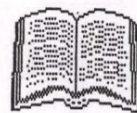


THE VOICE

OF PIOTRKOW SURVIVORS



NO. 4 (103)

"WE WILL NEVER FORGET YOU MARTYRS OF PIOTRKOW"

APR. - MAY 1997

פיוטרקוב

טריב. והסביבה



האגודה
המרכז
המרכז
המרכז

הדים

19-20
ניסן-אדר תשנ"ג
APRIL-MAY 1993

חשון תשנ"ה
אוקטובר 1994
מס' 32

הדים

ארגון יוצאי פיוטרקוב טריב. והסביבה



רבי מאיר שפירא
חרידי-תשנ"ד 60 שנה לפטירתו

פיוטרקוב



17-18
ניסן-אדר תשנ"ד
1994 - MAY - JUNE

פיוטרקוב

טריב. והסביבה

חשון תשנ"ג
נובמבר 1992
מס' 30

הדים

ארגון יוצאי
פיוטרקוב טריב. והסביבה
50 שנה לשואה
[1992-1942]



מגבת אדום לזכרם פיוטרקוב-טריב והסביבה
בית המדרש הישן
(נצח וישיבה בקרבן)

הדים

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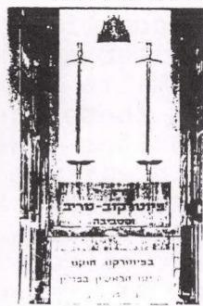


פיוטרקוב

טריב. והסביבה

פיוטרקוב

טריב. והסביבה

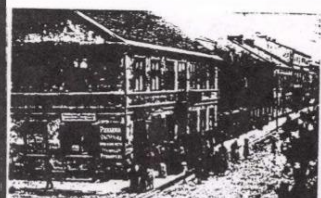


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פיוטרקוב

טריב. והסביבה

הדים

חשון תשנ"ד
אוקטובר 1993
מס' 31

ארגון יוצאי
פיוטרקוב טריב. והסביבה



בית המדרש הישן
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30TH ANNIVERSARY OF "HEIDIM" - A TRIBUTE

ארגון יוצאי פיוטרקוב טריב. והסביבה בישראל

פארבאנד פון פיעטדקאווער יידן און אומגעגנט אין ישראל

PIOTRKOV-TRYB. & VICINITY ASSOCIATION IN ISRAEL

THE VOICE OF PIOTRKOW SURVIVORS

c/o Ben Giladi

135-30 82ND AVENUE

Tel. : (718) 263-8158

KEW GARDENS, NY 11435

fax # 212-689-4657

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" OUR VOICE SHALL NEVER DIE "

From the Editor

"HEIDIM" - ECHOES IN RETROSPECT A TRIBUTE

"HEIDIM" in Hebrew means echoes or sounds. It is also the name of the periodical published by the Piotrkow Tryb. and Vicinity Association in Israel. In 1967, about the same time we started to publish our Bulletin in New York, their first issue also appeared in Tel Aviv. All those years, a warm bond existed between the two publications. We shared a common goal - how to reach our people of Piotrkow. Both papers became a forum to all those who had something to tell about the Piotrkow community, its rich, past culture, folklore, customs and, of course, the immensely bitter lesson of the Holocaust. Amid the turbulent conditions of the Israeli reality, the dedicated, editorial staff of "Heidim" continues its noble, vigorous activity. Three years after the original Izkor Book was published, the first issue of the periodical came out. The feeling was that the book was not the last word, since there was still so much to tell about our Heritage, our Martyrdom and also the fast, everchanging present reality, which perpetually becomes history itself. It is amazing how each issue of both publications, theirs and ours, add a building brick to the common bond and memorialization of our Piotrkow community as a whole and of every individual writer and reader. The Izkor Book was the gift of love from Yakov Maltz for his home town. He invested his entire soul in it. He also was among those who started the periodical together with Josef Goldberg, its first editor, the gifted Yeshayahu Pudlowski and others. In November 1974, the 11th edition was issued in a new format, edited by Elazar Prashker. The paper blossomed, adding new dimensions and values to its contents. (Amazingly...our publication progressed in the very same way). After Elazar's passing, the next editor, Yechezkel Gideoni, continued the noble tradition until his demise. At present, the able, Editorial Board of Abraham Yechieli, Yeshayahu Pudlowski, Itschak Goldfried and Pola Berkowicz carry the torch of continuity. So far, all in all, thirty four (34) issues of "Heidim" were published. Their editors, not once, regarded with wonder the incredible output of our publication, appearing almost every quarter, hundred and three, (103) issues so far. So, after 30 years, we wish our good friends in Israel many many more years of precious activity - Please! Don't stop the presses!

The written word is pure magic...It knows no boundaries or barriers of time, space and survives generations, wars and disasters...And it brings hope that somewhere, sometime, someone will read, feel, think and remember...

And so I do - turning the pages of every "Heidim" issue...

Ben Giladi

PESACH Memories

For the Passover holiday, every home had to be converted into a temple in which rites of all kinds would be conducted; prayers, feasts, songs and preparations, all related to one of mankind's greatest epics - the Exodus from Egypt. Pesach is regarded as the central holiday of the year. It comes at a time when the winter is behind us and the spring is on the way. It lasts full eight days, which means that extensive preparations are in order.

My personal memories of Pesach start with all kind of foods brought into the house. Eggs by the dozen, kilos of onions, chicken fat, borscht etc. My mother and my sisters started spring cleaning. the Passover dishes and utensils came out of the credenza and washed. A new flower pot was brought into the house... Then, opposite the street, at the Garncarska 14 bakery of Josl and Alta Fisz, a lot of action started. Scores of men and women stood at long tables and noisily made flour into dough, the dough into matzah.

We, the children watched in wonder all this action, through the first floor windows. On Erev Pesach, the men and women were gone and the Chassidim came in. They chose the bakery of Josl Fisz for their own baking of Matzah Shmira, made from especially examined, pure kosher flour; made by their own hands. Young Yeshiva boys carried the unbaked mattzah on a "werglholtz" to the oven shouting: "A matzah in oyvenarain" and then rapidly giving it to the baker Josl, according to custom, that the matzah should't be near fire, until ready.

Shortly before Pesach, a carrier brought to the house an enormous basket full of Matzoth, carrying the heavy load on his back. Mother put them between snow-white sheets. We were now prepared for the 8-day festival.

Pesach meant to get some new clothes and shoes, a prospect that was positively exhilarating. Then my father went to Mr. Shtalberg, the wine maker. He chose carefully, until he bought several bottles of wine.

The most exciting day was Erev Pesach. Early breakfast and good bye bread. The burning of Chometz in the yard; the kashrut of the stove with hot charcoal; the especially festive prayer services at schul and most of all, the seder. In our house, this was a spectacle that could take upward to three hours. I asked the Ma Nishtanah and my father, in all splendor, in his kittel, took over the conduct of the service to explain and tell the story of Yetziyat Mitzrayim. Through the evening, we the four siblings helped to sing the many holiday songs together. This all, sounded like the Malavsky family.

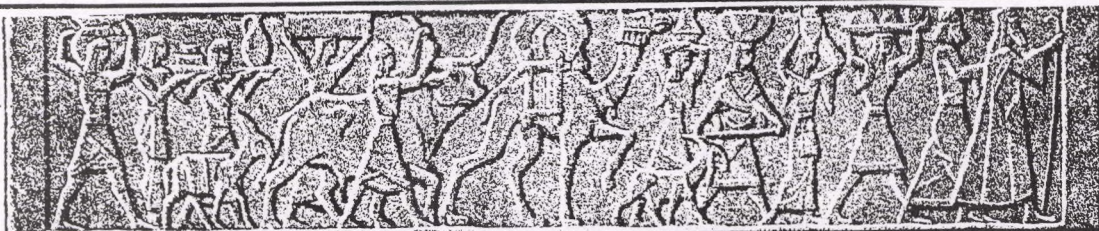
My father knew beautiful nigunim and he sang them in a cantor-like, tuneful voice. I still remember many of those enchanting melodies like "Echad Mi Yodea" "Dayeinu" or "Hadgadiah". Every song had its own, different, sweet melody. The morning after, the taste of sweet wine with sponge cake or maccaroons was heavenly. Also the taste of "Bubalech" and "Matzobrie".

During the holidays, there were visits of relatives and friends. Over tea and holiday specialties, the adults chatted and enjoyed themselves. We, the kids played games of "nuts in the hole" in the yard; all this in the early, delightful sunrays of spring.

Passover was no easy time for many people. Often it produced much anxiety and some uncertainty. The poor wondered and worried how they could afford to make ends meet, to buy the expensive foods required for Pesach and so much needed new clothes for adults and children.

But somehow, everyone prepared a beautiful Pesach, to each his own. I am certain that each of you nurtures his Pesach memories with regard, fondness and reverence.

Ben Giladi



(CONTINUATION)

HONOR ROLL

(CONTINUATION)

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THE ART OF LYING

MUSINGS

THE ART OF LYING

We are told the devil is the father of lies. There are big lies and small lies. There are lies of hate and lies of envy. Some people lie out of convenience and some lie out of indifference or, out of sense of false loyalty. Sometimes the liars believe their own lies. Politicians lie and so do those who deny the Holocaust. Some people believe lies-but in general, the truth finally prevails...

A Legacy to Future Generations

We heartily applaud the fact that our niece Ida joined the ranks of the New York Museum staff. The aims and the goals of this budding Institution are so close to my heart! My primary mission, for the last 30 years, also evolves around the three themes that the Museum will be famed for. Firstly, to glorify our magnificent Heritage; secondly, to explore the unimaginable devastation of the Holocaust; thirdly, to examine the growth and the vitality of our life during the past half century. Our book, "A Tale of One City", was written in this spirit. I also have donated to the Museum a large body of material (original Photographs) and have annotated each one of them. It was really a joy and a privilege to work on this project. My pride is now enhanced even more - my daughter Iris also does partial work for the Museum as a volunteer... We all eagerly look forward to the Museum's inauguration!

BG.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

THE NEXT GENERATION

A LIVING MEMORIAL TO THE HOLOCAUST
MUSEUM OF JEWISH HERITAGE
NAMES IDA JONES AS DIRECTOR OF MARKETING
and Communications

New York, January 29, 1997--A Living Memorial to the Holocaust-Museum of Jewish Heritage in New York City has appointed Ida Jones as its Director of Marketing. Ms. Jones, a former Vice President/Tourism Development for the New York Convention & Visitors Bureau, and a daughter of Holocaust survivors, has extensive international experience in the travel industry which includes promoting museums and cultural events. She joins the Museum, located in lower Manhattan's Battery Park City opposite the Statue of Liberty, as it prepares to open to the public later this year.

At the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau, Ms. Jones played a significant role in developing tourism to New York City, generating increased revenues, and facilitating long-term planning for the city by bringing together key business leaders. While Ms. Jones promoted New York City tourism to a worldwide market, she cultivated a particularly strong relationship with the tourism industry in Japan, England and Germany.

Most recently, Ms. Jones was Vice President of Sales and Marketing at Manhattan's Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum. During her travel industry career spanning twenty years, Ms. Jones has also been Tourism Sales Manager for the Phoenix Convention and Visitors Bureau and Deputy Director of the Arizona Office of Tourism.

Referring to her new position at the Museum of Jewish Heritage, Ms. Jones says: "As a marketing professional and daughter of Holocaust survivors, I bring a special understanding to the Museum's mission to educate people of diverse backgrounds about 20th century Jewish history and the Holocaust. Working for the Museum will be a privilege and a way to honor my family."

Born in Germany, Ms. Jones grew up in New York City and spent much of her time at the Atran Culture House, where her parents, Mendel and Helen Henig, operated a catering business. This enabled her to experience different facets of Judaism in the city, including the Jewish Labor Committee, artists, writers and the intelligentsia. A Hunter College graduate, Ms. Jones has been a Volunteer For Israel and more recently for Steven Spielberg's Survivors of the Shoah Visual History Foundation. She has won several awards including the YWCA's 1991 Academy of Women Achievers Award and NOAH Academy of Tourism's Organizational Award.

CONTACT: Martin Woolf, 212-687-9141 ###

Suite 706 342 Madison Avenue New York, NY 10173 Telephone: 212-687-9141 Fax: 212-573-9847



A panoramic view of the Museum



Cornerstone Ceremony



Ida Jones

it happened on ISRAEL

...Ten okropny, nieszczęśliwy wypadek - katastrofa helikopterów, wstrząsnął do głębi wszystkimi mieszkańcami Izraela.

Młodzi i starsi - cały kraj, a także Żydostwo światowe nie może wrócić do równowagi i uspokoić się. Reprekusje po tym bolesnym wydarzeniu potrwać jeszcze wiele, wiele czasu. Śmierć tych 73 młodych wojskowych, kwiatu młodzieży naszej, dumy naszej awangardy i nadziei na przyszłość nie da się tak szybko zapomnieć. W niektórych naszych domach zabrakło papierowych "tissues" do wycierania łez; cały kraj, od najmłodszych do najstarszych pogrążony jest w żałobie.

W domu mego syna Szlomy wszyscy płakali i w pełnej ciszy pisali listy o tej tragedii. Nie sposób było tyle tysięcy listów czytać w telewizji i radiu...

Serce pęka gdy się słucha opowiadań biednych rodziców - o ich tragedii i stracie najdroższego co posiadali, i to w jednej chwili...

— (Wyjątki listu) —

Dr. Henryk Henig, Ramat Gan

Przypisek Redaktora: Jest to jeden z wzruszających komentarzy które otrzymaliśmy na ten bolesny temat.

Purim



MEMORIES



פורים

PURYM W PIOTRKOWIE (URYWKI)

Rok 1925-ty. Miasto pachniało pączkami, hamantaschami i chróstem. Pachniało świętem podzięk i nadziei. A zwłaszcza w serduszkach dzieci, otoczonych miłością rodziców, rodzin... U mnie radość święta rozpoczynała się w domu mojego dziadka na Placu Trybunalskim, gdzie zbierała się cała rodzina.

Z Bykowskiej, za kolejną, było dość daleko. Jeszcze teraz mogłbym dokładnie określić każdy szczegół, każdy dom, każdy róg, każdy sklep po drodze. Jak zwykle o tej porze roku miasto było pokryte śniegiem. Myśl o powrocie do domu późnym wieczorem w wynajętej konnej sance z Placu Trybunalskiego napełniała moje dziecinne serce podnieceniem. Bo to już była tradycja - sankami jedliśmy zpowrotem. Przez Szewską, Kaliską, przez Żelazną, koło stacji i pod kolejowym mostem. Dzwonek pod chomątem konia, ciągnącego nas w sankach po pulchnym śniegu, grał piękną melodię w uszach marzącego chłopca.

Nazajutrz rano idę z ojcem do synagogi w hotelu Bristol na Kaliskiej. Dzisiejszy dzień należy do dzieci - grajgery furczą gorliwie i imię Hamana jest zagłuszane. Nie chcemy słyszeć o uosobieniu nienawiści do Żydów, odpychamy od siebie niebezpieczeństwo, które istniało tyle wieków temu. W naszym pojęciu król Ahashwerus i tak nienawidził Żydów, chociaż pokochał piękną Esterę. Królowa Estera znów, jedna z haremów, była kobietą luźnych obyczajów, która wdziękami swoimi uratowała Żydów. A Mordchai to istny bohater, pierwszej klasy...

Najważniejsze że mamy święto, nie trzeba iść do szkoły. Przebierańcy krążą po mieście jak postacie z za świata w kostiumach kominarzy,

chłopów, djabłów, aniołów lub rabinów, z posmarowanymi twarzami na czerwono, zielono i czarno. Po ulicach widać postać z "szlach amunas". Ludzie potwierdzają przyjaźń do siebie...

Idę na zabawę kostjumową w izbie Hashomer Hacair, na poddaszu. Jeszcze teraz nie rozumiem jak w tych dwóch małych pokojach pomieściło się tyle pełnych życia młodych ludzi... Dom się trząsał od hory i nie rozumiem ciągle dlaczego sufit nigdy nie zapadł się w mieszkaniu tych biednych ludzi, mieszkających pod izbą na niższym piętrze. Biednych? Nie. Przecież wszyscy prawie byliśmy materialnie biedni i żadne pieniądze kupić nie mogłyby więcej radości tego dnia dla nas. Śpiewamy piosenki hebrajskie. Sentymentalne. Śpiewają Mordchaje, Esterki, Ahashwerusy, Arabowie, tancerki egzotyczne i nawet murzyni. Ja jestem Indianinem. Matka całą duszę oddała w mój kostjum a ojciec na tydzień wcześniej farbował gęsie pióra dla mojego pióropusza. Żeby dziecko ładnie wyglądało.

Keren Kajemeth ma wieczorem bal purymowy w sali Kilińskiego. To już impreza dla starszych z orkiestrą, z bufetem. Dochód przeznaczony na wykupienie ziemi od Arabów.

Wszystkie młodzieżowe organizacje świętują inaczej Purym. Wychowują marzycieli, idealistów. Jedni wierzą, że zmiana ustroju społecznego na miejscu da wolność i wyzwolenie Żydom, a inni wkładają wszystkie swe nadzieje w ideę odrodzenia narodu we własnym kraju.

Radosny Purym młodych ludzi w Piotrkowie. Wszyscy marzymy o idealnej przyszłości, która później przysła jak cudowna bańka mydlana...

I pomyśleć, że było to 50 lat temu...
Pół wieku...

Roman Mogilanski

NATAN GROSS

Poeci i Szoa

OBRAZ ZAŁAGŁY ŻYDÓW
W POEZJI POLSKIEJ

(Fragment)

בימי השואה והגבורה

BUNT WZNIECI SŁOWO POETY...

„Bunt wznieci słowo poety” — to nie puste słowa Czesława Miłosza, to nie czczy patos wieszczca, retoryka, za którą nie się nie kryje. Gdy kiedyś, w ciągu jednej natchnionej nocy, mało znany poeta francuski, oficer strasburskiego garnizonu, Rouget de Lisle napisał z wybuchem wojny francusko-austriackiej „Pieśń wojenną armii Renu”, znaną później jako „Marsyljanka”, to jakby zapalił lont do bomby, której echa wstrząsają światem po dzień dzisiejszy. Kiedy indziej poeta-legionista Józef Wybicki napisał wiersz p. t. „Mazurek Dąbrowskiego”, zaczynający się od słów „Jeszcze Polska nie zginęła...”, który przerósł imię i talent poety, i niósł się z narodem z ziemi włoskiej do Polski.

Trzy lata przed wybuchem II Wojny Światowej ludowy poeta żydowski Mordechaj Gebirtig napisał wiersz „S'brent!” („Gore!”), w którym wzywa ludność płonącego miasteczka do gaszenia ognia własną krwią; wiersz-piosenka stał się hymnem bojowców getta.

Jeszcze inny poeta żydowski, partyzant z lasów Naroczy, Hersz Glick ułożył pod melodię rosyjskiej piosenki wiersz „Nie mów nigdy, że w ostatnią idziesz z dróg” („Zog nit kejnmal az du geist dem lecten Weg”) — pieśń partyzantów, która poszła w lud.

Wszystkie te wiersze szybko znalazły własne melodie, albo od razu zostały napisane pod melodię i stały się własnością narodów, zostały wypisane na ich sztandarach bojowych, wykazały się magiczną siłą, zdolną prowadzić narody do boju, podtrzymywać lud w chwilach załamania, dodawać otuchy do przetrwania. Same trwają, choć treść, i historyczny kontekst, nie zawsze są zgodne z aktualną rzeczywistością. Często pieśni muszą czekać, aż historia powoła je do ich „przyrodzonych” zadań: bo historia się powtarza...

Nie koniecznie muszą te utwory wierszowane mieć formę pieśni z melodią (choć to stwarza im większą lotność — można je chwycić z powietrzem). W okresie okupacji hitlerowskiej napisano w Polsce setki, a może i tysiące wierszy patriotycznych, ale tylko kilka z nich „poszło w lud” —

przechodziły z rąk do rąk, przepisywane, powtarzane, podawane dalej: „Alarm” Słonimskiego, 2-3 wiersze Broniewskiego. A Baczynski? a Gajcy? Borowski? Stroiński? Byli niewątpliwie znanymi poetami podziemia, lecz kto pamięta, kto potrafi wskazać na jeden, pojedynczy wiersz tych poetów, który „zrobił karierę” narodową?

„Kontratak” Władysława Szlengla był takim wierszem, napisanym w chwili łaski. Oczywiście, szereg innych wierszy tego poety rozpowszechniano w odpisach i „pomagały one żyć” tym, którzy na nie czekali i do których dotarły. Cała twórczość Szlengla, ta rymowana kronika getta warszawskiego, to twórczość „podziemna” (choć w getcie — na wpół jawna). W różnych jego wierszach czuć napięcie, które wyładowuje się w „Kontrataku”; proces równoległy do tego, który przebiegał wśród członków żydowskiego ruchu oporu: getto czekało na alarmowy sygnał, na zapalnik, która rozpali gigantyczny płomień.

Nuty buntu słychać już w omówionym wcześniej „Alarmie”, stymulowanym „Alarmem” Słonimskiego (wiersz Szlengla jest może mniej głęboki, ale za to bardziej estradowy). Słychać je w — mało, zresztą, znanym; pod melodię „Ty pójdiesz górą, a ja dolinę” — „Cylindrze”. Fantazja zdesperowanego poety każe mu w tym wierszu włożyć cylinder, założyć smoking z białą muszką, i pójść... na wachę, by zaszokować policjantów: „Żeby widzieli... / żeby wiedzieli / dranie, półgłówki, / że Żyd nie tylko / łapciuch w opasce / brudas z placówki... / Niech żandarm strzeli / kiedy zatańczy / o, meine Kinder / niech się potoczy pod twarde buty / lśniący cylinder.”

Groźniej brzmi memento w wierszu „Zahlen bitte!”, kilku porządkowych „w sztok załanych” siedząc w barze opowiadało o swoich wyczynach, o metodach, o zyskach — a przy stoliku w kącie siedział ktoś smutny, przysłuchując się tylko, aż wreszcie stuknął w szklankę i rzekł: Trzeba będzie płacić... „A tamci z miejsc się swych zerwali, w niemym obłędym przerażeniu... „Ktoś gardło zdławił gwarnej braci / i długo wisiął szepł nad stołem / memento: Trzeba będzie płacić...”

Jest też wiersz ostrzegawczy — „Pięć przed dwunastą” — który kończy się słowami:

Przeklinam za tych, co klnąć już nie mogą,
I za tych, co nie usłyszą pobudki
Pieśni wolnych nad murem miasta,
Gdy wołać będzie: O, bogom równi,
Powstańcie do czynu — z rozpacz i smutku!
Zbliża się czas — za pięć dwunasta.

Aż wreszcie — z „małym” powstaniem styczniowym (18.I.1943) — wy-

bucha „Kontratak”, pojmowany przez wielu nieorientowanych czytelników jako wiersz wykwitły na tle powstania kwietniowego. A słuszne mają podstawy, ci „nieorientowani” czytelnicy, by widzieć w „Kontrataku” opis czy echo „wielkiego powstania” w getcie warszawskim, bo wiersz ten jest raczej wizją powstania, więcej wyrazem buntu i oczekiwań poety niż raportem z tego, co działo się na ulicach getta w czasie „akcji” styczniowej. Kilka oddanych strzałów i nieskoordynowanych aktów obronnych zaskoczonych bojowców nie dość wiernie zrelacjonował Szlengel, który — w tym wypadku — nie był naocznym świadkiem wydarzeń, ale dośzły do jego wrażliwych uszu odgłosy i niewątpliwie przesadzone „ochy” o zbrojnym oporze Żydów prowadzonych na Umschlagplatz. Wyobraźnia poety, połączona z rozładowaniem długiego oczekiwania na bunt, stworzyła obraz wybuchu powstania przedziwnie zbliżony do wydarzeń, które miały mieć miejsce w trzy miesiące później, 19 kwietnia 1943.

Aż w ten dzień, gdy na uśmiechu sztimungiem miasto
Wpadli o świcie, jak hieny z porannej mgły,
Wtedy zbudziło się bydło i obnażyło kły.
Na ulicy Miłej padł pierwszy strzał.

A tu już „trzaskają brauningi” na Niskiej, na Dzikiej, na Pawiej; z Miłej, z Muranowa „wykwita płomień z naszych łuf”. U Schultza i Toebensa „kule pływają w radosnym rozśpiewie”.

Bunt mięsa, bunt mięsa, bunt mięsa!
Mięso pluje przez okna granatem.
Mięso charczy szkarłatnym płomieniem i zębów życia się czepia!
Hej! Jak radośnie strzela się w ślepiach!
Tu jest front, paniczki!
Hier trinkt man mehr kein Bier,
Hier hat man mehr kein Mut,
Blut, blut, blut.

W tę ogólną euforię powstańczą wpłątany jest epizod z postrzelonym SS-manem Handtke — „leży błękitny żandarmi uniform na zapłutych schodach żydowskiej Pawiej ulicy”, po których niedawno jeszcze starą matkę ciągnięto za włosy na dół...

„Kontratak” zbudowany jest jak symfonia. Zaczyna się wstępem, „largo” (exodus Żydów na Umschlagplatz), potem przechodzi w „allegro” (epizod z SS-manem Handtke), by wejść w jakieś „vivace” buntu. Wreszcie następuje uroczysta modlitwa — „andante maestoso” — kwintesencja poematu:

Słysz, niemiecki Boże, jak modlą się Żydzi w „dzikich domach”,
Trzymając w ręku łom czy żerdź.
Prosimy Cię, Boże, o walkę krwawą,
Błagamy Cię o gwałtowną śmierć,
Niech nasze oczy przed skonaniami nie widzą, jak się wloką szyny,
Ale daj dłońmi celność, Panie,
Aby się skrwawił mundur siny.
Daj nam zobaczyć, zanim gardła zewrze ostatni głuchy jęk,
W tych butnych dłońiach, w łapach z pejcem,
Zwyczajny nasz człowieczy lęk.

Ta modlitwa — z jasno sprecyzowanym efektem, finałem symfonii — szła z wierszem Szlengla z rąk do rąk, mocniejsza niż każda inna ulotka wzywająca do oporu:

To wiosna nasza! To kontratak!
To wino walki uderza do głów!
To nasze lasy partyzanckie — zaułki Miłej i Ostrowskiej,
Drżą nam na piersiach numerki „blokowce”,
Nasze medale wojny żydowskiej.
Krzyk czterech liter błyska czerwienią.
Jak taran bije słowo „bunt”.

Szlengel pisał swe wiersze dla współczesnych, nie dla potomności, ale gdy przyszedł czas i autor zaczął je porządkować z myślą, że kiedyś zostaną opublikowane w formie książkowej, nadał im tytuł „Co czytałem umarłym”. Wtedy, ci umarli byli jeszcze żywymi i Szlengel nie potrzebował opatrzywać wierszy komentarzami; wystarczały symbole zrozumiałe dla każdego mieszkańca getta. Czymś takim — symbolem dziś wymagającym odnośnika — są popularne wtedy niemieckie papierosy Juno i ich nieodłączna reklama „Juno sind rund”. To reklamowe hasło stało się w pewnym sensie leitmotivem „Kontrataku”; z jednej strony — oznacza niemiecką butę, nonszalancję, brak ludzkich uczuć (pudełka Juno rzucane od niechcenia na żydowskie trupy); z drugiej — sygnalizuje marny koniec arogancji i pychy (oblepiona krwią niemiecką, zdeptana paczka „Juno sind rund”).

Tak jak pogrom w Przytyku wyzwolił z serca Mordechaja Gebirtiga krzyk bojowy „S'brent!”, „Gore! Nie stójcie z założonymi rękami!”, który odbił się echem dużo później, gdy dojrzała rzeczywistość zagłady, tak „małe powstanie” w getcie wyzwoliło w sercu Szlengla wizję i krzyk buntu, to, co ziściło się w powstaniu kwietniowym.

Dwie wizje prorocze — nie waham się użyć tych słów.

The Piotrkower in Sweden

A trip to remember

Dear Ben:

Stockholm, 12/15/1996

I came back recently from a trip to Israel, where I promised Rena Quint to write to you about it in English.

* * * *

Quite a complete darkness has surrounded us, my sister and me, when our flight approached Ben Gurion Airport. Looking through the small plane windows, we saw a beautiful view - the lights of Tel Aviv; they came nearer and nearer toward us, like stars. Down, on Israeli soil, we took a taxi. Then we began our sentimental journey - first to Jerusalem.

Our flight was a little bit delayed, so we had to hurry, because our hosts Rena and Rabbi Emanuel Quint were already waiting for us. We arrived in their hospitable and lovely home quite late. We have been invited by Rena to visit her and stay with them because of our connection from 1945, when we were brought together to Sweden with the Kinderheim of Bergen Belsen. We wanted to find out in which places in Sweden we were together because she doesn't remember. I, nor my sister, who is Rena's age also don't remember. It is not a simple task; the Swedish authorities will have to search through their files and archives. I will try to do my best in order to find out. We have got a wonderful reception at the home of Rena and Rabbi Emanuel. Rena guided us in Jerusalem, showing us the most holy and important places as: Yad Vashem, the Great Synagogue, the Supreme Court, the old city and the Israeli Museum of Art. We also saw the fantastic panorama of the city, both in daily light and by night.

I was very impressed. I just adore Jerusalem, this only eternal, special city in the world, whose beauty could never be compared to any other city! Before my eyes, I can still see the stones telling their own history and I remember the feelings when touching them... This was something remarkable, great, it was like to touch the soul of Jerusalem.

At the hospitable home of the Quints, I had a lot of very nice experiences. Their home is always open for friends and people who are in need.

They are devoted to the causes of humanitarian aid and do a lot to help people. They are also quite involved in the noble quest for Remembrance.

In their home you can meet the most variable and interesting people.

I can't forget Leah, the mother of Rena, a 97 years young lady with a spirit of 20. She is a very talented artist-painter, who still takes lessons every Monday. I have seen several of her products. They are amazing!

Another great experience was Shabbat with the Quint family. A real, traditional, Jewish Erev Shabbat with a kiddush, brachot, bentchen and zmirot which reminded me very much of our home in Piotrkow before the war.

We all had a wonderful week. I am very grateful and I wish the Quints many, many years of health. May our Lord give them strength to go on and on.

Before I went to Tel Aviv, I managed to meet Naphtali Lavie, who has been kind to receive me in his office. He told me about my father, David Feiner, who was together with him in Czestochowa and then he described the circumstances around my father's death, which is very important to me, because he was with my father until the bitter end.

Afterwards Rena took me to Tel Aviv for another week stay with my cousins in Ramat Gan. There I met my dear friends, Pola Dunowicz and Ewa Nusenowicz. They were my class-mates in Piotrkow before the war and in the Ghetto.

We had a lot of memories, some of them very precious indeed. I only regret that we're not able to be together. A sea and an entire continent are dividing us... Despite the difficulties caused by my illness, I am very, very glad that I made this trip, which will stay forever in my memory.

I send you my very best, Tusia Jablonski-Feiner, Stockholm

(Editor's Note: At the end of her letter, (actually an essay), Tusia apologized for her bad English. Actually we have to compliment her - the writing and the language is just splendid! Tusia - please, keep writing...)

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

STUDENT AWARENESS PROGRAM

By Luise Gotthelf

My dear friend, Adam Kaminski introduced me to the Holocaust Education and Documentation Center in North Miami. Adam is a member of the Executive Board of Directors of this Center - a devoted and an ardent activist. He asked me to participate in their "Student Awareness Program" organized for the counties of Dade, Broward and Palm Beach. I willingly accepted the invitation to join the Program as a survivor of the Holocaust. I must say that this Program proves to be a profoundly moving and most rewarding experience.

* * * *

At each of the round tables are sitting ten students aged sixteen and over together with one survivor who answers the student's various questions about the Holocaust. Then the Program continues as follows:

At first, there are speeches by the Executive Board members; then an address by the Rabbi who is a historian. Pictures are shown - mostly on the theme: "Children remember the Holocaust".

The moving ceremony makes an immense, indescribable impression on the students. Some of them are bursting out in tears, listening to those human tragedies. Many questions are being asked by the students and answered by the survivors. Before the youngsters came to this program, they knew very little about the dark era of the Shoah; but after these five hours they have spent with us, they leave with a lasting impression about the horrible events that occurred a half century ago. They have now a lot to think about it...

* * * *

In conclusion, we all stand up holding hands together. A candle is being lit at each of the sixty tables. The candle is passed from hand to hand. We all are remembering those who can not speak up no more...

Each student, when holding the candle, expresses her or his feelings. Their words, of what they have learned this day and their sensitive reaction, their commitment and resolve toward the future are most rewarding to us, the survivors who are present in the hall at the moment.

After participating many times with Adam in this unique "Student Awareness Program", I would suggest that our fellow survivors - no matter where they live, should get involved; whenever or wherever they have a chance, in this precious program which enlightens the youngsters and rewards the survivors.



One of the "Round Tables" at the Student Awareness Program. Luise Gotthelf with the participants.

Dear Luise:

It was a pleasure meeting you. I always wanted to meet a survivor. I really look up to you in a way; how you survived and were able to live through all that torture. You must be a very strong-willed person. I hope that I will be able to see you again...

Sincerely, Tiffany Irizarry
North Miami Sr. High
(Excerpt from a letter).



Holocaust Documentation & Education Center, Inc.

"A Living Memorial Through Education"

Florida International University
North Miami Campus

3000 N. E. 145 Street
North Miami, FL 33181

near
and
distant

collected poems 1945-70

William Samelson

San Antonio, Texas: Litho Press, Inc.



lamentation for a lost violin

all i ever wanted was
to sound God's praises for
He gave me that gift of
longing and i seized upon the
strings of my faithful violin;
but He sent his goons
and made me mute . .

"play" they barked, "for
your miserable life!"
and i played with mother
looking on and little
darling felusia, my baby
sister, clutching at
her mother's hand with fear . .

i played their tunes, of
brahms and beethoven and
venerable j.s.bach, all to
no avail . . the violin was
shattered on my skull with
vengeful violence;
God made me mute and
those i dearly loved were
gone without a trace . .



Dr. William Samelson
lectures at the Holocaust
Museum in Houston, Texas.

PASSING JUDGMENT

Warning & Hope 1996

William Samelson, Ph.D.

NOTE TO POSTERITY (CONTINUATION)

BUCHENWALD, AUSCHWITZ, MAIDANEK, SOBIBOR, TREBLINKA, DACHAU, and countless other places of infamy shall always remind us of unspeakable suffering, humiliation, degradation and agonizing deaths of numberless innocent victims; not forgetting that the murder of 1,600,000 Jewish children was part of the process. These children were unmercifully cut down by willing assassins simply because they were born of Jewish mothers. For no other reason than that, let these be warning examples of history. And to those who argue that we have now done enough retrospection, and should be looking forward, I say that they fail to recognize that the Jewish people live from history, and we have been more intensely affected by it in the twentieth century than ever before.

The reader must learn that evil is ever-present, and thus must learn to live with it and learn from it; one must learn how to address the very idea of evil. Learn how the best qualities in us can form a buffer against evil—how ordinary human qualities of love, friendship or simple tolerance of others can counterbalance evil or, at least, keep it at bay.

Thus it must also be told, that even in the midst of the horrors, in that historic twilight of human species, there were some shining lights, thought all too few, that reflected from those persons we now come to call "the righteous." Be it Christian or Jew, Nazi or anti-Nazi, simple men and women reached into the depths of their souls and found therein compassion for their fellow humans. And now, when asked why they laid their own lives on the line to help those in need, their answer is a simple one: "I did what any one would do." Not everyone did the "right" thing, for it was a time when cruelty was the norm of human behavior and kindness was the rare exception. Hence, the deeds of the "righteous" were sufficient cause for the redemption of all people.

Hardly any country has in its history remained free from blame for war and violence. The genocide of the Jews by the Nazis is, however, unparalleled in history. As a survivor of this horrific event, I must do what I can to sensitize the world to this issue, as only an eye-witness can, try to prevent a recurrence of such a universal terror.

"Why must I speak the unspeakable?" I speak because I am compelled to believe that I was spared for this purpose, to tell it as it was, without embellishment, to serve as a memory capsule, to guard this period in Jewish history from trivialization and revisionism.

I realize full well, that the task of maintaining an awareness of history and living with it can not be left up to the Jews alone. We all live in and with history. None of us can escape this fact. Of course, we can desensitize ourselves to it.

Still, this attempt at desensitization is nothing other than a renewed subterfuge aimed at renouncing freedom of decision. If we are unable to agree that the martyrdom and subsequent deaths of millions of persons was preceded by the relinquishing of individual freedom and the obligation to moral responsibility then all my efforts here will be meaningless.

I consider it my duty to assume a warning role whenever there is reason to fear a lack of sympathetic regard to this salient question and we feel that negligence, thoughtlessness and the loss of historical awareness have obscured people's perception of the past. Freedom and responsibility are inseparable. The young people of today are not responsible for what had occurred in the past. But they are indeed responsible for what becomes of past experience in the future.

It is important to feel concern as a result of past unrest. It is equally important to reject superficial statements and worn platitudes. The young must not spare their parents and grandparents critical questions, exposing to the light of day that darkest period of "civilized" history, despite all those who feel that suppressing the truth is their salvation. The young should never relax their efforts, never accept evasive answers. None of them as yet has been given an answer as to why it was enough, in occupied Nazi territories, to be the child of a Jewish mother to lose the right to respect for human dignity.

By asking these important questions, the young will give themselves and us cause for reflection. By asking this, they will refer us to history and to the fact that we must seize the moment, accept our responsibility and act accordingly.

Hence, IF WE REMEMBER that the Third Reich was possible in the midst of an ostensibly civilized society, we will be better able to serve as the conscience of all people in the years to come—to warn of impending disaster—to serve as a beacon of hope...

IF WE REMEMBER how people were put to death because of their religious background, we will not be blind to the suffering of those around us who are persecuted for those same reasons...

IF WE REMEMBER that mentally and physically disabled people were put to death in the Third Reich, we will be more sensitive to the needs of such people within our own society and act more responsibly toward them...

IF WE REMEMBER how often people sought refuge and protection from persecution, yet they stood before closed doors, we will not close our borders to those who are truly persecuted and seek our protection and sanctuary...

IF WE REFLECT on the great sacrifices paid by those who believed in free thinking under the rule of totalitarian tyranny, we will protect the right of everyone to express new ideas and be critical, however much that criticism might be directed against ourselves...

FINALLY, IF WE RECALL the price this world has paid by living a lie, giving credence to prejudice and inciting enmity and hatred of other people, be it

Jews, Russians, Armenians, Blacks, Whites or Orientals, to name only a few, we must conclude that it is important to live WITH and not AGAINST each other...

Remembrance is one of the main aspects of human development, just as vengeance and hatred are inadequate reasons for survival. Only to live as a reminder of those dismal happenings seems reason for preventing their recurrence...Charity, love, hope, and faith, suddenly become the most important basic values to live by. Let us not dwell excessively on the dark side of history,

but search to find a glimmer of light in a persistent yearning for meaning in our existence.

It is our obligation to create the type of world in which our children's children can flourish as sensitive, concerned persons, and in which a recurrence of this vile evil will be impossible.

— WORTHWHILE TO MENTION —

After so many years, it is important to mention a good deed. All this occurred during those unhuman times during the war.

It happened during the deportation in October 1942. One night, Sala Fisz-Szmulewicz came to our building at Starowarszawska and Pereca Streets. She was 9 months pregnant and without any legal papers. I did not hesitate and went to Franka Kenigstein knowing that she may have some connections. Franka went to Luisa Gott-helf, who was working in the Arbeitsamt. Luisa still had some blank forms taken previously at a great risk, just in case someone would have to be saved.

Right away, everything was arranged. Sala Fisz, now Sarah Krisman survived the war and now is living with her family in Los Angeles. I hope that she remembers who contributed to her survival. Regina Samelson

Talmud Nation

England

THE NEXT GENERATION

A VISIT TO PIOTREKOW

by Dr. Harry Sieratzki (son of Yehezkel (Chaskel) (Heinrich) Sieratzki from Piotrekow)

If you thought getting a ticket to the World Series was tough, try getting one to the Tenth Siyum HaShas of Daf Yomi. That's the page-a-day program of Talmud study that completes the entire Oral Law every 7½ years, and starts all over again.

The only problem is, where to do this? The most recent *siyum*, back in 1990, filled Madison Square Garden.

With 26,000 Garden seats already reserved for the upcoming Sept. 28 siyum, the Agudath Israel organizers realized they were looking at a Woodstock-level attendance problem. Agudah, led by President Rabbi Moshe Sherer, then booked Nassau Coliseum (18,000 seats) and prepared a "two-site interactive plan." Satellite transmissions will also link the Garden with simultaneous siyums in eight other North American cities. Shea Stadium was suggested, but Rabbi Sherer was leery of inclement weather at a late-September open-air venue.

"We knew the response would be strong, but we really didn't anticipate how strong," said a clearly overwhelmed Rabbi Shlomo Gertzulin, an Agudah vice president.

Shmuel Reider, chair of the event, said of the new Nassau Coliseum site, "We certainly could not let the public down by offering only a relative handful of seats."

It wasn't always this way for Daf Yomi, initiated in 1923 by Lubliner Rav Meir Shapiro. Siyums have been held in a Polish concert hall, a Cairo synagogue, a Jerusalem yeshiva, and a Catskill hotel. As recently as 1982, only 5,000 tickets were distributed.

Daf Yomi students attributed the boom to English translations of the Talmud, modern educational aids such as audio tapes and the Internet, and the literary and spiritual magnetism of the Talmud itself.

Jonathan Mark

THE JEWISH WEEK, FEBRUARY 14, 1997

In 1989, when new lights of freedom were shining through Eastern Europe, I decided with my mother, who was born in Cracow but had never been back since 1939, to visit Polen. Our visit took us to Warsaw, Cracow, Auschwitz; and we also spent a few hours in Piotrekow to pay a visit to the cemetery, where my father's father was buried, and to the family's house. Forty-four years had passed since my father and my uncle, the only survivors of their family, had restored the Matzevah of their father who himself had died before the Holocaust, the only family member whose grave is known. My father had passed away in 1976, but his brother, who passed away in 1994, had given me a description about the location of the Matzevah and been confident that I could not miss it. All my expectations were, however, shattered when I found myself facing hundreds of broken and overgrown stones with faded inscriptions. It would take weeks to do a systematic search, and even then many stones would remain unidentified.

It was raining and a bit cold, a Friday afternoon in April. After perhaps 2 hours of searching all over the place we decided to give up. It would soon get dark and we still had a long way to travel to Cracow where we would stay for Shabat. A friendly Polish woman who lived as a caretaker in a house in the cemetery had accompanied us during our search. She told us of the occasional visitors and that she was taking care of graves which had been restored by the families, but that there was no register to locate a Matzevah.

Before leaving we would have a cup of tea in her house. Before entering, I turned around and went in my mind through the words which my uncle had given me as directions: "At the main entrance turn to the left, but not along the wall but rather half-left, and then it is not far". To begin with, it was not obvious where the main entrance was that he had been talking about, but why had he been so confident that it could not be missed? In a split second I realized that the house where the caretaker was now living was the old gate house and that the entrance may have been here, though this was no longer obvious in 1989. I looked to the left: indeed, there was a relatively well maintained area which I only saw now.

We went for a last search and after a few minutes we found it. It felt well for my late father's sake, but there was a problem: Out of the foot-end of the grave grew a tree, perhaps 5 meters high, its stem and roots cracking the stone plate. A sign of new life in a world where all life had gone? Would we have to destroy it to do our duties in restoring the grave? After some minutes we felt that it was necessary to do this. The friendly Polish woman was quite pleased. Her brother was a stonemason and would have a job in restoring the Matzevah for us. We were also pleased to leave this in their hands.

From the cemetery we went to my father's house on Warszawska Street which probably looked the same as 50 years ago. I stayed there a few minutes, enough time to realize that there was nothing left that I could connect to. The places where Jews had lived in Polen, their houses, streets, quarters have become ghost towns of the genocide.

The restoration of my grandfather's Matzevah was actually very well done. The stonemason send us a photograph before getting his money. It is a relief to be able to do this and to visit a cemetery, even if it is falling apart, because it reminds of life and gives the opportunity to grieve.

Ed. Note: One reads in awe about the magnificent tradition of Daf Yomi initiated by the Great Piotrkower Rav, Yehuda Meir Shapiro! And here is the correction: he was the Rav of Piotrkow then and not Lublin. He went there only in 1931. I should know...I was born in 1925 and he was my Sandak (Godfather). BG.



The parents of the author

INAUGURATION

of the

HEINRICH (YEHEZKEL) SIERATZKI
CHAIR IN NEUROLOGY

at the

UNIVERSITY OF TEL AVIV

Incumbent: Professor Amos Korczyn



Speech delivered at the ceremony on 23 May 1995 by Dr. Harry Sieratzki on behalf of the family.

My father was born in Piotrkow Trybunalski in Poland, a regional centre with a population of about 80,000, one third were Jewish. It was not a shtetl, but a place where the roots of history and identity were strong. The family owned a textile store, was not rich, but highly regarded for being charitable. Their house still stands, but there are no Jews left in Piotrkow.

My father (on the left with his younger brother Moniek and 2 sisters) was the second oldest of six children. When he was 14 years his father fell ill and died of a stroke; he had to abandon his school education to run the textile store and support the family. Throughout his lifetime he cherished education and scholarship in all fields. Close to his roots, he saw great traditional and humanistic meaning in Jewish learning.

His understanding of Jewish life meant to maintain the memory of his vanished world. As the President of the Chevra Kadisha in Frankfurt, he was asked why he, a successful businessman, was involved in this last and so burden-some service for the dead. He said: "I do it for those who did not have it."

My father had a particular interest in the story of Iyov, the man whose belief in the justice of God does not waver even when subjected to grave disaster. He saw life in the first place not as a chase for success, but as a challenge for moral behaviour and dignity. There are no rules and rituals for this challenge, and indeed my father's general principle of life was not to be rigid. He had what one calls in Yiddish a "schmeichel", a warm smile and a good word. He liked to laugh, to tease, to



dance, to live well.

When the war ended, my father returned to Piotrkow, but life was no longer sustainable there. He moved to the zones occupied by the American forces and finally to Frankfurt. He was a good merchant, and he knew a good deal when he saw one.

More than this, he even succeeded in getting my mother to marry him.



and with great care and "cavod", my father would make sure that my mother's mother, Gusti Tennenbaum, would feel as the spiritual head of the family.

The success in his enterprise came as well. In Frankfurt, he again had a textile store, with the privilege to teach apprentices. From small beginnings, his projects became bigger, but he was not after those trophies that glorify a man's ego. He always knew that there were more important things: life with enjoyment, the commitment never to forget those who were no more... the world of learning, beginning with the never-ending curiosity of cheerful children, whom



my father loved, to the illustrious levels of scholars and scientists.

We see therefore with great satisfaction, that the chair which we are supporting is in the field of neurology, a discipline of ultimate scholarship and enormous humanistic challenge and that Professor Korczyn, who we believe embodies the striving for these virtues, is appointed to this Chair. We will follow and support your work with great interest and affection, and we hope it will reinforce our connection to Tel Aviv University.



Chaskel, his brother Moshe
and his two sisters.



LETTER FROM London

The Littman Library of Jewish Civilization

Published by Oxford University Press

FOUNDER: L. T. S. Littman

EDITORS: Albert H. Friedlander, Louis Jacobs, Jonathan I. Israel

PUBLISHING EDITOR: Connie Wilsack

13/1/97

Dear Ben Giladi:

I hope that you will not think that I have not the right to send you this letter since I was born in Cairo, an Egyptian Sephardi Jew, without personal memories of life in Piotrkow.

And yet, the "Voice", which I read, touches a chord deep within myself; a kind of forgotten echo, a distant "deja vu".

I was brought up in the French culture into which I assimilated wholly, even to the detriment of my Jewish identity.

I learned about the fate of the Jews earmarked for the Final Solution after the war and the reality of the tragedy remained for a long time outside my conscious awareness. I was incapable of encompassing its scope because of my own, prolonged immaturity.

I changed, after the premature death of my dear husband. It was as if a screen was removed, allowing me a

glimpse at the abyss - I was for the first time able to fathom emotionally having experienced grief on a personal level I could share and the Holocaust became as if part of my own experience.

I went to Poland for the 50th year anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, visited the death camps exposing myself unreservedly to pain but also to devastating anger. As I recall the sunny country where I have lived such a carefree infancy and youth, I see in my mind's eye the great Pyramids on the threshold of the wilderness yet another symbol, just like the gates of Auschwitz, but not of our subjection and suffering rather of that same undoubting will to survive which strings our special destiny and binds us together, that of our ultimate freedom.

Colette Littman

Editor's Note:

Thank you Madame Littman for such a beautiful letter - an utmost reward for the arduous and sometime exasperating work one does, in the ultimate quest to reach someone else.

Your letter really made my day!

Ben Giladi

SIR MARTIN GILBERT

36 PARLIAMENT HILL
LONDON NW3 2TN

Dear Ben,

Thank you so much for sending me the most recent issue of the Voice.

As always, I read this with great interest, but having now visited Piotrkow (with 'my' Ben) my interest has been doubled and redoubled in everything you put together.

13 January 1997

*Yours most sincerely,
Martin*

Ben Giladi

The Voice Of Piotrkow Survivors
135-30 82nd Ave,
Kew Gardens, N.Y. 11435

Cantor Isaac Goodfriend

AHAVATH ACHIM CONGREGATION
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Atlanta, January 18 1997

Dear Ben

First and foremost let me congratulate you on the latest issue of the Voice. It is indeed a job well done. Through your tireless effort in editing the news in such a masterful manner, you bring us the remnants of Piotrkow closer together. Memories are now the essence of our existence.

When we look at old photos displayed in the Voice, we look back to those bittersweet years. We certainly see ourselves among them. I have recently visited my cousin Izzy Lipshitz in Belgium who lost his wife last month, Jacqueline Lipshitz. He appreciated very much the fact that you have mentioned in the last publication of the Voice so expeditiously the condolence and sympathy expressed to the family. Enclosed please find the contributions of our Piotrkow landsleit to the memory of my Cousin Jacqueline Lipshitz. May her memory be for a blessing.

Moshav Zipori, 1/13/97

Dear Ben: Thank you for sending us the "Voice". I admire your strength and determination to push forward despite the petty disturbances of small minds that try to stop you. I especially found interesting the story by Nana Hess about her childhood, and of course the small piece my mom wrote.

I will soon write something for your publication. Right now, I am on a leave of absence from all journalism and other writings, while we finish building our "bungalow colony" in the Galilee.

Yours, Mitch Pilcer

Dear Ben: Good Luck!
We are sending a check in Honor of the birth of our son Natan Zalman Pilcer
Fondly, Suzy Pilcer

With warmest regards, Isaac Goodfriend

ESSAYS ON

THE DENIAL

OF THE

HOLOCAUST

BY

PIERRE

VIDAL-NAQUET

BOOK REVIEW ASSASSINS OF MEMORY

BEN HELFGOTT

Denying the Holocaust has pre-occupied the minds of the anti-semites almost since the end of the War. However, in the early years it was confined mainly to irregular ill-produced pamphlets and leaflets. It was not till the 60s that a Frenchman Paul Rassinier with seemingly excellent credentials, a socialist Deputy in the French Assembly, a pacifist, a resistance fighter and an inmate of the concentration camps of Buchenwald and Dora, became the cultural hero of the revisionists. He argued that international zionists fabricated the Holocaust myth to arouse feelings of guilt and sympathy from the world community in order to establish the State of Israel. He also denied the existence of the gas chambers. He was supported by the *Vielle Taupe* (old mole) which was founded by Pierre Guillaumie, a former militant of Socialism ou Barbarie (sob) with Trotskyist tendencies, as indeed was Robert Faurisson, a lecturer in twentieth century French Literature at the University of Lyons whose book *Memoire en Defense* they published in 1980. This book was as mendacious and dishonest as all the others written before, including those by the American historian and sociologist Harry Elmer Barnes and Arthur Butz, a lecturer in electrical engineering, who wrote the "Hoax of the Twentieth Century" and the German Wilhelm Staglich, author of "The Auschwitz Myth".

However, Faurisson's book "Memoire en Defense" astounded the intellectual world and deeply disturbed Holocaust Survivors by the fact that the book was prefaced by Noam Chomsky, a world renowned linguist, a son of a Professor of Hebrew, a libertarian and anti-imperialist. Chomsky admitted that he did not read the book and that he wrote the preface not in defence of Faurisson but in defence of freedom of speech and expression. Although Chomsky later disavowed not his text but the use that had been made of it by his naivety or perhaps hubris, he handed the revisionist an 'extraordinary windfall'.

'The Assassins of Memory' is a collection of five essays written between 1980 and 1987. Although Professor Naquet refers to some of the international revisionists, especially Arthur Butz, his main attention is concentrated on the French scene. It is written with the incisive logic of the French School combined with that of a classical scholar. There is also a stimulating foreword by Jeffrey Mehlman, a Professor of French literature at Boston University.

In his first essay entitled "A Paper Eichman" one is conscious of his dilemma on how to respond to these denials. As he states "to argue with Faurisson is difficult as his use of the non-ontological proof makes discussion futile". Faurisson states that it was not possible technically for so many people to be killed in the gas chambers. Yet it was possible because it occurred. There is not nor can there be a debate over the existence of the gas chambers. However, not answering his allegations would by itself be tantamount to concurring with him. It is the speciousness of his arguments, rather than the arguments themselves that have to be answered. In this essay Professor Naquet dissects the pseudo-historical arguments propounded by Faurisson, Rassinier and Butz and exposes their cynical half-truths and blatant falsehood with consummate skill.

In his second essay, entitled Faurisson and Chomsky, Naquet takes both of them equally to task and demolishes their arguments with a rapier-like precision. Here is one of his many ripostes, "The simple truth, Noam Chomsky, is that you were unable to abide by the ethical maxim you had imposed. You had the right to say; my worst enemy has the right to be free on condition that he does not ask for my death or that of my brothers. You did not have the right to say; my worst enemy is a comrade, or a 'relatively apolitical sort of a liberal'. You did not have the right to take a falsifier of history and to recast him in the colours of truth".

The essay of the "Theses on Revisionism" is illuminating, but why refer to David Irving as a semi-revisionist when in fact he is an arch revisionist and semi-denier. I also do not agree with Professor Naquet that the Shoah is 'a common place tool of political legitimation in Israel' as well as an instrument in demanding unswerving loyalty to Israel from Diaspora Jewry. It is understandable that the Shoah should exert a great influence on the consciousness of the Jews in Israel and in the Diaspora but his assertions go too far.

To state that the revisionist crisis occurred in the West only after the widespread broadcast of the 'Holocaust' film in 1979 is also debatable. The film may have been exaggerated and even fictitious but the essential elements of the Jewish tragedy were very well portrayed.

The last essay "Assassins of Memory" written in 1987 is tremendously stimulating and raises many aspects on the Holocaust and revisionism but his criticism on Israel is unjustified. Professor Naquet believes that we have to come to terms with the world of Faurisson's but we must never capitulate nor must we stoop to the level of our enemies. We must persist in establishing facts not for those who are already informed but for those who are genuinely seeking the truth.



CHILDREN OF THE HOLOCAUST

YOM HASHOAH - 1995

Frieda Jaffe

Frieda
Jaffe

Frieda Jaffe - lecturer; educator; writer; thinker a child of the Holocaust. Her works frequently covet the pages of our publication. The essay on the right was written on the 50th Anniversary of our liberation. Frieda joined now our so active and creative Editorial Board. We all look forward to read and enjoy her writings. For Frieda, Yom Hashoah is not history - "It is still very real".

The Editor

Tonight - and every year on Yom Hashoah - we honor the memories of oh, so many -- who once were, and will never be again.

50 years ago, British troops liberated a Nazi hell-hole by the name of Bergen-Belsen. I was 7-years old - starved, diseased, barely alive. One of the British officers proudly told me that I was now FREE. FREE? what did he mean. What did that word mean? Up to now I had lived my so-called childhood in ghettos and extermination camps --witnessing death, destruction, starvation and human degradation. I did not fear death...death was so easy...so commonplace. So what did it mean to be FREE. What was I to do now - where to go--who even wanted me?? Why should I now believe that my life would be any different -- any better -- Would I see sunshine again...could I learn to hope again...would I find my family alive???

Somehow I did survive...and was healed...and I did see sunshine again...but I did not find my family again.

I was one of the very few children who survived Nazi inhumanity...and so for me REMEMBRANCE is the devastating awareness and moral duty to REMEMBER THE CHILDREN. 1 1/2 Million Jewish children who were systematically and diabolically murdered. Their only crime was that they were born Jewish. And every year - on Yom Hashoah - I am again reminded how the children suffered, and cried, and were annihilated.

And so tonight, we gather in sorrow and in memory...and I am again filled with horror and despair...because not much has changed...the world has learned so little...the ugly face of bigotry, prejudice and evil keeps appearing all around us...and the children again and again are a dwindling precious resource. Can we ever stop this evil obscenity?

Yes, Yom Hashoah is a sacred mission of Remembrance...for the sake of humanity...if mankind is to survive.

For me, for the rest of my life.....I SHALL REMEMBER THE CHILDREN.

-- SIDNEY FINKEL

Dear Ben, 27 January, 1997

It has been almost a year since I last saw you in Miami, Florida. I feel myself fortunate to know that I can avail myself of your knowledge and wisdom, by talking with you on the telephone.

You proved to be a big help to, Chuck Olin the man who is making a full length movie about the Jewish Brigade. Chuck was able to contact Renia Zaks and did a two hour interview with her. I saw some of the footage, and was impressed with her enthusiasm and energy.

It has taken time and expense, but I now have a video that I am able to show to hundreds of kids. The first part shows pictures of my family and myself. The second part has pictures of Buchenwald and the infamous train from Buchenwald that took us eventually to Teresenstad. The last part is what I call the Memorial, consisting of photographs of people from, Piortkow that perished at the hands of the Nazis. I could only use a limited number of pictures since the whole thing lasts less than eight minutes. I show this video at the end of my talk. I feel that it is important to show a face to my story. The story being so horrible the kids have a hard time visualizing that these victims looked like ordinary people. I love to watch their faces as the video is being shown. There is a deep expression of interest and sympathy as the faces of the people of Piortkow flash by them. If someone that you know is interested in this video, I would be willing to share it with them.

I am in the process of writing my childhood memories of Piortkow, and the bombing of Sulejow. My family and I were right in the middle of it and for us it was the opening act of what was to come. I will be sending you this story soon.

Sidney Finkel - lecturer; educator; writer; thinker - a child of the Holocaust. The video Sidney sent me and speaks about in his letter is so very moving. When you watch the beautiful, expressive faces of the Martyrs, taken at random Families of: Ish-Horowicz, Korn Dessau, Kenigstein, Bulwa, Szerman, Zammel; Staszewski, Goldszmidt and others - to the "Shindler's List" music, tears come to your eyes...

Thank you Sidney!

The Editor

Sincerely

Sidney Finkel

615 Longwood Ct
Glenwood, Ill.
60425



January 1997 in MIAMI BEACH



From right: Ben Giladi, Adam and Rochelle Kaminski, Guta Giladi, Ida Gotthelf-Goodkin, Luise Gotthelf, Leon and Diane Zammel, Pola Zamel, Jazdia Mlynarski with her friends Joan and Abe, Iris Giladi.



On left sitting: Nathan and Evelyn Neiberg, Rachela Samelson. Standing: Guta Giladi, Regina and Abram Samelson. Rosa Wood and Ben Giladi, also in a tender encounter with pal Adam Kaminski



Ben and Guta with their daughter Iris, grandsons Jason and Evan Hoffman and sister Helen Henig. On the right, Ben with Frieda Jaffe of Boca Raton.



Clockwise: Fay Rosenblum with Guta and Luise, The Kaminskis and the Giladis in Palm Beach, Adam Kaminski with his cousin Harold Jakubowicz.



Fenia Wollman with Ben and Luise Gotthelf.



ECHOES FROM THE HOLOCAUST

A Memoir

Mira Ryczke Kimmelman

The University of Tennessee Press
Knoxville

BOOK REVIEW

Ben Giladi

Mira Kimmelman dedicates her book "To those I loved... Their lives were brutally extinguished but their memories live on" Everyone's Holocaust was different. The nature of each individual's experience might vary depending upon where and when one was. Even at the same place at the same time, the experiences varied depending upon circumstances. Thus each survivor's memoir tells a different story and especially now, when our memory is separated from the dreadful scenario by more than half a century.

My impression of Mira's excellent book are of a personal nature. I know her from liberated Bergen Belsen camp, where we used to wait our turns in order to play the piano at the recreation center there. (She is a great pianist) Her memories so intertwine with mine; she vividly and masterfully describes the horrid life at the Blizyn concentration camp, where my mother, sister, aunts, uncle, cousins and friends were sent in 1943. I really never realized how atrocious the Blizyn camp was. From there, everyone was sent in 1944 to Auschwitz. Mira's Via Dolorosa leads then from Auschwitz to camp Hindenburg, the death march and finally Bergen Belsen, the same way of misery my sister Hela went. One episode in Mira's book stirred my memory. She describes a stop on their deadly route at the atrocious camp Dora-Nordhausen, where they stopped for the night. I was then in Dora... One evening, after a backbraking day of work, we heard that a transport of women from Auschwitz arrived and is kept uphill, in a secluded area. Some of the inmates went to look from afar. I was too tired to go. So, when Najfeld, a Piotrkower told me a few days later that he saw and briefly spoke to my sister Hela, I was heartbroken. During all those years and until today, I can't excuse myself for not going up the hill to see the women. Mira's book has a special appeal not only for adults but also for younger readers. Her articulate, distinctive style of writing is unusually moving and true. The fine narrative flow gives an astonishing but so human aspect to the atrocities and provides an unique insight into the life of a meaningful, Jewish family existence before and after the war.

I pored over, with special interest the book's part, where Mira so lovingly writes about her beloved husband, the late Mietek (Max) Kimmelman and his well-known family from Piotrkow. With all her heart, she embraces his heritage and his past, knowing also all about every member of the large family and about the fate of everyone of them. There, among others, are some rare pictures of the Kimmelman family Mietek's brothers, sisters, mother, all in Piotrkow. In the closing chapters, Mira describes their so great marriage, their subsequent life in the United States, starting a family, and her visits to Israel and to Poland and the places of her youth. Among others, her two moving visits to Piotrkow with her sons, and the many places her husband told her about. Mira Kimmelman is a lady of great dignity and great heart. The ability to see goodness as well as evil and to give herself to family and community is inspiring. She had succeeded in maintaining hope and rekindling a spark of faith without ever losing the perspective of what she saw and experienced. Yes, everyone's Holocaust was different - but reading Mira's book, I experienced such strong feeling of common identity. These Echoes From The Holocaust reverberate movingly and come so profoundly down upon all of us...



Above: Piotrkow-Trybunalski,
Max's family home on
Starowarszawska Street 7 during
and after World War I, 1991.



Mira lighting the memorial candle at
Treblinka in front of the Tomaszow-
Mazowiecki stone. 1990.

The picture of the Ten Commandments found on the wall of the former Great Synagogue of Piotrkow-Trybunalski during postwar renovation. Today it is a public library. August 1990.



Max's oldest brother, Yechiel Kimmelman (1888-1908),
photograph taken after his arrest in 1905 for the killing of a
Czarist policeman. He was sentenced to lifelong hard work in
Siberia, where he died two years later.

מזל טוב **HAPPY EVENTS** מזל טוב

it happened in ISRAEL



Dorit and Rafi Pollak of Haifa with their infant son Shai. The Great Grandma, Pola Kaplan-Glatler lovingly looks on. Dorit's mother, the late Dziunia Z.L. would have been so proud...



Isaac Goldlust, full of pride, tenderly holds his grandson Leor. Looking on are the happy parents, Ronit and Ron Stern of Ramat Hasharon.



BAR MITZVAH

בס"ד

ברוך שהחיינו
וקיימנו והגיענו
לזמן הזה
יום כניסת בננו

לעול תורה ומצוות



Mazal Tov to Doron and Nurit Raz of Ramat Gan who married last year. Now, they became parents of a baby boy. From the left: Doron, the proud grandparents Nava and Amnon Raz and Nurit, (A wedding picture). The great grandparents, Ceska and Motek Warzager Z.L. would have been so proud...



Above: Dr. & Mrs. Geliebter & family celebrate the Bar Mitzvah of son Ari. Below: Bube Bella Geliebter-Grinblat is Shepping Naches with grandson. (Please see page 34).

מזל טוב

— WEDDING BELLS —

A heartfelt Mazal Tov and best wishes to M&M Ben and Arza Helfgott of London on the marriage of their son Michael to Thea. Congratulations and Happiness Forever!

Mazal Tov and Yichulim Levavyim to M&M Julek and Bella Pytowski of Givatayim on the marriage of their grandson Nir to Urit Tabak. Shefa Brachot to the proud parents Ruti and Nisim Cohen. Osher W'Osher!

Mazal Tov and best wishes to M&M Neil and Shirley Boyarski nee Krakowski of New York on the marriages of their children: son Jonathan and daughter Nicole. We wish them all Happiness Forever!

Mazal Tov and best wishes to M&M Pinkus and Sala Zyskind of Sweden on the marriage of their son Simon to Micaela. We wish them Lots of Happiness - Osher W'Osher!

— ENGAGEMENT —

Mazal Tov and Yichulim Levavyim to M&M Isroel and Thea Rudzinski of London on the engagement of their grandson Meylech. Shefa Brachot to the proud parents and Lots of Nachat!

We extend our most sincere Mazal Tov wishes to M&M Harry Fox on the engagement of their daughter Rochelle to Michael in London. We wish them all Happiness!

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!

50
YEARS

GOLDENE HATUNA H

We extend our best Mazal Tov wishes to M&M Norman and Esther Chmielnik of Delray Beach on their 50th Wedding Anniversary. Happiness Forever!

Mazal Tov and most sincere wishes to M&M Sala and Jacob Garfinkel of Milwaukee on their 50th Anniversary of their marriage. Lots of Luck!

מזל טוב

— BAR MITZVAH —

We extend our best Mazal Tov wishes to Dr. and Mrs. Geliebter of New York on the Bar Mitzvah of their son Ari. Yechulim Levavyim to the proud grandma, Bella nee Grinblatt. Good Luck!

We convey our most sincere Mazal Tov wishes to M&M Moishe and Lottie Mallinek of London on the Bar Mitzvah of their grandson. Lots of Naches!

Mazal Tov and Yichulim Levavyim to M&M Abraham and Miriam Yechieli of Tel Aviv on the Bar Mitzvah of their grandson Aviad. Shefa Brachot!

Mazal Tov and best wishes to M&M John and Betty Fox of Philadelphia on the Bar Mitzvah of their grandson. Good Luck and Lots of Naches!

Mazal Tov and best wishes to M&M Harry Usher on the Bar Mitzvah of their grandsons Marc and Seth, who are twins!. Congratulations to the proud parents, Corrine and Henry Weinman of New York.

— BAT MITZVAH —

Mazal Tov and heartiest wishes to M&M Jack and Adele Brem of Fairlawn NJ on the Bat Mitzvah of their granddaughter Andrea Marin. Congratulations to the proud parents Dr. and Mrs. Henry Brem of Maryland. Lots of Luck!

Best wishes of Mazal Tov to M&M Sala and Jacob Garfinkel of Milwaukee Wis. on the Bat Mitzvah of their granddaughter Elana. Congratulations to the proud parents, Rachel and Bob Rudman. Lots of Naches!

SHMONIM AD MEA W'ESRIM
Yechulim Levavyim to our Dear Friend Yoel (Julek) Pytowski of Givatayim on his 80th Birthday. We wish him Health, Happiness and Osher W'Osher!

Cesia and Heniek Henig and Friends

— IN HONOR OF —

Cantor Isaac Godfriend of Atlanta, Georgia was honored in Miami Beach at the Annual Hillel Shabat on January 25th by the Beth Torah Adath Yeshurun Congregation. Kol Hakavod!

מזל טוב ומזל ששון
וקול כלה מול חתן

מזל טוב

— GOD BLESS THE THIRD GENERATION —

Heartiest Mazal Tov wishes and Yechulim Levavym to M&M Isaac Goldlust of New Jersey on the birth of their fourth grandson Leor, the son of Ronit and Ron Stern of Ramat Hasharon. Shefa Brachot to the proud Family!

* * *

We convey our best Mazal Tov wishes to M&M Harry and Pauline Spiro of London on the birth of their granddaughter Hannah Gita. Congratulations to the proud parents. Lots of Naches!

* * *

A heartiest Mazal Tov and best wishes to M&M Joe and Tema Freiman of New York on the birth of their granddaughter Charise, the daughter of Dr's Stuart and Jennie Mendel. Congratulations to the proud parents and a Lot of Naches!

* * *

Mazal Tov and best wishes to M&M Joe and Fay Steinberg of Miami on the birth of their granddaughter Nicole, the daughter of Nanci and Barry Feerst. Lots of Happiness!

* * *

Mazal Tov and most sincere wishes to M&M Pearl and Sholom Sobel of England on the birth of their son, the grandson of the late Jerzyk and Jaqueline Poznanski. Lots of Naches!

* * *

— GOD BLESS THE FOURTH GENERATION —

We extend our heartfelt Mazal Tov wishes to M&M Isroel and Thea Rudzinski of London on the birth of their great granddaughter, born to their granddaughter Yitty and Levy Itschak Miller. Shefa Brachot and a Lot of Naches!

* * *

— R E F U A H S H E L E I M A —

We extend our best wishes of speedy recovery to our dear cousins

Fela Jacobs in Toronto and
Nacia Kaczka in Toronto.

Cousins,

Anne and Hymie Samelson, Toronto,
Mitzi and Herman Freedman, Toronto,
Canada.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Yeshayahu Pudlowski from Rishon Lezion writes:

... It is a joyous experience to receive your Bulletin, time after time. The colorful and so interesting content compels not to skip even one word. I do applaud the fact that you were successful to capture the imagination and the interest of our children, so that they should "not forget"...

This only would have been an immense achievement. Hopefully, they will take over the torch of remembrance.

The memorabilia, photos and articles dealing with our unforgettable past arise great interest. The announcements and personal greetings play an important part in the structure of the publication. This gives us the opportunity to hear about our landsleit. One wishes that the news always be cheerful and not sad!

I salute you my friend ! Blessed should be the hands of those who participate in the creation of these pages... (written in Yiddish).

(The above words are so much more precious coming from an accomplished writer and poet who spent his life working in the newspaper field).

Ed.

(From issue No. 65 of Feb.-Mar. 1985)

Those Who Were There Will Tell Us

Their Stories...

Dear Ben:

In a recent edition of our magazine, you mentioned Moshe Niechcicki and this brought back to me the memories of the times when we were both in Skarżysko and the Częstochowa Hasag. I worked in the ammunition factory, separating the good bullet shells from the bad ones. Moshe Niechcicki who always helped me, would come to pick up the good shells for the transport to the front. At the last minute, after the inspection, we mixed in some of the bad ones back, as many as we could.

Needless to say, we both could have been shot when caught.

I met Moshe in Israel years ago, at the wedding of Shlomo Henig, the son of Cesia Gelade. When he saw me, the memories of what we did, and how we could have been killed, returned to him. His devoted wife Różia (Pytowski), had to calm him down.

I greatly admire Moshe for his courage and am thankful for his assistance to me during this time.

Sara Krisman-Szmulewicz, LA
(Ed. Note: Moshe Niechcicki Passed away in Israel a few years ago).

HAPPY PASSOVER 1997

יום
אייביגען
אדענערט

In Memoriam

יום
אייביגען
אדענערט

Lisa Samelson

53 Channing Road

Newton, MA 02159

Dear Mr. Giladi:

January 16, 1997

It is with great sadness that we bring you news of the sudden death of our father, William (Velvle) Samelson. Our father died at home of a sudden heart attack after taking an after-dinner walk. Our father could always outwalk any of his four children and seven grandchildren.... We are comforted that our father died in peace without suffering.

Please accept this \$100 donation in honor of our father's memory. Our father was the biggest fan of the "Piotrkower Paper", as he called it; he would always talk about it and show it to everyone who came to his house. Our father was very proud of his past and immersed himself in the pages of your paper for days after its arrival. Our father "kvelled" once his adult children started receiving the "Piotrkower Paper" and was so excited to discuss the stories and photos with us.

In Memoriam

William Samelson, 74, of North Miami, formerly of Chicago, passed away January 6, 1997. He is survived by his beloved wife of 50 years, Rosalie (Rachela) Samelson (nee Neiberg), also born in Piotrkow; children Dr. Jerome (Susan) Samelson, Dr. Renee (Dr. Woody Jones) Samelson, Allen (Judy Lieberman) Samelson, and Lisa (Dr. Paul Hattis) Samelson; grandchildren Benjamin, Emma, Hannah, Aaron, Avi, Leah, and Joey; brother Abraham (Regina) Samelson; several loving nieces, nephews, brothers-and sisters-in-law, and cousins.

William (Velvle) Samelson was born in Piotrkow on August 20, 1922. His parents, Rivka & Vigdor Samelson, and two of his brothers, Shiyu & Yakov, were killed in the Holocaust.

William and Rosalie were married in Germany in 1946 and immigrated to the United States with their two-year-old son in 1949. Upon arriving in Chicago, William worked as a tailor, then started a fine men's clothing store serving prominent judges, businessmen, and downtown professionals, all of whom requested "Mr. William" for meeting their clothing needs. By 1951, William moved his growing family to Skokie where he leaves numerous loving friends and "landsleit". Before retiring in 1987, William had the "naches" to attend the graduations of his loving children from graduate schools in optometry, medicine, law, and public health.

Words cannot express the loss of our daddy and our children's zaydie.

Jerry, Allen, Renee, and Lisa Samelson

(Steward and Judy are the children of Regina and Abram Samelson). ↓

Dear Aunt Rose and cousins:

In Memoriam

Judy and I want to express our deepest regret on the passing of your husband/father. I have no answers to the infamous WHY? But I do know that Uncle Bill was a definite influence on my life. I remember him as the first American to greet us when we arrived at Midway Airport from Israel. There was much I admired in him. I never knew a salesman who could make the customer feel so important. He was humble when he had every right to brag. And I'm sure that some of my humor can be attributed to him. And most important to me, he could make me laugh. In my adult life, there wasn't a time when Uncle Bill and I would meet, that he couldn't get a hearty laugh from me. The number of people who have that talent are rare.

The last time we met was at the hospital (where else?) when my father was recovering from his own ailment. As Uncle Bill left, he made a motion with left hand to which I replied, "That's a nice back hand you have." There was a twinkle in his eye. Good by Uncle Bill.

In lieu of flowers, we will make a donation to the American Heart Association.

Love

Steward & Judy



זיכר

נעדרים

- EULOGIZING -
WILLIAM AND
- MORRIS -

It is so painful to lose people like Velvl Samelson and Motl Wood, our avid readers and responsive friends.

They cherished so much their past and their heritage.

Our heartfelt condolences go to the two gracious ladies, Rachela Samelson and Rosa Wood, the devoted spouses and two good friends, who share now the fond memories of Velvl and Motl, their late, beloved husbands...

Ben Giladi

יום
אייביגען
אדענקען

אונזערע פארלוסטען

We announce with great sorrow the passing of our dear Landsman
William (Velvl) Samelson
who died suddenly in Florida. We express our deepest sympathy to his wife Rachela, children Jerome, Allen Renee and Lisa, his brother Abram and the entire family.
Relatives and Friends

We are profoundly saddened by the untimely passing of our dear cousin
William Samelson
We extend our deepest sympathy to his wife Rachela, his children, his brother Abram and sister in-law Regina.
Cousins:
Anne and Hymie Samelson, Toronto
Mitzi and Herman Freedman, Toronto

We are deeply saddened by the passing of our dear friend
William Samelson
We extend our heartfelt condolences to his wife Rosalie, children Jerome, Renee, Alen and Lisa, brother Abram and the entire family.
Rosa Wood and children: Martin, Nelson and Paula, Boston

On the 9th Yahrzeit of the passing of our dear Father, Grandfather and Great Grandfather
Abraham (Avrumtche) Herszlikowicz
who passed away in Paris, in 1988 at the age of 103, we all pay a loving tribute to his Blessed Memory.
IHIE ZICHRO BARUCH!
George and Anna Herhey, children: Felicia, Stephanie and Erica and the entire family, California.

We deeply mourn the passing of our Landsman
Chaim Binem Kazan (Kazanowski)
who died recently in Melbourne. We convey our deepest sympathy to his wife Esther, children, brother in-law Sam Weltman and the entire family.
Piotrkow Landsmanschaft in Australia
Relatives and Friends

We have received the sad news from Israel that
Szeivele Mlynarska
died recently in Ramat Gan. We convey our most sincere sympathy to her husband Moshe, children Rachel and Arie and the entire family.
Relatives and Friends

We are deeply saddened by the passing of
Helen Cymerman
the wife of the late Irving Cymerman. She died recently in New York. We extend our sincere condolences to the children Barry and Lorrie, brother in-law Aron and the entire family.

We deeply mourn the passing of our Landsman and Friend
Aron (Artur) Rozenchwajg
who died recently in Holon. We extend our deepest sympathy to his wife, children and the family.
Relatives and Friends
Cousin, Shulim Janowski, New York

On the 10th, sad Anniversary of the passing of our Mother and grandmother
ANNA RUBINLICHT
we pay tribute to her Blessed Memory.
MAY SHE REST IN PEACE!
Daughters
Rita Kramer, Ill.
Ellen Brandin, Cal.
and their Families.



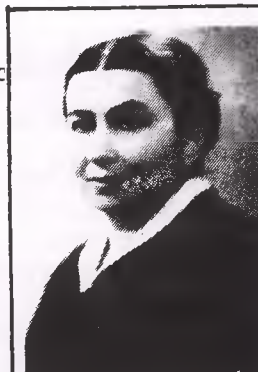
In Remembrance of our beloved Mother

HELA GOLDLUST

The wife of the late Jozef Goldlust. On the 20th tragic Anniversary of her untimely passing.

May she rest in everlasting
Peace!

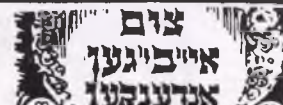
Basia (Batia) Neumark,
Ramat Chen, Israel.
Mr. & Mrs. Isaac Goldlust,
Caldwell, New Jersey.
Aska and Szalom Warmund,
Haifa, Israel.



לזכר נעדרים



In Memoriam



Isy LIPSZYC,
Michel et Michelle LIPSZYC, son époux;
Jerry et Kaly LIPSZYC, ses enfants;
Roger et Paula BAUWENS, ses petits-enfants;
leurs enfants et petits-enfants, son frère et
Colette et Frédéric LANCKMANS, sa belle-sœur;
Cécile BAUWENS, sa sœur et son beau-frère;
ses enfants et petits-enfants, sa belle-sœur;

La famille et les amis de Belgique, de France,
d'Israël, des Etats-Unis et d'Australie

ont l'immense tristesse de vous annoncer le décès de

Jacqueline LIPSZYC

née le 6 janvier 1932 et décédée à Uccle,

le 8 décembre 1996.

L'enterrement aura lieu au cimetière Israélite de
Kraainhem, le mardi 10 décembre 1996, à 15 heures

Ni fleurs ni couronnes.

1180 Bruxelles, avenue Prince d'Orange, 154.
1180 Bruxelles, avenue du Gul, 85.



Madame L. BERKOVIC,
Monsieur et Madame R. BORNSTEIN,
Monsieur et Madame M. GELBARTOWICZ,
Monsieur T. GODLEWICZ,
Madame F. GOLDMAN,
Madame M. HABER,
Monsieur et Madame D. HERBST,
Monsieur et Madame F. KREISMAN,
Madame K. MOSZBERG,
Monsieur et Madame F. NAJMAN,
Monsieur et Madame M. PIORO,
Monsieur et Madame D. PLAT,
Monsieur et Madame A. REINITZ,
Monsieur et Madame Ch. SALOMONOWICZ,
Monsieur et Madame K. SUSNOWSKI,
Madame M. SZPIRO,
Monsieur et Madame S. TOPOR,
Madame S. WOLKOWICZ

vous annoncent avec beaucoup de chagrin le
décès de

MADAME

Jacqueline LIPSZYC

Avec sa disparition nous perdons une grande
Amie et une femme de grand cœur.

WSPOMNIENIE

Bardzo wdzięcznie wspominamy B.P. Jacqueline Lipszyc, którą spotka-
liśmy wraz z jej mężem Isy w Tel Avivie w 1989 roku. Była ona Człowie-
kiem w pełnym tego sło-
wa znaczeniu!

Składamy rodzinie wy-
razy współczucia.

CZEŚĆ JEJ PAMIĘCI!

GUTA I BEN GILADI, NY

Jacqueline Sarah Lipszyc

Dear Mr Lipszyc, Mr and Mrs Lipszyc, children and dear friends,

'Enosh Kekhatzir Yamav Katsel Over', The son of man, his days are like grass, like a shadow that passes away. And a Rabbi asks: Maybe it is comparable to the shade of a wall? Not even! A wall can be thick. So maybe it is comparable to the shade of a tree? Not even! The life of man is only like the shade of a bird already gone by. A terrible lucidity without compromises, even if it creates pain. This is how tradition views the essence of the human condition. And yet at the same time, there is also in our tradition an incredible hope that can inspire our lives. Without any words, without dogmas, as if integrated and carried throughout a silent effort towards what is positive and towards the good that can be done.

This is the heart of the teaching of our tradition. The tradition of an old people.

Dear Michel, when, despite your affliction, you came to me to tell me about your mother, about her life, with the broken voice of your emotion and sensitivity, this is what I was thinking about. As I was writing, I could still see her in the synagogue, where she used to come from time to time. Through you, dear M Lipszyc, she learnt to share the unspeakable suffering of those who went through the barbarism of Nazi persecutions. After your deportation by the nazis where you lost all of your family, you came to Belgium, on your way to Palestine, and it is here that you met her and that, later, you married her in 1950.

This choice was difficult for obvious reasons. Family oppositions and even more the terrible reminiscence of the war that could have ruined your life. But she made her choice, and she decided to be positive and to build, slowly, intelligently and with love. She came into the universe of Jewish tradition. For her of course, but also for you, dear Isi, she wanted, despite the tragedy and despite the wounds of the war, the tradition to go on. For her, this was the way that could help you overcome the weight of these terrible memories. And so she learned the tradition, she taught herself Yiddish, and even Jewish cooking! Such was the strength of her love. Instead of erasing it all - which would have been the first temptation - she decided to slowly rebuilt everything. Instead of becoming cynical, she reversed the natural flow of events and decided to live not only for herself but also for others. In the misery of the post-war period, she welcomed and then took care of a friend of yours who had suddenly become ill. Not only would she go to visit him in the hospital, but she would bring him food every single day.

After 25 years of being married, she finally decided to convert to Judaism. And for her, this conversion was really the result of a long process of gradual integration. She married you religiously in Israel, and then continued to act for Jewish causes. For the 'Union des Deportees', the Beth Aviv school where Michel is now the president, for the retirement home where she used each year to prepare hundreds of gifts and parcels. For her there was always something more to do. She wanted the people at the home to feel happy. She dedicated her life to all of this with sincerity and simplicity.

With Michele, her daughter-in-law, it was a relation of kindness and complicity. And with her grandsons, Jerry and Katie, it was simply happiness, for her it is a real privilege. She took care of the family tradition, the Shabbat and the festivals. She wanted to bring some light to a soul and she ends up becoming the leading power of the religious life of the whole family.

8 years ago, she wished to go back to Poland, despite your objections dear Isi, as if she wished to exorcise something and to free you for something that was still holding you inside. In this Polish town where you had lived, there is only one Jew left. Only one. An old man living in sheer misery. When she comes back, she does not forget, and starts sending him little parcels. When her own family, her mother her sister and her brother started to become ill, she was there again, helping without counting.

During her all life, she shed a ray of light, of humanity and of love. For her husband, her

children and for all those around her that needed her. She gave love to others and from them she got it back. Particularly from a grand-children who were for her a constant source of joy and happiness.

Even while suffering she never wanted to become a burden. 'Doctor, try to keep me alive until January as my grandchildren will have then finished their exams. I am afraid of the hurt that my illness could inflict on others'.

Dear friends, someone like her, of that quality never really disappears. Her light, her strength and her love are now within you. They should guide you and they should give you a meaning and a direction in your lives. But she also lives beyond that. The body returns to the dust but the soul, with such a good life, goes back to God. She is like a boat coming back to the port, after a long mission successfully accomplished. She left us during Hanukkah, and this is also a message of hope: The small and weak light which does not disappear but which transmits its own light to the other candles. May her love be for you a source of consolation, May her soul be bound in the gathering of eternal life.

Rabbi Albert Dahan.

Shalom

Avec les compliments de
Maurice PIORO,

Président de l'Union des Déportés Juifs de
Belgique Filles et Fils de la Déportation

Mr. Maurice Pioro, the President of the Survivors of Belgium, sends his warmest regards to all our readers.

(His mother born Fajwelowitz and grandmother named Grossman, came from Piotrkow).

צום אייביגען אנדענק

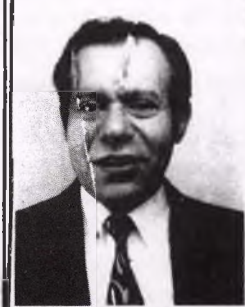
IN MEMORIAM

On the Second Yahrzeit of the passig of our dear relative and friend and a wonderful Human Being

LEON SZAMPANER

we all pay utmost tribute to his blessed memory.

Families: Karol and Fela Sosnowski, Isy Lipszyc,
Charles Salomonowicz, Idel Sosnowski and Maurice Pioro.
Bruxelles, Belgium



Charles, Karol and Mr. Stern at the mural of the Ten Commandments, the only omen left at the Great Synagogue in Piotrkow.

KIELCE

Charles Salomonowicz and Karol Sosnowski participated in the rites on the 50th Anniversary of the Pogrom in Kielce. They also visited our hometown Piotrkow.



50th Anniversary of the

Kielce Pogrom

1946-1996

MEMORIAL
PILGRIMAGE

Mr. Karol Sosnowski,
Belgium



50th Anniversary of the

Kielce Pogrom

1946-1996

MEMORIAL
PILGRIMAGE

Mr. Charles Salomonowicz
Belgium



Karol Sosnowski, Charles and Mr. Stern at the Monument of Karol's parents he erected at the Piotrkow cemetery.

אנדענק

הייליקן

צום

יזבור אלוקים

MEMORY



The Piotrkower in Belgium

| יזכור |

Abraham Salomonowicz was Jewish and Polish. Soldier, and then prisoner, he experienced the Stalag in Germany. In January '40, just as 1,200 other Jews, he was sent by the Nazis to Lublin. Liberated, announced the news... In reality, half of them had been shot.

His son Charles knew that he lay somewhere between Lublin and Bialo Podlask. In 1988, during the pilgrimage organized by the Association of the Deportees for the 45th anniversary of the uprising of the Warsaw ghetto, he learned that his father was buried in Parczew. A visit on the site enabled him to discover, next to a stele mentioning in Polish the execution of Polish soldiers, an astonishing matseva with an unreadable inscription. With the help of the Association, Charles moved heaven and earth for the truth to be told.

The truth has been told since July 8, 1996, date of the inauguration of a gravestone which reads: « Here rest 600 Jewish soldiers of the Polish army shot in February 1940 by the Nazis murderers. Among those victims, his father, Abraham Salomonowicz born in 1898. This gravestone was set up thanks to the Union des Déportés Juifs de Belgique (the Association of Jewish Deportees of Belgium) ».

Charles learned more about Parczew. Before the war, there were 12,000 inhabitants in the city and half of the population was Jewish. After the war, the mayor ordered to destroy the steles of what was in fact a Jewish cemetery and of which the poor unreadable relic was the only recollection. Charles, however, was happily surprised to learn from the mayor in office that at the exact moment when he had begun to make his moves, Parczew was building a monument to the memory of its Jewish citizens murdered in Treblinka.



(From left to right) Karol Sosnowski, Imre Stern, Charles Salomonowicz and the local authorities of Parczew, July 8, 1996.

KU WIECZNEJ PAMIĘCI

Moj ojciec, Abraham Salomonowicz był w Armji Polskiej. W walkach 1939go roku, wpadł w niewolę niemiecką i z 1200 innymi jeńcami został wysłany do Lublina. Po długich badaniach dowiedziałem się że 600 jeńców żydowskich zostało zastrzelonych przez hitlerowców, razem z mym ojcem w Parczewie. W 1988 roku odwiedziłem Parczew. Zostałem tam tylko mały, nieczytelny kamień. Po wielkich wysiłkach, 8go Lipca 1996 roku, dzięki pomocy naszej organizacji, postawiliśmy pomnik na cześć 600 żołnierzy żydowskich i mojego ojca, B.P. Abrahama Salomonowicza. Jednocześnie, władze odsłoniły pomnik na cześć Żydów z Parczewa którzy zginęli w Treblince. CZĘŚĆ ICH PAMIĘCI! Charles Salomonowicz, Belgia

Mémoire

Abraham Salomonowicz était juif et polonais. Mobilisé, puis prisonnier, il connaît le Stalag en Allemagne. On s'y souvient qu'il est juif, comme 1.200 autres, que les nazis renvoient en janvier 40 à Lublin. Libérés, disent les nouvelles... En fait, la moitié d'entre eux sont passés par les armes.

Son fils Charles savait qu'il reposait quelque part entre Lublin et Bialo Podlask. C'est par un hasard qu'il apprend, en 1988, à l'occasion du pèlerinage que l'Union des Déportés organise pour le 45e anniversaire de la révolte du ghetto de Varsovie, que son père est inhumé à Parczew. Une visite sur place lui permet de découvrir, à côté d'une stèle mentionnant en polonais l'exécution de soldats polonais, une étonnante matseva à l'inscription illisible. Charles, avec l'appui de l'Union, remuera ciel et terre pour que la vérité soit dite.

Elle l'est depuis le 8 juillet 96, date de l'inauguration d'une pierre tombale où l'on peut lire : "Ici reposent 600 soldats juifs de l'armée polonaise fusillés en février 1940 par les assassins nazis. Parmi ces victimes se trouve mon père, Abraham Salomonowicz, né en 1898. Cette pierre tombale a été mise en place grâce à l'Union des Déportés Juifs de Belgique".



(De g. à dr.) Karol Sosnowski, Imre Stern, Charles Salomonowicz et les autorités communales de Parczew, le 8 juillet 1996.

Charles en apprendra davantage sur Parczew. La ville comptait avant guerre 12.000 habitants, dont la moitié étaient juifs. Au lendemain de la guerre, le maire fit détruire les stèles de ce qui était en fait un cimetière juif et dont le pauvre vestige illisible constituait le seul souvenir. Charles eut, par contre, l'heureuse surprise d'apprendre par le maire actuel qu'au moment même où il entamait ses démarches, Parczew érigeait un monument à la mémoire de ses concitoyens juifs assassinés à Treblinka.

Pola Najman and Josek Jablonski married in 1941. In July 1942, their daughter Sarah was born. Three months later, they hid in a bunker during the "Aktion" to Treblinka and, by miracle survived the deportations. In January 1943, Pola was taken to be sent to Skarzysko. Josek, in order to keep the mother and infant together, volunteered to go instead. He was killed by Meister Klette on the spot. Another miracle occurred. Pola managed to save little Sarah; first in the small Ghetto until July 1943. Later, at the Kara, she worked in the kitchen and some good people working at night, took care of the child during the day. From November 44 to February 1945, Pola shielded her daughter in Ravensbruck. Then, in Bergen Belsen, Pola became ill with typhus and little Sarah was taken away from her. She never saw her again... After the war, Pola married Moishe Zamel. She has two daughters: Vivian and Ruth. Here is a poem Vivian wrote for her daughter also named Sarah...

For Sarah

On the Occasion of Her Bat Mitzvah
June 5, 1993

Sarah

Are you aware
That the night you were born
The 25th of March, 1980
You were defying history's scorn
By claiming the name of a sister
I never knew, but mourn.

Sarah

Do you recall
The stare you dared the clown with?
There you were
Barely two, at the front of the room,
Hands on hip, chin in the air.
Now I see in that stance
A precursor of your unpredictability,
your obstinacy,
Your determined spirit.

Sarah

The hilarity of our family games
That you'd revel in again and again.
Playing "Dee Dee" in the kitchen
The four of us hugging, kissing,
and reeling in laughter.
Playing "Clay"
As you molded my hands and arms
into frozen poses.
Playing patticake
To the nonsensical Polish rhyme
about fish that marry
A game taught to me by Nanny
Taught to you by me.

Sarah

Your flair for the artistic
Creating Nanny's intricate calendars
A chronicle of family celebrations.
And your flair for the dramatic
Performing almost since the very beginning
From The Little Prince to Cinderella
From Queen Xixi of Ix to As You Like It.

Sarah

The Fred Astaire in you
Continues to delight us
As you alight the floor
Improvising outrageous rhythms and moves.
And doing the mambo and tango
With me in the kitchen
But never quite getting the mashed potato

Sarah

The care that you show
When injustice chafes against
The world as you think it ought to be
Where everyone is free to be you and me
Where humankind is humane and kind
Where being different doesn't make a difference.

Sarah

Your hair
In braids that cascaded way down past your waist
Now lay coiled up
In the Chinese box among your collection of boxes
A memento of your girlish days
A remembrance of ribbons that I tied
Ribbons that tied you to me.

Now I watch the changes

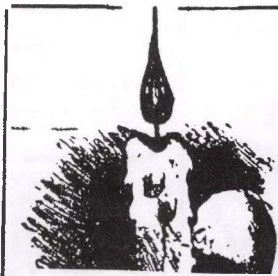
Sarah.

The stares are now in the mirror.
The hair is cut short and shows new color.
The artistic and dramatic flair are now
Displayed in clothes and other adornments.
But the passionate caring for others
Is still firmly in place
Gracing you more than anything you could wear.

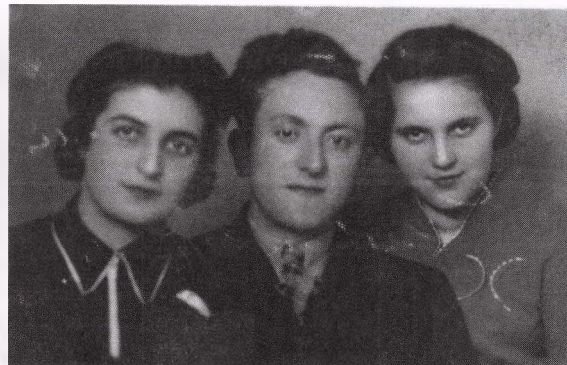
Sarah

There you stand
Leaving traces of childhood behind you.
How you will fare
What destiny holds
I anticipate
As I would await
A flower to unfold.

Vivian Zamel



Pola and Josek
Jablonski with
Estusia Biren-
baum in the
Piotrkow Ghetto,
January 28, 1941



In Memoriam

We

Were

Children

Just

Like

You

צום אייבינען אנדענק

IN MEMORIAM

לזכר ועדדים

LETTERS

ARON (ARTUR) ROZENCWAJG

Z wielkim smutkiem przyjęliśmy wiadomość o zgonie B.P. Arona Rozencwajga, który zmarł w Holonie w wieku 88 lat.

Aron! Postać wychowawcy, działacza i marzyciela. Życiem jego była młodzież żydowska, której poświęcał się całą duszą. Był on długoletnim, cenionym kierownikiem kolonii TOZU, które dawały tyle zdrowia i radości nieuprzywilejowanym dzieciom.

Aron, uczeń żydowskiego gimnazjum, był znanym działaczem na niwie społecznej. Także po wojnie kontynuował swą zbożną działalność wychowawcy w Polsce a potem w Izraelu.

Dwa znamienne listy (drukowane obok, z numeru 65go Biuletynu, 1985 roku), powiedzą nam kim był Aron Rozencwajg, uwypuklając jego wartości duchowe i zasługi społeczne.

— CZĘŚĆ JEGO PAMIĘCI! —

Ben Giladi



Dziedziniec Szpitala Żydowskiego. Aron siedzi przed bałwanem, sobowtorem Frankensteina, otoczony grupą przyjaciół z Pinkusem na czele.



Zdjęcie grupowe z kolonii TOZu.

Sam Janowski z Brooklynu pisze:

Dziękuję za wspomnienie zasług mego kuzyna, Artura Rozencwajga z Holonu, który tyle dobra uczynił dla społeczeństwa. Swe młode lata, Artur poświęcił na kierownictwo letnich kolonii TOZU. Kiedy dobrze usytuowana młodzież wybierała się na wakacje, dzięki właśnie p. Pinkusewiczowi i Arturowi, także sieroty i dzieci z ubogich domów mogły korzystać z takiego luksusu jak trochę świeżego powietrza...

Jestem pewien że gdyby Artur wybrał karierę w prywatnym sektorze, jego pozycja materialna byłaby bardziej korzystna. On jednak wybrał inną drogę - drogę wychowawcy i działacza społecznego...

Ja jestem mu wdzięczny i nie zapomnę że o ile miał możliwość, zostawiał inne obowiązki aby ułatwić nam sytuację. Jestem pewny że i inni Piotrkowianie mają coś dobrego do powiedzenia o Arturze Rozencwajgu.

Dziękuję za Biuletyn i wyśmienity materiał. Moja rodzina i ja, życzymy Ziomkom wszystkiego dobrego..

* * *

Artur Rozencwajg z Holonu pisze:

... Załączam zdjęcia z okresu mojej powojennej pracy w szkole Żydowskiej w Legnicy oraz na koloniach letnich na Dolnym Śląsku. Zauważysz na nich Ilanę Sztern, córkę Szymona Szterna i Mani Winter a także Wisienkę Różycką, córkę mojego brata Leona i Geni. Trzecia to Esterka Bogdanska - trzy gracje pochodzenia Piotrkowskiego...

... Władze Genewskie ORTU wydały bardzo pochlebne świadczenia odnośnie mojej pracy w powojennej Polsce. Poza tym, zostałem wyróżniony jako przodujący w pracy wychowawczej i instruktorskiej...

Moja praca z młodzieżą dała mi wiele satysfakcji. Wdzięcznie wspominam tą młodzież, której oddałem co miałem najlepszego i która niestety zginęła prawie w kataklizmie. Dzieci z okresu powojennego wyrosły na wartościowe jednostki jak np. młoda Ilana Sztern, która mieszka obecnie w Ber Szewie i jest człowiekiem w pełnym tego słowa znaczeniu...

(Znamienne, że powyższe listy zbiegły się razem. Serdeczne gratulacje p. Arturze i życzenia dalszych sukcesów w życiu i na niwie społeczno - wychowawczej)

Red.



STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART

With great compassion and immense regard, I hereby dedicate this tribute to the leaders of the Jewish Orphanage in Piotrkow. I gratefully recall the benefactors and the mentors of our institution who so devotedly and selflessly contributed so much to the existence, upbringing and self-respect of the children of Dobroczynosc.

Families: Szpilfogel and Szereszewski and especially

Edward Szereszewski, the main benefactor.

Dr. Maurycy Brams, a devoted physician and a wonderful human being.

*Drowa Estera Tenenbaum, Dr. Weissman, Mrs. Lea Krakowski,
Mrs. Zylbersztajn.*

With respect and compassion, I remember our teachers and counselors:

Madzia Sztern (1925-28), Ida Kaplan (1928-32), Hela Herszlikowicz (1932-34),

*Bronia Borensztajn (1935-37), and Pani Dora (1938 to 1940, the year of my
departure to the USSR).*

Administrators: Balbina and Rudolf Meisner and their son Heniek.

• • •

*I fondly remember my dear friends and peers, the children of the Orphanage. Their lives
were so cruelly and prematurely extinguished by the Nazi Oppressors!*

<i>Sala Kryst</i>	<i>Hanka Spirytus</i>	<i>Jakub Niechcicki</i>
<i>Fela Bank</i>	<i>Sabina Balowas</i>	<i>Fiszek Wajsblat</i>
<i>Andzia Groner</i>	<i>Hela Nutkiewicz</i>	<i>Szmulek Groner</i>
<i>Madzia Groner</i>	<i>Cesia Sztajnberg</i>	<i>Icek Groner</i>
<i>Fela Cieciora</i>	<i>Esterka Goldminc</i>	<i>Rozka Wiernik</i>
<i>Estka Baum</i>	<i>Chana Goldminc</i>	<i>Rojza Klainman</i>
<i>Nechcia Baum</i>	<i>Helcia Grynszpan</i>	<i>Moszek Dawner</i>
<i>Symcha Kryst</i>	<i>Lodzka Bendermacher</i>	<i>Jozio Zwarszawy</i>
<i>Esterka Birencwajg</i>	<i>Polcia Bendermacher</i>	<i>Kazik Starszoch</i>

And all the others whose names I regretfully do not recall.

*And in Loving Tribute to my friend **Motek Sztajnberg** who fell heroically in the
1948 war of Israel's Independence.*

THEY ALL ARE FOREVER IN MY HEART!

Abram Bogdanski-Waksman, New York



In Memoriam



Motek Sztajnberg

Ed. Note: Abram Bogdanski and I, both cried when we put together this page for the children of the Piotrkow Orphanage. After so many years, we fondly remember them and cherish their memory. **IHIE ZICHRAM BARUCH!**



Abram & Motek



Szajek & Janek



Symcha & Kazik

GHETTO MEMORIES

UCIECZKA PRZED WYSYŁKĄ DO SKARŻYSKA

Wśród nocy, w lutym 1943go roku obudził nas głośny stuk do drzwi. Byli to dwaj policjanci żydowscy, Szymek i Bolek których dobrze znałam. Powiedzieli że jesteśmy na liście kandydatów do Skarżyska i musimy pójść z nimi. Ponieważ plecaki miałyśmy gotowe, nie wzięło nam długo i znalazłyśmy się na placu. Nikt z nas nie wiedział gdzie jest Skarżysko i co nas tam czeka. Ze mną była moja siostra i kuzynka Jadzia Bryl. Staraliśmy się o protekcję aby nas zwolniono ale nikt nie pomógł. Po krótkim czasie ustawiono nas w rzędzie po trzy, Między Strawą a Jerozolimską. Stanęliśmy w ostatnim rzędzie, w razie gdy będzie za dużo kobiet to może nas zwolnią. Najmniejsze szanse zwolnienia miała moja kuzynka, ale stał się cud. Ronning, dyrektor szopu zauważył moją kuzynkę i zwolnił ją. Niedługo potem, moja siostra została zwolniona i ja zostałam sama. Obok Strawy stali trzej żołnierze niemieccy. Mówili między sobą że byliśmy w trójkę a teraz jestem sama. Skorzystałam z okazji i na miga zaczęłam pokazywać że zamierzam uciec. Oni się śmiali nie reagując, a więc jednym skokiem znalazłam się w bramie. Tuż przed wejściem na podwórko był smietnik, a nad nim odwróceniu odemnie stali inni żołnierze z bagnietami i szulali czegoś. Zapewnie majątków żydowskich. Cudem mnie nie zauważyli. Wleciałam na schody i zapukałam do jakichś drzwi ale nikt nie chciał mnie wpuścić. Poleciałam o piętro wyżej, na olbrzymi strych który był pusty ale pełen pierzy. Chciałam się już zakopać w pierzach ale byłam bardzo zmęczona, więc gdy zauważyłam małe krzeselko w kącie postanowiłam odpocząć i usiadłam. Z ulicy dochodziły mnie krzyki i płacz. W pewnej chwili słyszałam jak ogłosili że nie mają dosyć kobiet i o ile policja nie dostarczy ich więcej to wezmą ich i ich żony. Policjanci jak dzicy puścili się na poszukiwanie. Nagle słysząc jakieś kroki poznałam z daleka Hamera i Głogowskiego. Zajrzeli tylko na początek strychu i w końcu odeszli - na szczęście mnie nie zauważyli. Tak przesiedziałam aż do zmroku, a gdy wszystko dobrze ucichło, poszłam do domu gdzie mnie wszyscy z radością przywitani. Nazajutrz spotkałam prezesa Warszawskiego który kazał mi podziękować że mnie uratował...

Regina Samelson, Skokie Illinois

LETTERS

Kochany Benku:

Twój artykuł o piosenkach i asocjacje z nimi związane wzruszyły mnie do tego stopnia, że przezwyciężyłam moje lenistwo i piszę. W pierwszym rzędzie dziękuję Tobie i redakcji za nasze nowe pismo "Głos". Mam wrażenie że jesteśmy jedynym ziomkostwem które po tylu latach jest w tak ścisłym kontakcie. Pismo Twe łączy nas rozsianych po całym świecie i informuje o dawnych znajomych i kolegach.

Z radością stwierdzam że artykuły są bardzo ciekawe i bliskie sercu. Im bardziej "doroślejemy", tym więcej mamy nostalgii i sentymenty za przeszłością. Ukłony dla Guty. Życzę Ci dużo zdrowia i sił do dalszej, owocnej pracy,

Aśka Warmund-Goldlust, Haifa

* * *

Kochani Przyjaciele:

Wielką sprawiliście nam przyjemność przesłaniem ostatniego numeru "Głosu". Prostu nie mogliśmy się oderwać od czytania artykułów i oglądania zdjęć tyjących przeszłości i okresu zagłady. Są one napisane po mistrzowsku i interesują nie tylko Piotrkowian ale i innych ocalonych. Pozatym połączenie dawnego z obecnym, podróże do Polski tyżące miejsc świętych i drogich dla Żydów to interesująca lektura. Jak w kalejdoskopie zjawiają się reportaże, wiersze i wiadomości o radościach i smutkach. Specjalnie nas "uchwyciły za serce" twe wspomnienia melodii związanych z przeżyciami i wydarzeniami w naszym życiu z którymi się całkowicie solidaryzujemy.

A zatem dziękujemy Ci bardzo za tak ciekawy magazyn. Gdy odczytujemy coś naszym kolegom, Dawid z dumą mówi: "To mój przyjaciel Beniek, obecnie w Nowym Yorku, opracowuje to wszystko".

Benku! Przynosisz zaszczyt Twoim Rodakom! Serdecznie Pozdrawiamy,

Iza i Dawid Korn, Ramat Gan

it happened in LONDON

Borehamwood plaques

SOME 500 people at Borehamwood Synagogue, Herts on Sunday attended a service which included the unveiling of 155 plaques in memory of parents and families who lost their lives in the Holocaust. The ceremony, organised by the 45 Aid Society, proved a most moving occasion.

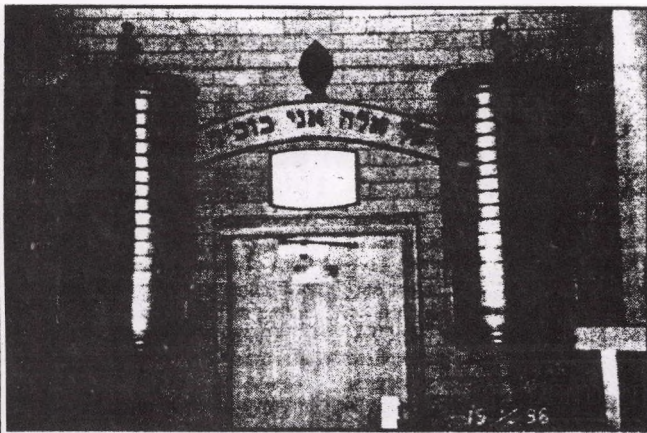
Rabbi A. Plancey, Rov of Borehamwood Synagogue, who conducted the service, declared that, besides those mentioned on the plaques, we all should think of the countless people murdered in the Nazi Churban who died leaving no one to remember them. This unveiling ceremony is not just an empty gesture, he continued, for any relatives of families inscribed on the plaques are welcome to stay with members of the Borehamwood community thus giving the proceedings real meaning.

Guest speaker Emeritus Chief Rabbi Lord Jakobovits unveiled the plaques. He pointed out that when the Torah speaks of Hashem remembering – in the

cases of the Mabul, Rivka Imeinu and Yosef Hatzaddik – these occasions always refer to Klal Yisroel's collective future. He referred to the fact that the 45 Aid Society has already had a Sefer Torah, our holiest object, written in memory of lost dear ones and these plaques form a follow-up of the earlier action.

Mr. Ben Helfgott, Chairman of the 45 Aid Society observed that when Mr. Yisroel Rudzinski of Stamford Hill first approached him with the Sefer Torah idea he doubted if it could be accomplished. He marvelled how one person's endeavours brought the project to fruition and expressed his pleasure that it was indeed achieved, paying tribute to Mrs. T. Rudzinski for her attention to the details. He added that Jews of all circles combined equally in this wonderful venture.

Mincha and Yizkor were recited by Mr. Sol Irving. Tehillim were intoned by Dayan G. Lopian and Rabbi Z. Godlewsky.



The plaques unveiled on Sunday, designed and made by Mr D Patashnik.

— (Reprinted by kind permission —
— of the Jewish Tribune). —

Reb Isroel Rudzinski of London submitted the above item pertaining to the unveiling of 155 plaques in memory of the Kedoshim, parents, siblings and families of members of the 45 Aid Society. This ceremony was a follow-up of the "Matan Torah", a Holy Scroll presentation by the Society to the Borehamwood Synagogue not long ago.

ברכות לחג הפסח

GHETTO MEMORIES

Mr. Ben Giladi
The Voice of Piotrkow Survivors
135-30 82nd Avenue
Kew Gardens, NY 11435

JANET P. JAKUBOWICZ
Attorney
Direct Line 502-587-3664
Direct Fax 502-540-2252
E-mail jpp@gdm.com

December 20, 1996

Dear Ben:

I wanted to pass along to you a speech which my father gave earlier this year at the request of a Jewish organization in Louisville, Kentucky in connection with Yom Hashoah. My father gave the speech to a group of approximately 250 people. The speech itself is not as remarkable as the fact that this is the first time that my father ever spoke publicly to anyone about his experiences in the camps. We were extremely proud of Dad and he has since responded to requests to speak at various local schools to talk with students. I wanted to share with you just how special our father really is.

With fond regards, Janet P. Jakubowicz

Ladies and Gentlemen -

My name is Abram Jakubowicz and I would like to tell you a little bit about my life. I was born in Poland in 1924, and grew up in a small town outside of Warsaw (Grodzisk). I had the typical life of a Jewish boy, spending many hours in Schul to learn the Torah and the Talmud, and playing with my brother, Gershon and my friends. My grandfather was the head of the Jewish community in our small town so I felt even more pressure than most to do well studying the Torah and going to high school.

Life as I knew it came to an abrupt end on September 1, 1939 when the war broke out. I was 15 years old at the time and everything immediately changed for the worse. Jews who had previously been known as scholars and leaders were taunted and humiliated on the streets. Young Jewish men were forced into labor doing menial jobs such as cleaning the streets. Curfews were imposed and every day brought more restrictions on where we traveled, what we wore, what we ate, where we worked. We were forced to wear bands with the Star of David on our right arms. Life became tougher day-by-day.

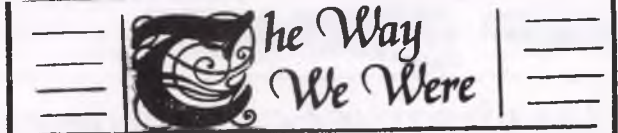
On February 5, 1941, all of the Jews in our town of Grodzisk were told we had to leave the city within 24 hours and immediately report to the Warsaw ghetto. Try to imagine being told that you had to leave your home within a matter of hours and that you could only take with you what you could carry. We were afraid

and confused. We didn't understand what was happening, but we did what every other Jew was doing - we packed our bags and went to the Warsaw Ghetto.

Life in the Warsaw Ghetto was unbearable. People were starving, many dying in the streets. Hunger and fear were our daily companions. To survive we had to trade our family belongings for whatever food we could get. At the beginning, we survived fairly well. However, within a matter of months, we began to run out of belongings which we could trade for food. I remember the many nights my parents talked about what we should do. They ultimately decided to take the risk of escaping from the Warsaw ghetto and seeking refuge with my grandmother Ritterband in Piotrkow, Poland, about 80 miles from Warsaw. We knew that if we were caught, we had little chance of survival, but we felt that the alternative was worse. Sadly, my father's parents decided to stay behind because they did not want to take the risks. I never saw my grandparents again. Later, I learned that my grandfather died in the Warsaw ghetto and that my grandmother was shipped to Treblinka and died in the gas chambers.

My parents, my brother, Gershon, and I went to live in the Piotrkow ghetto with my grandmother Ritterband in her two-room apartment. For the next year, we lived in that apartment with my grandmother, her friend, my great aunt and her three children who came from Lodz. It was crowded, but life was still easier than in the Warsaw ghetto. In the Piotrkow ghetto, over 20,000 Jews lived together in approximately 8 square blocks. Despite the hardships, the Jewish community still tried to carry on normal lives. We went to school, we worked, we prayed secretly under the threat of death.

I worked as a cabinet maker outside of the Piotrkow ghetto and my father went to work for a plate glass factory. Life seemed to be somewhat normal until one day in October, 1942, when the SS Sonderkommandos surrounded the Piotrkow ghetto. The



Piotrkow, 1932 - from the left; Edzia Milsztein, Józek Lewkowicz, Cesia Rotberg, Edka Borenstein and Bercio Berkowicz.



Bergen Belsen - 1946. A group of Zionist youngsters led by Leon (Loluś) Zammel.



A Bar Mitzvah in the sixties in New York City of a boy named Jack (?). From the left: The late Zvi and Gucia Dessau, Marysia and Felix Lasky, the late Helen and David Strick, the late Edzia and the late David Zammel, Millie and Alex Koslovsky, Hannah and the late Abraham Singer (and son?), Pola and the late Moishe Zamel.

workers in the glass factory, including my father, were not allowed to go home that day and were ordered to remain at the factory while the SS evacuated the Jews in the ghetto. Block by block, Jews in the ghetto were forced to the train station where they were put on the cattle cars. Approximately 18,000 Jews were put on those cattle cars. We were told at the time that the SS were evacuating the Piotrkow ghetto and that we would be resettled elsewhere. Later I learned that their real destination was Treblinka, the death camp.

I stood there with the rest of my family waiting in line to board the cattle cars when one of the SS Kommandos asked if anyone was a cabinet maker. I don't know why she did it, but my mother pushed me away and told him that I was a cabinet maker. Perhaps she knew what fate awaited us. Perhaps she wanted me to stay with my father and take care of him. I'll never know what went through her mind, but it will always be the saddest day of my life. I didn't want to leave her or my little brother, but she gave me no choice. The SS grabbed me and pushed me out of the line. I never got to say goodbye and I never saw my family again.

Once my family, neighbors and friends were put on the cattle cars, the SS methodically cleaned out our homes and apartments, sending our clothes, valuables and other belongings to Germany for redistribution. Now I knew why they needed cabinet makers. We were forced to construct the shelving on which to store the possessions left behind by the Jews.

The Piotrkow ghetto was now reduced to 2,000 people living in approximately 2 square blocks. Although our living conditions were deplorable, I was luckier than most because I was still able to visit my father at night. We were forced to live in homes without windows, without heat, without beds. We depended on the SS for food and whatever we could find left in the homes of the Jews who had been sent on the cattle cars to Treblinka. *(To be continued in the next issue)*

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

W S P O M N I E N I E

Już od młodego wieku byłem aktywnym członkiem Hanoar Hatzioni. Było to wczesnym latem 1934 roku. Nasz Gdud planował w okresie wakacji wyjazd na kolonie letnie. Wszyscy się z radością na to zgodzili. Problem był ten że nie mieliśmy budżetu a jeżeli nawet, to bardzo mały.

A więc jak? Co można zrobić? Postanowiliśmy się zwrócić o pomoc do społeczeństwa żydowskiego. Kupiliśmy bloczki, podzieliliśmy się na parki i idziemy zbierać pieniądze na letnie kolonie. Pierwsze spotkanie: ładna, wysoka kamienica. Na bramie tabliczka, Dr. X, drugie piętro. Zapukaliśmy, gospodarz otworzył nam szeroko drzwi z uśmiechem na twarzy i zaprosił nas do mieszkania.

Po krótkim naszym objaśnieniu, obejrzał nasze bloczki, pytał, podziwiał i wreszcie zapytał: "powiedzcie proszę, czy wy też macie zezwolenie na zbiórke pieniędzy? Czy wasi przełożeni dali wam jakąś legitymację że wam wolno zbierać u ludzi pieniądze? Jeżeli nie, to musicie to załatwić", mówi pan Doktor z uśmiechem na ustach.

Oczywiście, jeszcze tego samego dnia żesmy to wszystko załatwili i nazajutrz znów stanęliśmy przed mieszkaniem pana Doktora, trochę zażenowani. Pan Doktor nam otworzył i zaprosił nas do korytarza. Daliśmy mu nasze zezwolenia na zbieranie pieniędzy, na cel poparcia kolonii letnich. On założył okulary, czytał i przeglądał wszystko. Potem spojrzał na nas z uśmiechem i oświadczył: "No, tak teraz wszystko ładnie - ale ja nie popieram Syjonistycznych Organizacji"...

Yakov Galili (Kuba Głogowski)
Haifa

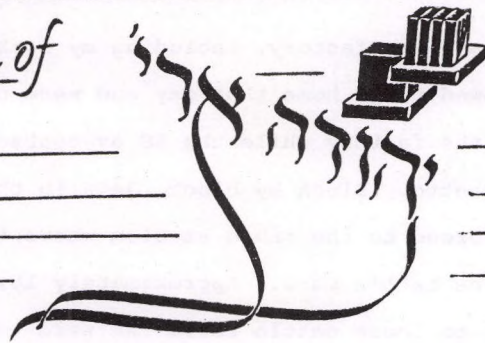
תודה

Presented at the Bar Mitzvah of

Ari Geliebter נ"י

ב' אדר א' תשנ"ז

בס"ד



Many unforgettable incidents come to my mind whenever I remind myself of the day of my liberation from Buchenwald...

One of them involves two Jews of my acquaintance, who later became prominent personalities among the Shearis Hapleita. In the months and years that followed, they played an important role in the restoring of Jewish life among the survivors of the concentration camps. They were among the pillars of D.P. Camps in Zeilsheim (near Frankfurt) and other Camps in Germany: Reb Leibel Pinkusewitz of Warsaw and Rabbi Leib Geliebter of Plotsk.

It was the day after our liberation when they appeared in our Block 67. They went from one block to another looking for something or someone; once, twice and a third time. They apparently did not find what they were looking for and were about to leave. One of their faces was familiar to me, but I just could not place him. So I stopped them, and asked whom they were seeking.

Their answer surprised me. They were looking for a Jew who has a pair of tefillin. They are sure that there is one. They were with him in the Big Camp. But he was transferred together with some other Jews, and they were told that he is in the Small Camp. As long as the Germans were present, they did not dare to come to us. But now, since the Germans are gone, and we are free, they must find him. They could not sleep the entire night — they told me — but remained anxiously awake with the exciting possibility of being able to put on tefillin the next morning. They told me

that last night, they already organized a minyan in the Block. It was already close to midday. They had already said the Birchash Hashachar, but they postponed Shacharis, since they wanted to daven with tefillin. Now they were bitterly disappointed. They had been certain that they would find him. Our Block was the fourth one they were searching. For the time being, they decided to daven Shacharis, but not to give up entirely.

We were wondering about this. Although we did have a hefty breakfast, supplied by the American army, we were still dreaming about our next meal. The hunger of the last few weeks was still nagging in our stomachs, and although we were full at the moment, we could not think about anything else but food. But not Reb Leibel Pinkusewitz and Rabbi Leib Geliebter. They had only one thing on their

*They had only one thing
on their minds,
a pair of tefillin!*

minds, a pair of tefillin!

And they did not give up. After they finished Shacharis they continued their search. They combed all the other blocks and, as our sages say, "Yogate u'metzusi ta'amin." After another two hours, they found the Jew with the tefillin and came back to bring us the good news. They took us along to that Block and we, too, were able to put them on. The news about the tefillin spread far and wide, and by the time we were finished, there was a line of about three minyonim waiting for their turn.

For many of them, it was the first day, after more than three years, that they had a chance to feel Jewish once again. The tears in their eyes bore witness to their overwhelming sense of joy.

By Reb Yosef Friedenson, Translated from Dos Yiddishe Vort

CLANDESTINE EDUCATION IN A GHETTO UNDER THE SWASTIKA

...I started teaching the Piotrkow Ghetto children in the fall of 1939 and continued until October 1942. All this happened more than 50 years ago so the memories are so vague and unexplicit.

At the beginning, I tried to teach all subjects - from Math to Latin, from history to literature.

Later, when two other teachers, Eugenia Rosenzweig and Hela Rosenbaum joined forces with me, we could start curricula in accordance with our specialty. We worked under very hard conditions. In the same class "room" we also cooked the laundry and reared two children: my daughter Kryisia, age 5 and my sister's little son age 2. My elderly parents also lived with us.

When my daughter came down with high fever, I asked our doctor what's the diagnosis. "You realize that here, in the ghetto, this could be only typhus", he responded. And it was...

(Translated from Polish, from the beginning of the diary of Mme Ejchner).

Kol Hakavod...

Michal Geliebter is now 16 years old. She was 14 when she wrote this beautiful poem for Yom Hashoah two years ago. This was about the time when she got lost with a group of her friends on a hike in the Bear Mountain State Park.

They spent the night huddled together, until found by the rescue squad.

Michal is the granddaughter of Bella Geliebter-Grinblat of Netanya and the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Geliebter. The family celebrated recently the Bar Mitzvah of Michal's brother Ari. (Please see opposite page and also Brachot on page Nr. 20).

Dear Ben:

Scotch Plains, January 16, 1997

I was surprised and very, very disappointed, when I learned from "The Voice..." what was the response of some people to your great idea about publishing history of underground education in Piotrkow Ghetto. I am sure that this is a very valid topic, a subject which could be of great interest to us survivors, to the Second Generation and even to "outsiders". I believe that it is important to show not only death and suffering, but also attempts at resistance, attempts made at a great sacrifice by parents, who were starving but eager to support education of their children, who - despite an enormous stress and fear - believed that their children have future... I believe that we should also honor the teachers, who took a great risk by just teaching. Very few of the students or teachers survived, but I hope they will be eager to help and cooperate. As for you, Ben, no one can do it better than you! I am sure you can do it, because you proved your abilities and dedication writing and editing "The Tale of One City".

I am, definitely, very eager to help, because I still remember my Mother, Bala Ejchner, teaching classes in our communal apartment at Rycerska (?) and at Leonarda or Swietych (?) streets. My Mother wrote a few pages concerning the underground education, which can be helpful. I was then 4 to 6 years old and was only watching and listening from some dark corner, but my memories are quite vivid. I would like the publication to honor memory of my Mother, who passed away in 1986 in Poland.

I would be happy to get in touch with my Mother's students, who - I hope - read "The Voice".

Thank, you, Ben, for doing wonderful job publishing our bulletin and, please, don't let anyone discourage you from writing about people, who worked for children and with children, who believed in their future, despite Nazi terror.

Yours, as always

Krysia Plochpcki (Krysia Ejchner in ghetto)

VOICE of THE THIRD GENERATION

"שבכל דור ודור"

עומדים עלינו

לכלותינו והקב"ה

"מצילנו מידם"

The Holocaust: Looking Back

בס"ד

Remember...The silence, after cheder that day,
No more children chanting melodies, learning how to pray.
The quiet, the death, the stillness all around,
A bloodstained yellow star, lying on the ground.
The quiet screams of torture, muffled one by one,
Our willful right to life was suddenly all gone.
Those sadistic cruel beasts, pouring blood like rain,
Destroying countless precious souls, ignoring all our pain.
The Fuhrer's goal, to extinguish our life and Torah flame
Could not succeed, and was beaten at his game.
And we have won, not with swords, nor guns, nor blood,
But with the rebirth of our people, new life began to bud.
Our engine fighting back, powered by six million souls,
Defeated Nazi wishes and their inhuman goals.
We took their will of death and transformed it into birth,
And remembered those they took, rebuilding human worth.
Remember...Yes, we will remember!

Michal Geliebter

THE RABBINICAL SEMINARY IN BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA ASKED ME RECENTLY TO SEND THEM OUR BOOK AND THE MAGAZINE. WHEN I COMPLIED, I ALSO ASKED FOR INFORMATION REGARDING OUR LANDSLEIT THERE. THIS IS THE LETTER I'VE RECEIVED. ED.

Seminario Rabínico
Latinoamericano



Marshall Meyer

Mr. Ben Giladi
135-30 82nd. Ave.
Kew Gardens, NY 11435
USA

Seminario Rabínico
Latinoamericano



Marshall Meyer

Dear Mr. Giladi:

February 18th., 1997.-

We wish to acknowledge receipt and to thank you very much for sending us the following book:

- "A Tale of One City"
- "The Voice of Piotrkow Survivors"
- "New Bulletin"



Such an interesting material will not only enrich our Library, but will be most useful for our rabbis, professors and students who visit us daily in search of information.

Attached you will find a copy of the Ex-Libris we have stuck into each of the books so kindly donated by you.

On the other hand we wish to inform you that one of our professors - who also works at the AMIA (where all the names of the jewish people are stored) - will be finding out if the people you mention are still alive, or where their families live. However I have looked into the Phone Directory and I could find two of the people you mention. I could not find the Lentshicki. It could have happened that when the people arrived in Argentina their names could have been slightly changed (because of the negligence of the Customs officers to write them down properly).

Nevertheless, as soon as I learn something from Mr. Yaakov Rubel (who will be finding out at the AMIA) I will let you know it.

Thanking you once again for your cooperation towards this Library, we remain,

yours sincerely,

Rita Saccal
Assistant Head Librarian
Buenos Aires - República Argentina



— Piotrkower
— in Argentina
— early 1950's.



HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!

50
YEARS

HAPPY EVENTS

מזל טוב

בעזה"ת

ומול שמחה
וקול כלה

למזל טוב

מול ששון
מול חתן

ה ז מ נ ה

הננו מתכבדים בזה להזמין את כבודכם על שטחת חג אפריונו
שתהי' אי"ה למזל"ט בשעה טובה ומוצלחת ביום ג' ויק"פ וס' לתורש א"ר
(ויסספרם 47 III/11) בשעה 8 בערב בכד-נויהים רחוב פרנקפורט 59.

החתן **חיים** בן ר' **שמעון** ז"ל ו**ינריב** פיעטרקוב
הכלה **ריזל** בת ר' **יונה** ז"ל **שור** סנדימיעזש

בס"ד

חיים ריזל וינריב

צום יובל פון זייער הייראט

בעזרת השם האבן מיר דערגרייכט צו די הויכקייט צום יובל פון אונדזער הייראט וואס
דארף פארצייענעט ווערן מיט גרויס חשיבות ווי אויך מיט גרויס דאנקברקייט וואס מיר
זענען בלע"ה ארום גערינגעלט מיט משפחה, קינדער, אייניקלעך, און אור אייניקלעך,
און פריינד לאורך ימים ושנים טובים.

עס וויל זיך ביי די הארציקע געלעגענהייט טיילען מיט מיינע חשוב'ע לאנדסלייט פון
פאר פופמציג יאר ערינונגען פון דעם שיינעם געזעלשאפטליכען רעליגעזען לעבען פון
אונדזער שטאט פיטראקאו וואס איז אזוי טראגיש אומגעבראכט גיווארן.



Chaim and Reizl years ago



Chaim and Reizl now

MAZAL TOV TO CHAIM AND REIZL WEINRIB OF BROOKLYN

It is with Hashem's kind grace that you have been enabled to celebrate your Goldene Chatunah. You married in Germany in 1947. You Chaim, come from a noble religious family of historic Piotrkow. You Reizl, a graduate of the famous Beis Yakov school of Sarah Schnirer come from the historic town of Sandomierz. B'Ezrat Hashem, you survived the Shoah and started a family. You were blessed with a son and a daughter. Your son, Yonah Weinrib is a renown, gifted artist, the creator of many masterpieces in liturgy; he is also a Talmid Chacham, possessing a Rabbinical Ordination. Your daughter, Devorah Kidorf of Jerusalem and a Yeshiva graduate always excelled in scholastic achievements. You are blessed with seventeen grandchildren and four great grandchildren - one just born to Devorah and Meir Kidorf.

In the name of our Piotrkower Landsleit, I would like to thank you for your heartfelt message (above), and to wish you and your family Health, Happiness, Nachat and Osher W'Osher!

Ben Giladi

GOD BLESS THE FOURTH GENERATION

מזל טוב

Mazal Tov and Yechulim Levavyim to M&M Chaim and Reizl Weinrib on the birth of their fourth great grandchild. Shefa Brachot to the grandparents Devorah and Shulem Kidorf, Abraham and Cyvia Gilead and to the proud parents Avia and Meir Gilead - all of Jerusalem.

Relatives and Friends

פופצקער גראשענס, ברלאנטען פון צארישען קרוין-ווער מוישט ווער מוישט די שווארצע בערע, די משרתים פון די געשעפטן וואס פלעגן אכטונג געבן דער פאלצויאנט ואל נישט כאפען א קונה נאך זיכען אויגער.

די בארימטע געזעט, דער ענגלישער מאנטשעסטער בעקאנט אין גאנץ פוילען מיט גרויסע אויסוואלען פון אינגעלישע און אויסלענדישע מאנפאקטורען פון ווידעווקים, הערערער, ביז שטאפען, ריבין, קליין, ראפאפארט, פרענקעל, מיט, מארגענשטערן, אקסעלארט און נאך. בעלסקער, לאדער, בילסטארקער אויסארבייטונגען, די קנייט מיט די לאנגע טערמינקע וועקסלען, און כסדר'דיגע פראטעסטען, רובאלע ראטענבערג, באקאנט ביי אלע בלות אין הענגע, דארט פלעגט מען זיך אפגלייבען די וויפראוועס אין געבן אן אקאנט דא אפטע גרויסע באנקראפטן, אין דאס ארום לויפן פון איין סוחר צום צווייטען ליען א גמולות חסד, צי צאחלן א וועקסעל.

דער פלאץ מוראנווסקע ווי דער אידישע ארייטער פלעגט און יום טוב וועלט פראלעטאריאט, דעם ערשטען מאי, קומען מיט די רייטע פענהער, און גרויסע לאונגען, דעם רעדנער ארויף שטעלן ארויף א בענקעל, און אפוינגען דעם נישט ערלויבטען אומבערנאציאנאל. די ברוקערטע שטאלע בילא, מיט געשרייען פון גאסן הענדלער, וויבער פרישע פיש, וויבער אוילקעס שטאלץ הענגע, און א פאלצויאנט נישט שרייט מען, זעקס, זעקס.

די וואלנשקא מיט די פנסטערע פאציאטעס און געבויעטע וועגט מיט די גרויסע חיות, מיט די בחנטיג אידישע קינדער ארעס אנגענומענע שטענדיגע, וואס האבן זיך געשפילט אויף די גאס קליינע אפמראוסקא מיט די נאכט בעוואהנטע סומערונגען, מיט די אויסגעזעצטע וויבער און די שטענדיגע ווידעווען צווישען זיך, אין די מענער מיט די מאצעוועקעס, מיט גלאצירטע שטיוואלעך מיט די הענד אין די קעשענעס. די מייסטע ניסקא, מיט דעם צענטען צערקעל קאמסאראט, ווי מען פלעגט פירען די נאכטע הענדלער. סטאוקי מיט די האנדי, האנדי אלטווארג גייערס, אין פאיאנס גיב אדך פיר שטאמעס.

די קאמפאקטע זאמענהאף, מיט די ראדיא הילבערס פון די סארע וואסער געוועלבער, מיט די גרויסע שולדען אלס הסתכל בקנקן אלא מה שיש בל' היימישע ביליגע מייטונג, כאסקעלבערגעס רעסטאראן מיט די פערשריבענע רעקלאמע מיט פרויען, מיט דעם קיידעל, קרעפעל, אין גלאז בארשט אין די וויסטאווע, אלץ פיר דרייסיג גראשן אזא מייט, דער שלאפענדיגע ארייטלאזער מיט דעם גלעזעל מעה פיר פינג גראשן וואס פלעגט אפויצען א אלבען טאג, מענערעלע גונסבורג מיט פראק אין צילנדרע, מיט דעם קעסטאלע טשעקאלארקעס און מיט דעם אנגעאנגענעם שילדעל: "קופציע מילקא או מענערעלע גונסבורג" די פאוייע מיט די הסדלעך, און פרישע ווארימע ביגעל, מיט קאבעריגע קישקאלעך באשמירט מיט מושטארדע, אין א קאלטם אין א גוטם.

(המשך קומט)

אומגייער שולע, און נאך פערשידענע אוועק שולען, דער פאלקס אויטווערסיטעט מיט די אינטערסאנטע וויסענשאפטליכע לעקציעס מיט דעם פרויען אייגנאנג פור די ברייטע פאלקס מאסען, די גרויסע צאהל הדרים, תלמוד תורות, יסודי תורות, בית יעקב, ישיבות: נאווארדקע, בית משה, ליובאוויטשער, תומכי המינים און דאס לעצטע כתרות און אלע הסדרים שטיבלעך: דאס לעהבאפטע, רויטשינע, טעטיקייט פון די פארטייען ווי: אגודה, מורח, אלגעמיינע ציוניסטען, ווי עת לבנות, על המשמר, בונד פאלקסיטען, פועלי אגודה, רעכטע פועלי ציון, לינקע פועלי ציון, שומר הצעיר און די אסימילאטארן. דאס פערצווייגטע ארגאניזירטע טעטיקייט פון די דיסציפלינירטע מייגלעכער ווי: נאדעל פעראיון, טעקסטיל, לעדער, גאלאמערי, האנדעל און ביורא אנגעשטעלטע דרוקער פעראיון, דער האנדווערקער מיט די צעכאווע מייסטערס און דער קליינענדלער פעראיווען מיט פערשידענע פאך סעקציעס: די פרויען ארגאניזאציע יפא, וואו, די ספארט קלובען ווי: מכבי, גוויאדא, הפועל, מארגענשטערן, אכא דער אקארעמטער זשאם מיט די גרויסע צאהל ספארט סעקציעס: דער פראגער הכח, די בארימטע באקסער ווי: שעפסעלע ראטהאלץ, די בעסטע שווימער און פוילען, ברדיע שרייבמאן און נאך דער לייטער פון די שאך סעקציע: פשעפירקע און די שאך וועלט אלימפיאדע מיט די בעסטע שפילער ווי: נידארף, דה, טארטאקאווער און פרידמאן. דאס אידישע פערזינליכע ארט - דאס טעאטער. קאמינסקי, סקאלא, נאוואשיץ, ווי: טעאטער, און פערשידענע פארשטעלונג מיט די ארייטען. קאמינסקי, סאכבערג, סאנדלער, לעדערמאן, פעלד - און נאך זמרה וועלגעלעך שניאור מיט דעם גרויסען פאלקס כאר. עס איז נאך נישט פערזיטע געווארען פון אונדזער זכרון די רויטשינע, אידישע גאסען מיט די גרויסע געדיכטע בעוואהנטע היף-באניפראטעסאק מיט הורט געשעפטן: קאלניאל, צוקער, צוקערווארג, שווערבעלעך, ווי: שוה פאסטע, פאפיר און געוויק. דער וואיד מיט די אנגעלייגטע קאסענעס מיט עופות און אייער, פלאץ בראני מיט די סטאציע סאכבאדאווע לובלין, פולטוסק, סערעצק און נאך שטענדיגע. פראגנטיקאנער מיט די לעדער און שיפער און קאמאשען מאכער צוואמען, די ארומדרייענדיקע מעקלערס מיט שטעקאלעך, די טרענערס מיט די פערניטע לאטעס אויף די פליצעס מיט צוויי רעדער'דיקע וועגאלעך און ארום געגארטעלט גראבע, פערקניטע שטורק ווארענעק אויף די פראווינער.

וואלאווא מיט די טאנדרייטערס דראקעוואשעס פלייגט פרינגערס מיט גראבן פילען בראש. נאלעווקעס באקאנט און גאנץ פוילען און אויסער מיט דעם געוואלדקען אויסוואל פון אלע נויטיקע גאלאמערי ארייטקען און ווי יעדער חיות, אז א גאס מיט קאמפאקטע מאסען מענטשען און שטענדיג פערזאנלעך וועלן דעלע מיט פערסאפעטע וועגען מיט דעם פערקניטע שייטל מיט צענדלען באשטעלונגען אויף סחורות פון אלע ארייטקען. דער שטענדיגער מין אויף נאלעווקעס פופען, דער פאליסאנט מיט מאנדאט קארני פור אריבערגייען די גאס. די פעקעל ציערס מיט די אומבערגעווארפענע

EDITOR'S NOTE: In 1946, a young man came back from the Soviet Union to his hometown Warsaw. He was immensely shocked seeing his beloved Jewish community in ruins and ashes. This very religious man, utterly heartbroken, wrote then down his impressions; how he remembered the dear images of the life he left behind seven years ago, in 1939. With a photographic precision, he vividly recalled the pulsating world of pre-war, Jewish Warsaw. The G'doley Torah and Tsadikim; Talmidey Chachomim, Rabanim, Chassidim and Admorim. He also paid homage to the scientists, statesmen, writers, industrialists and laborers; bankers, tradesmen and also "amcha" people - a many-colored mosaic of a "Yir Waeim B'Israel". He wrote about the Synagogues and the Shtiblech, the institutions and institutes, the political organizations and the youth movements. The schools, cheders and cultural circles, philanthropic groups and fundraising societies for Eretz Israel. He described the essence of so many newspapers and periodicals in Yiddish and in Polish, the theaters, the stores, the artisan shops and factories Oh, what a vibrant life of a giant, Jewish community! Mr. Wolf Scheinberg wrote all this over fifty years ago. Somehow, his essay was never published. Now, I have the privilege to introduce it on the pages of our publication. Our tribute to Warsaw, "Yir Waeim B'Israel, a magnificent Jewish town which once was and is no more...

זכרונות פון ווארשא

זאב וולווא שיינבערג

קונטרס

זיבען יאהר נאכן אומקום
פון מיין היים שטאט ווארשא

פערצייכענט און 1946 די זכרונות פון אמאהליקען אידישען ווארשא וואס איז אזוי טראגיש אומגעבראכט און אפגעווישט געווארען פון די ערד וואס קיין צייכען געבליבן פון אמאהל, געליינט בא די ערשטע זוכרה פון ווארשעווער געטא אויפשטאנד אין דייטשלאנד אין בירען אין א די פי לאגער און פאקינג בא די שארית הפליטה.

און גאנצען זיבען יאהר ווי עס טיילט אונז פונאנדער ווי עס איז אויסגעריסען און בעסטיאליש און אכזריותדיק אומגעבראכט אונדזערע פאטערס מוטערס ברידער שוועסטער פרויען מענער קינדער קרובים פריינד ווי מיר זענען געבוירען און ערצויגען געווארען ווי מיר האבן געהאט פרייזן און לייזן געארבייט און פערארבייט און דעם פערשאלטענעם פוילען ימח שמש חכם.

און גאנצען זיבען יאהר ווי עס טיילען אונז אב פון דעם שיינעם פולברוהיקען און פולסירענדיקען אידישן ווארשא פון דעם צירקא פיער מאהל הונדערט טויזענטסטן אידישן לעבן פון דעם ניין אונדזרייסיג פראצענטיקע באפעלקערונג פון די פוילישע הויפט שטאט ווארשא. מיט די גרעסטע און גייסטייכע אידישע קהילה און דער וועלט מיט איהרע מיטגלידער פון אלע שייכטען און גרויסען קולטורעהלען אוצר און נאציאנאלען בעוואוסטזיין און רעליגעזען חסידישען ברען און אמת אידיש הארץ ווארשא דער גרעסטער יודישער האנדעלס צענטער און ארבייטערשאפט ווארשא די עיר ואם ישראל.

עס איז און גאנצען זיבען יאהר ווי עס איז אויסגעלאשען געווארען דאס געזעלשאפטליכע פארטייאישע פולאנטראפישע און ארגאניזאציאנעלן לעבן בעסטיאליש אומגעבראכט זייערע פידערס: דר. שיפער, דר. גאטליב, הרב ניסענבוים פראפעסאר ראבינער שאר, פראפעסאר באלאב, אינזשענער ציערינאקאוו, דר. לייפונקער, דר. זלמן ביכאווסקי, סענטאטאר משה קערנער, דר. קארציק, סענטאטאר יעקב טראקענהיים, אייזיק בער עקערמאן, אדוו. נח פרולצקי, אדוו. סורין, אדוו. מאוריצי מייעל, לעוו בוקסבוים, אדוו. אלמער שמעון שענברון, יצחק שטיקנאלד, ראפאל און מיכאל שערעשווסקי, גיטערמאן, גראף געפנער, גלאס גערטנער, ראנאוואי פינקערט און נאך אזעלכע וואס האבן אנגעפירט מיט די גרויסע צאהל וואהלעטטיקע אונסטומטציעס ווי די מתן במתרידקע, תומכי עניים, בית לחם, עזרה הכנסות כלה תומכי אסורים, אונטערשטיצע פון קליינע-הנלער און האנדווערקער פערבאנד, דער רעמונגס קאמיטעט, גמילות חסדים, קאסעס לינת הצדק, ביקור חולים, דאס אידישע שפיטאל אויף משיסטע, דאס קינדער שפיטאל מיט די בעראטונג שטעלעס פון פסיכיש צורקעשטאנענע קינדער, יחומים הייער, פונרעל הייער פון אונטערנעווארפענע קינדער, מושב זקנים, די לייטענדיקע קאנצעלאריעס פון סאנאטארויזם פון ארימע לונגען קראנקע ווי מעדעס, מרפה רפואה בריאות טאז אוע און נאך די בתומדיקע חסד של אמת און די רייכע חסד ואמת.

עס איז זיבען יאהר ווי אויף א שרעקליכען אויפן אויסגעהויכט געווארען די נשמות פון אונזערע חסידישע מנהיגים און אויסגערוסען איהרע רעליגעזע ווערטען.

דער גראדווסקער רבי זצ"ל, סקערניוויצער רבי זצ"ל, דער וואלאמינער רבי זצ"ל, דער אמשינאווער רבי זצ"ל, סאקאלאווער רבי זצ"ל, דער מארקאשוווער רבי זצ"ל, קאלעביעלער רבי זצ"ל, נאוואמינסקער רבי זצ"ל, ראדזינער רבי זצ"ל, ראדזינער רבי זצ"ל, פאריסאווער רבי זצ"ל, קאזשניצער רבי זצ"ל, ראדאמסקער רבי זצ"ל און נאך דער ווארשעווער ראבינאט הרב גוטשעכטער זצ"ל, הרב ווארשאוויאק זצ"ל, הרב זילבערשטיין זצ"ל, הרב מנחם זעמבא זצ"ל, הרב כהנא זצ"ל, הרב פוזנער זצ"ל, הרב קאנאל זצ"ל, הרב מיכעלסאן זצ"ל, הרב ריטשעוואל זצ"ל, הרב שטאקהאמער זצ"ל, הרב יודאקאווסקי זצ"ל, אין נאך ווער איז אומשטאנד צי געדענקען די נאך אונגעקומענע קדושים וואס דאס ווארשא האט פערמאנט. די גרויסע צאהל ווינקעל רבנים מורה הוראות דיינים און גלאט שיינע אידן.

די באקאנטע ווארשא-גער. קאלעקע וואס האט געפירט און איבעררייס, טויזענטער חסידים אויף שבתים וימים טובים פון אלע ווינקאלעך און פוילען און פון אויסלאנד. די גרויסע צאהל חסידים שטיבלעך: גערער, אלעקסאנדער, אמשינאווער, ווארקער, מאדזינער, ראדזינער, ראדזינער, לובאוויטשער, פילעווער, פיאסעטשנער, ראדאמסקער, אומאנער, בראסלעווער, סאקאלאווער, קאזשניצער, ביאלער, סקערניוועצער, אסטראווער, קארבונער, נאוואמינסקער, קאלאביעלער, גראדווסקער, מארקאשוווער און נאך בתי מדרשים שהולען, סיני, נאזשיק, יאמיקעס, תפארת ציון, סארדינעס מיט פערשידענע חברות מיט די טיפויניקע דרשות, די שיינע מלאמאצקע סינאגאגע מיט ראבינער שאר אין גבאי אסימילאטאר ד"ר לודוויג קארבונער מיט די גוטע בעקאנטע חזנים גרשון סיראטע אין משה קוסאוויצקי און חזן שערמאן און איזענשטאט און דאווידאוויטש באר אין דער הויפט שמש גאנשער בעקאנט אין ווארשא.

דער בעשיידענער בנין פון דעם קולטורעהלען מעין המתגבר, דער יודאוסטישער אונסטומט מיט די בעליזע ווענט מיט אונשעפבארען קוואל פון ספרים און כתב יד, מלאמאצקע דריצען, דער שעפערשישער כח פון ליטעראטען פערציין מיט די אינטערסאנטע, ליטערארישע רעזיטאציעס און אוועקנעמן פון אידישען בוך ביי גלעזעל מעה, די מעגליכע ווערטפולע אידישע פרעסע מיט איהרע טאלאנטפולע שרייבערס, זשורנאליסטען: הלל צייטלין, יצחק שאשקעס סוטנצניק, אדוו. נח פרולצקי, זינער גאטליב, פערעל, סענאלאוויטש, קלעפיש, טונקעלער, קיפניס, פאט, שעפנער, איטשעלע יושעאן, פיעטרושקע, נאדעלמאן, אייזיק בער עקערמאן און נאך. דאס פערסאפעטע לויפען פון דעם אידישען צייטונג פערקויפער מיט דעם עקעל צייטונגער און רעקלאמירען די לעצטע גייעסן, וואס האבן זיך פערלאפען און שרייען: קופט א היינט, א מאמענט, א ידישע טאגעבלאט, א פאלקס צייטונג, אונזער עקספרעס, פיאנאט ראנא, נאש פשענלאנד, נאך מיטאג צייטונג, היינטיגע גייעס, ראדיא, יודישע ספארט צייטונג וואכן זשורנאלען, ליטערארישע בלעטער, די וועלט, דער שפיגעל, הצופה, פרייהייט אידישע בילדער אוליססירטער, וואכן זשורנאל יוגענד וועקער, המדינה, הדאר, היום בדרך און נאך מיט זייערע לייט ארטיקלען, פעליטאנען, ראמאנען, קרומע שפיגעלען, די גרויסע ספרים פערלאנגען און כלי קדש געשעפטן: אחים לעווין, עפשטיין, ראזען ציילגאלד, מארגענשטערן. מיט די גרויסע ביכער פערלאנגען עבר גמולין צענטראל.

עס איז נישט מעהר ווי זיבען יאהר, ווי עס איז מערדעדיק אומגעבראכט געווארן די דיפלאמירטע אונטערזיכער און דערציערס פון דעם זיבען יארישען נאציאנאלען און רעליגעזען, אוואגנאר ווי דאקטורים, אדוואקאטען, אינזשענירן, פראפעסארן אקדעמיקער און לעהרערס: פראפ. דיקטשין פראפ. צעבונערטווער, פראפ. הירשפעל, דר. סאלאוויטשיק, דר. בעלענקי, דר. פרישמאן, דר. פינגס, דר. פראנק, דר. יאכונעס, דר. שנקער, דר. גרשון לעווין, דר. ליבענבוים, דר. שענבערג, דר. קניקשטיין אדוואקאט עמען גלעזיטער אדוואקאט האניגאל אדוו. מארגולעס אדוו. בערסאן אדוו. עטינגער אדוו. הארנגלאס און נאך. די לעהרן אנשטאלטען גימנאזיעס, השכלה לאור, יהודה, חניך, שווארצמאן, תרבות, קרינסקי, טראכאווער, פרולצקי, מירלסאווער, ראזענפילדאווער קאלעזקי, קארעקאציע גימנאזיע, סימנעס, לעהר פערמאנאר התבונני, יונה שולען, הבנאל שולען, פאלקס שולען, צישא שולען, ארט שולען, האנדווערקער שולען, גמניע שולען, שולען פון בייז שטייט, שולען פון בלינדע, גן ילדים, פערעלובקעס, פונדאציע פון וואוועלשבערג און ראטוואנס

WARSAW —Ir Waeim B'Israel

MEMORIAL TO THE GHETTO HEROES IN WARSAW

THE WARSAW GHETTO



— Ghetto walls from November 1940 till October 1941

□ Ghetto gates

— Ghetto walls since September 1942

■ Inhabited ghetto area since September 1942 till April 1943

— Street network at that time

1 — the Tlomackie Great Synagogue, 2 — the Nożyk's Synagogue, 3 — the Moriah Synagogue

■ Orphanage managed by Janusz Korczak (its site until 1940)

■ Prisons

Contemporary situation:

— Contemporary street network

Memory sites:

- 1 Memorial on the former Umschlagplatz site
- 2 The gestapo building; thousands of Jews were murdered in its cellars in 1943
- 3 Memorial to the Ghetto Heroes
- 4 A stone slab commemorating the site where the Jewish Combat Organization bunker was hidden
- 5 A memorial plaque on the house where Józef Lewartowski lived
- 6 Janusz Korczak Memorial

■ Esther Rachel Kamińska Theatre

■ Jewish Historical Institute



— EXCLUSIVE! —

We proudly publish (on pages 38-39), a memoir written in 1946, in Yiddish by the pious Mr. Wolf Scheinberg of NY. He writes so expressively about the life and the splendor of Jewish, pre-war Warsaw, street by street.

JEWISH HERITAGE

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