Mieczyslaw Ranosz

Recollections of experiences and ordeals during the World War ll and life after,outside the Homeland.

1. Parents

Our parents were born in southern Poland (Podkarpacie), part of Carpathian mountains. Mother was born in Zadziele, near the town of Dobra on 25/11/1899. Father was born in Jurkow, district Limanowa, on 26/02/1898.
They were married in Dobra on 30/07/1922.

In the late 1921, following the 1920 "Bolshevik" war, our father, as a military volunteer fighting the Soviet Union's army incursion into Poland, received 64 acres of land in the hamlet of Jatwiesk,close to the town of Swislocz.
Soon after marriage, our parents moved to the granted land, settling on the southern side of the railway line. The railway line ran through the property.
They had to start from scratch as there was no house or any farm buildings or equipment necessary for farming. However, with hard work, determination and effective management, our parents built (with years) an efficient and prosperous farm holding with good prospects for the future.
All four children were born here:
Helena (Hela), b. 1923., Stanislawa (Stasia) b. 1925., Mieczyslaw (Mietek), born 22/04/1927., Waleria,(Wala) b. 26/04/1930.

2. World War ll & Deportation to Soviet Union.

On September 1st,1939, the powerful German army attacked Poland signaling the start of WW ll and our prospects for the future suddenly looked bleak. On 17th day of fighting the Soviet Union army crossed the border into Poland attacking Polish army from the rear.

Overwhelmed by the two powerful armies, the war was over in 3 1/2 weeks. Poland was occupied along the so called Curzon line, by Germany west of the line, and the Soviet Union seized the territory east of the line, according to the Ribentrop-Molotov pact, signed by Germany and Soviet Union prior to the start of the war.
We were in the Soviet Union occupied part of Poland.

On February 10th, 1940, a Russian army Colonel and 4 soldats(soldiers), with rifles on the ready, arrived at our house at 5am (still dark). They lined up the family in the bedroom, except father who was ordered to stay in bed with an armed soldier watching over, while other soldiers searched the house for weapons. They didn't find the gun. Father hid it well.
After the search, the officer told us that we are being displaced (by force?, read deported), but would not tell us where to.
Next, he told us to pack some warm clothing and food to last for a month and be ready to move in ½ an hour. Father was not allowed to get up to help packing and had to stay in the bed until we were ready to go.

The officer then took two soldiers and went to our uncle Stankiewicz's household (neighbouring farm) to get them ready to move too. In the meantime, we were ordered into the horse driven sleigh (our own), made ready by the local men, and with the armed escort moved towards Swislocz railway station.
About half way, we were made to wait for the Stankiewicz family to join our "party". It was an extremely cold day. The temperature was close to – 40 C and we had to wait outside for nearly 2 hours. At the railway station families were ordered with baggage into small, two axle cattle wagons, 30 people per wagon. For beds, there were a sort of platforms (rough planks), 3 levels high, at each end of the wagon. In the centre, potbelly stove and a little wood enough for a few days. At nights it was so cold that blankets froze to the wall of the wagon.
The toilet was a metal pipe mounted in a hole in the floor at the back wagon door, which was permanently locked from the outside.

About midnight on February 10th, the train left Swislocz, travelling east, for the border town of Baranowicze where they had to change wagons because the Russian railway gauge was wider than European standard. Now we were certain that they were taking us to the Soviet Union and most likely somewhere in Siberia, as it was the Russian way to get rid of "Undesirables", by taking them to places with little hope of return or survival.

We travelled, under military escort with doors locked from the outside, day and night for two weeks. Stops were made only to get water and on two occasions we were given soup. Sometimes the train stopped for hours in uninhabited places. There was no medical aid for the sick. The dead were left in the snow near the railway line.

After two weeks of this "free ride journey" in the locked (most of the time), dark, crowded, cold cattle wagons, the train arrived as it turned out to our final destination, at a small town of **Karabasz,** located on eastern side of Ural mountains, on Febrary 24th 1940
The route from the Homeland to Karabasz was: Swislocz—Volkowysk—Baranovici Minsk—Smolensk—Roslav—Orel—Tula—Stupino—Ryazar—Saransk—Oktybrianski—Ufa—Chelyabinsk—Kusztym (change train to narrow gauge rail)—Karabasz.

3 Karabasz

Upon arrival, the people on the train were divided into two groups and placed in temporary accommodations, one group near the copper mine and other near the smelting works. Later on, people were moved to a specially built barracks with one family per room.
The two sites of the barracks were located on the outskirts of the town: one, 2 km north (near the mine), where 147 families (725 persons) were placed, and another, 6 km south of the town (near smelting works), 175 families (934 persons). Our family was at the north site.
All rooms (32 per barracks) were of the same size, 12x16 feet, had 2 wooden plank platforms for beds, a small table, 2 stools, wood stove and one small window. No running water. One water pump outside for the whole site of 5 barracks.

We were classified as " SPECPIERESIEDLENCY", sort of Displaced Persons (about 30 millions of them in Stalin's time) who were forcibly relocated from their homes, (losing all their possessions) to far away places and forced to reside in the designated locations, called "Posiolki".
This class of people were considered, by the ruling Communist Party, as an enemy of the Soviet Union and, as such, did not have any rights that a regular S.U. citizen had. It was like the people did not exist. This also applied to the S.U citizens who were forcibly relocated to some other part of the country based on the fact that they were allegedly against the Bolshevik government.

The Authorities did not inform people why they were uprooting them, nor where to. It was done without any accusation or explanation. As we found out later, after "amnesty", our family's "crime" was that father joined the Polish army as a volunteer to defend Homeland against the Soviet Union invasion in 1920.

We were not allowed to move outside Posiolek (except to the place of work) without a permit. However children did not need passes to go outside Posiolek. All personal papers—passports, ID cards, membership cards, etc, even school certificates (from polish schools, of course) were confiscated. Anything that could identify a person was taken.
Komendant (Commander), NKWD (nowdays KGB) officer, had an absolute authority over people in the Posiolek. He was referred to as the "Master of life and death".
According to the Soviets' slogan, "who does not work, does not eat"(sounds like one had a choice). But, in fact, there were none for us. Everyone over 16 years old had to work at a designated place. Refusals were punished with a fine and/or imprisonment.
Under 16, had to attend school (lessons in Russian language).

Father and sister Hela worked in the copper mine deep down below the ground in very bad conditions: water up to the knees, and, the management of the mine, most likely, never heard the word SAFETY.
Mother worked in construction and in the summer in a bog field digging and stacking peat, to dry. It was very hard work. Sister Stasia worked at different jobs, and also with mother at the peat bog. Wala and I(Mietek) went to the regular Russian school, starting one level lower than at the level we were in Poland. At the school we were treated pretty well.

People were paid for the work performed, but the pay was low considering long hours, hard work under unsafe conditions, especially in the copper mine and smelting works.
Food was rationed on a card system, but rations were too small to sustain reasonably healthy bodies, even for children.
My contribution for survival was to scrounge additional food and to get firewood for cooking and to stock enough for heating, to last the long and very cold winters.

To supplement the meagre rations, we were selling or bartering with "local" people (who were relocated into Karabasz years before), for food with the little goods we had brought from Poland. When (though not often) some food items or other goods were available without the need of ration cards at one of the shops in town, long lines of people would form in the evening, waiting all night until the shop opened in the morning. When the

shop opened, there was no more line. People pushed and shoved with no mercy just to get to the door to have a chance to buy whatever was available. There were never enough goods for every customer. Waiting all night with the hope of getting something, especially bread or other food items, usually only a small number of people (strong ones), had managed to buy available items.
There were fights, broken bones, and there were occasions when I felt I'd be squeezed to death. However, with practice I managed allright, but also, many times came back empty-handed.
To get firewood we had to go about 6km up and down the hills into the woods with the barrow or sleigh in the milder days of winter.

3. "Amnesty"

In June 1941 Germany attacked Soviet Union. The two nations that together conquered, and occupied Poland, suddenly became enemies.
Soon after the start of German—Soviet Union war, the treaty was signed between the Polish Government in exile (residing in London, England) and the Soviet Union, on July 30, 1941.
The treaty included the declaration of "amnesty" for all Polish citizens who were forcefully deported by the Soviet Union into their country and all Polish prisoners of war who were currently being held in prisons and labour camps. It also stated that the Polish army will be formed and, when ready, will join the Soviet army in the war against Germany.

With the announcement of "amnesty", the Russian authority recognized our Polish citizenship and we were free to travel (with some war-time restrictions), refuse to work, if you could afford it (no work, no ration cards) and supposedly have all the rights as Russian citizens, but in practice it wasn't so.
People at both Posiolki started to plan to leave Karabasz for Kuibyshev (now under original name, SAMARA), where the Polish army was being organized under command of General Władysław Anders.

4. Kolkhoz Pietrowka—Kazakhstan

After many delays, railway authorities gave notice that the train was ready and waiting at the Kushtym station (aprox. 40km from Karabash) to take us to Kuibyshev. We left Karabash(by the narrow gauge railway train) during the night on November 6th 1941 and arrived in Kushtym early in the morning finding that the train that was supposed to be waiting, was not yet available.
Eventually, after waiting 3 days in the open in snow and cold weather, the train arrived, but with fewer coaches than was ordered. These were old suburban type coaches with wooden seats, not really suitable for long journeys. With the shortage of 5 carriages we were packed, proverbially, like "herrings in the barrel".
Another surprise (what else?) was, that we were not going to Kuibyshev but further south, to the region of Tashkent, in the republic of Uzbekistan, because the Polish army was being moved there too.

The journey was very hard. Railway carriages were not heated, overcrowded and hardly any food. The train was stopping often but we never knew for how long. When it

stopped at a station, people were running out trying to buy or barter (or steal) for food. Sometimes, people were left behind because the train suddenly moved away without warning.
At times the train would be placed on the railway siding in the middle of the treeless, dry grassy steppe with no living soul or dwellings around for miles.

After travelling, stop & go for 12 days, we arrived to our supposed destination where the train was placed on a siding, outside the city of Tashkent.
Next day, the train was moved back 150 km north, to the town of Arys, where we stayed in carriages for 3 days. The reason for this move was apparently, the city of Tashkent and surrounding regions were overcrowded with evacuees from already German occupied areas and that is why there was no room for us.
Eventually, the local Authorities decided that we were to be moved to the region of Dzhambul in Kazakhstan and soon after the train was on the way. At the Chimket railway station stop, we found out that our destination was the town of BURNOYE, at which place we arrived at about midnight on December 2nd (or 3rd) 1941.

After nearly a month of living in the railway carriage, it was a welcome change to spend a couple of days where we were temporarily put up in the public buildings (schools, cinema , Kolkhoz house club).
The plan was to relocate "the people of the train" in to the neighbouring collective farms (Kolkhoz), 2 to 3 families per Kolkhoz.
Our and the Salamonczyk family were assigned and moved by horse-driven wagons to our Unplanned Destination---Kolkhoz named, PIETROWKA.

Our journey route by train from Karabash was:
KARABASH---KUSHTYM---CHELABINSK---TROITSK---KARTALY---ORSK---ORENBURG—AKTUBINSK---KAZYL ORDA---TURKESTAN—ARYS---TASHKENT—back to ARYS--- CHIMKET---BURNOYE.

Pietrowka, a large village was located about 15 km from Burnoye close to the foot-hills of the western range of ALATAU mountains. It was considered a "wealthy" kolkhoz (as compared to the native Kazakhs collective farms) built and inhabited by Ukrainian Kulaks (well to do farmers) who were deported from their homeland to this place in 1933—1935 by Stalinist government, because they were against joining collective farms. Pretsidiatiel, (kolkhoz manager), housed our two families (13 persons) in one large room. For beds, rough boards on shaky stands. No running water or washroom.
Food was scarce. Work was scarce too. It was winter and usually there was not much activity on farms at that time. According to the Soviets' dogma- "Who does not work, does not eat" One could buy some food from the local people, but we did not have money or anything left to barter with. By now, our possessions were what we wore on our backs. Father worked with horses or cattle when work was available, but this was not very often. Hela, who was good with needle-work, helped too, however people usually wanted a lot for very little.
I worked sometimes with oxen, carting hay or straw or when snow had melted, driving oxen to the pasture on the steppe. It was a hard and frustrating task to control a herd of stubborn beasts while riding the oldest horse in the kolkhoz and bouncing on the wooden saddle, probably a relic from Genghis Khan's times.

For the little work we could get, we were getting very little food. If I remember right, 100gm of flour per person per day, and not always every day. If there was chance, we would steal. One day helping to unload wheat grain into the storage that was in the part of the building we were staying, I would let the grain fill the felt boots I was wearing (my father's) with wide uppers reaching to the knees, and a large pockets of the cloak I had on. Then on one or the other pretext, went to our room emptying the grain and go back and forth until unloading was completed.
Boiled wheat grain tasted very good!

The fuel for cooking and heating was a big problem, No trees or shrubbery on the steppe. Locals use "kiziak"(dried cows dung mixed with straw) for fuel, which they prepare during warm summer months. We had to rely on the "left-overs" of animals (cows, horses) fodder, (that is, a hard stalks and stems of the various weeds contained in the hay).
This valued fuel was rationed for us, one bundle per week.

In the beginning of February 1942 some encouraging news had filtered through, by word of mouth, to Pietrovka and surrounding kolkhozs where Polish families were staying, that the Chief of Staff of Polish Army in the Soviet Union, General Wladyslaw Anders made a deal with Stalin, allowing the army (still in organizing stage), families and orphan children to move to Persia(now named Iran).

Soon after, Polish army organizers, (headqartered in the town of Chok- Pak, about 20 km from Burnoye) started to recruit men into 8th Infantry Division. The actual camp of the Division was14km from Chok-Pak, in the abandoned "Shahta" (coal mine) buildings.

Father joined the army in the beginning of March and was stationed at the Shahta camp. Unfortunately, soon after he became very ill with typhoid fever. Sister Stasia joined the army to take care of father. Luckily, he survived, but never fully recovered.

Mother, sisters Hela & Wala and I , remained, for time being, in the kolkhoz. In about 2 weeks after father became ill, Hela developed very high fever that turned out to be the typhus sickness. She was taken to the hospital in Burnoye where she died within a few days of the arrival, on April 4th, 1942.
Mother and I, and two of our friends, Borkowski and Salamonczyk (our neighbours in Poland) went to the hospital to claim and to bury Hela's body. We had a quite a shock seeing how the human corpses were treated.
Dead bodies were kept in the half broken shack with gaps in the walls. Partly frozen naked corpses (snow was still on the ground), without any identifications, were piled up on the table in the middle of the shack. More bodies were scattered around on the dirt floor.
After finding Hela's body, we buried her, wrapped in a white bedsheet in the shallow grave (ground was still frozen) in the hospital grounds "cemetery".
It was hard to take Hela's death, especially for mother. It was the first death in our immediate family. She was so young, just 2 months into her 19th year. Hardly had time to enjoy and or experience normal live. Malnutrition and 1 1/2years work in the copper mine

did not help her to fight that terrible disease. In our minds, she was murdered by the Soviet regime.

At about that time, a word came from the army headquarters that the 8th Infantry Division would be evacuated to Persia, and families which could arrive in time to the Shahta camp, could depart with the Division.
That was welcome news and full of hope that we may have a chance (one never knew with Soviet authority, because they could change their minds without any explanation, and would not admit that they have lied in the first place) to leave this "inhuman" place for good. As it was, we were, so to speak, at the end of the tether: hungry, in rags and no prospects to survive much longer in these conditions.

The Infantry Div. left the Shahta camp at the end of March and we, supposedly, to follow in about week's time.
Father was not well enough to go with the army, and was transferred to the camp in Yangi-Yul, nr. Tashkent. From there, overland via hospital train to Persia. Unfortunately, he did not make it. He died on Aug. 22nd 1942, at the age of 44, close to the Persian border, and was buried in the Polish army cemetery, in a small town of Eisly nr. Ashkhabad in (now) Turkmenstan. This we found out after the WWII, in 1946. I believe, father's brother, Jan (frair Blazej) who was in Poland, found out about father's death from the Red Cross and then passed the news to Mother, who was with Wala, at the time, in Lebanon

Mother, Wala and I walked about 16km to join other civilians at the Shahta camp where the preparations were being made for the anticipated departure to Persia.
The army unit that had stayed behind to liquidate camp, and to organize departure, took good care of the civilians providing food ,some clothes and a warm place to stay.

Two days after arrival we were informed that evacuation of the Polish army from the Soviet Union has been completed, and the liquidation unit and civilians from the Shahta will be moved to the place named GUZAR , in the Republic of Uzbekistan.
This was shocking news. Double blow to our hopes: we are still to remain in this inhuman place, and no word when, if ever, we'll get out from the Soviet Union.
As for Guzar, terrible rumors have been circulating for sometime about that place. Diseases, such as typhus, typhoid fever, dysentery, malaria had been raging among emaciated Polish people. Thousands died; soldiers, twice as many civilians, mainly women and children. And these were not rumours, as we soon found and many of us experienced illness in our relatively short stay in Guzar.

At the end of April (or beginning of May), we went by foot from Shahta to the Chok-Pak railway station and boarded the waiting train for our 3 days journey to Guzar.
The route to Guzar was:
CHOK-PAK -- CHIMKENT -- ARYS -- TASHKENT – SYRGARYA – DZHIZAK – SAMARKAND – KATTAKURGAN – NAVOI – KUGAN (BUKHARA) – KARSHI – GUZAR.

5. Guzar—Uzbekistan

After a day or two in Guzar, Wala and I were placed in the orphanage in Karkin-Batash (Death Valley). It was a terrible place. Non-existent sanitary facilities, contaminated drinking water, not enough food, sweltering heat (temperature reaching over 50 degrees C). A high number of children had succumbed to diseases in this place.

Mother took Wala from orphanage to stay with her in the " tent " camp near the river Guzar-Darya. I joined "Junaki" (Young Soldiers) that was organized by the military, so as to enable to evacuate young people under 18 with the army out of the Soviet Union. Soon after joining, I contracted a severe case of dysentery and a few days later typhus caught up with me. 16 days in hospital, 12 of which mostly unconscious due to the high fever.
The hospital was the mud-brick, low, narrow building with flat roof. There were only 2 beds occupied by the two most serious case patients. Remaining patients (about 50) lying side by side around the room on straw mattresses on the dirt floor. It was stifling hot during the day. A bucket or two of water dumped on the floor in the middle of the room, kept the place a little cooler.

On the 5th or 6th day in the hospital, a nurse (friend of our sister Stasia), woke me up to tell me that Stasia, who has been working in this hospital, passed away just a couple hours ago. I don't think I was fully conscious at the time, because I thought I had a bad dream. Unfortunately, it really happened. Stasia died a the beginning of June 1942, at the age of 17years old and was burried in the Polish military cemetery in Guzar, Uzbekistan.
I remember drinking some red coloured liquid of rather strange taste that nurse insisted it was good for the healing of dysentery. As I found later, my Mother made the concoction but, since visitors were not allowed inside the hospital, she asked a nurse to keep giving me it as a medicine. It must have helped. I was lucky to recover from both diseases considering, that the going rate of the dead of the admitted patients was around 65%.

I think I left the hospital on July 5th or 6th. It was a scorching hot, (temp. around 50deg.C), the sun at Zenith, clear sky, no trace of breeze. I was standing outside trying to find a shade to hide my clean shaved head, and to figure out where I was supposed to go. There were hardly any people around.
Then I saw something I remember clearly to this day. A big Uzbek male wearing a full length fur coat (fur outside) and a huge fur hat, riding a little donkey. I realized, later on, that his unseasonal attire was to protect him from the heat, however, the contrast at the time, seemed unreal. Here, I stood bare headed wearing a thin short sleeves shirt and shorts, while the guy dressed for North Pole, rides unconcerned of the heat.

Anyway, I must have had a complete lapse of memory for a period of the month or longer. This is not unusual after the bout with typhus.

Next thing I remembered, after the scene with the "donkey rider", waking up in the mid of the night with a swarm of mosquitoes buzzing and biting like crazy. At first I couldn't make up where I was. In the dim light I could see people asleep on the ground, in what looked like an orchard.
I must have been very tired, because I just covered my head with the blanked and fell asleep again. In the morning, I was told that my face looked like a red puffy mass. The pesky gnats kept sucking the blood through the blanket.

I also found out that I was in the town of KITAB, about 70 km north of Guzar, where our Junaki school unit has been transferred in the preparation of moving out from the Soviet Union into Iran. Our temporary "quarters" were in the orange grove with standing water in the irrigation ditches. An ideal breeding ground in the hot climate for mosquitoes. We slept on the bare ground under the sky with mosquitoes feasting on our blood and infecting many with malaria bug. Within two weeks I had my first bout of malaria.

I have no idea (memory) how I got into Kitab or for that matter what happened in Guzar where I must have stayed at least 3 weeks after leaving hospital. After all, I must have came back to the Junaki unit, most likely had a contact with Mother and Wala, who were stationed not far from our camp, and possibly visited Stasia's grave. Also, I have only sketchy recollections of the journey from Kitab to the port of Krasnovodsk, on the Caspian sea.

On August 11th or12th, 1942 we boarded the train in Kitab It took 3-1/2 days across mostly uninhabited steppes and numerous tunnels around Samarakand and Ashkhabad mountains. The train stopped on the way at the Mary station (Turkmenostan) where we were treated to the dinner of rice and meat that was dry and hard like leather (probably old camel or donkey meat). Apparently, this "banquet" was Stalin's gesture of farewell (most likely wishing: "eat and choke on it").

In the morning of the 4th day the train stopped 7km from the Krasnowodsk port where after leaving the train, the NKWD (now KGB) conducted the search for weapons, gold, Russian national treasures and announced that it is against the law to take the Russian currency out of the Soviet Union and, therefore, each and everyone must leave the roubles here, prior to embarking the boat. Further, we will walk the 7km to the port and are allowed to take only the amount of the baggage on the boat, that one can carry to the port.
The sick and infirm will not be allowed on the boat and will be taken to hospitals.

At the start of the walk, we had to pass, one by one, through the check-point with NKWD officers on both sides of the passage checking ID's and reminding us to throw the roubles into large sacks which were placed on each side at the check-point.
The walk was hell. The sun was still high in the sky. Terribly hot. Nothing to drink. Majority of people were weak and many sick who were not fit to walk, however, afraid to be left out and the great desire to get out of this terrible place, were determined to make it somehow to the boat.

Personally, I was still weak and bothered with after-effects of dysentery, but had been doing not too badly until near the destination when two of my friends helped me to get to the port and on to the boat.
The boat was, as it turned out, an old cistern ship so the space for the people was very limited. It was so crowded one could hardly move around. I was trying to find out whether Mother and Wala were on the boat, but even if they were, I would, most likely, have missed them in that overcrowded place.

Eventually, about 9am, Aug.16th (not sure of the date) 1942, the boat shoved off and we were on the way to FREEDOM. The sea was calm, sailing smooth. However, the 24 hours passage was terribly hard for passengers. Crowded, no drinking water, essentially one washroom for which there were long lines, as many had diarrhoea. Some, in urgent need to relieve nature, tried hanging over the outside of the ship. A few did drown in the sea, as being weak, had not enough strength to hold on and/or to heave back on the deck.
It was early morning Aug.17th when the boat came to the stop about 2-3 km from the shore of the small port of PAHLEVI in Persia. The port had no facilities for larger boats, so we were ferried in the smaller boats to the shore.
The natives were watching with bewilderment seeing thousands of emaciated, weak and sick men, women and children in rags being brought by boats to the shore. Many hundreds, mostly children and old people, were buried in the newly established Polish cemetery outside Pahlevi port.

6. Persia(Iran).

On the 3rd day of our arrival (we were still sleeping under the sky on the beach, prior to the "delousing process"), I got my first "meeting" with the malaria fever. There were many more, as it accompanied me for the next 8 months.
It is a nasty sickness caused by protozoan parasite transmitted by mosquitoes. After each attack, one feels like all the juices have been drained from the body.
Anyway, before we were allowed to enter to the prearranged accommodation (tents) in the military camp (officially, Junaki was military school), our clothes were burned, heads clean shaved, hot showers and real soap (first in months), then provided with the clean underwear and English military tropical uniforms. Only then the gate was opened, and we were allowed to pass to the other side of the wire fence in to the "CLEAN ZONE".
Civilians went through a similar procedure receiving clothes donated by American people.

Pahlevi was a nice small town with lot of trees, shrubs and flowers. Clean wide streets with shops full of goods, restaurants, cafes full of smiling and laughing people. After only 2-1/2 years in the Soviet Union, it was difficult to comprehend that such place still existed, and especially was hard to induce the brain to accept the fact that there were shops full of all kinds of food, and for that matter, any goods that anybody could buy, as much as they would like.
Naturally, I was happy (and lucky) to get away from that dictatorial System, but I was not really in a shape to enjoy this "new life". I was weak, had problems in holding food, and was worried whether Mother and Wala were still in Guzar or had managed to get on the boat (they did).

Altogether, our Family went through very hard times in the last 5 months. Two Sisters and Father passed away due to the diseases and malnutrition. Wala and I had typhus, dysentery and now malaria. I don't know how our Mother survived through this terrible period of time. All that hardship and pain must have had an effect on her early death at the age of 56.

I was taken to the provisional hospital, set up in tents on the beach, wherein treated for malaria (orally taken liquid quinine, extremely bitter substance), fed nourishing food, plus vitamin B injections.
While in hospital, the Junaki school (approx. 600, age 10-16 yrs old boys) was moved to Palestine (now Israel) to continue education at the semi military schools that were set in that country.

In about 3 weeks later the word came that the "tent hospital" would be closed down, and all patients who were well enough to travel by motor-coaches would be transferred to hospitals in Teheran (now spelled Tehran), the capital of Persia. I was deemed able to endure a relatively a short trip of about 150km. It was a slow and treacherous ride. The route led across mountainous terrain including the high ALBORZ mountains range with narrow passages, hairpin bends (no railings), and precipices hundreds feet deep.

I ended up in the hospital, huge red brick building located in Teheran's suburbs.
After 3 or 4weeks stay in the hospital, I joined Mother and Wala (late October 1942) who were staying in the civilian camp in Teheran. I was no longer member of the Junaki school.
We stayed together for about 4 months. However, during that period of time I had to "visit" hospital 3 times (each stay two and a half to 3 weeks) as the malaria fever kept recurring. I was a "regular customer" in that hospital's Tropical Diseases Ward. Nurses, usually greeted me "welcome back Mieczyslaw", and teasing, "which one of us you were missing this time?".
Anyway, during the 3rd "visit", the attendant doctor (I think his name was Alexander) suggested to my mother that I should, if possible, move into a different climate (he probably had enough of me), explaining that since the treatment here does not work for me, and each recurrence does more damage to the liver, the change of climate helps sometimes to get rid off the malaria bug for good.

Coincidently, at that time (Feb.1943), the transport was being organized to move about 150 boys (stragglers like I) to Palestine to join the Junaki school. I signed up, and back in uniform, was anxiously waiting for the move.
However, about 3 weeks prior to the departure, a regular check for the malaria parasite, had revealed that they were ready for action. Regardless of my strong protests that I was feeling fine (I didn't want to miss the move to Palestine again, like I did in Pahlevi), I was "kicked" into the ambulance, ending up on the same ward I had visited 3 times before. The attack has started as soon as I hit the bed.

Fortunately, the departure to Palestine had been postponed for couple of weeks, so after the discharge (as cured for the present) from the hospital, and good-byes to Mother and Wala, I started on the long trek to the biblical "Promised Land," at the beginning of April 1943.

Our first stop was at the transit military camp on the outskirts of the town of QAZWIN, 100 km north of Teheran. It is nice medium size town with lots of trees, greenery and a small wooden houses with balconies and columns painted in strong colours of violet, pink, blue, but did not really clash with the surroundings.
And, of course, many colourful domes of mosques, and slender high towers of minarets. Unfortunately, we were not allowed outside the camp

For the next stage to the town of HAMADAN, the warning was issued that the ride will be hard and dangerous, as the route leads over the high mountains of ZAGROS and the road is narrow, in poor shape, steep climbs and lots of serpentines. Indeed, it was some ride. In comparison to the drive from Pahlevi to Teheran, which I thought was bad enough, this one was much more dangerous. I felt at the time, it must have been some influence from Above that we arrived to Hamadan alive. One could see broken vehicles down in the deep ravines.
Hamadan is famous for hand made beautiful carpets.
Next day continuing over the mountains with the similar degree of anxiety of danger.
It was extremely hot. The highly heated air made it difficult to breath.

At last, down below on a large plain, the town of KERMANSHAH (our next stage destination) appeared. Big town, spread wide and surrounded by orchards and green fields.
A few kilometers past the town, there is a huge granite rock showing the engraved description, (on the flat face of the wall of about 45m wide x 50 m high), of the Persian King's, Darius the Great, 19th and decisive victorious battle, on the plain at the foot of the rock, over his rebellious governors of provinces who tried to carve up the Persian Empire for themselves.
At last we could relax a little, after getting over the last mountain pass. The high hills replaced mountains, bends gentler, and road wider. However, the heat was still unbearable.
Soon after crossing the Persian-Irak boarder, at QASR-E-SHIRIN, we reached the military camp in KHANAQIN, where the Polish troops were getting ready to join the allied forces (Canadian & British) in the preparation for landing in Sicily, to start the Southern Front against Germany and its Allies,
Many hundreds of tents scattered on the sand. No trees, shrubs, or even a blade of grass in that sea of sand. It was extremely hot in daytime, cold at nights. Lots of scorpions. You had to shake boots well before putting them on.
We stayed there for only 10 days, and that was more than enough. It was time to move on our way to Palestine.

Our next overnight stop was at the English Air Force transit camp just outside HABANIYAH town on the shore of the lake of the same name. Very hot place on the edge of the desert.
Now, the drive over the desert was no fun either. Miles and miles of empty landscape of sand, scorching heat and sand in the ears, eyes, mouth, clothes and even in knapsacks.
And, Transjordania (now Jordan) desert appeared like the hell on earth. Hundreds of kilometers of black magma and bazalt thrown out by volcanoes millions of years ago, covered in grey sand. The dead ground looked like the surface of the moon, but hot. The

road ran through that scorched dark landscape for about 500 km until closing on AL AZRAQ where some trees and greenery appeared on the marshes surrounding the lake of the same name.
Al Azraq is the only oasis within 50,000 sq. km.

We moved on in the direction of AMMAN. It was named Philadelfia at the time when Jordan was the province of Rome, approx. 2nd century AD.
Now, the desert was more like in Irak, brown sand, no more black stones. After by-passing Amman, the road led through valleys criss-crossed with the high hills, behind which was Palestinian border.
We crossed the border via General Allenby bridge over Jordan river, just north of the Dead Sea, then turned north to the town of Jericho (didn't hear any sounds of trumpets), and Nablus, next turned west to Natanya, a modern town on the shores of Mediterranean sea with fantastic white sand beaches.
Finally, we arrived at our destination in the small town of Qastina, about 65km south of Natanya, where the Junaki school was stationed.
What a welcome change in the landscape! I forgot that there could be so much greenery: orange grooves, vineyards, vegetable gardens and green grass. After nearly 3 weeks of seeing sand, bare mountains, black desert, scorching heat and dust, this was "Eden".

7. Junacka Szkola Kadetow,(Cadet's School), Camp Barbara, Palestine.

After medical and other formalities I was assigned to the group of about 300 guys that was to continue to England to join the Air Cadets under Air Force Command.
Now, my "good friend" malaria had interfered again. Just a week prior to the departure to England, I found myself in the military hospital in the town of Rehovot. While undergoing treatment, the group left for England.
I felt sorry at first, because I already was seeing myself fighting Germans in the air, and my Spitfire or Mosquito plane covered with crosses of the shot enemy planes. However, my kismet was different, and I am glad it turned out as it did.

I spent 4-1/2 wonderful years in Palestine, country of contrasts and many faces and cultures. Modern, European style cities, Tel-Aviv, Rehovot, Natanya, Haifa, inhabited mostly by Jewish population. Biblical places:- Jerusalem, Bethleyem, Nazareth with buildings, churches, mosques centuries old. On the other hand, towns like Gaza, Nablus, Jaffa, Hebron, are smaller places, with narrow streets, not too well kept and usually, fully inhabited by Arabs.
The climate, very hot summers lasting 7 months, changing into the wet, rainy short autumn, followed by very nice spring. No winter as such.
During that stay, I had been criss-crossing the country visiting many historical places including trips to Egypt, Syria and also spent a couple of vacations in the beautiful Lebanon, where Mother and Wala were living, at the time, in the small town of Baabdad.

Soon after arriving from hospital, the school was moved to the new place, called camp Barbara, 20 km north of the town of Gaza. It was located very close to the main highway that was running from the northern Country's border along the shores of the Mediterranean sea all the way to the Egyptian border in the south.

About 2km to the west of the camp, on the seashore, were the ruins of ASHQELON (Ashkelon) city whose turbulent history goes back to 8th century BC when it was Cananite's city. A few centuries later it became one of the five principalities of Philistines. Here, apparently, Samson killed 1000 Philistines with donkey's jaw, and destroyed their temple, but ended badly, falling to the charms of treacherous Dellaliah. Following the Philistines, the city was occupied, in succession, by Phoenicians, Assyrians, Greeks & Romans, (Herod the Great was born here and he rebuilt the city and built his famous palaces).
In the 7th century AD, Muslims conquered the city. In 1135 the city surrendered to the Crusaders. Richard the Lion Heart, constructing the defensive walls of the city's port, used the columns from Herod's palaces.
Complete downfall of the Ashkelon followed the capture of the city by Mamalukes in 13th century, who razed the city to the ground.
To think of it now, by what strange coincidence, the Ashkelon (now ruins) after centuries of glory and stormy past, now "was occupied" by Polish schoolboys enjoying its fantastic beaches and the swimming in gently moving waves.

Camp Barbara was simply a place of sun baked ground with traces of burnt grass and several barracks made of thin wooden boards. Large tents, each equipped with 8 beds and a table in the middle, were our living quarters ("home") for 4-1/2 years.
Classes were held in barracks, not insulated. On the hot summer days, the heat was hard to bear. In rainy season, damp and cold. No heating facilities in the barracks or tents. However, the school Command did everything they could to improve the facilities and to provide suitable conditions for hundreds of young people, who already lost 3 years of schooling, to continue their education.

After entry exam I was assigned to the Cadets school, which had a curriculum of Gimnazium (Grammar school), 4yrs., and Liceum (Advanced), 2yrs.
To make up for the lost time, the first 2 school years were done in 12 months, classes carried out 6 days a week, with a short summer break. As a military based school , we had regular drills ,marches with full equipment including rifles, range shooting, parades. However, it interfered with studying and the military drills were eliminated from the program, altogether.
In June 1946 I received certificate of "Mala Matura" (GCE), and passed (successfully) entry exam for Advanced.
About two months after completing 1ST year of Liceum in June1947, the camp Barbara was liquidated, and the school moved to England.
From camp Barbara by train to Port Said, Egypt, then by boat we sailed into Southampton port, September 1947. From the port by train to the military camp in Bodney, near Norwich, Norfolk.
School started soon after arrival. I successfully completed 2nd Liceum, and obtained the Certificate of Matriculation, (Swiadectwo Dojrzalosci), that entitled to study at the university level), in march 1948.

8. England.

Three weeks after final exams, the JSK(Cadets school) was officially dissolved. It was expected, nevertheless, it was sad event. For nearly 5 years it was my home. I am ever so

grateful to the Polish Army for taking us along, from the hell of the Soviet Union in 1942, when it moved to the Middle East. It gave the chance to many hundreds of sick and undernourished people, and especially children, to survive, to get medical care, and eventually education.
By this time, Mother and Wala arrived in England from Lebanon, and were temporarily located in Wales, on Anglesey Island.
Now, it was the time to decide what to do. Essentially, there were 4 choices for the Polish people, (army and civilian), after WW II.

Go back to Poland that now had the Communist Government, highly influenced (read, dictated) by Moscow. Actually, British Government has been exerting some pressure on us to go back. For our family, like for the most of people who were from the eastern parts of Poland, and who most likely went through the hell in the Soviet Union, there was no home to go to, since that part of Poland was in the Soviet Union now, thanks to generosity of Gt.Britain and USA at the Tehran meeting between W.Churchill, FD Roosevelt and Stalin, in May 1943, and then putting the final "stamp of the approval" on their decision, at the Yalta Conference in 1945.

The British Military were offering to join the British Army, with attached conditions: must sign for 5 years min., 1st assignment, to fight the communist rebels in the Borneo jungle and Malaysia. Only 3 of our schoolmates signed up.

To settle in other countries--- Australia, Canada, South Africa, USA, S. America.

To demob and settle in England, and that's what we did.

Now, our official status was, "Displaced Persons", people without country or citizenship

In August 1948, I started to work in cotton mill in Royton, nr Manchester. The work wasn't hard, but the processing conditions for cotton spinning required high humidity and temp. of 70 deg.F. It was hot and sticky, and the noise from thousands of high speed spindles was hard to take. Jobs were scarce at the time, so one had to stick with it. Life in England in the post WW II years was pretty hard. There were shortages almost of everything, especially housing, all food products rationed as well as many other articles that are used in everyday life.

I applied for the scholarship (as an ex military) to study chemistry in 1949, but was rejected. I took a couple of night courses at the Tech. College and reapplied. This time I got it for 3 years, on condition that I take Textiles and not Chemistry.
Of Course I took it, and started the "Higher Diploma in Textiles" 3yrs full time course at the Nottingham Technical College, in Sept. 1950.
Those were one of the better 3yrs of my life. Curriculum was not that hard, leaving enough free time for tennis, skating and whatever.

However, the money was tight. The fees for studies were paid by Committee directly to the College. Student, was receiving 19 sterling pounds per month which was not much to pay for room, food, clothes, books, etc..
To augment this "princely" sum, I had been doing all kinds of jobs, painting(houses), railway porter, post office (at Christmas break) was a must, pay was good and lots of overtime, cleaning basements, waiting-hotel, and on Fridays worked overnights making and smoking Polish and liver sausages, and doing other odd jobs like scrubbing pots, pans and floors. Those were the good days !

Meanwhile, Mother was in the civilian camp, and Wala, already living in Nottingham. Moving from Manchester in Aug. 1950, I took the room & board in the house Wala was staying in.
Wala got married in Aug. 1951 and moved to Coventry, where her husband, Stanislaw hac been living and had a good job there. In the meantime, the camp Mother was in, was to be liquidated and the residents had to find their own accommodation.

Wala and Stan were able to rent only one small room. Coventry was the most bombarded and destroyed city in WWII, by German planes, in England. The living accommodation was extremely difficult to find. Therefore, Mother moved with me.
I managed to find a two bedroom apartment in the residential district. It was a large 3 storey building, having 4 apartments. The rent was too high for student's pocket, but making a deal with the owner that, for a suitably reduced rent, we will look after the building (collecting rent, paying bills, renting apts.,etc), we managed to survive. Andrzej Glowczeski shared the apartment with us, contributing to the rent too.

Looking for a job after graduation, May 1953, was quite a problem. Textile industry in the 1950s was in bad shape, especially around Nottingham.
Eventually, I was hired by a large chemical specialties manufacturing company, Hardman & Holden, in Manchester, and started working in Q.C. laboratory, in Nov.1953.

In the summer 1953,Wala's family, husband and baby Zenek, moved to Nottingham and soon after they bought a house, settling down south of the river Trent in West Bridgford. Mother resided with them. For sometime now, Mother's health was going down, and in the beginning of 1956 she fell ill. After relatively short stay in the hospital, Mother passed away (failure of kidneys) on February 22nd 1956, at the age of 56, and was buried in Wilford Hill cemetery, Nottingham.

It was sad time for us and it seemed unfair for Mother who, after surviving through such hard times and suffering (losing two young daughters and husband within a few month in 1942), passed away at the early age of 56, when the living conditions would allow her to enjoy live for many more years in a reasonable comfort, which she much deserved.

The Company was encouraging to further one's knowledge, relative to one's work, offering to pay for tuition, one full day off per week with pay for an approved course, and two weeks off with pay, for the year-end exams.
I signed up for 5years chemistry course consisting of 5 subjects, Organic, Inorganic and Physical Chemistry, Maths, and Physics.
Studying one full day, two nights, and 6hrs Saturday, per week, I completed the programme (equivalent to BSc pass) successfully in 5 years.

After 4 years in QC lab, I was transferred to the Research & Development (R&D) labs where I spent very interesting and enjoyable 8 years working with a brilliant Chemist, Sam Harson, whose ideas of a new chemical products and processes had resulted in many approved patents. My main responsibility was experimental work, to develop the formulae of products and the processing procedures, and also, to supply the data for application of patents.

I am grateful to Sam Harson for sharing his knowledge and experience with me. The knowledge, experience and the approach to the subject of the chemistry as a whole, gained here, served me well in the future.

The management was pressing me to move to the production, to start as the deputy plant mgr., and to take the plant over after 6 months, when the present plant manager retired. However, I wasn't really interested in the position, one of the reasons being that I was not ready to deal with the Union which was strong and aggressive towards the management As there was no room to move up in the R&D labs at the time, and 12 yrs at the same work- place (17 in England), the desire to see what's behind the next hill was growing strong. It was time to move on.
Moving progressively west since we left Soviet Union (Middle East, Egypt, England), North America was the logical continuation, and Canada the place. Ever since I read the book (teen's age), titled "Kanada Pachnaca Zywica", by Adller, I think, (literal translation: Canada Fragrant with Resin, or Rosin), I wanted to see that huge, from ocean to ocean Country of thousands lakes full of variety of fish, magnificent Rocky Mountains, forests full of wild fauna etc., etc., that the author described in his book.

On May 14th 1965, I took the boat in Liverpool, and after 5 days of very enjoyable trip, sailed into Quebec City port, on St. Lawrence river, on May 19th. The next day the ship continued to the Montreal port, then by train to Toronto, Ontario.
After completing first task, i.e. sending my resume to a number of chemical firms and institutions, I allowed myself 2 weeks just to look around to get my bearings in the new surroundings. I liked what I have managed to see, and I felt, I made a right move.

Response and interviews started to come, but offers for the job, not. Usual comments were: "your education and experience is very good, but you don't have Canadian experience", whatever it meant. This, by the way, most of the new immigrants to Canada looking for work have met with, regardless of the fact that a person was doing a similar or exactly the same type of work for years in other country.
Anyway, as I could not afford to wait for the right job for too long, I took the position of Development Chemist with a paint firm on July 2, 1965, although the pay was far from satisfactory

Soon after, I received an offer for the position of the Plant Chemist with the chemical specialties manufacturing firm, Witco Chemical Canada Ltd., (branch of Witco Inc. USA), that had started operation in Oakville, west of Toronto, just 2 years before. Salary-wise, it was not the best choice, however, opportunity for the Company's and personal growth appeared very good. I accepted the offer and started on August 23, 1965, and "grew" with the Company until I retired in 1995

An important advantage of this position for me was that I did not report to anyone, as far as my technical duties and responsibilities were concerned. It gave me a chance to modernize laboratory facilities, update analytical, testing and manufacturing procedures the way, I felt should be carried out.
At first, work was hectic, but after hiring an Assistant Chemist, things were easier and going well.

In October 1968, the Plant Manager who, I thought, was a knowledgeable and experienced Chemical Engineer, was let go (clash of personalities with General Manager).
I was asked to take over the operations of Oakville location, on temporary basis, until a new person for this position was found.
As it turned out, this temporary position lasted 10 years. During that period of time, the plant and laboratory facilities expanded considerably, while the labour force, technical and office personnel nearly quadrupled.

I did not have problems with the technical side of running the operation, but I have been lacking an exposure to the financial and administrative side of the business, and since being responsible for the bottom line of the Oakville operation, I took an Industrial Management night course (perpetual student) at the University of Toronto, and completed it successfully in 4 years obtaining the certificate as Professional Industrial Manager.
It was an extra toil, but quite enlightening and definitely helpful in my work.
This 10 yrs period was very intense and hard work, however, I had a chance to learn a lot, travel, meet interesting people and, overall, had a good feeling of achieving positive results

In 1978, the Corporate Management in New York decided to open the Research & Development(R&D) dept. in Oakville location. I was promoted to Technical Director and asked to organize the R&D dept. i.e. to equip the new laboratory, to hire personnel, etc, and to be in charge of the dept. with the responsibility of all technical aspects for all Company's locations in Canada which included 3 plants in Ontario, and one each in Montreal, Calgary and Vancouver.
Once the dept. was organized, the work was more interesting and altogether life easier, than running the manufacturing plant, especially dealing with people. Now, only 12 people to deal with, and all graduates or post grads. Chemists.
Duties included fair amount of travelling within Canada and USA.

I continued in this position until my official retirement at 65 in April 1992, and I must say that it was very interesting, challenging work and most enjoyable 14 years out of 27 yrs with the Company.
Actually, I continued working part-time, 3days/week for additional 3years, and had an offer to keep going until I'll reach 75 yrs of age, but it was time to taste the full retirement and, thus, expressed my thanks to the President of the Company for generous offer, and started my, presumably, leisure time, in the beginning of 1995.

Looking back, the move to Canada, as it turned out, was the right one. With a bit of luck, I was "at the right place, at the right time" to land the job with the Company that allowed me the freedom of thought and making decisions, and providing a reasonable material means for a fairly comfortable living standard in working years and in the retirement.

The Country is huge with great variety of climate, terrain, thousands of lakes, huge timbered regions, "endless" prairies(plains), and majestic Canadian Rocky Mountains. There are lots of opportunities of the outdoors activities, e.g. skiing, camping, golfing, fishing (excellent), sailing, etc., and I am glad I had a good fortune to enjoy these.

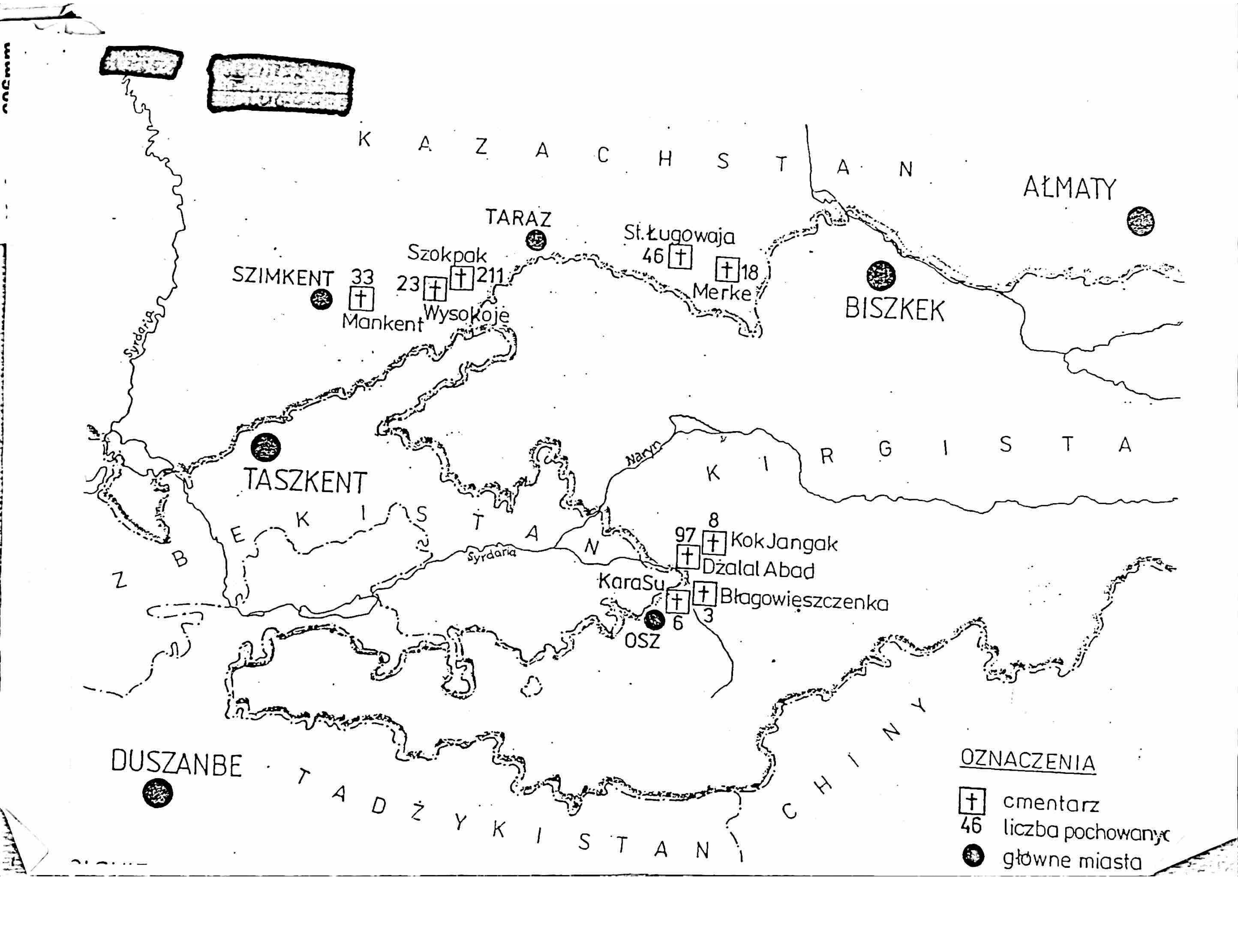
In 1969 bought a newly built house in Mississauga city (Greater Toronto). About that time I met a lovely lady, Elvira, better known by nickname, Lala. Two years later, we got married. Lala had two teenage children, Donna and Richard. Her Mother moved with us, and with step–grandchildren popping up, Leah, Erin & Erik, in the following years, the family life, after my rather long and checkered existence, was good and fulfilling, thanks to Lala's continous efforts to create a warm home and friendly family atmosphere.

We have managed a fair share of a leisure travelling, by car, train or plane, crossing Canada from Atlantic coast to the Vancouver Island in the Pacific ocean (not at the one go, of course) , also in USA, Carolinas, Florida, etc, usually in the early spring, after long Canadian winters.
In April 1979, we moved from Mississauga to the house we bought - a one acre lot, with lots of matured trees and woods behind, located 4 miles south of a small town of Georgetown, (now it is called, Halton Hills). It is nice, gentle hills area at the foot of Niagara Escarpment that runs from Niagara Falls all the way to Georgian Bay in the north. We enjoyed this country living for 26 years.

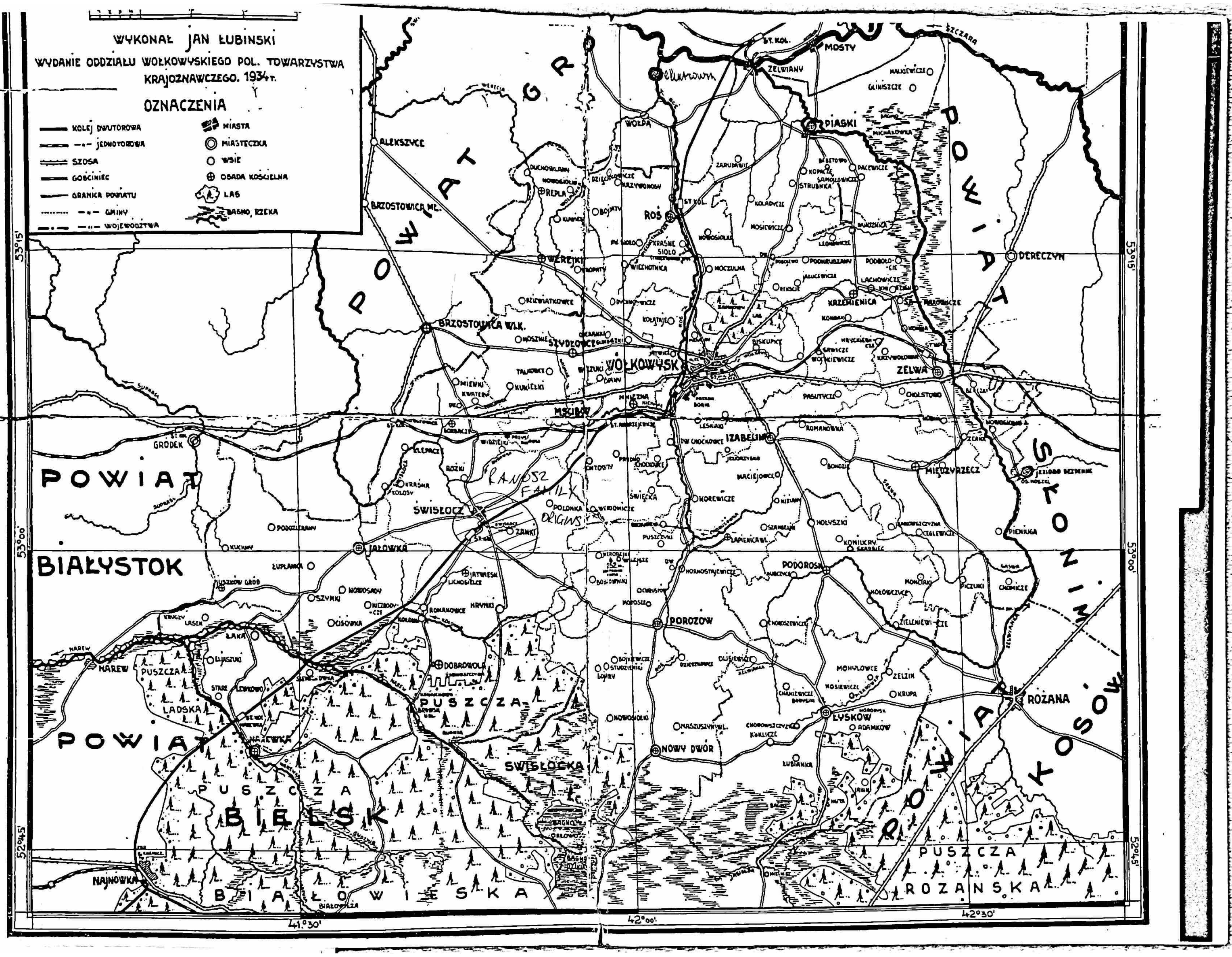
In March 2003, Lala "decided" to break her leg, just below the hip (in the kitchen of all places), and due to the complications that followed, her health has deteriorated considerably, and even now, over 3years later, Lala has not fully recovered.
This unfortunate episode plus our ripe ages (76 at the time),we were, more less, forced to say farewell to our country nest and move into the less demanding to maintain accommodation.
Hence, we sold our property in Georgetown and, as of Dec. 15th, 2004, became residents of a comfortable 2 bedroom apartment in Mississauga, not very far from the house we had before moving to Georgetown. Now our gardening exploits are confined to the balcony.
As for the post-retirement life, I got involved, in the last 10 years, in the volunteer activities (more that I should have, if I'd had any sense), serving on executive boards of the three non-profit organizations, and being easily talked into taking up functions (Secretary General, Treasurer), I have been pretty busy all these years. However, since May of 2006, I am involved with only one Charitable Institution, and perhaps, it is about time to take it easy. What I am going to do with this extra free time? My wife assures me not to worry, there is plenty to do in the house.

September, 1, 2006

Mieczyslaw Ranosz
223-1510 Lakeshore Rd., W
2006Mississauga Ontario, L5J 4T4



K A Z A C H S T A N
AŁMATY
TARAZ
St.Ługowaja
46
18
Merke
Szokpak
SZIMKENT
33
23
211
Mankent
Wysokoje
BISZKEK
Syrdaria
TASZKENT
K I R G I S T A
Naryn
Z B E K I S T A N
Syrdaria
8
97
KokJangak
Dżalal Abad
KaraSu
Błagowieszczenka
6
3
OSZ
DUSZANBE
T A D Ż Y K I S T A N
C H I N Y
OZNACZENIA
cmentarz
46 liczba pochowanyc
główne miasta


WYKONAŁ JAN ŁUBINSKI
WYDANIE ODDZIAŁU WOŁKOWYSKIEGO POL. TOWARZYSTWA KRAJOZNAWCZEGO. 1934 r.
OZNACZENIA
KOLEJ DWUTOROWA
JEDNOTOROWA
SZOSA
GOŚCINIEC
GRANICA POWIATU
GMINY
WOJEWÓDZTWA
MIASTA
MIASTECZKA
WSIE
OBADA KOŚCIELNA
LAS
BAGNO, RZEKA
POWIAT GRODNO
POWIAT SŁONIM
POWIAT KOSÓW
POWIAT BIAŁYSTOK
POWIAT BIELSK
WOŁKOWYSK
ZELWA
IZABELIN
MIĘDZYRZECZ
DERECZYN
MOSTY
PIASKI
ROŚ
BRZOSTOWICA WLK.
BRZOSTOWICA MŁ.
ALEKSZYCE
GRÓDEK
ŚWISŁOCZ
JAŁÓWKA
PODOROSK
POROZÓW
NOWY DWÓR
ŁYSKÓW
RÓŻANA
NAREWKA
NAREW
HAJNÓWKA
DOBROWOLA
PUSZCZA ŚWISŁOCKA
PUSZCZA BIAŁOWIESKA
PUSZCZA RÓŻAŃSKA
PUSZCZA ŁADSKA
53°15'
53°00'
52°45'
41°30'
42°00'
42°30'