, Michał, Bolesław Roch, Wacław and Michalina Szymenek née Roch and Władysław and Anastazja Garbaty née Roch with their families. As it was different in life, apart from work, we often met at various holidays and family parties, we were very close to each other, also because of the experiences of the last bloody war. In Volhynia, each of us left a small part of himself, there was something to talk about, there was something to recall.

So we spent the years of arduous work, but there was no shortage of joy in Siedliska and the colony. Our people have always liked to feast, sing and dance, as it used to be in Volhynia. Musically talented, I played the accordion just like before the war and with a group of musicians we were invited to weddings and occasional meetings, to dance music. We lived devoutly with my wife Antonina, and although we did not have children of our own, we found ourselves in society, sadness and grief did not find a place in our home. My wife and I loved the common family rosary prayer, and it will accompany us for over half a century, bearing authentic fruits of love and forgiveness. In the last years of our lives a lot of joy was brought by Radio Maryja, which we listened to every day and with whom we were praying. We especially loved the Divine Mercy chaplet at the third hour, we prayed it even on days when Sławomir Roch, M.Sc., visited us, we were all praying the chaplet together.

Bolesław Roch remained our friend until the end of his life and he visited us quite often, we hosted, talked and relived our common experiences from Volhynia and the post-war years. A year before his death, he came to us, and at one point I remembered my and my wife's warm friend Felicja Dolecka. I confided to Bolek that to this day I do not know what exactly happened to her, my hearing was lost after her. Then Bolek, surprised, asked me significantly: "You don't know, she was brutally murdered by the Ukrainians in Gnojno!" And he started telling us how it happened, he said: "From the Ukrainian police station in Gnojno, two Ukrainian policemen known to her came to the house of Felicja in Swojczów. They said to Felicja:" Go and take you to Włodzimierz Wołyński, because here the Ukrainians They will kill you! "At that time, she knew about the tragedy that recently happened in the Polish Dominopol. She trusted the Ukrainians, gathered her things in her suitcases hastily, got on the wagon with them and drove away. Instead of going to Włodzimierz Wołyński, the three of them went to the Ukrainian police station In Gnojno. They raped her there, and finally they cut a stake on her and stuck the pole into the skid. They impaled her, just like in the cruel times of their national hero, Bohdan Chmielnicki. " From what he further told us, I realized that Bolek had told Stani about it Czop fame. Staszek, who had already died, was a Pole from the village of Niedzieliska. Before the war, he married a Ukrainian woman from Siedliska [in the village of Siedliska, Ukrainians lived before the war, a post-Ukrainian Orthodox cemetery has survived to this day] near Zamość and he strictly joined the Ukrainians. In the summer of 1943, he was the commander of the Ukrainian police in Gnojno, commune Werba, Włodzimierz Wołyński powiat. He saw with his own eyes how Felicja Dolecka from Swojczów was murdered. After the war, he moved back to Siedliska and it was there that he told Bolek Roch.

Kazimierz Sidorowicz: After the war I traveled to Ukraine, when I was there in 1999 I also visited Swojczów. There is not even a trace of our beautiful brick temple, which the Ukrainians blew up in August 1943 when they put mines. I was also in Domiopol, or rather in the place where Dominopol once existed. Today a forest grows in this place, exactly where my wife Antonina used to live, the other part of the village, the one closer to Rewuszek, looked like an untilled field then.

Kazimierz and Antonina Sidorowicz: Today I am 83 years old and my wife Antosia 87 and our lives are slowly moving towards Eternal Life. It is our great desire that, if it is possible in the future, we will transfer the remains of our parents and their sisters and their closest families to the consecrated land, to the Catholic cemetery. Together with my wife Antonina, we heartily forgive those who brutally murdered our parents and our families, but we sincerely ask that the enormous martyrdom of our loved ones and the wide-spread tribute of their blood will not be forgotten and wasted by new, young generations of our countrymen. Let this immense suffering be a warning to everyone, especially Poles and Ukrainians, not to repeat the days of Cain, when history will come full circle again.

At the end of our family and Volhynian memories, together with my wife Antonina, we would like to warmly and warmly thank Mr. Sławomir Roch, MA in history for his work on commemorating the fate of our Sidorowicz and Turowski families and the entire parish of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Swojczów. It is a priceless gift for us, our ancestors, parents, relatives and friends stayed on that Earth, our most beautiful memories remained there. How can we not be grateful today when someone wants to save all this from oblivion and pass it on to the next generations of Poles. That is why we wholeheartedly bless this work and we will continue to help so that it can be successfully completed. Our Kresowa Family deserves to be joined by another beautiful and heroic Charter, a very Polish and above all martyr Community, the Catholic parish in Swojczów.

The above account, which we personally dictated to Mr. Sławomir Roch in our home in Siedliska, from January to May 2003, was read to us after rewriting, and we confirm the content with my wife with our own signatures:

Antonina Sidorowicz Kazimierz Sidorowicz

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