

# The Cojocarius' Deportation Document

B. O. M. F.  
Serviciul Populației  
Moghilev Model A

**BULETIN DE IDENTITATE**  
Nr. 232/43

Număr: Cojocari  
Prenumele: Maria  
Vârsta: 96 ani  
Profesiunea: Cojocari  
Ocupația actuală:  
Locul evacuării: Dorohoi  
Adresa actuală: Măgurele, pro. Iași  
N-rul fișei familiale: 274

Nr.	Numele și prenumele	Varsta la data evacuării
1	Cojocari Maria	96
2	Cojocari Maria	96
3	Cojocari Maria	96
4	Cojocari Maria	96
5	Cojocari Maria	96
6	Cojocari Maria	96
7	Cojocari Maria	96
8	Cojocari Maria	96

Moghilev, 10 August 1943.  
Șeful Biroului Organizării  
Mihail Evreanu  
Șeful serv. populației  
M. Cojocari

We received this document in Transnistria, in Moghilev, where we were deported, so that we had an official document on us.

They took us by boat from Atachi to Moghilev. In Moghilev, a Jew who had come there earlier, I believe he was a resident of Chernivtsi, told us: "Run, for they are taking you from here to a concentration camp!" And he asked us to give him a sum of money - for we exchanged some of our money in rubles -, he requested money to take us, our family, out of the group. And we somehow managed to slip away. It seems this convoy wasn't escorted, or the security wasn't that strict, anyone could manage to slip away. After that, we somehow ended up at a woman's place - she was a local, a Jewish Russian -, and she rented us a bed. Which is to say we had to pay for a bed in which 5 persons slept. How was that possible? It was the three of us and our 2 parents. Oh my, we couldn't stretch a leg, we couldn't move, that's how cramped we were! And some other persons, some other families stayed in that room, each with their own bed. And every morning she came to our bed and asked us for the money. And how long could the money last? My father had a couple of suits, they were actually good-quality suits - one was navy blue, one was brown -, he started selling them in order to buy bread. And that's what we said: "Oh my, we had no idea back home how good an onion can taste! We had no idea back home how good garlic can taste!" And the bread there was so black... It was simply as if it were baked from soil: it creaked when you chewed it, as if it were made from sand, but it was as dark as the darkest soil - that's how the bread was.

But when we arrived there [in Moghilev], you could hear: "Those from Dorohoi are going home!" As soon as we arrived there. And we heard those rumors for 2 years and 2 months. Until one day they put up posters either at the Town Hall or at the Police station - I don't remember where that might

have been -, to the effect that we were actually going home, those from Dorohoi were going home - only those from Dorohoi, I think. And before sending us home they put our clothes inside drying stoves in order to disinfect them, and we had to take a bath. Still, we returned home inside cattle cars again. And until we made it to these train cars... A table was placed somewhere in front of the train station, and that's where they drew the paperwork for those who were returning home. And there were many people, and when your turn came there were so many papers to fill, and it took so long until your turn came... And it was late autumn and cold - I believe it was around November when we returned home -, and we said: "We can't stay here like this, we'll freeze to death. If only we were inside the train car, on the train, whatever the conditions, as long as we were there!" But it was better on the way back, they handed the people inside the train cars bread, carrots, pork lard, and onion. I am amazed they gave us something to eat then, I truly am! I don't know who provided the food for us, some management structure, they gave it to us on the way back. And when we reached Dorohoi, the Community director - who left to Israel and is no longer alive, his name was Rolick - welcomed us at the train station with hot tea.