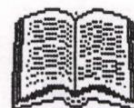


THE VOICE

OF PIOTRKOW SURVIVORS



NO. 8 (107)

"WE WILL NEVER FORGET YOU MARTYRS OF PIOTRKOW"

MAY - JUNE 1998



LET US REMEMBER!

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

BEN GILADI. EDITOR

EDITORIAL BOARD

ISRAEL KRAKOWSKI

SAUL DESSAU

ROBERT DESSAU

ISAAC GOLDLUST

LUISE GOTTHELF

ADAM KAMINSKI

FRIEDA JAFFE

DR. WILLIAM SAMELSON

THE SECOND GENERATION

DR. HENRY JABLONSKI

DR. JOSEPH GELIEBTER

PROF. ZOHARA BOYD-MUSHINSKI

ABBY LERMAN-HENIG, ESQ.

ROSE WEISS-DESSAU

HOWARD DESSAU

PROF. VIVIAN GOLDMAN-ZAMEL

"OUR VOICE SHALL NEVER DIE"

From the Editor

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

DEAR READERS :

In order to put this splendid commentary by Ben Helfgott in a broader perspective, it becomes my duty to express the deep, moral satisfaction regarding the wonderful continuity of our unique experience. In the US or Europe, in Israel or Australia, in Canada or South America, we are united by our common bonds: - Heritage and Remembrance, Tradition and Culture, Ideals and Hope, Values and yes, Suffering.

We dream the same dream and share precious feelings because we were given the greatest gift of them all - our Survival! We try to do our thing with great dignity, traveling the high road and bringing out the best in people. Our imprint and our legacy for posterity is already assured. Yet, the time is so precious; and there is still so much to do!

Ben Giladi

Sanity Prevails

Almost two years have passed since the turbulent annual meeting of the Piotrkow Trybunalski Relief Association took place when Ben Giladi had no alternative other than to leave the meeting in exasperation.

At the time I wrote a letter to the editor of the newly founded Journal, 'The Voice of Piotrkow Survivors,' entitled, 'A plea, if not for unity, then sanity'. In spite of the initial commotion and anxiety that this stormy meeting has caused it seems to me that sanity has after all prevailed. In my letter I wrote 'there was obviously a conflict of interest and what is more serious a divergence of views of what should be published. Ben, although not neglecting the needs of the local readers, took a much broader view in contrast to the Chairman who tended to be rather parochial in so far that he represents the New York Piotrkow constituency. This state of affairs could not have gone on indefinitely and the parting of the ways seemed inevitable.'

Since then Ben has published seven editions of the 'Voice of the Piotrkow survivors' with every successive issue being better than the last one. He was able to achieve this because of the encouragement and support he has received from the Piotrkower fraternity world wide. I doubt whether there is another survivor community that has an editor that produces a journal of such great interest and high quality. Ben has dedicated most of his life to this task; to him, to keep alive the memory of the people from our hometown has been a mission, labour of love. It is not surprising that our fraternity looks forward with great anticipation and reads voraciously every issue that he publishes. We are very fortunate that we have someone with the calibre of Ben in our midst and long may he continue in his sacred task.

It is quite apparent that by becoming independent Ben has not caused any rift amongst the members of the Piotrkow Trybunalski Relief Association as this was certainly not his intention. It has been a topic of conversation but no resignations have taken place. As long as it is clearly understood that Ben's output reaches out to the Piotrkower landsleit globally and the Piotrkow Trybunalski Relief Association caters for the immediate needs of its local members, no conflict will arise and indeed no conflict has taken place. The time has therefore arrived that each party concentrates on their own agenda and recognises the valuable contribution that each make.

Ben Helfgott

Piotrkow Trybunalski

Remembrance and Restoration Project

in tribute to the holocaust martyrs and the departed of our Jewish community

FOR THE RECORD

After the tremendous success of our September mission to Poland, all seemed so rosy. The erection of the Rakow Memorial appeared like an easy task to achieve. Apparently nothing can be taken for granted. The latest change of the Government in Poland, caused things to become suddenly a little complicated.

We experience now certain difficulties regarding the swift and formerly expected realization of the Project. We try really hard to resolve the problems that suddenly arose. Saul Dessau will soon visit Piotrkow and will try to work out a positive agreement that hopefully will lead to a mutual, satisfactory solution.

We sure hope to send out invitations as soon as the date of the unveiling and the commemoration ceremonies will be determined. Our obligation to fulfill this quest is a mission that our Martyrs have assigned to us. Remembrance is a link between our past and our future!

BG.

**Hope lives
when people
remember.**



N I E Z A B I J A J !

לא תרצח !

ואלסט נישט
הארגענען !T H O U S H A L T N O T
M U R D E R !

H E Y E H B A U !

REMEMBRANCE AND RESTORATION PROJECT
IN MEMORY OF THE HOLOCAUST MARTYRS AND THE DEPARTED
OF OUR JEWISH COMMUNITY AND IN MEMORY OF THE
GREAT ZADIK
RABBI DR. HAYIM DAVID BERNARD

DEDICATED BY
SAUL AND ROBERT DESSAU, THE LATE HENRY ZVI DESSAU ZL.
BEN GILADI AND THEIR FAMILIES

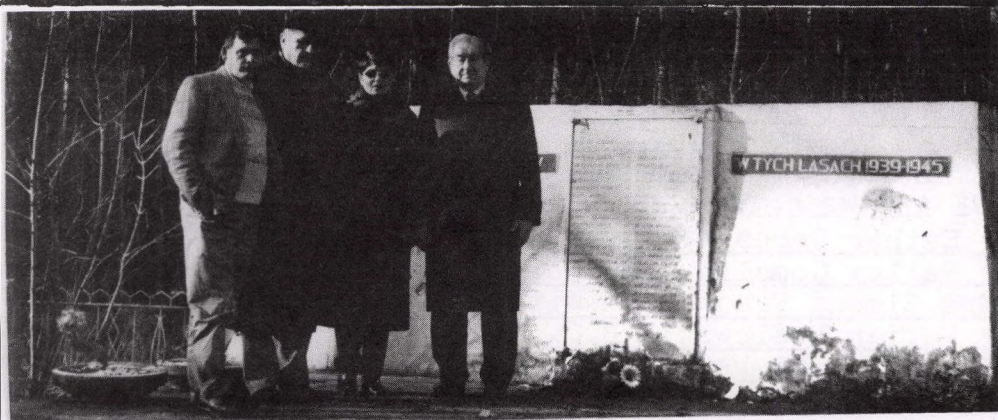
NA WIECZNA PAMIĘĆ
360 NIEWINNYCH ŻYDÓW
ZAMORDOWANYCH W TYM MIEJSCU PRZEZ
HITLEROWCÓW 20 GRUDNIA 1942 ROKU.
NA BŁOGOSŁAWIONĄ PAMIĘĆ
39 DZIECI ŻYDOWSKICH
ZAMORDOWANYCH W TYM MIEJSCU PRZEZ
HITLEROWCÓW W LIPCU 1943 ROKU.
W SMUTKU I ŻAŁOBIE—NA
ZAWSZE W NASZYCH SERCACH !

לזכרון—עולם
360 יהודים חפים מפשע
בפקודת הוזה נרצחו
ביום 20 בדצמבר 1942.
בזרי הרוצחים הנרפנים
לזכרם הנכבד
בפקודת הוזה נרצחו 39 ילדים יהודים
בזרי הרוצחים הנרפנים.
בחודש יולי 1943
בעצב ובאבל יהיו חרוטים בליבנו—לנצח !
צום אייביקן געדענקען
אויף דעם פלאץ ווענען דערמארדעט געווארן
360 אומשולדיקע יידן
דורך די דייטשע היטלערעסטן
דעם 20 דעצעמבער 1942.
פאר ווייטער געבענשטער געדענקעניש
אויף דעם פלאץ ווענען דערמארדעט
געווארן 39 יידישע קינדערלעך
דורך די דייטשע פערנער
ה'תש"ג יולי 1943.
אייביק וועלן זיי זיין איינגעקריצט אין
אונזערע הערצער פאר און פרויער !

IN EVERLASTING MEMORY
360 INNOCENT JEWS WERE MURDERED
HERE BY THE NAZIS ON DECEMBER 20, 1942
IN SACRED MEMORY
39 JEWISH CHILDREN WERE MURDERED
HERE BY THE NAZIS IN JULY OF 1943
IN SADNESS AND SORROW, FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS

ВЕЧНАЯ ПАМЯТЬ
360 НЕВИННЫМ ЕВРЕЯМ, УБИТЫМ НА ЭТОМ МЕСТЕ
ГИТЛЕРОВЦАМИ 20 ДЕКАБРЯ 1942 ГОДА.
ВЕЧНАЯ ПАМЯТЬ 39 ЕВРЕЙСКИМ ДЕТЯМ
УБИТЫМ ЗДЕСЬ ГИТЛЕРОВЦАМИ В ИЮЛЕ 1943 ГОДА.

The Conception of the Rakow Memorial. (uncorrected).



Saul Dessau with Ms. Simcha Salach of Yad Vashem, Vice President Jan Kruz of Piotrkow and Shmuel Ben Eliezer, the New York "Jewish Press" reporter at the site of the existing Monument in the Rakow Forest in memory of the 7,000 Russian Prisoners of War also murdered there.

(CONTINUATION)

HONOR ROLL

(CONTINUATION)

THE FOLLOWING CONTRIBUTORS HELP US TO MAINTAIN OUR PUBLICATION

M&M Robert Dessau	\$250.00	NJ	Mrs Simona Fraindlich	25.00	OH
Mr. Saul Dessau	250.00	NY	Lisa Garbus	25.00	CAL*
Mr. Irving Cymberknopf	150.00	CAN	M&M Jacob & Sarah Garfinkel	25.00	WI
Mrs. Collette Littman	135.00	ENG	M&M Fred Garfunkel	25.00	CAN
Roman Przyrowski	125.00	OH *	M&M Mark & Rita Greencorn	25.00	NY
M&M Jack Bomstein	100.00	OH	Mrs Rachela Gomulinska-		
M&M Arie Kalman	100.00	AUS	Eckstein	25.00	SWE
M&M Pola & William Mandell	100.00	NY	M&M Rita & Joe Kramer	25.00	ILL
M&M Stella & Sam Skura	100.00	NY	M&M Felix Lasky	25.00	NY
Anonymous	50.00	ILL	Harvey Moscovitz	25.00	NJ *
M&M Anna & Jacob Baum	50.00	CAN	Ruth Ralph-Zamel	25.00	IND*
Esther Cohen-Maltz	50.00	TX *	Mrs Lila Rosenberg-Kaminska	25.00	MA
Railey Gomolin	50.00	NY *	M&M Mark & Libby Rubin	25.00	FL
Mrs Betty Guterman	50.00	CAL	M&M Rose & Lazar Spiler	25.00	NJ
Mrs Beatrice Heitner	50.00	CAL	Mrs Pola Zamel	25.00	FL
M&M Abe Jakubowicz	50.00	KY	Vivian Zamel	25.00	MA *
M&M Gershon Klein	50.00	ISR	M&M Mayer & Rose Zar	25.00	IND
M&M Ann & Mory Leigh	50.00	AUS	Mrs Ruth Krieger	20.00	ISR
Mr. Isy Lipszyc	50.00	BEL	M&M Pola & Elk. Lewkowicz	20.00	ISR
M&M Maurice Pioro	50.00	BEL	M&M Julek Pitowski	20.00	ISR
Marian Podlowski	50.00	CAN*	Mrs Minna Tarko	20.00	NY
Mrs Barbara Reichman	50.00	MD	M&M Idel Sosnowski	20.00	BEL
M&M Szapse Salomonowicz	50.00	BEL	M&M Pinkus Zyskind	20.00	SWE
M&M Karol Sosnowski	50.00	BEL	Eileen Berger-Neiberg	18.00	CAL*
Mrs Sabina Shevach	50.00	ISR	Shirl Tarko-Halpern	15.00	ILL*
Mrs Mala Tribich	50.00	ENG			
Mr. Sam Janowski	40.00	NY			
M&M Alf Wolreich	40.00	ENG			
Sheine Goldstein-Mankovsky	36.00	CAN*			
Mrs Mira Kimmelman	36.00	TEN			
Mr. Moshe Marmer	36.00	CAN			
M&M Abe & Regina Samelson	36.00	ILL			
M&M David & Iza Korn	30.00	ISR			
Anonymous	25.00	NY			
Esther Eckstein-Schwarz	25.00	NJ *			
Mrs Elaine Eldridge-Ozer	25.00	FL			
(In Memory of her late husband)					

Introducing OUR NEW READERS

DURING THE LAST MONTH, THE FOLLOWING, DISTINGUISHED SUBSCRIBERS JOINED THE RANKS OF THE READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE, "THE VOICE OF PIOTRKOW SURVIVORS".

WE ALL WELCOME THEM WARMLY!

* Esther Cohen-Maltz, Texas

* Railey Gomolin, New York City

Mrs Simona Frajndlich-Witorz, Ohio

* Marian Podlowski, B.C. Canada

* Roman & Kimberly Przyrowski, Ohio

Mrs. Sabina Shevach-Szytenberg, Israel

M&M Stella & Sam Skura, Queens NY

Mrs. Fay Fryd, Brooklyn NY.

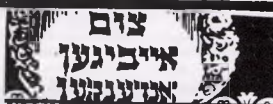
-M&M Ann & Mory Leigh, Australia.

Happy Passover! **חג פסח!**

— ADDITIONAL, —
— LAST MOMENT SUBSCRIPTIONS —

Mrs Fay Fryd	\$ 30.00	NY
Mr. Wolf Scheinberg	25.00	NY
Mrs Fenia Wollman	25.00	FL

* Asterisk Denotes Second Generation



In Memoriam

Just before printing, a phone call came from Mrs. Simona Frajndlich of Ohio with the sad news that her cousin Jacob Goldberg died recently in Plantation, Florida. He was laid to rest in his American home town, Detroit. In Piotrkow, he lived near the Jewish Hospital. His mother owned a Mangle (Magiel). He was an avid reader of our paper. When people like Jacob pass away, there is a deep feeling of loss... He survived the war in Russia and served in the Russian Army. Our condolences go to his wife Rena and his devoted nephews Michael and Eddie Goldberg of Detroit. Cousin, Simona Frajndlich-Witorz Relatives and Friends.

A Test Of Brotherly Love

THE JEWISH WEEK, APRIL 3, 1998

TIM BOXER

Rabbi Yisrael Meir Lau, the Ashkenazi chief rabbi of Israel, offered a dvar Torah here last week that conveyed a personal message.

Speaking at a reception hosted by Israel Bonds at the Ronald Lauder Foundation to mark brother Naphtali's "Balaam's Prophecy" (Cornwall Books), a personal account of recent Jewish history, he noted that the Book of Genesis is packed with brothers in strife. Cain murders Abel, Ishmael is cast off in favor of Isaac, Esau vows to kill Jacob, Joseph is sold by his brothers into slavery.

Not until Exodus, the second book of the Torah, do we encounter true brotherhood. Even though he's older, Aaron defers to Moses, satisfied to be his spokesman before Pharaoh while yielding the mantle of national leadership to his younger brother.

The same thing happened to himself, Rabbi Lau said.

When the Nazis rounded up the Jews of Pietrkow, Poland, they gathered the women and children on one side, the able-bodied men on the other. Rabbi Moshe Chaim Lau, the town's chief rabbi, had already been dispatched with the other elderly men to the Treblinka death camp. His wife, Chaya, and 7-year-old son, Yisrael, now were being herded with the other women and children toward the boxcars.

The older son, Naphtali, who was 15, was placed among the able-bodied men to be transported to forced labor. Mother had a premonition that the women and children were doomed. But she understood Yisrael's destiny. She thrust the child into Naphtali's hands. That was the last time the brothers saw their mother.

Little Yisrael cried on his big brother's shoulder. He beat his brother, blaming him for taking him away from mama. Naphtali stashed the kid in a duffel bag and carried him on his back until they reached their destination — Buchenwald.

Yisrael was a burden to his brother. Naphtali could at any moment say to his whimpering brother, "You want to go? Go!" But with



Rabbi Herschel Schacter, right, was chaplain in U.S. Army unit that freed Rabbi Yisrael Meir Lau, left, and his brother Naphtali from Buchenwald. Tim Boxer

heroic self-sacrifice, Naphtali saved his brother from certain death and both managed to live through the hell that was the Holocaust.

Naphtali was sick with typhus in the Buchenwald hospital when one day he opened his eyes and saw **Rabbi Herschel Schacter**, chaplain with the 8th Corps HQ of the Third Army that liberated the camp. He was free at last!

Rabbi Schacter found Yisrael on a heap of rags and corpses.

"He was terrified when he saw me in my uniform," Rabbi Schacter told me. "He did not distinguish between a Nazi uniform and an American uniform."

The brothers and other children were sent to France, then Palestine. Rabbi Schacter went home to lead the Mosholu Jewish Center in the Bronx for the next 52 years.

Naphtali nurtured little Yisrael, making sure he got the proper education to follow in their father's footsteps and carry on the long family tradition of rabbinical scholarship. Yisrael realized his destiny when he became chief rabbi of Tel Aviv, and now chief rabbi of the reborn State of Israel. Naphtali distinguished himself as a journalist and diplomat in the ser-

vice of the Jewish state.

Rabbi Lau said this was a contemporary example of brotherhood. Like Aaron and Moses, the older brother deferred his portion of the family destiny to the younger brother.

Rabbi Lau recalled visiting Pope John Paul II, who said, "I remember your grandfather in Krakow walking to the synagogue with many children. How many children were there?"

Rabbi Lau said 47.

"How many survived the Holocaust?"

Seven.

There was a party in Jerusalem when Naphtali's book came out in a Hebrew edition, and "I could not invite those 40 children," the chief rabbi said.

Yitzchak Shamir spoke for a half hour analyzing the book. **Shimon Peres** said, "This is the first time I listen to Shamir and I don't disagree with one word."

The former Sephardi chief rabbi, **Ovadia Yosef**, asked for a copy of the book. Two months later he told Rabbi Lau, "Every night I read a few pages. I go to sleep and my face is covered with tears."



This photo was submitted by Mr. Janusz Kozlowski, a correspondent for the Warsaw Bi-weekly magazine "Dos Jidisze Wort"-(he lives in Lodz.) Photo was taken in Piotrkow on 25th of September, 1997. From the left: Reb Isroel Rudzinski (UK), Robert Dessau (USA), Ben Helfgott (UK), Ben Giladi (USA) and David Rolnicki (Israel).

Wisława Szymborska

Jeszcze

W zaplombowanych wagonach
jadą krajem imiona,
a dokąd tak jechać będą,
a czy kiedy wysiedą,
nie pytajcie, nie powiem, nie wiem.

Imię Natan bije pięścią o ścianę,
imię Izaak śpiewa obłąkane,
imię Sara wody woła dla imienia
Aaron, które umiera z pragnienia.

Nie skacz w biegu, imię Dawida.
Tyś jest imię skazujące na klęskę,
nie dawane nikomu, bez domu,
do noszenia w tym kraju zbyt ciężkie.

Syn niech imię słowiańskie ma,
bo tu liczą włosy na głowie,
bo tu dzielą dobro od zła
wedle imion i kroju powiek.

Nie skacz w biegu. Syn będzie Lech.
Nie skacz w biegu. Jeszcze nie pora.
Nie skacz. Noc się rozlega jak śmiech
i przedrzeźnia kół stukanie na torach.

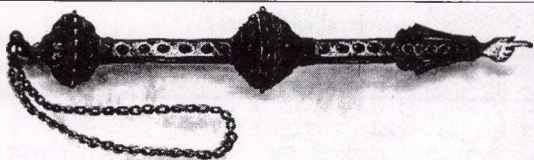
Chmura z ludzi nad krajem szła,
z dużej chmury mały deszcz, jedna łza,
mały deszcz, jedna łza, suchy czas.
Tory wiodą w czarny las.

Tak to, tak, stuka koło. Las bez polan.
Tak to, tak. Lasem jedzie transport wołań.
Tak to, tak. Obudzona w nocy słyszę
tak to, tak, łomotanie ciszy w ciszę.

"Jidele"

żydowskie pismo otwarte 1997

WARSZAWA



Przyp. Red: Krakowianka, Wisława Szymborska, otrzymała nagrodę literacką Nobla w 1996 roku. Jest ona autorką dziewięciu tomów poezji i kilku zbiorów recenzji. Twórczość P. Szymborskiej jest ogromnie ceniona nie tylko w Polsce ale także na całym świecie. BG.

Piotrków Trybunalski, 21.01.98

Rada Kombatantów
i Osób Represjonowanych
przy Wojewodzie Piotrkowskim

KS.V-4023/3/98

Szanowny Pan

BEN GILADI

135-30 82ND AVENUE

KEW GARDENS, NY 11435

W załączeniu przesyłam stanowisko Związku Kombatantów i Osób Represjonowanych przy Wojewodzie Piotrkowskim w sprawie Pana artykułu, zamieszczonego w biuletynie "The Voice of Piotrkow Survivors" NO. 6 (105), z prośbą o jego wydrukowanie w najbliższym numerze.

V-ce Przewodniczący
Rady Kombatantów i Osób Represjonowanych

Roman Słasiak

Piotrków Trybunalski, 14.01.1998

OŚWIADCZENIE

Rada Kombatantów i Osób Represjonowanych przy Wojewodzie Piotrkowskim, Wojewódzki Komitet Ochrony Pamięci Walk i Męczeństwa oraz Zarząd Okręgu Światowego Związku Żołnierzy Armii Krajowej w Piotrkowie Trybunalskim, po zapoznaniu się z tekstem opublikowanym w biuletynie "The Voice of Piotrkow Survivors" NO. 6 (105), którego autorem jest Ben Giladi, wyrażają głęboki protest przeciwko nazywaniu "polskimi bandytami" żołnierzy Armii Krajowej.

Organizacja AK została rozwiązana w styczniu 1945 roku, zaś wydarzenia opisane w artykule miały miejsce w listopadzie. W tym czasie żołnierze Armii Krajowej zapewniali UB-owskie więzienia oraz transportowani byli do sowieckich łagrów.

Do dnia dzisiejszego nie ustalono sprawców opisanych w biuletynie mordów i przypisywanie ich patriotom AK jest mocno krzywdzące i obrażające godność. Wręcz przeciwnie żołnierze AK oraz ich najbliżsi, z narażaniem własnego życia i swych rodzin uratowali wielu Żydów, w tym także w Piotrkowie Trybunalskim.

Przesyłając powyższe stanowisko prosimy o wydrukowanie go w najbliższym numerze biuletynu.

Światowy Związek Żołnierzy
ARMII KRAJOWEJ
ZARZĄD OKRĘGU
97-300 Piotrków Tryb.

Rada Kombatantów
i Osób Represjonowanych
przy Wojewodzie Piotrkowskim

V-CE PREZES SZZAK
Okręg Piotrków Trybunalski
Malina Kapińska-Bazylewicz
dr nauk med.

V-ce Przewodniczący
Rady Kombatantów i Osób Represjonowanych
Roman Słasiak

Piotrków 7 dni

Gdzie żyją piotrkowscy Żydzi

W ukazującym się w Nowym Jorku periodyku - "The Voice of Piotrkow Survivors", redagowanym przez Bena Giladiego, z listy czytelników pisma oraz honorowej listy darczyńców finansowo wspierających pismo, można się dowiedzieć, gdzie dzisiaj mieszkają piotrkowscy Żydzi bądź już tylko ich potomkowie.

Oto niektóre wybrane nazwiska piotrkowian i miejsca ich obecnego zamieszkania: Victor Breitberg - Nowa Carolina, Rebecca Bromley - Colorado, Sidney Featherman - Ottawa (Can.), Anita Freeman-Bloom - California, Mario Gardenkraut - Brazil, Henry Jablonki - Stockholm, Collette Littman - London, Victor a. Helena Poznanski - Germany, Jeff Teckseit - Maryland, Stella Yolin - Philadelphia, Moshe Marmer - Toronto, Marvin a. Celina Zborowski - Nowy Jork.

W bliższym Izraelu mieszkają m.in.: Lili Nute-Abramowicz, Zvi Dagan, Abraham Yakov Golani, Pinches Hecht, Mitch a. Susan Pilcer, Miriam Shachar-Israelewicz, Motek a. Miriam Winter, Srulek Weishoff, Josek a. Ela Windman.

To ostatnie nazwisko - symbol: człowiek wiatru... Piotrkowian, przecież nie tylko piotrkowian, rozwił wiatr po szerokim świecie, zwłaszcza po ostatniej wojnie lat 1939-1945.

(ja)

NOSTALGIA

Quite often, nostalgic stories start with a dream. And so, I had a dream the other night. I was with friends, boys and girls in a charming, wooded area. It was summer and from a distance I heard the sweet melody of a popular, old tango called "Blauhimmel". When I woke up, I knew exactly where I was. The Przyglów-Włodzimierzów summer resort near Piotrków. The sound came from the bungalow of the Litmanowicz family. Their sons, Jurek and Maniek were avid music fans. The tango was played by Jakubek Bomstein, (now in Dayton, Ohio). The summer resorts before the war! Warsaw had its Otwock, Falenica or Sródborów, Łódź, Wiśniowa Góra and Kolumna. Cracov, all the little, charming vacation places at the foot of the Tatra Mountains. Piotrkow has its Przyglów-Włodzimierzów. This was the place to be in the summer! A beautiful river, lavish forest, elegant villas and lodges called "Pensjonats", fun and games - the essence of life. Shortly before the war, the place became a Mecca for many vacationing well-to-do families from Łódź. Their private schools maintained summer camps there: Aba Yavne, Katzenelson, Krzak and others. I still remember the Five-O'Clock dances on the verenda of the Krzak "Kmita" colony, where the older teenagers danced to such tango tunes as "Notturmo", La Habanera" or "La Cumparsita". We, the younger, watched enviously from aside.

The most exclusive pensjonat, the "Głogowianka" was owned by the popular teacher Głogowski. It was surrounded by other inns: the "Zachęta", the Bogdanka", owned by Praszker, the "Polonia", owned by Białowas, "Trzy Lilie" and "Zofia". The main attraction was dancing and the musicians were mainly: Isidor and Szmul Kaczka, Moishe Bomstein (Polko) and Shamaier Wolraich. The Birman colony consisted of a few elaborate main houses. There, we had great fun with Heniek Birman, Miecio Horn, Marek Goldach Pinek Hecht, Halutek and Fela Zamel and also Itzchak Katzenelson, the nephew of the great poet of the same name, who perished in the Warsaw Ghetto uprising at Miła 18.

Bicycles were exclusive and in demand. The most avid riders were Luise Igler-Gotthelf (now in NY), and her boyfriend Romek Zaks. The rented kayaks on the river were great fun. Moishe Elo Gersz, the baker roamed the grounds with a tray full of delicious pastry on his head. I still remember his slogan: Babeczki, ciastka, zysty, ptysie...Krotman of "Foto-Record" made thousands of photos. On the Przyglow side, the little, puffing train, the "Kolejka" brought scores of people. Nearby, the restaurant-club "Sielanka" lured the affluent. A little further, at the section called "Górki" (little hills), Leon Szytenberg, the "Ort" teacher, maintained a summer outing for the boys of the "ORT", mostly orphans from Warsaw, who resided in the Bursa.

Opposite the road, was the soccer stadium where the sport club "Laur" founded by Monus Rubin and Jurek Litmanowicz conducted their training and matches. Their excellent goalkeeper was Icek Zajten.

At the end of August 1939, the resort became empty. In the first days of September however, many people came back escaping the German bombardment of Piotrków. One day, we all experienced the horror when the town Sulejów located five kilometers from the resort was completely destroyed by German bombers.

* * * * *

In the one of the best films of all times, "Citizen Kane", Orson Welles, on his dead bed utters one mysterious word, "Rosebud". Only at the end of the film, it becomes apparent that "Rosebud" was the name of the sled Kane possessed as a little boy, a powerful symbol of yearning for the past and the forever lost childhood and youth.

Everyone of us has such precious "Rosebud" in the heart. Such are the memories we cherish; they are more than nostalgia for a lost moment in time. Those are memories of our earliest beginnings which may not always be pleasant but they remind us of our youth. We honor these all the days of our lives, until the end of time...

Ben Giladi

EVIL HISTORY. PAINFUL STORIES

Criminal or Victim of the Holocaust?

"We, the master race, are your destroyers, but you are no better than we are; if we so wish, and we do so wish, we can destroy not only your bodies but also your souls, just as we have destroyed ours." — Primo Levi

BY SUZANNE WEISS • In the course of the Holocaust, many Jews felt compelled, in a desperate attempt to save the lives of themselves and their families, to collaborate in varying degrees with the Nazi oppressor. On the whole, postwar Jewish opinion has judged this collaboration with compassion, viewing it as excusable under conditions of extreme duress. But in one case — and apparently only one — a Jewish collaborator with the Nazis was tried in the United States and convicted of war crimes. This man was my uncle, Yona Lewy.

1. The Destruction of the Piotrkow Ghetto

Yona Lewy lived until 1944 in Piotrkow-Tribunalski, a Polish city of 45,000 south-east of Warsaw, a third of whose pre-war population was Jewish. When Nazi-led forces entered Poland in September 1939, Piotrkow was hit by devastating air raids, quickly followed by the entry of German troops. Hundreds of civilians were killed, with Jews a prime target. Thus began a new era for the Jews of Piotrkow — six years of Nazi savagery and slaughter.

The German garrison quickly imposed a 6 p.m.-6 a.m. curfew on the Jews and stipulated that every Jew be identified by the Star of David sewn on the right sleeve. Jews caught not wearing it were shot on the spot. On October 12, 1939, the Nazis appointed a 12-member Jewish Council (*Judenrat*), headed by Zalma Tennenberg, a supporter of the socialist Bund. (The description of events in Piotrkow is based on Ben Giladi, *A Tale of One City*.)

Most Jews looked on this new institution as "an important step toward regularization of relations with the Nazi rulers." The plundering, looting, extortion, kidnapping for forced labor, and murder that characterized the first months of occupation became more organized as the rapprochement between the council of elders and the Nazi rulers "led to some mitigation of hardships."

That autumn, a ghetto was established whose "boundaries were marked with signs bearing the word 'ghetto' in German and a threatening skull and crossbones." Within the ghetto the Germans formalized a system of unpaid forced labor. With the help of the Jewish Council, "workers were sent to job sites in an orderly fashion without dragnets." A large influx of Jews expelled from outlying regions led in 1940 to a critical housing shortage in the ghetto. In the winter of 1940-41, severe overcrowding caused sanitary conditions to worsen. Typhus broke out, and many perished. The Jewish Council established a "Sanitary Service" to transfer the sick to a makeshift hospital in the Jewish high school and to quarantine the families of the afflicted. Fuel was scarce, and the Council doled out supplies. Children suffered from malnutrition. A volunteer distribution committee was set up to feed and clothe the indigent. The typhus epidemic finally was beaten.

In the spring of 1941, Jewish Council was ordered to estab-

lish a police force (*Ordnungsdienst*) of 24 hand-picked men. Tennenberg strongly supported this proposal, "viewing it as a way to increase the council's esteem." This Jewish police enforced the Council's rulings and decisions of the rabbinical court. "These young men were to escort the labor details outside the ghetto and, in special instances, to take workers from their homes and bring them to the council courtyard, where they were counted and sent to work."

But in at least one case, a Jewish policeman became the partner of a Nazi killer. "Some of the most horrifying experiences the inhabitants of the Ghetto had to suffer were the frequent visits of SS policeman Williams with his big dog. Williams visited the ghetto together with his Jewish friend, Yona Levy. On the command of his master, the dog tore pieces of flesh from the bodies of people, especially children."

Early in 1941, echoes were heard of underground organization by Polish nationalists and populists. The Armia Krajowa, arm of the Polish exile government, banned Jews from its ranks. However, the socialist-led Armia Ludowa maintained ties with Jewish organizations in the ghetto. Through a series of mishaps, leaders in the Jewish Council were discovered to be working

The Truth, Told With Compassion

When Suzanne Weiss wrote in *New Bulletin* #93 in 1994 of her roots in Piotrkow, I added a comment, "The Renegade," which touched on the so sensitive topic of Jewish collaboration with the German oppressors.

Suzanne was then able, after tireless attempts, to secure the trial transcripts of Yona Lewy. So I was suddenly confronted with an avalanche of factual records that (I realized) would sooner or later have to be disclosed and somehow digested by us all, for the sake of history and of our precious piece of mind.

To resolve my dilemma, I consulted three of our most authoritative readers and asked them, with regard to this controversial subject, "to tell or not to tell?"

Responses arrived swiftly.

■ *Sir Martin Gilbert*, historian and writer: "The entire story must be told."

■ *Naphtali Lau-Lavie*, journalist, diplomat, and ambassador: "We have to say it all but to adhere to the undisputable facts."

■ *Elie Wiesel*, professor and philosopher: "We have to tell the truth but perhaps with a little compassion."

Now, four years later, we finally have this important and profound study, so humanely written that it complies perfectly with the advice of our Three Wise Men.

The truth, nothing but the truth, told with compassion.

—Ben Giladi



Ben Giladi and Suzanne Weiss

with the Armia Ludowa. This was the end of first Jewish Council. Tennenberg and the Bundists in the council were sent to Auschwitz. Szymon Warszawski seized the leadership, and in contrast to Tennenberg, based his rule on personal connections, personal favors, and unquestioning submission to the Nazis.

In 1941, rumors in the Piotrkow ghetto of Nazi mass murders were confirmed. The ghetto population then exceeded 20,000 Jews, but only 5,000 could find work (unpaid) of various kinds. Some sought Aryan papers for future need, and all lived in dread of what was to come. In 1942 news came that the Nazis planned to deport all Jews to places unknown. There was talk of resistance but no leadership came forward to organize it. Instead, Jews fended for themselves as "Jewish homes bustled with the construction of hiding places in attics, cellars, and secret rooms." Those employed in what the Nazis considered the vital industries were assured safety and were ordered to bring their possessions to the factories, where they would have to remain during the deportation.

"The *aktion*, the deportation, was planned to the minutest detail. First, numbers of Jewish police passed through the ghetto streets ... and ordered the residents to present themselves in a 'deportation square'." There was a quota of 6,000 people to fill 52 cattle cars. Once the quota was filled for the day, the others could go home until the next transport. There were four such *aktions*. On the day of the last transport, the Nazis realized that several cars remained empty. The quota had not been met.

"They began intensive searches, assisted by Jewish policemen... Advancing from house to house, the search teams discovered several hundred Jews.... All of them were incarcerated in the ghetto police dungeon. [Then] they were transferred to the Great Synagogue.... Here, without waiting for orders from their superiors, the murderers committed brutal atrocities with satanic pleasure.... They carried infants out of the building, shattered their heads as their mothers looked on, and hurled their convulsing bodies into basins brought to white-heat over bonfires.... Several days later, all in the Synagogue

were transported to the Rakow Forest, where they were murdered in cold blood."

Giladi's account continues: "Further horrors were witnessed when William of the SS, escorted by his black German shepherd, went from house to house, uncovered the concealed Jews, and shot them for fun as they walked to the Synagogue. William's forays were accompanied by his dedicated assistant Y. L. [Yona Lewy], once a furrier and now a Jewish policeman."

Only 3,000 Jews now remained in a newly established mini-ghetto. Their work was in factories and internal services, including the Jewish police. *Aktions* continued. Working with lists drawn up by the Nazis, the Jewish police fanned out through the mini-ghetto and rounded up men designated for transport. Several times Jewish policemen, after completing this duty, were ordered by the Nazis to leap aboard the trucks. Once, Warszawski, aided by the SS men, ordered Tadek Glogowski and Weisros, two particularly hated policemen, to go with the transport. Glogowski survived and later served time in jail.

By the summer of 1943, only 1,500 Jews remained, held in two local forced-labor camps. Piotrkow was officially *Judenrein* — free of Jews. In late 1944, as the Soviet army approached, survivors of this group were deported to concentration camps in Germany. When Nazism collapsed in 1945, 1,000 Piotrkow Jews remained.

2. Who Was Yona Lewy?

Yona Lewy was born in Piotrkow in 1911, the oldest and the only male of four children. He had one shoulder higher than the other and a small deformity on his back; his peers called him "hojker," hunchback. He walked somewhat sideways to diminish this distortion in his body. Yona's father was a brush and broom maker, whose modest living did not allow Yona to go to school past seventh grade. He trained as a furrier and worked at that trade until 1942.

Yona loved music. He played many instruments, and joined the orchestra of the Zionist social club, the Macabbeas. One day, his orchestra played at an affair of the Bund, and there he met his future wife, Nadzia. On their first date, Yona gave Nadzia a silver fox cape as a token of serious intentions. "He treated me beautifully," Nadzia later said. "He knew I wasn't going to settle with any schmo who didn't have money." After a few years of courtship, he married Nadzia, and she bore him a son in 1939, just before the Nazi occupation.

After the Nazis arrived, they soon took away Yona's shop and forced him to look for other means of survival. In 1941, he joined the Jewish police. Also that year, he made friends with a Schupo (German police officer) called William, who protected Yona and his family until 1944. In late 1944, Yona was sent to Buchenwald, a concentration camp in Germany where the anti-Nazi Resistance was strong, had effective control of most barracks, and had established its own security force to punish collaboration with the Nazis.

There Yona was accused by other Piotrkow Jews, convicted by an inmate tribunal, and beaten almost to death. Taken to another camp, Schlieben, he was again severely beaten by inmates. A former Schlieben inmate says Yona probably survived thanks to the valuables he had brought from Piotrkow.

When liberated, Yona rejoined Nadzia and their child at the camp in Bergen-Belsen. There he was brought before a British tribunal, but was successful in evading conviction. The record of the hearing gives no details.

Yona and his family were among the very few Jews who stayed in Germany after 1945. They went to Wiesbaden (a major center of Allied occupation forces), where he set himself up as a furrier and cap maker. Another attempt was made to bring Lewy to justice, this time in nearby Frankfurt, but he got off on the strength of his Bergen-Belsen acquittal. Nadzia remembers the Wiesbaden years as a good time. But Germany was still poor, and in 1950 the Lewy family moved to New York.

Yona eventually set himself up as a capmaker, got contracts for police and military uniforms, and made a good living. Soon after his arrival, he was discovered by Piotrkow survivors, who brought charges against him. A trial was held in 1953 at Ellis Island by the Immigration and Naturalization Service, where he was judged guilty and ordered deported. Yona appealed. It was not until 1963 that the appeal court ruled, confirming Yona's guilt but canceling the deportation order because his destination would be Poland, now a Communist-ruled country.

At the time of Yona's Ellis Island trial, I was a war orphan adopted by an American couple. I lived in New York, having lost all contact with my family. In 1955, quite by accident, I met Yona and Nadzia. They accepted me as their niece and were kind to me in many ways. They bought me fine clothes and jewelry and were pleased when I came to visit. Over the years they helped me out of some difficult jams. Nadzia took the lead in this, but Yona was glad to be involved.

Yona seemed pensive and withdrawn. I often found him chin in hand, elbow on the window sill, looking out blankly. I was touched by his silence. I did not feel warmth in the family, but I sensed a bond between Yona and Nadzia. They had an active social life, mostly through card games. They went to Synagogue on high holy days, kept a kosher house, but did not seem imbued with Jewish culture. At times, Yona, Nadzia, I, and my husband sat at the dinner table talking about politics. I passionately defended my socialist views. Yona and Nadzia displayed no animosity toward these views and mentioned that my mother had been an active socialist as well.

Sometimes I went to Yona's small cap business, of which he was very proud, on 23rd Street in Manhattan. It was a small, quiet operation — Yona sewing, Nadzia helping with the sewing and keeping the books, with a radio playing low and few words exchanged. Their son was on the road getting orders and collecting bills. Yona said he had tried to work in factories, but could not abide being told what to do. In union shops, he had more run-ins with shop stewards than with foremen, and was therefore anti-union. He had also tried a jewelry partnership, but distrusted his partner and ended the relationship. Yona preferred to work alone, for himself.

When the family was together, Yona would play his mandolin and sing while his son accompanied him on the piano. To me it seemed a meager and joyless effort. I thought that Yona must have suffered terribly through his ordeal in the Holocaust, and I could not bring myself to ask for details for fear of hurting

him. I asked cautious questions about my mother, Nadzia's sister. Yona and Nadzia would not say much. I didn't probe. When I overstepped, Nadzia would respond, in a frightening tone, "Some secrets I will keep until I die."

At home, Yona never lifted a finger; Nadzia did his every bidding. She explained that this was the way to treat a man if you wanted to keep him. Yona had always been treated this way by the women in his family. Yona and Nadzia had their disagreements, Nadzia said, but she slept in his bed regardless. "Joe is not a man to cross. He has a terrible temper." I never saw that part of Yona. He fooled around with other women, Nadzia said. Yona did not get on with his son, who soon left the family business and joined the Marines.

Yona Lewy died in 1980 from heart failure. In 1993, again by chance, I learned of Yona's wartime past. I asked Nadzia if the stories I had heard about Yona were true. "He never was a policeman," she said, "He merely wore a cap and carried a stick." She was not aware of any trials. "I was never at any trial, and therefore it isn't possible that there were any." She challenged each and every survivor to explain how they survived without doing bad things. Angry, she cried out, "Everyone who calls my husband guilty should die within the year. He loved being a Jew."

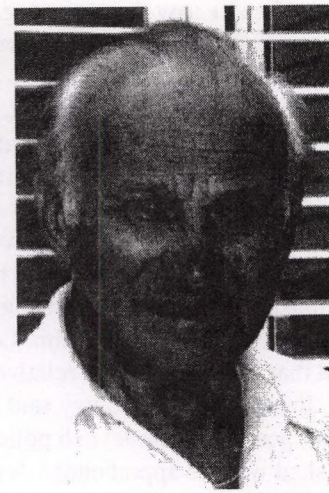
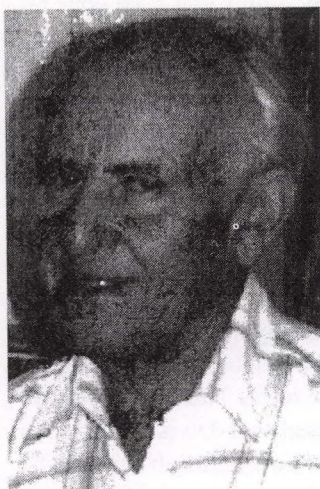
3. The Trial of Yona Lewy

During and after the war, Yona Lewy provoked hatred and heated controversy among the Piotrkow Jews. Five attempts were made to bring him to justice, and the record of the last trial, in the U.S., is available to us. We also have the brief quoted comments of two Piotrkow ghetto historians and the personal testimonies of survivors. Two diametrically opposed views emerge. Was Yona Lewy a brutal murderer or were his actions carried out under coercion and therefore excusable?

On the one hand, Lewy was accused of betraying his own people unnecessarily, sending them to their death, brutalizing fellow Jews, and abusing women sexually, all under the aegis of his authority as a Jewish policemen. His actions, it was said, were dictated by his desire for power and wealth. Above all, Lewy was reproached with going far beyond his police duties in hunting out hidden Jews and turning them over to the Nazis who killed them. Lewy denied these charges and claimed that, in any event, whatever he did was involuntary. His actions, he said, had restrained the Nazis and saved Jews. Others testified that Lewy had saved them from being deported and killed.

■ On the first count, murder, Lewy was accused of betraying his people to their death. "At the deportation *aktion*," one witness said, "Lewy would go around and tell to the Gestapo, leave this man, take out this man. . . . Lewy put people in the lines . . . bartering and pleading to him for their lives." (Court record, 54/5/4, p. 188) It is widely believed through second-hand testimony that Lewy designated who was to die. "My wife was escaped from the Synagogue and she told to me that Lewy told William who to shoot." (54/5/4, p. 195) "I heard from my sister that Lewy reported to William that a woman . . . who was hiding her child . . . under a pile of clothing . . . at a train station . . . and William took the child away." (55/3/15, p. 286)

Lewy accompanied William on roundups. "Around one



Among those whose recollections made this study possible: (from left) Kalman Failowicz, Herschel Lewkowicz, Ben James, Alex York

o'clock in the morning, Lewy took my father from us in the small ghetto and I never saw my father again. If he wouldn't take my father, my father would be alive today." (Alex York, 1997) A survivor of one of the Synagogue episodes testified, "Lewy came to the Synagogue and brought four ... new-born ... children from the hospital ... into the Synagogue. These babies were tied ... and packed ... in deep platters. Yona handed the platters over to the armed Ukrainians who ... guarded the people in the Synagogue. They poured benzene or kerosene ... over them and burned ... them ... while Lewy was there." (Trial, 55/3/15, p. 302) Lewy denied involvement in the babies' death — the only point in prosecution testimony to which he took specific exception.

Yona Lewy was accused of leading William to the hidden bunkers that Jews had built behind their walls, in cellars and attics, barns, and vacant buildings, in which to hide when selections were taking place for the death camps. A survivor recalls Lewy calling out in Yiddish, "Everyone come out, the Nazis are gone." (Ben Giladi, 1994) Witnesses saw William and Lewy going to a flour mill to seize four Jews hidden there. One survived to tell that Lewy demanded, "Give me all you have because you wouldn't live anyway." (Trial, 55/3/15, p. 126) There are many such accounts. Lewy is held personally responsible for the death of many loved ones. "I personally hold Lewy responsible for the death of my family." (Alex York 1997) Another witness said, "If it had not been for Lewy, the German Gestapo ... would not be so successful in our extermination." (Trial, 54/1/25, p. 59)

■ A second charge against Lewy was that he acted with severe brutality. "I often saw the Schupo, William, turn his German shepherd on people ... that Yona pointed [to]. William called his dog 'human' [Mensch] and people, 'dogs.' So he would call out 'Human, get those dogs.' Then you could see them laughing." (54/3/15, p. 114) Yona Lewy was always armed with some kind of weapon, although not a gun, and beat Jewish people unmercifully. A witness testified, "The first time I was beaten by Mr. Lewy was on a Sunday morning when Mr. Lewy removed my two sisters from my home." (54/11/23, p. 23) Such beatings by Jewish cops were routine. "There were other Jewish policemen who beat me because it was ... for

hard labor. But Mr. Lewy beat me because ... I tried to protect my sisters from going to their deaths." (54/11/13, p. 23)

■ A third charge was that Lewy stole from his people to profit from their misfortunes. When the deportations started, William and Lewy took gold, diamonds, and other things of value that Jews could have used later to barter for their lives. Lewy would often collect these items from people on the pretext of possibly saving their lives. William and Lewy had a hard-cop — soft-cop routine. Lewy would identify to William those Jews induced out of their hiding places or in the Synagogue that he knew to be wealthy. William would then, in Lewy's presence, order these people to give him all their valuables or be shot on the spot. William then left. The people, trusting Yona Lewy because he was Jewish, asked Lewy what to do. Lewy counseled them to follow William's order; if they did so, things would be easier for them. A few minutes later, William would come back. "Lewy then gave the valuables [he collected] to William." (54/11/23, p. 20; Herschel Lewkowicz, 1994)

Before the war, Yona had been friends with Moishe and Tobe Guttman, fellow furriers and cap makers. At one of the round-ups in 1942, Yona went to the Synagogue where he knew Tobe was and demanded that she strip off her sweater. "Yona had seen her sew gold in it for [future] bargaining." (Kalman Failowicz, 1994) In 1943, in the Synagogue, Yona ordered a "wealthy woman ... whom he knew, to sit on the *bimah* ... where the rabbi sits ... spread her legs to take out [of her privates] the diamonds she was hiding." (55/3/15, p. 317)

■ A fourth accusation against Lewy was that he promised freedom to women who would allow him to abuse them without protest. "I know that Lewy used Jewish women for his own personal pleasure. He would promise that he would help them but they were sent to the Synagogue anyway and later shot." (Ben James, 1994) The trial record only hints at this.

■ At the trial, Lewy mounted a vigorous defense. Ten Jewish Piotrkow survivors signed an affidavit supporting him. Acknowledging that Lewy was a member of the Jewish police, they did not contradict any specific accusations against him. Nonetheless, the 10 swore that Yona Lewy saved them or their loved ones by releasing them from the Synagogue. In addition, a number of female witnesses said that Lewy turned a blind

eye when he saw them coming home beyond the curfew, and one witness said that enabled her to save her child. (55/3/15, p. 314, 324)

Another witness for Lewy, Chaim Goldstein, was interviewed by his daughter Shaina before he died in 1989. Goldstein said he had rallied behind Lewy fully knowing the criminal aspects of Lewy's role during the occupation. Goldstein felt beholden to Lewy because Lewy had saved the youngest of his three sisters from the Synagogue. (Shaina Goldstein, 1994) Several witnesses for Lewy acknowledged that they were related to him. Lewy responded that it "is natural that I would save my relatives first.... It is human nature."

In his testimony, Lewy said he had been chosen for one of four posts with the Jewish police from among 250 applicants. Asked why he apprehended Jewish persons to be deported to concentration or labor camps, Lewy answered, "because if I didn't, I would be shot." Asked what kind of relationship he had with the Schupo William, Lewy said, "William was my friend. William was unconditionally under my influence. He worshipped me. I did a lot of work for him, for his wife, and for his child, and he trusted me and would do most anything for me." Lewy was asked how he was able to influence William to save Jewish people, when, according to his testimony, William didn't like Jews. Lewy answered, "I went about it very diplomatically and I asked him, 'Could you save a few of my cousins?'

So he asked me at first, 'Why didn't you save your father and your sisters?' And then, after he had helped me save many Jews, he asked me, 'How many cousins do you have in this world?' The president of the Jewish Council himself was full of wonder when he saw what I was doing with the help of William." (Yona Lewy, January, 1953)

Let us now weigh the evidence. Is Lewy guilty of crimes against his community, or is he a victim of Nazi coercion who saved people at the risk of his own life? First, Lewy did not deny any of the specific charges against him except for complicity in the burning of babies in the Synagogue. Second, almost all witnesses and all survivors available for interview say that Lewy volunteered information to the Nazis that was not requested of him. Witnesses stressed that Jewish policemen had considerable freedom of action. Lewy himself said that he joined the police of his own initiative and was proud to have done so. Clearly, like his friendship with William, it was part of a plan. Lewy's claim to have restrained William is refuted by all evidence. Indeed, to win the Nazis' protection, he had to be among the most ardent in carrying out their will.

There is no reason to question the testimony regarding Lewy's charitable deeds. Nowhere in Lewy's life is there evidence that he was a sadist who enjoyed inflicting pain for its own sake. What attracted him was power and authority, the fruit of his association with William. To have power encompassed choosing who would live and who would die; saving some, condemning others.

We can conclude both that Lewy saved people from their death and that he was guilty of uncoerced murder.

A Note on Sources

The main source for this study, the trial transcript, is not on the public record. I obtained an expurgated version by invoking the Freedom of Information Act, and then sued the INS successfully, forcing them to give me the full text.

The prosecution at this trial showed little zeal and called few witnesses. I have therefore supplemented the trial record with what I have learned over the years from my aunt, Nadzia Lewy, and a selection of testimony I gathered through interviews during the 1990s.

I extend my thanks to those interviewed: Jacob and Paula Benczkowski, Kalman and Regina Failowicz, Ben and Gutta Giladi, Helen Henig, Charles Kotkowski, Felix Lasky, Herschel Lewkowicz, Alex York, Pola Zamel and Ben James, and Jack Zlotnik.

Quotations from Ben Giladi's *Tale of One City* are from pages 170-86 and 335-36. Quotations from other writers on the holocaust writers are as follows:

■ Hannah Arendt. *Eichmann in Jerusalem A Report on the Banality of Evil*. New York: Penguin, 1963, pp. 117-18, 125.

■ Bettelheim, Bruno. "Individual and Mass Behavior in Extreme Situations," *Journal of Abnormal Psychology* 38 (1943), pp. 417-52.

■ Levi, Primo, *The Drowned and the Saved*. New York: Vintage, 1988, pp. 46-49.

■ Trunk, Isaiah. *Judenrate: The Jewish Councils in Eastern Europe Under Nazi Occupation*. New York, 1972, pp. 1-5.

The name of the brutal Nazi policeman that Lewy accompanied is variously recorded as Willand, Willem, Williams, and William. It is as "William" that he is remembered today by Piotrkow survivors. — S.W.

4. Four Criteria for Judgment

How can the literature discussing Holocaust victims' behavior help us to understand the character and the actions of Yona Lewy? Can history pardon him? Four points of view will be considered: (1) that the brutalization of victims reduced them to child-like dependence on their subjugators; (2) that Nazi coercion did not leave the Jewish organizations and their personnel any alternative to bartering with the enemy and doing its bidding; (3) that compliance of the Jewish ghetto organizations and their personnel was a significant factor in the success of the Nazi victimization; (4) that although history cannot condemn those coerced into acting brutally, there are levels of complicity that cannot be pardoned by Holocaust survivors.

■ Psychoanalyst Bruno Bettelheim theorized, through his own experience as an internee in Dachau in 1943, that to survive in the camps it was crucial to maintain individual autonomy and sense of self. The Nazis deliberately dehumanized victims, to break down their sense of self and turn them into "docile masses from which no individual or group act of resistance could arise." The Nazis thus produced "people who were so deprived of affect, self-esteem, and every form of stimulation, so totally exhausted, both physically and emotionally, that they had given the environment total power over them." These inmates were stripped of their individuality and self-respect by the Nazi terrorists. It was "impossible [for them] to see themselves as fully adult persons any more." Bettelheim concluded that the Nazi aim was "to produce in

their subjects childlike attitudes and dependency on the will of the leaders." This interpretation does not apply to Lewy's dependency on the Nazi thug William. The association was born not of Lewy's exhaustion and loss of individuality, but of his assertion of will and authority beyond what was open to him in peacetime society. Lewy was not docile but assertive, and influenced William to serve his ends.

■ Isaiah Trunk has stressed, in his book on the Jewish councils, that the mechanism of collaboration resulted from Nazi compulsion. Individuals were coerced to serve on the councils, and these bodies were then coerced to provide the Nazis with services. Jewish policemen were forced to participate in the deportation procedures under threat of death. Yona Lewy was certainly under the same pressures of survival as all Jewish policemen. Nonetheless, his community singled him out for hatred because it perceived his participation in Nazi crimes as enthusiastic and zealous and because he enriched himself at their expense. (Trial, 54/1/25, p. 59) To them, his survival was an injustice they had to address.

■ Hannah Arendt, on the other hand, has charged that the Jewish Councils and their administration carried out indispensable tasks for their Nazi rulers, and were accessories to their murderous acts. "Jewish officials," she wrote, "could be trusted to compile the lists of persons and of their property, to secure money from the deportees to defray the expenses of their deportation and extermination, to keep track of vacated apartments, to supply police forces to help seize Jews and get them on the trains, until, as a last gesture, they handed over the assets of the Jewish community in good order for the final confiscation." Arendt explained that "if the Jewish people had really been unorganized and leaderless, there would have been chaos and plenty of misery but the total number of victims would hardly have been between four and a half and six million people." Arendt points out that Jews who were in hiding (as I was) or in the Resistance had an incomparably higher chance of survival than those caught in the net of ghetto collaboration. In Piotrkow's case, Arendt's words ring true. The Jewish Council was a necessary part of the murder machine, and Yona Lewy contributed to the demoralization of the community and increased the death toll.

■ Primo Levi, also a camp survivor, has examined the "gray zone" in the human response under total collapse of community in the extermination camps. Of those who collaborated with the Nazis, he distinguishes guilt under coercion from voluntary criminality. There existed "gray, ambiguous persons, ready to compromise," he wrote, and "the extreme pressures of the Lager [camp] increased their ranks." These victims "are the rightful owners of a quota of guilt (which grows apace with their freedom of choice), and besides this they are the vectors and instruments of the system's guilt." However, the judgment of history "becomes more tentative and varied for those who occupied commanding positions," such as the Kapos who were functionaries in charge of the forced labor squads or of the barracks. They were "free to commit the worst atrocities on their subjects as punishment for any transgression, or even without any motive whatsoever.... Fatally intoxicated by the power at their disposal," Primo Levi points out, people were

corrupted rather than worn down. In contrast to Bettelheim, who suggested that the victim identifying with the enemy becomes passive, Levi states that "power was sought by many among the oppressed" who "unconsciously strove to identify" with the enemy. This description fits Lewy well.

5. Conclusion

Primary responsibility for the crimes committed against the Piotrkow Jews lies with the deranged Nazi totalitarian state. As Primo Levi notes, "To confuse murderers with their victims is a moral disease or an aesthetic affectation or a sinister sign of complicity." Within that context, collaborators were crucial to the Nazi plan to make the Jews compliant in their own extermination, and many people were caught in the machinations of collaboration at different levels. However, we are struck with terror on learning of those who, like Lewy, felt ennobled and empowered as agents of this destruction, identifying wholly with the evil force. Lewy, and others like him, rose to the occasion and took active responsibility in the death machine.

It must be noted, however, that before and after the Holocaust, Yona Lewy was an ordinary man. Acquaintances report him as "nice enough." He married, began a family, and struggled with modest dignity as a small entrepreneur. His faults and vices fell within the range of normal behavior. The war then created an opportunity for Lewy — an obscure man with strong ambitions — to express the dark side of his character. As well, his physical deformity placed him at risk. Lewy perceived danger and planned cunningly to protect himself. Through his tie with William, he acquired authority. In using it, he was born to a different life. Ultimate responsibility for this personal tragedy lies with the Nazis, who made thuggery and betrayal the road to survival.

And Lewy's clever plan did indeed decisively increase his and his family's chance of survival. The alternative to his course was probable death. Can his actions be justified as a reflex of self-preservation? Without presuming to sit in judgment, we note that most Piotrkow Jews, while any options remained, set limits to their collaboration, even at great personal risk. And wherever conditions existed for a collective response, millions of ordinary people across Europe, with Jews in the forefront, gladly risked and sacrificed their lives in order to deal blows to the Nazi tyranny.

The compliance of people such as Lewy made it easier for the Nazis to destroy any sense of solidarity and mutual communal responsibility among their victims. In the insane scramble to secure individual life, collaborators tore apart the fabric of society by betraying neighbors, sowing suspicion, preying on their neighbors' fears, and enriching themselves in a soulless scramble for personal survival.

The tragic story of Yona Lewy can only deepen our understanding of why values of community, solidarity, and mutuality are worth fighting for, and — yes — dying for. This lesson is not unique to the Holocaust and remains urgent in our times. Grasping this lesson, we should recognize its other side: individuals are powerless to defend their societies by themselves, and that they must, as a world community, identify the enemy, organize, and mobilize against tyranny. ■

Survivor's Story

Henry Jablonski

Meet David Schwarz

Prologue

In September last year, when in Piotrkow to participate in the Remembrance ceremonies, I learnt from Ben Giladi that David Schwarz living in Stockholm is a Piotrkower. I had not got to know him personally but knew about him from way back in the sixties when I was the chairman of the Jewish Students' Society of Stockholm. David already then was an active debater and critic on minority and refugee issues. I remember him from several debates. He was an independent thinker and a controversial person in the eyes of many, not the least of the Jewish establishment. He had a lot of stubbornness and integrity and a sharp mind. That gained him both respect and resentment.

Now, I managed to reach David on the phone in October. My greeting from Ben Giladi and a cautious question if he would like to meet with me triggered immediately a very intense pouring out of memories for more than half an hour. David and his two elder brothers survived — the Piotrkow ghetto, Bugai, Buchenwald, Nordhausen, Bergen-Belsen. It took him nine years in sanatoriums after the war to recover.

He says: "It is unbelievable looking back at one's life. What have I actually been fighting about in my professional life in the perspective of my walking the streets of the ghetto as a 12 year old, picking up the dead and taking them to the cemetery and digging their graves there?"

I sensed the vulnerability in David. After all, his experiences were deeply traumatizing, left him overwhelmed, numb and confused. David says he has been considering writing his autobiography. But he asks himself if it would be compatible with maintaining health to go into all painful memories and states? This made me wonder if our phone talk already had been too much? Would our meeting materialize? Indeed, David did contact me and we decided to meet in the Old City. I was standing waiting for him. As I saw him coming I recognized him immediately. He did not recognize me as a Jewish man (which hurt me a little) and he was thus surprised as I greeted him. He spontaneously commented: "You know, 30 years ago it was very easy to tell who is Jewish in the streets of Stockholm. Now with all immigrants I can't discriminate any longer."

We spoke very intensely for three hours. He told me many things

starting with his poor conditions in Piotrkow: I could easily understand that David was a boy who naturally and unconsciously could attract the caring qualities in other people. His company is interesting. Alternately he can be very reserved. David in the end said he felt warmed and revived by our meeting.

Once meeting with the famous Norwegian-Jewish psychiatrist Leo Eitinger they discovered under great emotion on Eitinger's behalf

that they had been together in Buchenwald. They developed a friendship and together edited a very interesting book on refugees and immigrants: "Strangers in the World", Hans Huber Publishers, 1981. It contains superb essays.

Over the years David Schwarz became very influential on migration and minority questions. He has published several books. He was the founder and the editor-in-chief of the periodical "Immigrants and Minorities". David is now retired.

David will now speak through excerpts from two interviews published in "Immigrants and Minorities" in 1991 and 1993.

The war

Interviewer: *You never wanted to talk about your horrible and tragic experiences during the 2nd World War. You have been very firm and consistent in this refusal. Still I would like to ask you to make an exception for once and return to the past.*

David: It reminds me of so much. I had an upbringing that is normal to a Polish Jew who survived the Holocaust. I grew up in a town in Poland and I did not know anything about the world outside, the cruelty that people can show to each other. To me Poland represents something very tragic and very negative. I have a memory etched in my retina. I am still a child, 13. I was marched together with some 20 Jews to the ghetto. We were guarded by Ukrainian SS-men, because Ukrainians watched our ghetto and helped to exterminate the Jews of our city. We were to bury Jews who had been shot in the Jewish cemetery which was located outside the ghetto and also do other kinds of work for the Germans. I reported for work that day in my father's place, because it was thought that drafted adults were more prone to get shot at the end of the day. But they would not shoot children. We thought. Now as we were marching a gang of Polish youngsters passed by. They started shouting anti-Jewish abuses and throwing stones at

FLASHBACK

Bulletin No. 63

May-June 1984

Current

Sweden

Published by
the Swedish Institute

SWEDEN, AN IMMIGRANT COUNTRY - AS I SEE IT

BY DAVID SCHWARZ

DAVID SCHWARZ IS HIMSELF AN IMMIGRANT, MASTER IN PEDAGOGICS AND EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE JOURNAL SCANDINAVIAN MIGRATION AND ETHNIC MINORITY REVIEW (INVANDRARE OCH MINORITETER) IN STOCKHOLM.

The author would like to thank the sponsors especially in the press:

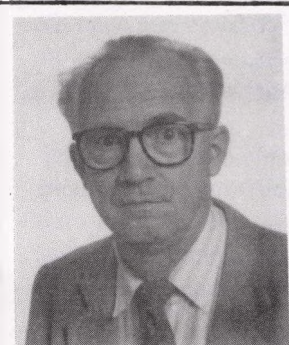
SVENSKA INSTITUTET
BOK FÖR
"I Sida of Stockholm
Bokförl."NO 208
JANUARY 1979
(7)
FÖR FÖRSTÄRKT
ANVÄNDNING

MAGISTER DAVID SCHWARZ

A PIOTRKOVER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF A
PRESTIGIOUS, SCANDINAVIAN
MAGAZINE.

David Schwarz

David Schwarz
Today

During my last visit in Israel, I met a visitor from Sweden, the cousin of Ela and Felek Poznanski. I remembered him well — little Davidek Schwarz from Piotrkow, the younger brother of my friend, who lives now in Copenhagen and is the son in law of the chief Rabbi Melchior of Denmark.

In conversation, David proven to emerge an interesting, elaborate personality. We established contact and he promised to write for the future issues of our Bulletin.

'Not until the moment a package of back issues of his magazine "Invandrare och Minoriteter" and other material arrived, did I realize the immense scope of intellectual and prestigious substance of David Schwarz.

We welcome him into our Piotrkover Brotherhood and are certain that his gifted abilities will be greatly appreciated by all of us.

Ben Giladi



us. Our guards then fired a couple of times in the air to chase them away. That's how I remember Poland!

Of course the Polish is there in me somewhere. I had a happy childhood at home until the war broke out, even though I would be beaten a lot by the boys in the block and in school because I was Jewish. I have some memories from my hometown Piotrkow Trybunalski, where I went to school for the first three years. After all I played with Polish children and spoke Polish as a child. I can't disregard that!

Sometimes I have been thinking it would be good to visit the streets of my childhood, to see the town where I grew up and where I later was locked up in the ghetto. But otherwise the Polish doesn't exist to me.

My Jewishness on the other hand has gradually been enlarged inside of me side by side with my Swedish identity. After 43 years (in 1993) I am well rooted here and an important part of my identity is Swedish. I speak Swedish, I write in Swedish. And that is the positive thing with my Jewish life. You feel that it is an accepted thing in the Jewish group to learn Swedish and to enter Swedish social life. You just stick to your Jewish faith and your traditions.

Now, to go back: The war came. The persecution of us Jews started immediately. Repression and terror followed each other. Then the ghetto, the German razzias for hidden Jews, the labor camps, the concentration camps. Thus I was sent to the concentration camps Buchenwald, Dora, Nordhausen, and Bergen-Belsen, where I was liberated by the British more dead than alive. I did not realize then that I was liberated because one was completely extinguished as a human being, so to speak. I was severely ill: typhus with high fever, tuberculosis, jaundice and a swollen belly.

When I came to life again and could walk, I was sitting outside my hospital block one day, as a truck with Swedish Red Cross staff came by. There were already many youngsters on the truck. Maybe they wanted to bring me to Sweden. I don't know. But I remember it as yesterday. You see, they asked for my name. And I helped them to look for me! And since they did not know that I was I, and they could not find me they went on — without me. I was so weakened, that I did not know who I was!

After the liberation I spent nine years in various hospitals, first in Bergen Belsen. I then went to Poland to look for my family. I already knew my father was dead. But I did not know my mother had been murdered too and that me and two brothers were the only survivors out of a large family. So I went to Poland and the train went on and on. We came to Vilno. Suddenly I was in the Soviet Union. When I then wanted to return to Piotrkow a man shouted at me: "Durak, zdes sovjetskij sojus" (Idiot, you are in the Soviet Union). It cost me great efforts and much time to get away. Well back in Poland I was hospitalized but conditions were so bad. With the help of my brothers in Denmark I escaped back to Bergen-Belsen where we all three reunited. Eventually, I was sent to a Jewish sanatorium in Merano, Italy, run by JOINT.. And from there I came to Sweden in 1950.

The first time here in Sweden I felt only as a Jew, persecuted in all respects. I felt I lived in a hostile world. As a child I had seen such cruelty and evil particularly in the German concentration camps that I did not dare trust anyone. I often had night mares about my experiences during the war i.e. how we were made to march and people who were falling by exhaustion were shot at once by the German SS. Or how we at the end of the war were transported by rail in wagons from one KZ to the other. We

were short of air. People died as flies. It was so crowded that we had to sleep on the dead. The Nazis were so evil. When we were to be evacuated from Nordhausen to Bergen-Belsen we were starved and thirsty. It was so hot that day. We passed a little lake. The SS ordered us to drink. Everyone who had the strength eagerly drank the polluted water and many of them subsequently died during the transport. My father was on that train and saw him die there. Myself, I was marked for death, someone who has almost lost his spark of life — a muselman in camp language. I did not have the strength to drag myself to the lake. That saved me. But still worse were the conditions in Bergen Belsen shortly before the British came. I saw mutilated corpses in my barack, indicating even cannibalism might have occurred among the prisoners there. The Germans wanted to wipe out all traces of their atrocities. — there were corpses all over the place. We had to drag the dead by their hands or feet to a massgrave. It was a very dangerous job for the SS were at our heels all the time and as

we were throwing the bodies down into the mass-grave you had to be very fast, the line behind was long and he who was not fast enough would easily fall down into the grave to be buried alive. Although I was a muselman I learnt quickly the technique to rush to the edge, throw the body and then run to the side to avoid the shoutings and beatings of the SS. And then get the next corpse...."

In Sweden: The meeting with Swedish social engineering and the march towards a life of my own

"According to a dominating Swedish view it is a handicap, a disability, to belong to a different ethnic group than the Swedish one, an alleged disability, a psychic problem, that previously was thought could be eliminated by means of social political measures. I was to experience the effect of this attitude personally as I in 1950 came to Sweden as a "quota refugee" by a Red Cross transport to get medical treatment. After 4 years of care and human concern I was declared medically cured in 1954. I thus no longer needed to stay in the sanatorium.

I was then summoned to a social worker for a talk. I started my conversation by telling her in broken Swedish about my war experiences and how immensely grateful I was to have been brought to Sweden and having received treatment and now to have the possibility to go on to learn a profession and live a normal life. I told her extensively about my prewar, war and postwar life, the losses, the lack of education, yes, all these things that we concentration camp prisoners used to tell those Swedes whose task it was to help us to a new life in Sweden. While telling I frequently interrupted myself to add how grateful I was. I told her about the large crowds that had welcomed us so warmly as our Red Cross train passed the stations on the way to the sanatorium.

The social worker was very kind to me. She asked me to sit down. She called me "herr Schwarz" — an expression I still hardly connect with my own person. And she listened. But as I asked her when I could be let out of the sanatorium she became hesitant, very hesitant indeed. She suggested I would meet with great difficulties to manage on my own in the Swedish society.

In those days there was nothing like early retirement programs in Sweden so she had worked out another plan for my future, she explained. I was to be sent to a place where I would be well taken care of and provided for — for the rest of my life.

I started crying and pleaded that she would give me a break: to get out of the sanatorium so that I could show them I was able to manage in freedom.

It took the board of the sanatorium some time to decide to send me to Gothenburg where I was to pass a psychotechnical test to assess what tasks I was good for. The trip to Gothenburg in itself was a masterpiece of Swedish administrative perfection. Everything was scheduled by the second. I don't think I neither previously nor ever after in my life simultaneously met with so many kind and helpful people as during this trip. I was taken from the sanatorium by taxi to the train, my tickets were ready in advance a taxi waited on the arrival to Gothenburg, the hotel room was booked etc. In due time I was again summoned to the social worker. She informed me

— according to the test results — that I would be able to perform unqualified office tasks. However with the help of my brothers and fellow Jews I managed to get out of the sanatorium. I came to the city of Malmö. I went to the Bureau for the Poor, the Social Welfare Office of those days, to get some support. I was accepted to a "folkhögskola" a school outside the regular school system. Later on I managed to pass my matriculation by correspondance. In 1964 I enlisted at the Stockholm University. Now at last I was able to take command of my life! I think many refugees who, like me, came in the 40'ies and 50'ies made the same experience meeting with Swedish authorities. They were so happy and grateful to arrive in a country that wanted them and wished them well. They dreamt about a future but were soon to hear how difficult it would be for them as foreigners to manage. They would first have to do this and that. And then while obediently adjusting themselves, one day they would discover they had lost much of their original capability and initiative, and that they were stuck in a system (of social engineering)."

Dear David, it has been stimulating to meet with you and a privilege to take part of your experiences. All the best!
Henry Jablonski, January 1998

¹in Swedish the expression has a double meaning: "I can't escape from that"

NYCONFIDENTIAL

A cooperative effort of: Our Town, Manhattan Spirit, Bronx Press Review, Riverdale Review, Queens Tribune, Nassau Community Newspaper Group, Westsider, Chelsea Clinton News, Brooklyn Skyline, Dan's Papers, and The Hill. © copyright 1998 by News Communications, Inc.

Feb. 24, 1998

William Samelson, Ph.D.

26046 Cypress Oaks

San Antonio, TX 78255-3510

Tel/Fax (210) 698-7033

Dear Ben,

Thank you for your note and the copy of the nice epigram. I'm sure the "other" Bill will appreciate your thoughts.

Meanwhile I am getting closer to the publication of **Warning and Hope**, the text for Holocaust studies. Also, this coming Fall, I will be back on the campus of Trinity University to teach some seminars. I have taken leave last year to finish my two manuscripts. Now, that they're done, and in production, I can get back to the classroom. Looking forward to it.

Presently, I am working on a new novel (I'm in the middle of the plot) which is purely historical fiction. I'm having fun with it, because it's different than writing essays or poetry and lets my imagination fly and transcend all boundaries. Sort of like playing a minor god. Ant the tentative title to that one is **The Last Word**. Sounds interesting?

I'm happy to see from the *Voice* that you are as active as ever. Keep up the good work, and let me know when I can be of further service. Meanwhile, all the best from the Samelsons to the Giladis. And for you, a big, brotherly hug,

Bill (Wilek)

Ode To K. Starr

Twinkle, twinkle Mr. Starr,
How we wonder what you are.
Up above of us - so high,
Chasing evils in the sky.
Hand in pocket, smirky face,
Out of reason, out of place.

Twinkle, twinkle Mr. Starr,
What a prudish boor you are.
Forty million down the drain,
All you seek now - is a stain.
So involved in search of smuts
Cutting deals with little sluts.

Twinkle, twinkle Mr. Starr
Now we know just what you are!
Hand in pocket - little play,
In for kill and out for prey.
Bring the feathers, bring the tar.
Wreck the country Mr. Starr!

-submitted by Ben Giladi

This epigram was published recently in 12 syndicated papers listed above.

We can't wait and see the yet another book by Bill Samelson. Please see his book of poetry on the President's desk on "Air Force One".

★ ELECTION '96 ★



My book of poetry,
Near and Distant which
the president read during
a campaign stop at El Paso, TX.

The presidential "bubble" is constant, and constantly moving, from the armor-plated limo to the plush confines of Air Force One, where hearts is the card game of choice. Left, the president, with aides Leon Panetta, Doug Sosnik and Bruce Lindsey, exults over winning a hand.

THE JEWISH PRESS

THE LARGEST INDEPENDENT ANGLO-JEWISH WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Friday, February 13, 1998 • THE JEWISH PRESS •

PO-LIN

POLISH JEWRY YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

BY SHMUEL BEN ELIEZER

Part I

Recently, I visited Poland to see firsthand where my family, much of my culture, customs and language developed and flourished. The trip, sponsored by The Dessau Family Foundation, which is active in the restoration of Jewish cemeteries and landmarks in Poland, with the participation of Mr. Saul Dessau and Ms. Simcha Salach, of Yad Vashem in Israel, explored all aspects of Jewish life in Poland, with a strong emphasis on the history of the twentieth century, and the future of the Jewish community in Poland today.

This trip is the basis for this column which in the coming weeks will present interviews, historical overviews, and reports from different organizations currently active in Poland. Included will be sites to visit, where to find kosher food, a daily minyan, who to contact in New York before going, and who to be in touch with in the various cities in Poland to make one's trip more meaningful.

The subject of the Jewish experience in Poland is associated in most people's minds with the devastating Nazi Shoah of the Second World War. What is less focused on is the rich 1,000 year history of Polish Jewry, embodying major cultural and religious milestones in Jewish history.

According to legend, while the Jews were wandering through northern Europe, a *bas kol* (a heavenly voice) rang



(L-R) Ms. Simcha Salach, director of Keren Yad Vashem, Shmuel Ben Eliezer of THE JEWISH PRESS, and Saul Dessau of the Dessau Family Foundation on their recent fact finding tour of Poland at the Auschwitz concentration camp.

out and said, "Po-Lin" (rest here). That marked the beginning of a millennium of a flourishing history of Jewish life in Poland, including great unparalleled kehillot, yeshivot, and chesed institutions.

The date of the first large wave of Jewish immigration into Poland, following a series of pogroms in western Europe, is traditionally given as 1096. In 1264, the Jewish community was awarded certain privileges in Galitzia, and in 1334 the privileges were extended to all Jews in Poland. The 16th century brought further official acceptance of Jews when in 1551, Jewish leaders were awarded a wide range of judicial and administrative powers. In 1576, King Stefan Batory decreed against accusations of ritual murders, and in 1581, the seeds of Jewish autonomy were

planted when the Jewish parliament (the Sejm) was established, which lasted until 1764.

The Jews of Poland were able to develop a unique and rich culture, despite sporadic pogroms, among them the mass killings perpetrated by Chmielniki's Cossacks (1648-1649), wherein a third of the Jewish population was destroyed. Less than a hundred years later, the Hassidic movement arose, founded on the teachings, philosophy and activities of the Baal Shem Tov. Great yeshivot were built including that of Vilna (the Jerusalem of Lithuania), Mir, Telz, Slabodka and the famed yeshiva of Rabbi Meir Shapiro, Yeshiva Chachmei Lublin. The Vilna Gaon, who lived in the second half of the 18th century, had a profound and lasting impact on world Jewry.

At the beginning of WWII, there were approximately three and a half million Jews living in Poland, comprising ten percent of the total population. Following the Nazi Holocaust in 1945, only 250,000 remained.

Today, after mass emigrations, there are anywhere between 6,000 and 20,000 Jews left. Gone are the small *shtetlach* that dotted the landscape. Gone are the large illustrious Jewish communities of Warsaw, Lublin, Lodz, Ger, Bialostok, Tarnow, Piotrkow and hundreds of others.

In recent years, many people have visited Poland on pilgrimages to see the extermination camps, but a vast majority of Jews will never get to experience the emotional heart-rending scenes where so many of our people perished. When asked why a Jew would want to visit Po-

land, the best answer that can be given was told to me by Mr. Saul Dessau, "When you go before a judge as a witness, he asks: 'Did you see these things with your own eyes, or did you get it second-hand from books?' I can now testify that I have seen with my own eyes and can bear witness to the Jewish experience in Poland."

Friday, February 20, 1998 • THE JEWISH PRESS •

PO-LIN

POLISH JEWRY YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

BY SHMUEL BEN ELIEZER



The dictum not to forget what happened during the Holocaust must never fade. The remembrance of the horrors the Nazis perpetrated against the Jewish people is relevant not only to Jews, but for the conscience of the world at large if humanity is to progress.

Almost a day doesn't go by in which I don't come across an article written by Holocaust revisionists,



Shmuel Ben Eliezer of THE JEWISH PRESS meeting with President Mgr. Andrzej Pol of Piotrkow.

people who not only have convinced themselves that the Shoah never happened, but who are waging a campaign to spread their views worldwide.

One way to combat the trend towards trivializing, whitewashing and minimizing the Holocaust, is to assure that the sites where the atrocities took place

are identified and permanently marked with monuments memorializing the victims.

During my recent trip to Poland, I was shocked to find that there is very little mention of the fact that the Jewish people were the specific victims of the German policy of extermination. This policy was evident in all the extermination camps I visited. In Auschwitz, site of the greatest mass killing of Jews in history, there is very little mention of Jews. The long gallery of portraits of victims are of those of Poles. Although some of the photos are of people wearing yellow stars, one would have to read carefully to find any reference to Jews. A similar lack of Jewish identification of the victims is evident in Birkenau and Maidanek. Large crosses greet visitors at Treblinka. The Israeli President, Chaim Herzog, dedicated a special museum to the Jewish martyrs of Auschwitz, but if someone wants to, he can ignore it completely.

While on my visit to Poland, I was able to take part in negotiations between the Dessau Family Foundation and the President of the city of Piotrkow concerning the erection of a monument in memory 600 Jews and 39 Jewish children who were murdered in the woods outside of Piotrkow.

President Mgr. Andrzej Pol was very friendly and in previous meetings with Robert Dessau and Ben Giladi, had already agreed to set aside a plot of land for the monument on the side of the road near where the massacre took place. There was some discussion about the exact location of the proposed monument and how to resolve the usual red tape involved. Simcha Keller of Lodz provided much help in clearing the legal aspects of the process. Simcha is a very active community leader for the Jews of Lodz and has in the past participated in many of the events in Piotrkow organized by the Dessau Foundation.

One of main concerns raised by President Pol was that the Jewish monument would interfere with another monument to Polish soldiers who had been killed by Russians near the same site. Mr. Saul Dessau in-

sisted that the original site be honored, seeing no purpose in the alternate proposed site that nobody would ever see.

The President said that this was the first that he had ever heard of the project but Mr. Dessau was able to produce faxes sent by his officer of urban planning, who also was present at the meeting. The faxes showed the original proposed text for the memorial in five languages.

Later, on a tour of the site along with Mr. Kruz, the Vice President of Piotrkow (who was also present at the meeting), Mr. Dessau again insisted on the proper placement of the monument.



(L-R) Mr. Saul Dessau of the Dessau Family Foundation; Ms. Simcha Salach of Yad Vashem; Miriam Gonczarska, journalist for the Polish Jewish magazine Jidele; and the vice president of Piotrkow, Mr. Kruz, examining the site of the proposed memorial to the Jewish victims of Piotrkow.

Other works that have already been completed in Piotrkow are the clearing of the Jewish cemetery of rubble, construction of walkways, and the building of the Ohel of the great Tzadik Rabbi Chaim David Bernard. Plaques have also been placed at various points throughout the city commemorating important points of local Jewish history.

Friday, March 13, 1998 • THE JEWISH PRESS •

PO-LIN**POLISH JEWRY
YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW****BY SHMUEL BEN ELIEZER****Finding Our Roots In Poland****Part II**

Since the movie "Roots" gained popularity some years back, there has been a surge in general interest in exploring one's family's background. Jews have always had an interest in tracking their family trees and tracing their *yichus*. We have always been a proud people, proud of our heritage and our ancestry. I have personally known my family history since childhood, going back seven generations, and to go further back, I've been able to find answers in Hasidic tales and history.

But there are many people who have encountered the proverbial brick wall when searching for their family history, or whose family histories have vanished in the black hole of the Shoah. Although it is true that the records of Jewish life were destroyed during the war, some were preserved.

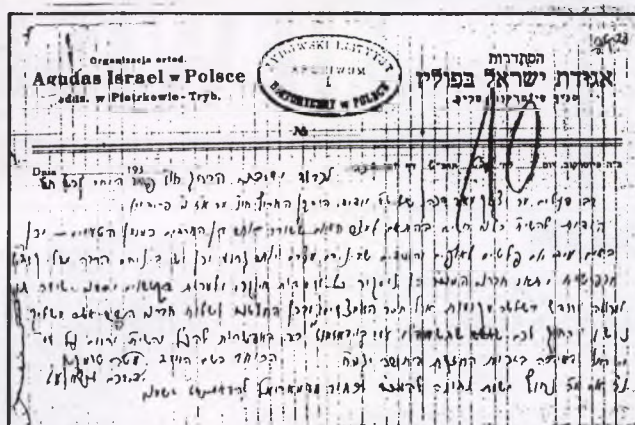
With the disintegration of Communism and increased accessibility of travel to Poland, many records and even entire archives came to light. Not everything was destroyed by the invading armies; a surprising amount of material survived, even from the small towns and shtetlach.

Since the fall of the Iron Curtain, many people have been traveling to Poland and gathering the bits and pieces of what is left of the thousands of once proud Jewish communities there. In most cases, the material is considered Polish property and not allowed to be removed. That is why there was such enthusiasm this past week at a reception for the publication of a new book by Miriam Weiner, the first of its kind, cataloguing all the existing archives in Poland.

Miriam Weiner has done a great service to anyone interested in Polish Jewish genealogy and history. Her book, "Jewish Roots in Poland, Pages From the Past and Archival Inventories," published in conjunction with YIVO, acts as a guide through the mysteries of the archives that still exist today.

The book, the first in a series, provides in-depth coverage of major archives including the State Archives, the archives at Auschwitz and Majdanek, and the famous Ringlebaum Archives at the Jewish Historical Society in Warsaw. Twenty-eight towns and cities are covered in depth as samples of what can be found. The maps, bibliography, pictures and histories are invaluable to anyone interested in the Jewish history of Poland. Also included are a list of archival holdings by town which provide information on Jewish related topics.

Very often, it is possible to find archives containing birth/death/marriage/divorce certificates. Others might have hospital or school records, tax lists, or immigration lists.



Letter dated 1938 from Agudath Yisrael of Piotrkow to distribution center in Lodz asking for matzot for Pesach. The document is one of the many that has survived the war. It is currently found in the Warsaw Archives.

One of the most fascinating archives is located in Warsaw's Jewish Historical Institute. This archive contains memoirs of 7,000 survivors collected immediately following the war. It also holds documentation from the ghettos of Krakow, Bialstok, Czestochowa, Lodz and others. Its library holds some 60,000 volumes and 10,000 pictures and its Judaica museum houses 11,000 objects ranging from religious items to material dealing with the Bund.

Its research division employs historians, archivists, researchers and preservationists. They are constantly receiving requests for information about people, places and events. They do their best to answer everyone but they can only give out information on material in their archives. There is no specific fee for their services, but they gladly accept donations that go towards the preservation of the deteriorating material.

Yale Reiser, an American, is of particular help to English visitors to the institute. Mr. Reiser, working for the Ronald S. Lauder Foundation in New York, has been instrumental in locating previously uncatalogued genealogical material. During my visit with Mr. Reiser, he demonstrated the painstaking process of sorting, preserving, and computer cataloging that is done with countless documents.

I gave him the name of a friend's family who was in the Warsaw ghetto and on the spot he was able to give me a copy of the page of the phone book with their name, confirming the address that we had for the family. He promised to follow up with research and send me any additional material he might find. Mr. Dessau, with whom I had the pleasure of traveling, was more successful in his search. He received a copy of his birth certificate and a survivor registration form signed by his brother.

There is no telling what can be found in the various archives pertaining to one's personal history. The book by Ms. Weiner is a tremendous help without which most people would not even know where to begin researching their family roots.

DOS JIDISZE WORT**WARSZAWA**

Janek Jagielski guides a tour the Warsaw Jewish Cemetery.

PO-LIN

POLISH JEWRY
YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

BY SHMUEL BEN ELIEZER



Crosses Loom Over Treblinka

Treblinka. The mere mention of the name Treblinka brings chills to anyone aware of its history. Treblinka was the final destination for approximately three quarters of a million Jews. The proficiency with which it operated was so great that it was given the designation of a death factory.

Though in operation for only some 15 months, from July 23, 1942 - October 14, 1943, it was the largest camp set up by the Nazis for the extermination of European Jewry. Jews were transported to Treblinka by train from 11 different countries all over occupied Europe. The exact number of people killed at Treblinka is not known, though Judge Z. Lukazaszewicz, who conducted an investigation of the camps, estimates the number at 800,000, a figure that is accepted today.

The camp known as Treblinka was in actual fact two camps. Treblinka One (set up in December 1941) was a slave labor camp where the prisoners were political as well as Jews. They worked in the gravel pits until they were used up physically, then were killed either by being shot, gassed or they died of starvation and exposure. According to Judge Z. Lukazaszewicz, 10,000 people worked in the slave camp and a full 70% perished at the hands of the Nazis, 90% of whom were Jews.

Towards the end of operation, a prisoner revolt

destroyed the barrack buildings but all of the participants were killed. The Germans, trying to hide their crimes against the Jewish nation, destroyed the rest of the buildings and plowed over the fields. Today, there is no trace of the horror that occurred there.

There are no remains of gas chambers, crematoria or barracks at the site of Treblinka today. There is only a memorial to the martyrs. At the site of the gas chambers and crematoria is a huge monolith surrounded by 17,000 standing stones cemented in the ground, and at the slave labor camp there is a red sandstone monument to those who perished at the gravel pits.

The one feature missing from Treblinka is a detailed descriptive sign explaining the horrors perpetrated there. If you don't come prepared with a guide or guidebook, there is no way of knowing what this place signifies. But even more disturbing is the nature of the memorials found at Treblinka 1. At this haunting site of the most horrific manifestation of evil and anti-Semitism in world history, is a large sandstone block surrounded on all sides by over 200 crosses, memorial markers to the "Poles who died there". Some even have names and signs of being cared for with candles and flowers. In front



Mr. Saul Dessau of the Dessau Family Foundation examining one of the over two hundred well maintained crosses with candles and flowers at Treblinka.

of it all is a large cross made from logs of a tree. Nowhere is there mention of the Jewish victims. We were

chain. What was missing was the connecting generation.

Most of the older generation had either moved out of Poland or given up their Jewishness under the Communists. The younger generation are the children of these alienated Jews.

Everywhere I looked I heard stories of people who, until only a short time ago, didn't know that they were Jewish. Some found out about their identities from parents on their deathbeds who felt a need to acknowledge their Judaism at their last moments. Others found out only by going through family papers after a death in the family.

The most heartrending stories are told by some of the newfound Jews whose parents gave them up to Gentiles during the Nazi era. They experienced a crisis when they found out that those whom they had always thought of as their families, and the Christian faith they had believed in for so many years, was a sham. They are in fact, Jews whose real parents died in the Holocaust. These are the people who make up the Jewish population in Poland today.



During a visit to Piotrkow, the last remaining Jew came out with town officials to tour the Jewish cemetery. (L-R): Shmuel Ben Eliezer; Miriam Gonczarska from Warsaw; Simcha Salach of Yad Vashem; Saul Dessau of the Dessau Family Foundation; Mr. Reuven Hipzer, the last remaining Jew of Piotrkow, the cemetery caretaker; and Mr. Kruz, Vice President of Piotrkov.

told that the reason is that, "no Jews died at the slave camp. They only were killed at the extermination section of Treblinka."



Mr. Saul Dessau of the Dessau Family Foundation and Simcha Salach of Yad Vashem walking through the memorial at Treblinka II near the stone commemorating the victims from Radom who were killed there.

Mr. Dessau of the Dessau Family Foundation became enraged on hearing this preposterous explanation. He told how a cousin of his, Shmulik Uszerowicz, had escaped and made his, Shmulik Uszerowicz way to Piotrkow and recounted his experiences at Treblinka. All reports written on Treblinka verify that the victims at the slave labor camp were largely Jewish. Even the very impressive monument at Treblinka 2 makes no mention of the Jewish victims.

When I questioned Marian Tursky, one of the

founders of the economic news magazine *Politika* who had been touted as a leader of the Jewish community since right after the war, he said, "Didn't you see the Menorah at the top of the Monument?"

To be honest, I missed it, and so would most people. My guess is that most people would also not see it perched on top of the monument, in the form of two hands reaching to the sky, the fingers of the hand forming a semblance of a menorah.

Mr. Dessau has decided to correct this deplorable situation and has made the memorial of the Jewish victims at Treblinka a top priority. To this end, he is initiating contact with the Polish authorities as well as organizations in the U.S. and Israel who are involved in these issues.

• THE JEWISH PRESS • Friday, February 27, 1998



day. An ongoing debate has been brewing since the end of the war, about the future of Polish Jewry.

Most people who hear about Jews living in Warsaw are shocked that any Jew would want to remain in a place so drenched with Jewish blood and horror. There is a strong cry of, "We have to do everything possible to get them out." For the poor, isolated Jews, this is definitely true.

Some people who survived and escaped Poland after the war, such as Mr. Saul Dessau of the Dessau Family Foundation, go so far as offering to pay expenses to help lone survivors move to Israel. Mr. Dessau has tried to help the last remaining Jew in his home town of Piotrkow, Reuven Hipzer, move to Israel so that he can spend his last remaining years among Jews, but to no avail. Mr. Hipzer is set in his ways, living on his memories and resigned to the idea that when he dies, the Jewishness of Piotrkow will die with him.

For the younger generation, the issue is far more complex. They have spent their entire lives as Poles more than as Jews. They are steeped in Polish culture, literature and history. Their language is Polish, not Yiddish or Hebrew. They feel attached to the land as much as American Jews feel attached to theirs.

There is a resentment felt when anyone tries to strongly convince them to move to Israel or the U.S. When pushed, however, some are brought to tears and one young lady admitted that she was angry at her parents for not making the decision to move away after the war.

Maximilian Schnepf, a decorated army hero, who was a leader in the Jewish community after the war, said in an interview in a Warsaw hotel that he had made a tremendous mistake in not urging all Jews to leave Poland. He said that the Poles hate the Jews and will never change. Despite his medals and honors, he is still discriminated against.

• THE JEWISH PRESS • Friday, March 27, 1998

PO-LIN

POLISH JEWRY
YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

BY SHMUEL BEN ELIEZER



Jews In Poland Face Dilemma: To Stay Or To Emigrate?

America is a melting pot of a variety of ethnic groups, with immigrants coming from nearly every country in the world. When they visit their native lands overseas, more often than not, they come across people with the same surnames with whom they share a common heritage. Jews whose families stem from Poland, on the other hand, are lucky to find the smallest trace of their ancestry.

In most of the towns that were once home to thousands of Jews, where Jews were often the large majority, there is no one left. In other towns there is only one Jew, a sad lonely old man, who is paraded out by the town officials, like a relic from the past, every time a tourist asks about the town's Jewish heritage.

This is not to say that there are no Jews left in Poland. There are, in actual fact, anywhere between 6,000 to 20,000 Jews left in Poland. Rabbi Michael Shudrich, who runs the programs for Jews on behalf of the Ronald S. Lauder Foundation, expressed the arithmetic simply, "At the end of the war, there were an acknowledged 250,000 Jews in Poland. If even 90% left, that would mean that there should be 25,000 who remained and had children. So 20,000 could be a very conservative figure."

When I went to *shul* on Shabbat, there was something strange in the atmosphere. There were the older people speaking Yiddish and familiar with the traditions, who had survived the war. In contrast to them were a group of younger people who had to follow Rabbi Shudrich's directions as he called out the page numbers and directions, in a style familiar to anyone who has ever attended an Outreach Shabbat. There seemed to be a link missing in the

מזל טוב

מזל טוב

WEDDING BELLS

We extend our most sincere Mazal Tov wishes to M&M Chaim and Rose Weinrib of Brooklyn on the marriage of their grandson Avi to Ayala Yurman. Congratulations to the proud parents Yonah and Miriam Weinrib.
Relatives and Friends.

ENGAGEMENT

Mazal Tov and Yichulim Levavyim to M&M Shlomo and Elisheva Henig of Givatayim on the engagement of their daughter Ronit.
Shefa Brachot to the proud grandparents, Dr. & Mrs. Henryk and Cesia Henig and Shmuel and Rachel Bar-On.
The entire Family and Friends.

BAR MITZVAH

We extend our best Mazal Tov wishes to Mrs. Lila Kaminska-Rosenberg of Boston on the Bar Mitzvah of her grandson Sam. Congratulations to the proud father, Dr. Abe Borenstein.
Relatives and Friends.

We convey our heartfelt Mazal Tov wishes to Mark (Monus) and Libby Rubin of Lake Worth, Fla. on the Bar Mitzvah of their grandson David. Lots of Naches to the proud parents, Deborah and Max Rudman of Boca Raton.
Relatives and Friends.

GRADUATIONS

We proudly extend our most sincere congratulations to Mrs. Helen Henig of Miami on the graduation of her grandson, Dr. Hanifa Jones of Tucson, Arizona from medical school. We also convey our congratulations to the proud mother Ida.
The entire Family and Friends.

SHMONIM - W'AD MEAH W'ESRIM!

Mazal Tov and best wishes to Fishel Liberman of Frankfurt on his 80th Birthday Anniversary.

YECHULIM LEVAVYIM!

Relatives and Friends.

ואיחולים

ברכות

לרב ישראל - מאיר לאו שליט"א - הרב הראשי לישראל ורעייתו להולדת הנכדה, בת לרב דוד לאו - הרב הראשי למודיעין ורעייתו.

GOD BLESS THE THIRD GENERATION

We extend our most heartfelt Mazal Tov wishes and Yechulim Levavyim to Rav Israel Meir Lau Shalita, the Chief Rabbi of Israel and Rebetzin Chaya Ita Lau on the birth of their granddaughter.

Shefa Brachot to the proud parents, Rabbi David Lau, the Chief Rabbi of Modi'in and his wife.

We wish them Osher W'Osher!

Bnei Yir of Piotrkow.

We convey our most heartfelt Mazal Tov wishes to M&M Arthur and Renee Poznanski of London on the birth of their granddaughter Orit (Olivia Claire). Congratulations to the proud parents, Angela and Clyde Mann of Mountain View, California.

We wish all of you a lot of Nachat!
Relatives and Friends.

It is with great happiness that I announce the birth of my new grandson Max Chambers Kimmelman, son of Gene and Caroline.

Max is named after his grandfather Mordchai (Mietek) Kimmelman. He was born on October 27th, 1997 in Washington D.C.

Mira Ryczke-Kimmelman.

We all extend our best Mazal Tov wishes to Mira, Gene and Caroline.

We wish them Nachat and Happiness!

Relatives and Friends.

Mazal Tov and most sincere wishes to M&M Juda and Fay Rosenblum of Miami on the birth of their grandson. Congratulations to the proud parents, Dr. & Mrs. Saul Rosenblum of Audburn, New York.

Relatives and Friends.

Editor's Note: On the next page we reprint an article reflecting a writer's view on the life in Israel 27 years ago.

Life goes on and changes all the time... Things are a little different nowadays in Israel... and also in New York.

It is up to the readers to draw their own conclusions...

FEB.-MARCH
1971

PIOTRKOV AND VICINITY SOCIETY INC.
IN NEW YORK
פֿיעטרכאָו און אומגעגנט סאָסייטעט אין ניו-יאָרק
BULLETIN

#24

ONLY IN ISRAEL

Ben Giladi

When Mark Twain visited Israel about a century ago, he wrote of "forbidding desolation". Sadly, he pictured erosion, malaria - infested swamps, and a degrading living standard of the natives.

Today, well - today Israel is an exciting, ever - changing civilization. It's days are filled with unique happenings; things that could never happen elsewhere.

It is not my intention to recall here all the glorious facts about the country. They are very well known. However, there is a certain "something" about the life in Israel that melts our hearts. Where once the prophets trod as they wended toward Mount Tabor, now a warm, human life of a new generation is pulsating vigorously.

And all this of course leads to certain impressions.

"A glezl varms" literally translated from Yiddish means "a glass of warmth" but actually it means a glass of hot tea.

Almost every guest is treated by the Israelis with a glass of tea (or coffee). With the beverage the guest also receives warmth, attention and the special feeling of being welcome.

An appointment is not necessary. You could drop in to a friends house if you feel like it without any prior announcement. Thus a "glezl varms" is more than a glass of tea. It is sympathy, fellowship good conversation, mutual interest and understanding.

Doors in Israel have no peepholes.

A door is opened without hesitation - regardless of who is standing behind it. Adults and teenagers walk freely at night. the sound of footsteps behind you mean just another fellow being late. Shadows in the streets are cast by lamp-poles not by muggers. The many parks in Israel are full of people even on late evenings, as it used to be in New York's Central Parks many years ago.

Have you ever been to a Piotrkover Hazkarah in Israel?

A few hundred people gather every November in Tel-Aviv to commemorate the martyrdom of our brethren. The program itself is very impressive. Excellent speakers, striking personalities, gifted cantors and artists attend the event.

The most impressive however, are the people. A general feeling prevails that once a year it is so very good to meet with friends and "Landsmen". There is a spark of interest in the relationship. Piotrkover arrive from all over the country to meet and to remember.

It could be like this in New York...It should be like this in New York.

But it isn't - why?.. *

Everyone who visited Israel has a place that he likes most. Of all places Tel-Aviv seems to be the most memorable.

Tel-Aviv is a city to enjoy. You can swim in its' Mediterranean waters, lie on its beaches, boat on the Yarkon River, and sample the shops, theatres, cafe's museums, and listen to concerts in the beautiful "Heichal Hatarbut".

...There is no better moment than Sabbath early evening, when people walk the famous Dizengoff Road. The sidewalk cafe's are packed and the scent of "falafel" hangs distinctively in the air. You'd see the young soldiers on leave, full of zest with smiling faces holding hands with their girls...You have never seen its equal for brightness and happiness...

It is believed that many of us would like to live in Israel. However, this is an extremely difficult decision to make...We are all torn between the deceiving economic and security factors on one side and the emotional and traditional bonds on the other. The proverb "You can't have everything" is exceedingly true regarding this issue.

Nevertheless, it is a safe guess that future events and happenings in this world will in a way have a substantial influence in resolving this crucial decision.

* Until 1982, there were two separate, feuding Piotrkow Societies in New York.

LETTERS

Dear Ben,

I have been busy writing for public lectures on film and psychoanalysis quite stimulating though time consuming on top of my office hours. And also my private life emerges better now.

I enjoyed your paraphrase on Twinkle twinkle little star.... and it just goes on and on... how far can narrowmindedness and moral hypocrisy reach. Maybe NASA could use it as fuel for the next major space project. The moon certainly seems within reach..... What will Latin Americans, Africans, French, Russians, Chinese, Japanese think of this? Bureaucratic demimondes that are allowed to disturb so much!! It is a pity Clinton has made himself vulnerable. There are various forms of addiction. And this one is preferable to Jeltsin's and mild in comparison with that of other leaders.

I have been thinking of what it would be like to organize local editorial groups of the Voice all over the world, consisting of first, second, why not third generation...In this way there could be some continuity and fact-gathering. There could be Letzte najes from many places and in all three languages., maybe parallel translations, which could bridge the gap between the generations.

Wishing you all the best for Pesach, l' shanah haba....

— Love Henry —

(From a letter of Dr. H. Jablonski)



BEN GILADI
THE VOICE OF PIOTRKOV
SURVIVORS
135-30 82 ND AVE
KEW GARDENS, N. Y. 11435

Przedbórz, dnia 25 lutego 1998 roku

Za radą Pana Władysława Hartmana z Piotrkowa Trybunalskiego w imieniu Zarządów: Towarzystwa Przyjaciół Przedborza i Przedborskiego Stowarzyszenia Wspierania Przedsiębiorczości, których celem jest szeroko rozumiane wspieranie rozwoju Przedborza, ośmielamy się zwrócić do Pana - jako miłośnika ziemi piotrkowskiej - z prośbą o rozważenie możliwości nawiązania współpracy w interesujących Pana i nas projektach.

W kręgu naszego zainteresowania są między innymi konkretne działania wspierające obecnych i byłych mieszkańców Przedborza w województwie piotrkowskim w ich poczynaniach zmierzających do uzyskania lub odzyskania obiektów z przeznaczeniem na działalność gospodarczą i inną wspierającą rozwój miasta.

Zdaniem naszym niezbędnym jest także stworzenie warunków dla zebrania, zabezpieczenia i ekspozycji pamiątek świadczących o dorobku poprzednich pokoleń.

Umożliwi to potomkom dawnych mieszkańców Przedborza poznanie „małej ojczyzny” swoich przodków, a szczególnie narodowości żydowskiej, którzy przed 1939 rokiem stanowili około 80% ogółu ludności.

Z ustnych informacji wiadomo nam o istnieniu w Szwecji organizacji skupiającej żydów przedborskich. Chcemy z nimi nawiązać współpracę.

Ośmielamy się również prosić Pana o pomoc (w miarę możliwości) w ustaleniu adresów współwłaścicieli lub ich spadkobierców zabytkowej kamienicy przy Rynku w Przedborzu (strona 8 załączonego przewodnika).

Z uwagi na położenie tego obiektu, część pomieszczeń pragniemy uzyskać (po odszukaniu właścicieli) na potrzeby działalności statutowej.

Z jawnych ksiąg wieczystych ustaliliśmy, że współwłaścicielami są:

1. Abram Himelfarb syn: Chaima Himelfarba i Idesy Gestman, urodzony dnia 27.10.1901r w Opocznie (2/8 części);

2. Basia Itka Zyskind córka: Mendla Zyskind, urodzona dnia 14.05.1889 roku w Przedborzu (1/8 część).

Mamy nadzieję na Pana pomoc i oczekujemy odpowiedzi.

Z wyrazami szacunku:

W załączeniu:
Przewodnik „Ziemia przedborska”

Prezes TPP
Jan Stomewski

Prezes PSWP
mgr Henryk Basiński

**PRZEDBORSKIE STOWARZYSZENIE
WSPIERANIA PRZEDSIĘBIORCZOŚCI**
97-570 Przedbórz, ul. Mostowa 29 p. 5
tel. (0-44)812261-65 wew. 14 fax (0-44)812180

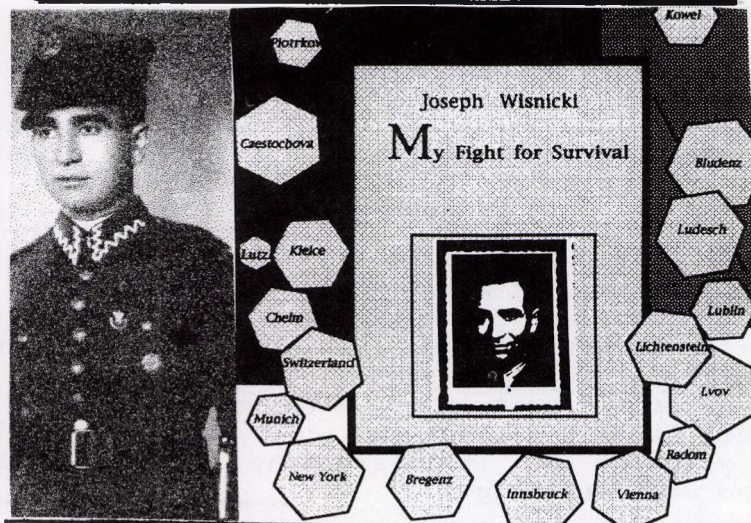
Who knows of any survivors of Przedbórz named Himelfarb, Gestman or Zyskind?

Częstochowa Piotrkow

My Fight for Survival

Bludenz

The unique story of Joseph Wisnicki as told by the author, who posed as a Pole in Austria, includes an impressive roster of original documents & photos. Originally from Częstochowa, he served in the 25th "Pułk" in Piotrkow and was later briefly in the ghetto there. His wife Lorraine survived the Treblinka deportations in the Piotrkow Ghetto.



Jahrl: 1-115 Dr. Dr. /a

Om Raimentidatien obse Juhl
und Raimentidatien an Raim.

Der Landrat des Reiches Bludenz
Gesundheitsamt

Antsarztliche Bestätigung.

Bludenz, den 10. September 1944.

Der Volkspole Wisnicki Josef, geboren 2.10.1910, wurde am 10.9.1944 durch die Stadtpolizei Bludenz wegen Verdacht jüdischer Abstammung verhaftet.

Sowohl die ärztlichen Untersuchungen als auch diejenigen der Geheimen Staatspolizei in Innsbruck ergaben keinerlei Anhaltspunkte, dass Wisnicki ein Jude wäre. Derselbe wurde daraufhin von der Geheimen Staatspolizei wieder zu seiner Arbeit entlassen, nachdem er 3 Wochen in Untersuchungshaft gewesen war.

One of the
rare
documents!



Antsarzt:

[Signature]

English Translation of the Official Medical Confirmation

The Polish National Wisnicki Josef, born 10/2/1910, was arrested by the City Police of Bludenz, as a suspected Jewish descendant.

Both, the official medical examination, as well as the one from the Gestapo in Innsbruck did not established, that Wisnicki would be a Jew.

Therefore, he was released to his work, after being 3 weeks in custody for investigation.

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

Joshua Horowitz
Haydnsgasse 1
A-8010 Graz, Austria
Tel/Fax (011-43-316) 82-45-98
email: horowitz@mail.styria.com

Dear Mr. Giladi,

2.4.98

I read about your activities as publisher of *The Voice* in Der Bay. My ensemble is presently working on a CD of the music of Piotrkow with Majer Bogdanski, so I would very interesting in reading your publication. Please let me know how to get a copy and bill me pro forma I can pay by American check, though I live in Europe. As we have a rather hectic schedule, I would like to ask that you send me any info as soon as you can. Do you have a telephone number also?

Thank you in advance. Sincerely,

Five latest issues of the "Voice" were sent to
Mgr. Horowitz in Austria at once



אונזער פארלוסטען

We announce with great sorrow the passing of
Mordecai (Marek) Halperin
who died recently in Israel.
We extend our sincere condolences to his entire Halperin and Goldlust Family.
Relatives and Friends.

We deeply mourn the passing of
Harold Jakubowicz
who died recently in Miami.
We convey our deep sympathy to his wife and the entire family.
Adam and Rochelle Kaminski & Family
Relatives and Friends.

We are deeply saddened by the passing of
Rózia Lipszyc nee Bogdanski
who died recently in Sweden.
We express our sincere sympathy to her daughters Sala Zyskind, Mania and the entire family.
Rachela Gomulinski-Eckstein & Family
Relatives and Friends.

Sad news arrived from Israel that
Zvi (Heniek) Blachman
died recently in Ramat Gan.
We extend our condolences to his wife, children and the entire family.
Relatives and Friends.

On the fifth Yahrzeit of the passing of our dear husband, father and grandfather
Moshe Tarko

We all pay tribute to his Memory.
His wife Minna, daughters Shirl and Sarah and their families.

DAYS OF REMEMBRANCE

The solemn commemoration of the 55th anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising will take place on Sunday, April 26, 1998 at 1 PM at Congregation Emanu-El 65th Street & Fifth Avenue, New York.

HAROLD JAKUBOWICZ Z. L.

Hershel (Harold) Jakubowicz left Belchatow for the United States just shortly before the war. His cousin, Morris Kaminski left Piotrkow and reached America on the eve of World War II. Both came as visitors to the 1939 World Fair as tourists. Harold served in the US Armed Forces and after the war became one of the leaders of the Belchatow Survivors. His quest was to perpetuate the Memory of the Belchatow community. His cousin Morris passed away a few years ago. Harold died a few weeks ago. He was an avid reader of the Voice and a warm, responsive human being. ICHIE ZICHRO BARUCH! BG.

We are deeply saddened by the passing of our friend

Joseph Gomolinski
who died recently in Montreal.
We extend our deepest sympathy to his children, sisters Barbara and Hela and the entire Family.
Israel and Elli Krakowski, NY
Relatives and Friends.

We deeply mourn the passing of
Genia Rose nee Kurtz
who died recently in Australia.
We convey our deepest sympathy to her husband Jolek, children and the Family.
Relatives and Friends

We have received sad news that
Jacob Zlotnick
died recently in Los Angeles.
We extend our condolences to his son John and the entire family.
Relatives and Friends.

We vividly remember our dear husband, father and grandfather
Max (Mietek) Kimmelman
on this sad, eight anniversary of his death. He is being missed by all of us.
In Loving Memory,
Mira Ryczke-Kimmelman - wife
Benno, Gene, Joy and Caroline
Kimmelman - children
Melanie, Michael and Max Kimmelman - grandchildren.

On the second Yahrzeit of the passing of our beloved husband, father, brother and grandfather

Idel (Idek) Gomolinski
we all pay tribute to his blessed memory
Wife Esther, sons Irving, Julius and Reily, sisters Barbara and Hela, and their families.

-IN MEMORIAM-



Other VOICES *New Cracow Friendship Society*

MIAMI

shepsochy

I heard about the Cracov Reunion from the very impressed Luise Gotthelf, who was present at this joyful event. So, I asked the prolific Norbert Friedman, their secretary to write down his impressions and he gracefully complied. The news that Roman Weingarten received a special Merit Award made me quite happy! I do admire Roman for his many virtues and especially for his splendid writing and editorial skills. This Society possesses a great sense of values and their achievements are immensely impressive!

Techzakna Yadechem! BG.

CRACOW

FRIENDSHIP

A MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF THE NEW CRACOW FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY
Roman Weingarten, Editor



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

Dear Ben,

I take great pleasure in congratulating you on the extensive reportage on your life, on your activities and your dedication to the cause of remembering the Holocaust and particularly your home town of Piotrkow, published in the Jewish Week of May 9, 1997.

I join the Jewish Week in its admiration and praise for the role you play in the survivors community as editor of your publication *The Voice of Piotrkow Survivors*.

I thank you for sending me the "VOICE" and am looking forward to the next issue with anticipation

Sincerely yours,

Roman Weingarten
Roman Weingarten

President
MICHAEL KLUGER

Vice Presidents
ALL BUKIET
MAX HILFSTEIN
HENRY TENENBAUM

Treasurer
MILTON HIRSCHFELD

Secretary
NORBERT FRIEDMAN

Comptroller
VICTOR LEWIS

Board of Directors
IRVING BADNER
PHILIP BUKSBAUM
HENRY DORTHEIMER
HELEN FINDER
NORBERT FRIEDMAN
CAROLA GREENSPAN
MELVIN REICH
ERIC SCHNEIDER
EMIL SIEGMAN
SIMONE HILFSTEIN
BERNICE SLUTZMAN

ROMAN WEINGARTEN
SAM WERTHEIM
HENRY WIENER
LARRY ZELLNER

Founders
RICHARD ABRAHAMER
ELIAS FRIEDMAN
BEN GEIZHALS
ROMAN GUNZ, z.l.
MAX HILFSTEIN
VICTOR LEWIS
STEVE MORROW
ZIGMUND MORROW
EMIL SIEGMAN
DAVID TVERSKY
MANEK WERDIGER
SAM WERTHEIM
LARRY ZELLNER

Honorary President
STEVE MORROW

Past Presidents
BEN GEIZHALS
RICHARD ABRAHAMER
ROMAN WEINGARTEN
LARRY ZELLNER
MILTON HIRSCHFELD

On Wednesday February 25th 1998, the New Cracow Friendship Society at a Gala Dinner Dance at the Aventura Turnsbury Jewish Center, in Aventura Florida, celebrated a Reunion of Survivors from Krakow and vicinity. Three hundred and sixty people attended, one hundred and twenty were turned away for lack of accommodation.

That what a basic press release, reporting the event would look like, nothing in it would indicate to you the true scope and significance of what transpired that evening.

Three hundred and sixty Survivors, a great number from regions other than Krakow, gathered to be with each other to exchange the latest news about themselves and their families, to "Shep Naches" from each other's accomplishments and to make a statement: "Mir Senen Du" And a statement they made, a resounding declaration about our vitality, about our zest and love of Life despite its trials and tribulation. Despite ordeals that would have turned other people into bitter, cynical and asocial generation.

At this particular occasion the statement was made in a resounding manner: with our feet; The dancing to two excellent orchestras lasted from five-o'clock in the evening until late into the night. The dance floor hardly able to accommodate the swirling couples or the whirling circles of hora dancers.

The beat of the music momentarily washed away the ballast of years and once again the dancers were away in the weightless joy of their youth.

The statement was made by our fealty to our comrades and to our collective memories: people were searching out friends or acquaintances of friends who came from far away places such as Canada and Germany to exchange recollections and the latest news.

The elegance and the dignity of the evening was punctuated by the declarations of welcome by the reunions Chairman, Sam Wertheim, by the associate dinner Chairlady, Sally Tellerman and by the excellent concise account of the New Cracow Friendship Society's accomplishments by its president Michael Kluger.

The highlight of the remarks was the presentation of a special award to Mr. Roman Weingarten, a past president of the Society for his contributions of many years, especially for having been the Editor of the Society's News letter and for being chiefly responsible of that publication's accepted excellence.

A telegram from the Jewish Community Center of West Hempstead of which Mr. Roman Weingarten is a member was read. The wire cited Mr. Weingarten for his many contributions to the West Hempstead community, especially for his involvement as the co-chairman of its Holocaust Education Committee.

All in all, for me and I am sure for all others, this was a most memorable event, one the recollection of which I will cherish for years to come.

"Ja tam Byłem, miód i wino piłem....."

Norbert Friedman.

(SECRETARY)

O ZAGŁADZIE — W IZRAELU —

PO POLSKU

„Zamyślenie w Sodomie”

Natan Gross

Orły nad Morzem Martwym
krążą drapieżne, uparte;
Orły nie wiedzą może,
Że to morze jest martwe. . .

Tu kiedyś tłum się tarzał
W rozpuście, grzechu i błocie.
Tu swoją moc pokazał
Stwórca — hołocie.

Pod górę idzie się droga,
Co w słońcu lśni, jak złota.
Tu swą niewieścią ciekawość
przyplaciła drogo
Małżonka Lota.

Tam wyżej, sterczą jak dłonie
Ku niebu ruiny Maśady.
Jeszcze dziś od nich wionie
Widmem zagłady.

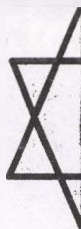
Tam w dole — Martwe Morze
— grzeszników pogrom straszliwy.
A nad nim, w górze — mój Boże!
Sodoma Sprawiedliwych.

Przez wieki, Naród Zmora,
kroczyliśmy po cmentarzach.
Sodoma i Gomora!
Sodoma i Gomora!
Historia się powtarza. . .

Wiodły historii nas drogi
Przez setki Sodom i Gomór,
Poprzez pogromy, wojny, pożogi
Aż do gazowych komór.

Ażeśmy w ciężkiej chwili
Chwycili za stęgi i bagnety —
Kochali i ginęli,
Ginęli i walczyli
I bili gdzie popadnie.

Niczego nie zapominam.
Przeszłość mnie ściga echem —
Póki tejmańska dziewczyna
Nie spłoszy jej uśmiechem.

NATAN
GROSSPoeci
i SzoaObraz
Zagłady
Żydów
w pozycji
polskiej

כ"ז בניסן יום הדיבור
לשוואה ולגבורה

Baczyński Balinski Bau Bleibradek Biren-
baum Borowski Borwicz Broniewski Dolega-
Szczepański Ficowski Gelbard-Czajka Gal-
czyński Gebirtig Ginczanka Gross Grynberg
Henefeld-Ron Herman Iwanluk Jastrun Kar-
mel Lec Lobodowski Młozz Nehlen Ney Pan-
kowski Passierb Piechak Pielak Rozenfeld Ró-
żewicz Sarnecki Slezak Stolimski Stendig
Szlangel Sztab Szymborska Szyper Tuwim
Weiss-Natan Vogler Weintraub Wierzyński

30 April 1998

Yom Haatsma'ut

After 40 Centuries,
it's great to be 50

Natan Gross: - Born and educated in Cracow, living in Is-
rael since 1950. Poet, essayist, film director and produ-
cer, translator, journalist, satirist, performer...
He is also my friend and I immensely cherish this friend-
ship. Natan writes a steady column for Friendship, the
US Cracov Society's magazine where he chronicles the out-
standing achievement of the vibrant, great Cracov Irgun
in Israel. His latest, magnificent achievement was the
splendid Anthology of works by the great bard of the Je-
wish people, Mordechai Gebirtig. BG.

LETTER FROM NATAN GROSS

Mój Drogi Beno: Dzięki za list i za "Voice", (Nr. 7). Tak
jak ty, mnie z przyzwyczajenia, (po starej znajomości),
"podziwiasz", tak ja za każdym nowym numerem "Głosu Piotr-
kowian" - rosnę w uznaniu. Wyobrażam sobie, (zresztą wi-
dzę), jaką Piotrkowianie mają "fajkę" z twego pisma i
jak na każdy numer czekają. To jest literacki i histo-
ryczny materiał dużej wagi - to po nas zostanie!
Mnie oczywiście najbardziej interesują wspomnienia ale
z przyjemnością czytam twoje wstępniaki i inne recenzje.
Gdybym tak umiał pisać jak ty, byłbym wielkim dziennika-
rzem...Nota bene: przeczytałem ze zrozumieniem ten twój
"Twinkle, twinkle Mr. Starr". O tym Hippie też zgrabnie
napisałeś, co mnie cieszy-to że ciągle jeszcze masz po-
czucie humoru, rytmu i melodii - to lubię - na tym polu
się spotykamy. Widzę że zamieszcili fraszkę na łamach kil-
ku pism - a więc kontynuuj, pisz satyry - to dobry towar
i dobra wprawka literacko-filozoficzna i satyryczna. Ty
masz ten nerw... Uściśnij małżonkę i czuj się uściśnięty,
Z serdecznością, Natek

New Cracow Friendship Society



Photo left: the Society's President, Michael Kluger honoring Roman Weingarten.
Photo right: Roman with his wife Helena and daughter Bernice Slutsman. Congratulations!
(Please see the preceding page).

Other **Tel Chai**
Newsletter
VOICES HADASSAH - Spring 1994
VOLUME XLII

— EDITORS' WRAPUP —

We are approaching a quarter of a century since founding Tel-Chai. Twenty five years have passed from the time we first met at the home of Eta Wrobel. Wide-eyed and eager, we listened to Irene Ruza, then the vice president of Queens Region who was in charge of organizing new chapters. As she explained to us the workings of Hadassah, Eta the experienced and efficient hand in leadership of the Bronx Hadassah chapter and newly settled in Queens, instilled in us the incentive and enthusiasm for that organization. We embarked on the task to fulfill what we were obliged to do, namely to give our all to Hadassah, the medical organization which not only helps the sick and infirm in Israel, but in addition reaches out to young Jewish people all over the world with the desire to establish for them a base enriched with education and work skills in Israel.

Hadassah, the largest women's organization reaching a total of four hundred thousand, is a compelling voice in the infrastructure of American life.

While attending to family obligations and coping with teenagers at home, we nevertheless managed to fulfill Hadassah's task and assignments. The membership meeting were conducted in the evenings at the Queens Jewish Center. At that time, the streets were safe and the neighborhoods crimeless. We looked forward to our meetings which provided a break in our daily routine. We knew that we will come away from these gatherings energized and stimulated. It was a time to rejoin old friends and establish new friendships. Our common link was for the sole purpose of helping our brethren in Israel.

While we continued our business of Tel Chai and were so socially intertwined - comfortable and secure in our own world, events in Israel began to arouse grave concerns. The Seventies brought the Munich Massacre and the Yom Kipur War. The Eighties brought the Lebanon Encounter and the Intifada. The beginning of the nineties brought the Gulf War scud

Paula Mandell



missiles. Currently, however, we are experiencing a spark of hope, leading to the prospect of light at the end of the very dark and long tunnel, the Peace Agreement on which rocky road the Arabs and Israelis are trotting and often limping is a hopeful beginning.

All throughout the above mentioned decades, we were working tirelessly, our bond stronger, our enthusiasm not waning, though we met our obligations to Hadassah, our hearts were full of empathy for the mothers who lost their son defending the land, for the victims of terrorist attacks, for the hardship of absorbing the many immigrants from Ethiopia and Russia. We joined with our brethren and were vocal toward those who expect the Jews to exemplify the G-d given morals only to be continuously victimized in return.

We take pride in the Jew of today who is no longer meek and cowering in the face of prejudice and injustice. We take pride in the valiance of Israeli soldier, in the democracy of the land, in the contribution of its citizens to other nations in the field of medicine, technology, agriculture, art and literature. Flash back to the days of yore and you will remind yourselves how many Jews shared their talent, their skills and enriched the lands of diaspora - their host countries - only to be shunned and exploited when no longer needed. Israel changed it all. Happy and grateful to those who stay in the forefront of the world Jewry, we reach out through Hadassah to our brethren, although a small token yet very meaningful to us. Twenty five years have passed, still with our eyes toward the East, our bond strong; we will never tire.

By Paula Mandell

IN TRIBUTE TO THE FOREST HILLS HADASSAH - A STORY OF VALOR AND DEDICATION,
 WRITTEN BY THE LONGTIME EDITOR OF THEIR NEWSLETTER, THE PROLIFIC PAULA MANDELL

Sam Skura

New York, 3/21/98

Dear Ben;
I am receiving your "Piotrkow Voice" for which I am very thankful.
I think this is the best informative "Voice" from all the survivors magazines.
Continue with you good work,
Chazak W'ematz!

Sam Skura

(Sam Skura is the Vice Chairman of the International Society for Yad Vashem and an Editorial Board member of their excellent bi-monthly periodical, "Martyrdom and Resistance").

מזל טוב

GOD BLESS THE THIRD GENERATION
We extend our most sincere Mazal Tov wishes to M&M Ann and Saul Celnik of Flushing, NY on the birth of their twin granddaughters, Marti and Cara. Congratulations to the proud parents, Joyce and Paul Levine. Stella and Michael Kolin, NY Relatives and Friends.

(Ann Celnik is the Chairperson of the Ladies Auxiliary of WAGRO and one of its founders)

MUSINGS

To realize the value of one year: Ask a student who has failed his final exam.

To realize the value of one month: Ask a mother who has given birth to a premature baby.

To realize the value of one week: Ask an editor of a weekly newspaper.

To realize the value of one day: Ask a daily wage laborer who has 10 kids to feed.

To realize the value of one hour: Ask the lovers who are waiting to meet.

To realize the value of one minute: Ask a person who has missed the train, the bus or the plane.

To realize the value of one second: Ask a person who has survived an accident.

To realize the value of one millisecond: Ask the person who has won a silver medal in the Olympics.

Time waits for no one. Treasure every moment you have. You will treasure it even more when you can share it with someone special.

Mr. Ben Giladi
c/o Shengold Publishers, Inc.
18 West 45th Street
New York, NY 10036

RONALD S. LAUDER
SUITE 4200
767 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 10153

Dear Mr. Giladi,

March 19, 1998

I apologize for the delay in writing to thank you sending me a copy of "A Tale of One City" which is most impressive. I am very touched that you should dedicate it to me, and I am proud to have it as a valuable addition to my ever growing library!

Sincerely,

Thank you so much for your kind words and thoughts.

Ronald S. Lauder
Ronald S. Lauder

109 Rockford Road
Willowdale, Ontario
Canada M2R 3A9

Dear Ben;

February 15, 1998

You have asked me several times to write something for the publication, and indeed I have started more than once to transcribe the tapes my father, Chaim Goldstein, made before he passed away 8 years ago, into an article. However, each time I start to write, I stop after a few lines. You all understand that grief has no time limits. One day I will sit down and do it, I am certain.

On a more pleasant note, you and my father's friends will be pleased to know that in the recent municipal elections held in Toronto I was elected Public School Board Trustee. In fact I won by over 2000 votes!

This was my first entry into political life, although I am a career civil servant. The area of Toronto I serve, North York Spadina, is the community in which I have lived almost since my family moved here from Winnipeg. I am sad that my father wasn't here to celebrate the occasion of my victory. He would have been my most avid supporter, and my most enthusiastic canvasser. I understand that he was active in the Jewish Labour Bund--a powerful influence in Jewish life in Poland, and in municipal government in Piotrkow, especially. He told me about Yacov Berliner and Shlomo Gomberg, two selfless leaders who epitomized the soul of the Bund. He loved them dearly, and I believe that he grieved for them all his life, no less than I grieve for him.

We remember them all by our good deeds.

Sincerely,

Chaim (Goldstein) Ankowsky

Mr. Ben Giladi
135-30 82nd Ave.
Kew Gardens, New York 11435

ESTHER COHEN
3628 SOUTH ECHO TRAIL
PLANO, TEXAS 75023

Dear Ben,

March 1, 1998

It was a pleasure speaking with you about Piotrkow and learning more about my heritage and, in particular, listening to things that you remembered about my parents, Ruth and Saul and their lives before and after the war. You have helped fill in some of the gaps.

Thank you so much for the book about the history of Piotrkow. I can see that it was truly a labor of love. I am also learning much more from the copies of the newspaper that you have sent. I would like to continue to receive issues as they are printed. Please find enclosed a donation to help defray some of the costs that you are incurring.

My husband Nat and I are planning to be in New York early in June and, if you are available, we would like to have the opportunity to meet with you. It would probably be on Thursday, June 4th. I will call you once we know for sure.

Give my regards to the Dessaus.

(Esther is the daughter of the late Shulim Maltz and Rutka nee Uszerowicz.)

Generation to Generation: The Legacy Continues

Last summer I went to Piotrkow and Lodz with two friends to see where my mother and her family lived before the war and to meet the family Tworek that saved my grandparents, by hiding them in an underground hole on their property from 1943 to 1945. Below are the letters I wrote to that family after my visit. In addition to being about my visit and my family's story, the letters, I think, speak to the predicament of a generation born after a catastrophe like the holocaust.

Throughout their lives my grandparents stayed in touch with the Tworek family whom they called "Our Poles." I met one of the daughters who was a teenager during the war. (The parents are no longer alive.) The first letter is to her and her family, and the second letter is to another branch of the family.

Lisa Garbus

Dear Zofia and Irek,

Thank you for everything you did for me and my friends when we were in Poland: Thank you for being such kind hosts and showing us around and translating. But most of all, thank you for understanding--patiently, quietly--the purpose of my visit. You didn't need to ask a lot of questions or hear lengthy explanations. Immediately you knew and understood, as if you could read it inside me, the strange task I had to carry out: to return once again to a time and a place I'd never been to, but that I've inherited across a generation and an ocean; to reconcile the past with the present so that there can be a future; to confront both the extreme tragedy of history and the profound dignity and humanity of some in the face of that tragedy. You understood perfectly, and perhaps that's because in some way, you share that task with me, and together we can better accomplish it. I am so happy to have met you, and I send you

All my love, Lisa

Dear Zofia, Mieczysław, Dorota, and Łukasz,

Thank you so much for welcoming me and my friends so warmly! We had a wonderful time in Piotrków, and we couldn't have dreamed of better hosts.

It was a great honor to meet you and to remember with you the generation that is no longer with us and to rediscover the connection between our families. "Connection" is too weak a word--I should rather speak of the love between our families, for our parents' and grandparents' story is a love story that, by itself, can make up for thousands of stories of hate; a love story of the kind that makes life worthwhile.

Today, thankfully, we don't have such dramatic ways to show that love: its expression is more subtle, and we risk less. We make small, daily decisions, not grand, historic ones. But still, I think it is our responsibility to continue to act out of love.

So I thank you for maintaining not just the connection between the families, but I thank you also for maintaining that basic love of humanity that our parents and grandparents taught us. You honor the memory of that generation and serve as an example for me as I try to do the same. Dziękuję bardzo.

All my love and best wishes, Lisa

Historia jednej rodziny

W Piotrkowie Trybunalskim zakończyły się zdjęcia do filmu „Jakub kłamca”. W rolę Żydów, esesmanów i niemieckich żołnierzy wcieliło się kilkuset mieszkańców miasta, a staromiejskie uliczki i rynek „zagrały” żydowskie getto. Starszym piotrkowianom przypomniały się lata wojny, to, co wtedy działo się tutaj naprawdę.

Tutejsze getto, pierwsze w Europie, wcale nie było otoczone murem i ucieczka z niego wcale nie była niemożliwa - komentują i krytykują to, co robili filmowcy. Oczywiście, nie znają scenariusza, nie wiedzą, że nie chodzi o piotrkowskie, a o getto z jakiegoś innego polskiego miasta. Ale to są, prawdę mówiąc, szczegóły. „Jakub...” przywołał też innego rodaka - wspomnienia, skłonił do refleksji, porównywania tego, co samemu się przeżyło, z opiniami, jakie usłyszeć można i w Polsce, i za granicą.

Takie właśnie refleksje sprawiły, że dr med. Eugeniusz Biadała, mieszkający teraz w Gdyni, zdecydował się

opowiedzieć historię rodziców swojej żony. Historię nie tylko ich własną, ale też żydowskiej rodziny Łańników.

Janina i Kazimierz Tworekowie mieszkali przed wojną w małym, drewnianym domku przy ul. Sulejowskiej, do którego przylegał duży ogród. Znali dobrze Goldbergów, których córka Natalia wyszła za Henryka Łańnika z Łodzi i tam się, jeszcze przed wojną, wyprowadziła. W czasie wojny jednak, wraz z mężem, wróciła do swoich rodziców.

Jest koniec września 1943 roku. Piotrkowskie getto ma zostać zlikwidowane, a Żydzi wywiezieni do obozów zagłady. Dowiadując się o tym Łańni-

kowie i uciekają. Wieczorem pukają do drzwi rodziny Tworek i proszą, by ich przyjąć i przechować.

Tęś opowiadał mi o tym wspomina Eugeniusz Biadała. - I pytał: „Jakbyś ty się zachował w takiej sytuacji? To znajomi i czy można było zamknąć im drzwi? Przecież to by było nieludzkie.” Wpuścił ich więc do domu. Sądził, zresztą, że to na kilka dni. Ale stało się inaczej.

Jeszcze przed wybuchem wojny Kazimierz Tworek wykopał za domem dużą ziemiankę, niewidoczną z ulicy. Jej dach stanowiły deski nakryte ziemią z rosnącymi krzewa-

mi. rura wentylacyjna ukryta była w krzaku agrestu, a wchodziło się do ziemianki podnosząc podłogę w budzie psa. Tam właśnie ukryto Łańników. Spędzali w ziemiance całe dni i dopiero po zmroku mogli wyjść do ogrodu i do domu - porozmawiać, odetchnąć świeżym powietrzem, rozprostować kości.

Ziemianka była ich mieszkaniem do stycznia 1945 roku. Po wyzwoleniu wrócili do Łodzi, a później wyemigrowali do Izraela. O swych wybawcach pamiętali. Janina i Kazimierz Tworekowie z ich inicjatywy wyróżnieni zostali medalem „Sprawiedliwi Wśród Narodów Świata”.

MARIUSZ JAKUBEK



Piotrkow Ghetto 1941.
- Nacha Laznik holding -
little Esther.



Piotrkow 1987. Henoch
and Nacha Z.L. visitors
from Israel.

Ed. Note: In October of 1942, Henoch and Nacha Łańnik, the daughter and son-in-law of Itzie Mayer Goldberg went into hiding. Their little daughter Esther was hidden in Warsaw. Here is the moving story of their survival as told by their granddaughter and also by the story below.

Fragments of Memory

• The Boys •

TRIUMPH OVER ADVERSITY

The Story of 732 Young Concentration
Camp Survivors

Zvi Dagan (Młynarski), the owner of a large firm in Ashkelon, became a subscriber of the "Voice" not long ago. At the time I knew only that he is a relative of the late Tulek and Heniek Młynarski but otherwise I didn't remember him. After reading his story in the "Boys", and seeing his photo (below), I suddenly, vividly recalled a certain moment in time:

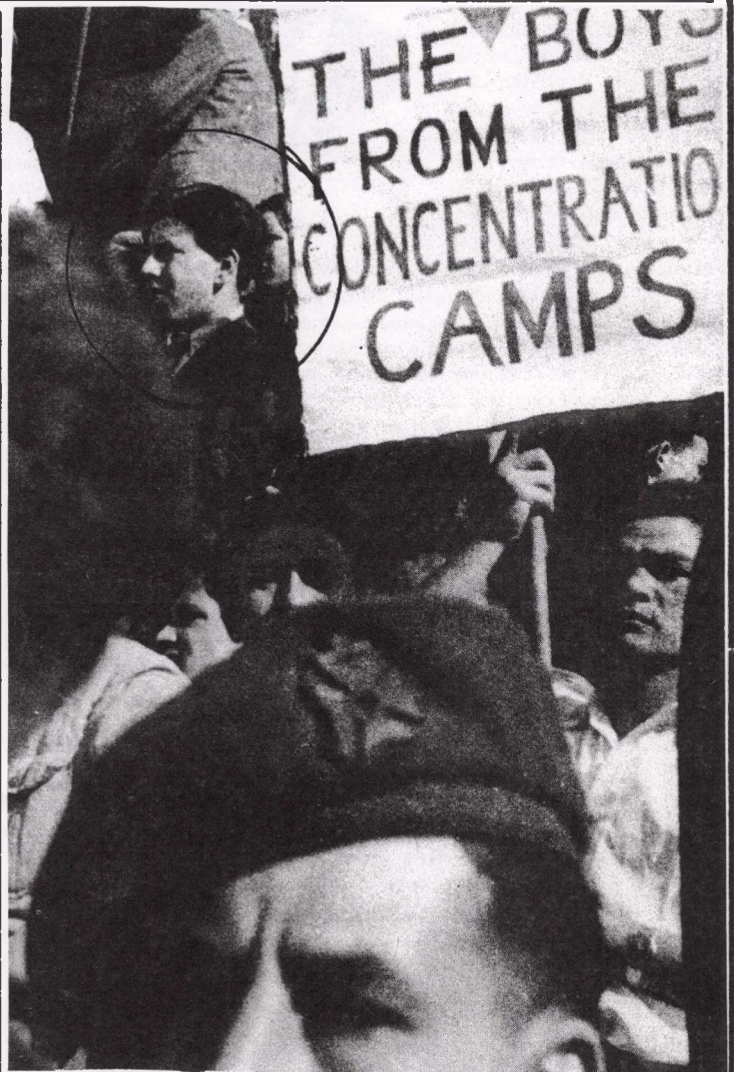
The deportations of October 1942 to Treblinka. The Hortensia glass factory. The little "wanna" where large jars and perfumery bottles were produced on the Edelman-Marchlewicz shift. I worked at the "ciągownia", (moving line) with Raphael Winogrodzki (now in Israel). We sorted out the newly made glass products into crates. The boy, Hershel Młynarski, working for "majster" Szczypiorski delivered bottles from the luftpress machine to the "ciągownia". The molten glass from the oven was carried by Moniek Herszlikowicz, (he died years ago in Haifa). Ziutek Goldblum, (now in Israel), working for "majster" Trojan, delivered big jars. One of the "luftpresses" was handled by Jewish workers only. The "majster" was Heniek Cukier, who died years ago in Australia, the molten glass carrier was Wilek Samelson (Prof. William S. now in San Antonio). His brother Roman, now in Houston, was the blower. The deliverers were Artek Poznanski, now in London and Lalek Russ. Yes! I remember it well! BG.
(P.S. Some years ago, I tried to contact the other boy in the photo, Moniek Buki, the brother of Franka Buki, my friend. He never responded...)

Arthur (Artek) Poznanski, a few days away from his fifteenth birthday, was also working in the Hortensja glass factory at the time of the deportations, as was his twelve-year-old brother Jerzy (Jerzyk). On returning to the almost deserted ghetto of Piotrkow, which had been reduced to just two and a half streets, surrounded by barbed wire – 'the most derelict and dilapidated streets in the shabbiest part of the town' – he was handed, by a member of the Jewish ghetto police, 'a note hastily scribbled by my mother in pencil on a small scrap of paper. As I opened it and began to read, I was stunned by the realisation that my parents and youngest brother Tadzio had been deported. My legs buckled under me. Collapsing on a large stone which prevented me from falling to the ground, I was overcome by grief which cannot be described. The day seemed to turn into night. Sudden shivers, a constricted gullet and a cold sweat assailed me before all seemed to recede into the distance, a state of shock. It took a long while before I could move or even think with any clarity. Looking with disdain at my few possessions, which included a leather briefcase containing my stamp collection, I thought bitterly: "No parents, no home, no money and a younger brother to look after; what am I going to do?"

'Overcome with grief, and feeling completely helpless and abandoned, I was convulsed by uncontrollable sobs. Not knowing where to turn or what to do I must have been just sitting on that stone for hours, crying. Between sobs and through the mist of tears I read and reread like a sacred and most precious scroll my mother's farewell note: "We are being taken. May God help you; as we cannot do anything more for you. And whatever may happen, look after Jerzyk. He is but a child, and has got no one else."

'I'll try! – I thought – yes, I'll try, but how? I am so helpless myself in this cruel and hostile environment, unable to even take care of myself. How can I protect him? In a vain attempt to regain some self-control I mentally tried to reason with myself: "Crying and grief for what cannot be undone or altered will not solve any problems. Be a man! And a tough one: even tougher than your tormentors if you want to survive. You have to come to terms with a situation you cannot control or influence." At the time I was glad that Jerzyk was still in Hortensja working the next shift.

'Eventually, some hours later my sobs subsided and my tears ran dry. My eyes were very red, but dry. Curiously, after that day my eyes stayed dry for over thirty years, in spite of many painful, harrowing and traumatic experiences. Oh yes, many times I bit my lips till they bled, screamed and writhed in pain and sobbed, but I was unable to shed tears. I do not know why. Maybe all my tears ran dry on that day in October 1942 in the "Little Ghetto" of Piotrkow.¹⁷



17. The boys join in a demonstration in Trafalgar Square, in protest against a British army raid on Jewish settlements in Palestine, and the continuing British restrictions on Jewish immigration to Palestine. Holding the placard is Alec Ward, from Parysow, who now lives in London. At the very top of the picture, next to the placard, is Zvi Dagan (formerly Młynarski), from Piotrkow, who now lives in Israel. Below him is Moniek Buki, from Piotrkow, who now lives in the United States.

List z Bergen-Belsen

Do ostatniej gabloty muzealnej na wystawie „Żydzi piotrkowski”, już po jej otwarciu, które odbyło się 25 września 1997 roku przy okazji uroczystego odsłonięcia tablic poświęconych historii i martyrologii ludności getta piotrkowskiego, dołożono kilka drobnych dokumentów. List pisany ołówkiem na dawno żółtym papierze, trójjęzyczne (czesko-rosyjsko-angielskie) zaświadczenie tożsamości, wydane przez Czesosłowacki Urząd Repatriacyjny i prostokątny kawałek lnianej tkaniny z napisem: **K.L. BUCHENWALD TEREZIN 94.851**. Na tym ślad pieczęci urzędu repatriacyjnego.

Dokumenty przetarte, sklejone przezroczystą taśmą, która pozostawiła bure plamy, ale czytelne. *Imię a przyjmni* (imię i nazwisko) – **Chaim Henig, Den, misto narozeni** (data i miejsce urodzenia): **18.9.1915 Piotrkow, povolani** (zawód): **dentista, Misto urceni** (kierunek wyjazdu): **Piotrkow i data: 12.VI.1945**. Zaświadczenie i numer obozowy z Konzentration Lager Buchenwald sklejone ze sobą.

List napisany po polsku ładnym, czytelnym pismem: *Belzen-Bergen 12.VI.45 r. Najdroższy mój Heńku! Jestem zdrowa w Bergen, gdzie znalazłam moją najdroższą siostrę Helę. (...) Możesz sobie wyobrazić moją radość, kiedy dowiedziałam się (...), że jesteś zdrow i że przez cały czas dobrze się trzymałeś (...), co zamierzasz zrobić? Ja rejestruję się na powrót do Piotrkowa, jak również cała nasza rodzina. Pamiętaj, jeżeli możesz, to przyjedź do mnie, chociaż droga jest b. uciążliwa (...) Przeszłam tyfus, na podłódze i o zimnej wodzie, ale czuję się już cudownie. (...) Twoja mama z Belą zostały prawdopodobnie w Częstochowie, a moja Mama została w Oświęcimiu i dotychczas nie możemy Jej Znaleźć. Czuje Cię mocno – Twoja Ce-*

sia P.S. Blokowa nasza wyjeżdża do Czech i przyczeka mi przesłać Tobie list.

Przy tych dokumentach sprzed pięćdziesięciu lat leży mała paszportowa fotografia i list pisany obecnie, po uroczystościach odsłonięcia tablic pamiątkowych na Starym Mieście, na cmentarzu i na budynku synagogi – siedzibie WBP. (...) *Dnia 25.09.97 r. byłem obecny jako delegat z Izraela w Piotrkowie podczas odsłonięcia tablic pamiątkowych. (...) Po wyzwoleniu Europy od wojsk hitlerowskich znajdowałem się w obozie*

TeresinStadt w Czechach. Po niedługim czasie – w warunkach nie do opisania – wróciłem do Polski do naszego wyteśknionego miasta Piotrkowa Tryb. Pracowałem w Przychodni Stomatologicznej i na stanowisku inspektora socjalnego (zastępcy) miasta Piotrkowa i byłem członkiem Komisji Finansowej z kolegą śp. Dr Różyckim. Pracowałem do wyjazdu do Izraela (1957.3.19). Stęskniony za naszym Piotrkowem, za bliskimi, serdecznymi Przyjaciółmi, odwiedzam nasz gród (...) od 1957 roku już po raz czwarty. Cenię bardzo ten ser-

deczny stosunek wobec mnie. Życzę wszystkim za serdeczność i gościnność wiele zdrowia, pomyślności i szczęścia i spokoju. Dr Henig Henryk, Ramat-Gan, Israel.

Dwa listy pisane po polsku, rozdzielone ponad połową wieku. Jeden to znak życia i poszukiwanie tych, co przeżyli, drugi to wspomnienie przyjaciół i podziękowanie za serdeczne przyjęcie, a w obu tęsknota za Piotrkowem, za serdecznymi przyjaciółmi. Cesia to żona Heniga. Mieli szczęście, byli młodzi, przeżyli. Przebywali w Piotrkowie do listopada 1944 roku jako przymusowi robotnicy w fabryce (tartaku) na Bugaju. Kiedy na początku maja 1945 roku, po wyzwoleniu obozu w Terezynie, ktoś z przybyłych w te stro-

ny znajomych powiedział dr Henigowi, że widział w Częstochowie jego Matkę, nie uwierzył. Mówił mi: *...jak mogłem uwierzyć. Tylu młodych umarło, tylu na moich oczach. Jednego dnia jeszcze z nim rozmawiałem, a drugiego patrzę, a on leży na stosie martwych. A tu stara, siwa kobieta przetrzymała to wszystko i Niemcy jej nie zabili? Niemożliwe...*

Dopiero kiedy otrzymał list od żony i przeżył pierwszą radość ocalenia bliskiej osoby, postanowił ruszyć do Piotrkowa na to wezwanie: (...) *Pamiętaj, jeśli możesz, to przyjedź do mnie, chociaż droga jest bardzo uciążliwa... I była rzeczywistość. Wycieńczony przebyty tyfuszem głodowym, jechał prawie dwa tygodnie, na węglu, na tendrze parowozu, aż dotarł do Piotrkowa i tu nie wiedział, dokąd się udać. Zmęczony i otepiały szedł ulicą Wojska Polskiego i do dzisiaj nie wie, dlaczego wszedł do kamienicy pod nr 65 i skierował się do*



H. Henig wciąż tęskni za Piotrkowem.



Pamiętka sprzed pół wieku.

pierwszych drzwi. Otwarł je, a za nimi stała **Jego Matka**.

Wtedy dopiero uwierzył, że cuda się jednak zdarzają. Pani Henigowa przeżyła pracując przymusowo w jakiejś fabryce częstochowskiej, skąd już w styczniu 1945 roku powróciła do Piotrkowa i czekała z taką samą nadzieją, jak wszystkie matki. A potem była praca w Piotrkowie i tu urodził się syn doktora Heniga i dzisiaj tam, w Izraelu: *...wie pan, w domu to my z synem rozmawiamy tylko po polsku...*

Marcin Gąsior

LETTER FROM BERGEN BELSEN

A few additional documents were enclosed to the Holocaust Exhibit at the Piotrkow Museum on Sept. 25th, 1997, by Dr. Henryk Henig of Ramat Gan.

A yellowed letter, written by pencil, an identity card issued in Theresienstadt, and an I.D. tag with Dr. Henig's Buchenwald number.

Here is the text of the yellowish, crumbling letter: "Bergen Belsen, 12 June, 45 My Dearest Heniek! I am in Bergen Belsen feeling all right, where I and Pola found our sister Hela...I was so happy to hear that you survived and are well. What do you think to do next? I intend to return to Piotrkow. If you can, please come to me...I had typhus laying on the floor and doused with cold water but somehow I am still alive and feeling well...Your mother and sister probably survived in Częstochowa. My mother was last seen in Auschwitz but so far, we can not find her.* Kisses and embraces, your wife Cesia."

Dr. Henig also enclosed his present explanation. After liberation, he returned to Piotrkow, where he lived with his wife and their newborn son Slawek-Shlomo until 1957 working there as a dentist. He visited Piotrkow 4 times since then. He also described quite movingly how he re-united with his mother and sister after his return to Piotrkow. (Translated excerpts of the above article).

* Cesia's mother, Ita Gelade passed away in the Auschwitz infirmary on the day her letter was written...

SPOTLIGHT

Ridger —
receiving
award —

The National Council of Christians and Jews will honor Mira Kimmelman of Oak Ridge with this year's Religious Service Award at a dinner Tuesday, Dec. 9 at Second Presbyterian Church on Kingston Pike in Knoxville.

The dinner begins at 6 p.m. The cost per dinner is \$25, and reservations have to be made by calling the office of the National Conference of Christians and Jews at 588-8911 before Saturday, Dec. 6.

Seven East Tennesseans will be honored during the dinner. According to Virginia Anagnost, executive director of the National Council of Christians and Jews, Kimmelman is the first recipient from Oak Ridge.

Kimmelman, a survivor of the Holocaust, has been lecturing in churches and schools throughout East Tennessee for the past 25 years. Her "Echoes from the Holocaust" was published by the University of Tennessee.

She was nominated for the award by Gilyan Gerda Schmidt, associate professor of Judaic Studies at the University of Tennessee.

Anagnost said the decision to honor Kimmelman with the award was not based solely on her book.

"The book was a part of the decision. Beyond that, she's been teaching people about the Holocaust for the past 30 years," Anagnost said. "She is known throughout East Tennessee for her efforts to educate other in this area."



Mira Kimmelman

Anagnost said Kimmelman had demonstrated the award's purpose.

"This award is given to people who through their religious faith have provided exemplary service across the religious, ethnic and racial lines of their community."

She and her husband, the late Max Kimmelman, moved to Oak Ridge in 1964.

She has two sons, two grandsons and a granddaughter.

Kimmelman has been teaching at the Beth El Religious School for the past 33 years.

Kimmelman is a past president of the Southern Region of Hadassah and twice served as president of the Oak Ridge Chapter of Hadassah.

She also served as president of the American Field Service in Oak Ridge and was president of the United Nations Committee of Oak Ridge for eight years.

She is presently serving her third year as president of the Jewish Congregation of Oak Ridge.

— NOVEMBER 28, 1997 —

Editor's Note: The above article is quite impressive! Mira Kimmelman-Ryczke, the wife of the late Max (Mietek) Kimmelman of Piotrkow is a prolific personality and a frequent contributor to our "Voice". Her latest Project is to erect a Memorial in her home town Gdańsk - a commemorative plaque where the ancient Synagogue "Mattenbuden" once stood and where her Family once prayed.

Kol Hakavod -

M A S H E N O T A R

Our compatriot, the gifted writer and poet, Shayek Podlovski did it again! His latest volume of his originally Yiddish poems was published recently in Hebrew. The verses in a great translation by Yakov Besser retained their full meaning and beauty in rhyme and rhythm. Shayek writes in such a special way that is so easy to convey. For me, when I translated a few of his poems into English, the feeling was pure joy and quite rewarding. What makes this volume so special, are the splendid illustrations by his son Marian Podlovski. Again, our praise and our highest regard to you Shayek! It is a honor to be your friend! BG.

S. Podlovsky

Whatever Remained

Translated from Idish by Yaakov Besser

Illustrated by Marian Podlovsky, Vancouver, Canada

השער והתמונות: מריאן פודלובסקי, ונקובר, קנדה

הספר יצא לאור בסיוע קרן עמ"ס, לשכת הנשיא

וארגון יוצאי פיוטרקוב בישראל

ובחסותו של "עמך" - המרכז לתמיכה נפשית וחברתית

בניצולי השואה והדור השני

הוצאת "מורשת" - בית עדות ע"ש מרדכי אנילביץ

תל אביב 1998

ש. פודלובסקי



ז. פודלובסקי

מה שנותר



BOOK PASSAGE

In the
Mouth
of the
Wolf

An End . . .
and a
Beginning

by Rose Zar

Only one task remained. I had to go back to Piotrków. I had to return to the city of my childhood: to my house, to my courtyard, to my street. It was the only way of putting a seal on my past. I had to see it once more to know that it was really gone.

And so I went back to Piotrków, to the Judengasse, the old Jewish section of the city. As I walked through the empty cobbled streets, I remembered what they were like ages ago, before the war. I remembered the perpetual crowds that filled the shops, the courtyards, the market stalls, the tiny one-room synagogues. The whole district pulsed with life. Now these same streets were deserted. The only sound was the echo of my footsteps . . . that and the sigh of the wind.

In the courtyards mountainous heaps of trash lay piled like debris in the wake of a natural disaster. Everywhere I looked I could see the ragged remnants of clothing and bedding intermingled with fragments of furniture. So much dirt, sand, and garbage had been tossed on top of the rubbish heaps that they were now as high as small hills. At the very top of one, precariously but impudently perched, I glimpsed a broken white chamber pot.

I walked on, past the boarded-up stores, the abandoned apartments. It was like walking through a graveyard. Heaps of dirt and rags were all that remained of a vibrant, living community.

I came to the courtyard where the poorhouse, the *Bays Lekhem*, stood. I remembered how the volunteers used to make their rounds through the courtyards on Saturdays, carrying their big laundry baskets, crying "*Bays Lekhem! Bays Lekhem!*" My mother and the other women would always throw down an extra challah or, at the very least, a piece of bread so the poor would have something for their sabbath meal. Now an old Polish woman was sitting in front of the building holding a little boy on her knees. His only garment was a shirt that barely reached his navel. He wriggled as the woman searched his head for lice.

It was all so quiet. The very silence brought to mind a poem I once read called "Silence in Europe."

It's quiet in Europe now.

We don't have those noisy Jews around anymore . . .

I had seen enough. I was ready to leave. But there were still two places to visit. One was Mayer's house. I found the building where the Zarnowieckis used to have their

store. I opened the door, and a little bell rang—the same little bell I remembered. The fixtures in the store were the same, too, though they had been moved from their original places. The shelves were bare. I had no idea what the people were selling. A Polish woman came out from the back and asked what I wanted. I asked if she had a comb. No, she didn't have one. I stole a quick glance into the back room as she left, but there was nothing to see. I went out and walked around back to the courtyard, but there was nothing there either. I continued on to my house.

Eleven steps led up to our door. The tenth step was loose. It had been loose for as long as I could remember. As I climbed those steps now, I stopped on the tenth one. It still wasn't fixed. How strange, I thought. So many changes—in the world . . . in me—but these steps hadn't changed at all. The tenth step was still loose.

I knocked at the door. A woman opened it. Quickly I planted my foot inside the door so she couldn't shut it before I was ready. I had to see my home once more. I had to see the rooms where my family lived, the little house where I grew up. But all was gone. Everything had changed. The floor wasn't red. The furniture wasn't the same. Nothing was as I remembered it. Then I turned to the woman and realized to my shock that I knew her. Her husband was a railroad engineer. She was a friend of my parents'. But she didn't recognize me, and I kept my identity to myself. I asked if Tony lived there, but she told me no, there was no one there by that name. I heard her lock the door behind me as I walked down the stairs. As I turned into the courtyard for the last time, I looked back to see if my mother's crocheted curtains still hung in the window. If they did, I was prepared to go back and pay any price for them just to have something from my mother's hands. But the curtains were gone.

Then for one long moment I stood in the empty courtyard where I had taken my first step, where I and my friends had gathered to ponder the mysteries of algebra and geography, where we dreamed about the future and planned the building of a better world.

It was time to go. The train would be coming in soon, and I had a long walk back to the railway station. I'd catch the night train and arrive in Kraków by morning. I knew I had a lot to do. I had to find an apartment and move my furniture. It was important to get everything set up as soon as possible because, after all, my brother would be coming back . . . and maybe Mayer . . . and my father . . . and possibly even my little sister Pola, if she had been lucky and someone had been kind to her. Yes. Some would surely be coming back. And when they did, they would need a place to stay and someone to look after them. There wasn't much time. I had to get ready. There was a lot of work to do . . .

Tomorrow.

The Way We Were



Piotrkow Jewish Cemetery - 1945.
On left: Rose Zar with Irka England and Irka's mother.



Shulim Janowski, (now in New York), with his father Yakov, Mother Zina nee Zaks and sister Sara, now Varda Arbel in Israel. This photo was taken in Piotrkow over 70 years ago.

LETTER FROM London

SIR MARTIN GILBERT C.B.E.

36 PARLIAMENT HILL
LONDON NW3 2TN

16 February 1998

Dear Ben,

Many thanks indeed for your edition number 7. I was most encouraged by your two page spread about *The Boys*. You may want to draw your readers' attention in the next volume to the fact that the American edition is published by Henry Holt in New York.

With further thanks for your warm support.

Yours most sincerely Martin Gilbert



The Bernardynski Garden - 1937.
Upper left: Heniek Markowicz (now in Uruguay), Beniek Gomulinski, Heniek Frenkel (now in Sweden). Lower left: Pinek Hecht (now in Israel), Mietek Horn and Chaimek Wolraich. Coincidentally, Rachela Gomulinska-Eckstein of Sweden asked me recently to find out if the surviving friends of her brother Beniek have his picture. Before I did it, Pinek Hecht, as by esp. submitted this photo with the image (I think...), of Beniek Gomolinski who perished in Treblinka. Also coincidentally, I have just received the note printed bellow, from Monus Rubin and his wife Libby. Monus was also one of the group of pals from the Jewish Gimnasium in Piotrkow, together with Adam Kaminski (now in Miami). (We apologize for the poor quality of the photograph. We thank Pinek Hecht for the courtesy). BG.

From the desk of Mark & Libby Rubin

Mr. Ben Giladi

The Voice of Piotrkow Survivors
135-30 82nd Ave.

Kew Gardens, N. Y. 11435

March 18, 1998

We have received the March-April issue of *The Voice of Piotrkow Survivors* and find it very interesting. I would like to bring you up-to-date on my family's activities and events.

Our daughter, Deborah Rudmann, who is on the Holocaust Education Committee of the Jewish Federation of South Palm Beach County, recently chaired a Student Holocaust Awareness Day for the Palm Beach County Public School System. Deborah will be going, for the second time, on the March of the Living in April 1998, at which time she will serve as a bus captain.

The Bar Mitzvah of our grandson, David Rudmann, was celebrated on November 15, 1997 at B'nai Torah Congregation in Boca Raton, Florida. David is the son of Deborah and Max Rudmann of Boca Raton and the brother of Daniel Rudmann. David is a student at Donna Klein Jewish Academy in Boca Raton.

Sincerely yours, Libby and Mark Rubin

We hope that you and your family are well.

Libby and Mark Rubin

"In The Spotlight"

Bob Wright has been the NBC president since 1986, making him the longest serving head of a TV broadcasting company. That alone merits a tribute.

But that's not why UJA-Federation's Entertainment, Media and Communications Division honored him at a star-studded soiree at the Waldorf-Astoria.

"We're just doing God's work," Wright said modestly.

His longtime neighbors, Holocaust survivors **Henry** and **Carola Greenspan**, presented him with UJA's Steven J. Ross Humanitarian Award.

Carola told how she became the sole survivor of a family of 65 in Lodz. The decree came down one Wednesday morning in 1944 that all the Jewish children of the Polish city were to be handed over to the Nazis. Their parents already had been dispatched to the crematorium.

"In my arms I held 6-year-old David," Carola said in her slightly accented English. "Suddenly a German beast tore the child from my arms and threw him onto the truck. More than a million and a half children perished. Their only crime was to be born Jewish."

The dinner guests — among them **Conan O'Brien**, **Quincy**



Holocaust survivor Carola Greenspan presented the UJA-Federation's Steven J. Ross Humanitarian Award to longtime friend Bob Wright, NBC president and CEO.

Jones, Matt Lauer, Tom Brokaw, Sam Waterston, Linda Dano, Al Franken, Tony Bennett, Chuck Scarborough and Sue Simmons — hung on every word.

"Let's not forget," Carola continued, "that all this was masterminded and executed by the highest intelligentsia of German society.

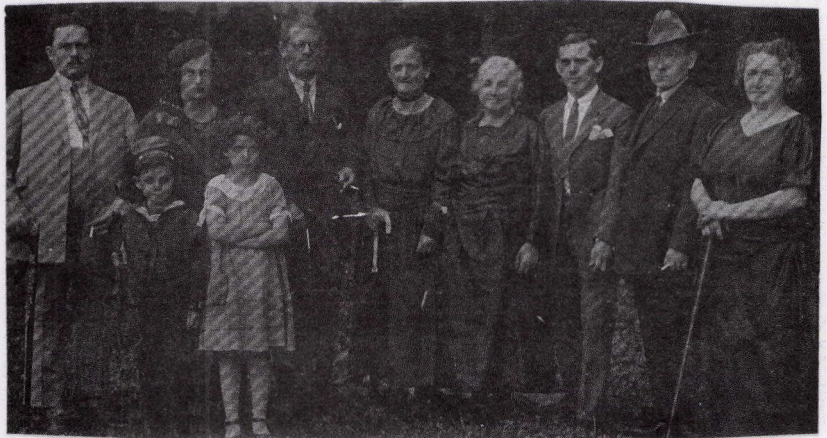
"I accuse the world who stood by and let it happen. Hitler was not a Jewish issue but a human issue."

Carola thanked Wright for broadcasting Steven Spielberg's "Schindler's List" on the network, which reached 65 million homes. She revealed that her husband and his father both had worked for Oskar Schindler.

"It's people like Bob Wright and his wife **Suzanne** who make the difference. He's a real mensch," Carola said.

(Carola Greenspan who comes from Lodz and her husband Henry who comes from Cracov, are subscribers of our "Voice").

The Way We Were



Truskawiec Zdroj - Poland 1924.

Beatrice Heitner nee Lange, together with her mother Fannie and brother Arthur came in 1924 from the US for a visit to Manuel and Rachel Michalski, their relatives in Piotrkow. Photo was taken on vacation featuring Bea, Arthur and Fannie Lange and Manuel and Rachel Michalski, together with some other US tourists at the spa.

(Beatrice is a cousin of Lilka Mune-Abramowicz, the granddaughter of Manuel and Rachel Michalski - please see next page).



Piotrkow, 1937. Youngsters of the Poalei Agudat Israel with their teacher, Chaim Weinrib. Upper left: Leibl Gutman, Avi Gutman and Josel Rosenwald.

Lower left: Yakov and Abram Kozlowski, Chaim Weinrib and Itzie Milioner.



Hazkara Shnatit - Tel Aviv, November 11, 97. Rav Rashi, Israel Meir Lau Shalita flanked by Saul Dessau and Dr. Henryk Henig (right).

A Journey into the Past

WRAŻENIA Z PODRÓŻY DO PRZESZŁOŚCI

Lola Friedman nee Jachimowicz, Boston Mass.

W sierpniu ubiegłego roku, po 58-miu latach, odwiedziłam Piotrków wraz z mą kuzynką Lilką Mune i jej mężem. Wizyta ta wywarła na nas wielkie wrażenie. Gdy wkroczyłam na podwórko domu (ulica Farna 3), gdzie moja b.p. babcia i wujkowie (Abramowicz) mieszkali, stanęłam jak skamieniała. W przejściu na Plac Trybunalski jakaś para z chłopcem siedziała ale unikali kontaktu z nami. Zrobiliśmy zdjęcia koło starej studni. Brama od Farnej była zamknięta; schodki gdzie zawsze wieczorami siedziałam aż zielone ze starości. Dawny warsztat blacharza Hipszera był zamknięty, także sklep Muszynskich. Otwarty natomiast był sklepik który niegdyś prowadziła kobieta zwana "Di Stolarkie". Piwiarnia Sztajnerberga była zamknięta. Sklep Sochaczewskich nie istniał. Przez Plac Czarnieckiego, gdzie mieszkał Beniek Rubinsztajn a potem przez Rynek gdzie stały dorożki kiedyś, przeszliśmy na ulicę Słowackiego gdzie Lilka mieszkała z rodzicami przed wojną. Dom ten zbombardowali Niemcy w pierwszym dniu wojny. Ogród Bernardyński tuż obok był nie do poznania. W drodze do Warszawy odwiedziliśmy Pabianice i Tuszyń gdzie się urodziłam. W Warszawie nie widać tego śmiechu i wesołości co kiedyś. Miasto jest zamglone od wyziewow z aut. W Treblince nogi się podemną ugiwały. Dostałam dreszczy i spazmów - zdawało mi się że chodzę po trupach naszych blizkich. Nie mogłam podnieść głowy gdyż oczy były pełne łez. Układałam gałązkę z liśćmi, którą zasuszyłam i zabierałam do domu - to jest moja jedyna pamiątka... Wizyta w Birkenau i Oświęcimiu była podobnie bolesna. Po powrocie do domu, gdy zdawałam relację moim dzieciom, nie wiedziałam od czego zacząć, ale dzieci jakoś mnie rozumiały. Mam dwóch synów urodzonych w Kazachstanie i sześcioro wnuków i wnuczek. Ludzie pytają dlaczego ja nie otrzymuję odszkodowania od Niemców. Przecież byłam na Sybirze. Podobno pomagają teraz tym którzy przyjechali niedawno z Rosji. A czy to jest sprawiedliwe? Moim dzieciom w rozmowie użyłam zwrotu że "Głodno, chłodno i do domu daleko" - takie wrażenie zrobiła na mnie podróż do Polski.



Listy — Lilka i Lola w Treblince. — Lilka przy studni na Farnej

.Dzięki "Głosowi", nawiązałam kilka kontaktów. Pierwszy z Bronką Szydłowską (Ofir), która mieszka w Haifie. W rozmowie wspominaliśmy dawne czasy i wspólnych znajomych. Postanowiłyśmy spotkać się z Bronki ciotką, Dorą Klajn, która była mej matki koleżanką. Dzwoniła też żona Icchaka Reichenbauma, Bela. Okazało się że rodzina Icchaka mieszkała na Rycerskiej 8. Dom ten należał do mego dziadka i ojca. Także z nimi się spotkam. Również niejaki pan Yechieli przysłał mi dwie broszurki "Echa" z załączonym listem. Niestety, większość artykułów pisana jest po żydowsku, ja zaś nie umię czytać, a szkoda...Bez komplementów - Twoje wydania więcej do mnie przemawiają są mi bliższe serca... (Wyjątek z listu Lili Mune)

REMEMBRANCE

Sheindle Cohen nee Spiro of Borough Park, Brooklyn received the letter below 20 years ago, from Dr. Michael Lubliner. This letter is a precious document written by a Piotrkower scholar and a frequent writer to our magazine who so vividly remembered the pious family of Sheindle. It was my pleasure to meet her recently, and she later wrote: ———
 "You visit to my home with Mendel and Hannah Kozlowski has been fulfilling and meaningful. I have learned a lesson on the love for ones' people and for ones' nation from seeing the responsibility you carry upon yourself for a town that is no more and for those who beg to be remembered". ———
 Sheindle, a deeply religious and immensely caring person, was born after the war in a DP. camp in Stuttgart, Germany. BG.
 (Dr. Lubliner passed away years ago).

קה"ה, 16 יולי, תשנ"ח.
 Los Angeles, 5.22.78

Dear Sheindle Laatze:

It was a pleasurable experience to meet you and your wonderful family, it is only a pity we couldn't see your other sisters, Now, I want to keep my promise and share with you some information pertaining your genealogical tree.
 First of all, if my memory serves me correctly, the name of my late aunt and your name-sake was: Shindle Laatze (probably a corruption of Leah). I remember her distinctly, she was known for her generosity, wit and defying of etiquette and formalities. She was the mother of your grandmother Malka, a good-hearted, clever and modest woman and a sister of my pious mother, both martyrs of the holocaust.
 Their fathers name was Efraim Fishel Koslowski, and by his first marriage he became a son in law of the Rebbi R. Usherl, a son of the holy Jew - the Yid Hachodesh / Reb. Yakov Icchak Rabinowicz.
 The husband of Sheindle L. was Leibele Koslowski, whom I still remember for his prudence and sagacity. He was a Talmid-Chacham, a book-keeper by profession and well-versed also in secular subjects. Although I can not delineate exactly, I know that he was a descendant of the Rebbi R. Shmelke of Nikolsburg and of his brother R. Pinchas Horowitz, the author of Sefer Hakaflaah. In addition all of us are descendants of the Rebbi R. Fischele from Strykov.
 Forgive me for not doing it expertly, by drawing a chart etc, I hope you will understand me. By the way, I met also your uncle Glass and his lovely and subtle wife, we talked about you. Our very best wishes for a happy and healthy summer to you and your family

Truly yours

Dora's Michael Lubliner

יעקב באום (מאנטרעאל)

איך בין דארטן נישט געווען

איך בין דארטן נישט געווען,
 געוויסט האב איך שוין אלץ.
 איך בין דארטן נישט געווען,
 ווען מען האט זיי געפייניקט און געטויט.
 איך האב דאס נישט געזען,
 דאך געשניטן האט מיט האס און ווייטיק מיין הארץ.

ווען די פייגל האבן פריי צו די הימלען געשפאנט,
 האט מיין פאלק צו די זעלבע הימלען
 געזונגען א לויב-געזאנג, צו זיי געבליבן געטריי.
 און איך בין נישט געווען דערביי.

די זיגער, פון נצחון, האבן זיך געדריקט זייערע
 ברודיקע הענט,

ווען זיי האבן מיין פאלק געטויט ביי די ווענט
 איך האב דאס נישט געזען, נישט געהערט
 די לעצטע קרעכצן פון פארגיי,
 פארוואס בין איך נישט געווען דערביי?

איך פיל איצט מיין שולד אין יעדן גליד,
 וואס כקען נישט פארמינערן מיט מיין שאדן-ליד.
 דערפאר וואס כבין נישט געווען דערביי,
 כבין מכלומרשט געווען פריי.

איך גיי ארום מיט דעם שולד-געדאנק
 און אין מיינע חלומות שטיי איך איצט ביי יענער וואנט.
 די שולד-געפילן גייען איצט נישט פארגיי,
 דערפאר וואס איך בין דעמאלט נישט געווען דערביי.

דער אנהייב

געוויידמעט מיין פריינד

נחמאן גאלד

א ניצל-געבליבענעם פון היסלער! פייער.
 געסטארבן אין מאנטרעאל אין 1991 יאר.

The above, moving poem was written by Jacob Baum of Montreal and dedicated to his friend, the late Nachman Gold, a Holocaust survivor, who passed away in 1991. Jacob survived in Russia. Some time ago, we published Jacob's another poem titled "Mein Mame", a beautiful tribute to his mother. Jacob's wife Anna, a gifted writer, is the author of two volumes of short stories: one "The Procession" and the other "A Chance Encounter". We will again publish one of her profoundly memorable stories in the near future.

We convey our thanks and best wishes to Anna and Jacob. It is a honor to be in touch with them! BG.

און ס'ק'נד האט געוויינט, האט מענדעלע מיט זיין פאלטן צוגעדעקט די פרוי מיטן קינד, און ער האט זיך צוגערקט צו דער וואנט.

דאס בית-מדרש איז געווען נאך א פראוויזארישער קווארטיר, ביז צו דער טויט-ליקווידאציע. ביי אן אבלאווע אויף 'אומלעגאלע' זיינען אלע פונעם בית-מדרש ארויסגעטריבן געווארן, איז אויך מענדעלע געקאפט געווארן. זיי זיינען אוועקגעיאגט געווארן צו די גאז-קאמערן אין טרעבלינקע.

זיין פאלטן מיטן טאבאק-פודעלע איז פארבליבן אין בית-מדרש.

דאס געטא איז פארקליינערט געווארן. עזעל איז געבליבן אין געטא. קיין שיימעס האט ער שוין נישט ארומגעזוכט, זיי זיינען, אין די גאסן, שוין נישט ארומגעליגן, און די טויטע, איז ער נישט געווען ביכולת אויפצוהייבן. האט ער זיך אוועקגעזעצט און געשריבן מזוזות.

"בקרוב וועט דאך זיין דער סוף פון דער מלחמה" האט ער געטענהט, "וועלן דאך די יידן צוריקערן צו זייערע ווייבונגען. וועלן זיי דאך וויינען אן מזוזות, רחמנא-לצלן, מוז מען דאך צוגרייטן א גרויסן זאפאס מזוזות. איך אליין, קען גארנישט אזוי פיל אנשרייבן, ווער קען מיטהעלפן?..." האט יעדער אים אויסגעלאכט, האט ער א פארזארגטער געזאגט: "אוי וויי, אלע זיינען נעכטן געווארן אזוי מגושמדיק, יאגן זיך נאכן טעפל עסן און אויף שפעטער זארגן זיי גארנישט" און ער האט פלייסיק ווייטער געשריבן די מזוזות איינער אליין.

ווען דער רעסט יידן זיינען געטריבן געווארן צום טויט, האט די געסטא-פא איבערגעלאזט עטלעכע און פוואנציק מענער צום רייניקן דאס געטא. "ארדענטלעך, זויכער ריין מאכן. גארנישט זאל צוריקבלייבן. פארשטאנען!" האט דער געסטאפאוויץ געריטשט.

ביי דער "אויפרומונגס-קאמאנדע", איז אויך עזעל געווען. ער האט די אנגעשריבענע מזוזות אריינגעלייגט אין א זאק און באהאלטן אויפן נאך דעם ווי זיי האבן די זאק, די שטוכער זייער גוט אויסגערייניקט, לויטן דייטשן מוסטער - אפגעווישט יעדע שפאך פון בלוט - , האט די "אויפרומונגס-קאמאנדע" זיך אהינגעשטעלט, ווי געהערקט, צו פינף אין דער ריי. צוגעווארט... א יונגער יאט האט געזאגט, "חברה! איך האב געפונען, ביים אויסקעקן א שטוב, א רעוואלווער איינגעוויקלט אין א שמאטע, דא האב איך אים, לאמער אנטלויפן!" "טאקע יא, האבן עטלעכע גערופן. "אויף וואס ווארטן מיר? קומט חברה!..." "אה וויי!..."

זיינען אנגעקומען צו לויפן א כאליאסטערע געסטאפא-לייט מיט רעוואל-ווערן אין די הענט. דער געסטאפא-שף האט באפוילן, "קאנטבאלירן!" זיינען די געסטאפאוועס זיך צעלאפן. עזעל האט געזיטערט - דער זאק מזוזות? - "גאט מאך זיי בלינד".

אין געלאף זיינען די געסטאפאוועס צוריקגעקומען, זיך שטייף אהינגע-שטעלט, אין כאר געזאגט, "מיר מעלדן געהארכאס..."

עזעל האט אהינגעקוקט, "דעם זאק מזוזות האבן זיי נישט, מיר האבן דאך א גוטן גאט אין הימל"

"גוט געמאכט. פאר די פלייסיקע, קארעקטע ארבעט, וועט איר ווערן באליינט", האט דער געסטאפא-שף געזאגט מיט א לאכנדיק פנים, האבן די געסטאפאוועס זיך הילכיק צעלאכט און אלע יידן גלייכצייטיק דערשאסן אויך דער געסטאפא-שף איז אוועקגעפאלן טויט - פון א יידישע קויל. די גאס, ליידיק, גלאנציק-זויכער. שטיל. נישט קיין וויינען, נישט קיין לאכן.

סע בלעכנ'טויטע ווערטער אויף א קאלטן שטיק שטיין, פארגרינט מיט שימל באוואקסן.

ער איז אויך נישט געקומען צו גיין אויף א חתונה, א ברית, ווי אלע ארעמע-לייט, סיידן מ'האט אים פערזענלעך פארבעטן, אזוי ווי אלע חשובע באעכאטיס אין דער שטאט, און ווער האט דאס נישט געוואלט האבן מענדעלען ביי זיך אויף א שמחה?

חברה לצים אין שטאט האבן ליב געהאט צו טרייבן מיט אים קאטאָוועס: 'מענדעלע, די פרוי יאָהאָס וויל מיר דיר חתונה האָבן, זי וויל נאָך דיר האָבן פֿאַר א מאָן'. 'אָוודאי וויל זי מיך! האָט ער זיך צעלאכט 'איך בין פֿאַן א ווייב, און זי אן אלמנה, גאָר איך וויל נישט, צו וואָס זאָל איך האָבן אן עול פֿון א ווייב, אלץ וואָס איך ברוריק האָב איך; די מאדאָס יאָהאָס, גיט מיר אויך יעדעס מאָל א שיינע נדבה. עסן? קען איך ביי איר טכל-טוב. צו וואָס ברוריק איך נאָך, אז א ווייב זאָל זיך מיר נאָכשלעפֿן. ווען ס'וועט זיך מיר שוין יאָ פֿאַרגלוסטן נעמען א ווייב, היים! די שענסטע, די רייכסטע וועט מיך נעמען. איך בין דאָך ר'מענדל, א פֿיינער חתן, מיט א גרויס עשירות, הא, הא!...' ער האָט אויפֿגעקלאפֿט דאָס טאבאק-פודעלע און פֿריידיק געזאָגט: 'נעמט יאטן, א גוטן שמעק-טאבאק! ס'לעבן איז ווערט א גאָר גרויסן שמעק-טאבאק. נו, נעמט שוין!' און די גאנצע חברה האָט מיטגעלאכט. גראַד איז וויזאָווי - אויפֿן טראַטוואַר, פֿון דער אנדערער זייט גאס - עזעל געשטאנען, האָט ער אריבערגערופֿן: 'סע איז מיר א רחמנות אויף דיר. ווילסט נאָך נישט אויפהערן? אוי מענדל! וואָס וועט זיין ריין סוף? האָט מענדעלע געזאָגט: 'עזעל! ווילסטו אויך א שמעק-טאבאק? הא!...' צאָרנדיק, האָט עזעל זיך ארונטערגעבוין. צום ריכטיקסטן, מיטן שטעקן ארויסגעצויגן שטיקער שיימעס, און איז אייליק אוועק צום בית-מדרש, צו מנחה-מערב.

דאָס שטייגער לעבן, וואָלט נאָך אזוי יאָרן לאנג אָנגעהאלטן, סע איז איבערגעריסן געוואָרן דורך די דייטשע האָרדעס, וואָס זיינען אויך צו אונדז אין שטאט אריינגעפֿאלן: זיי האָבן געשטאָן, געטראָדעט מיט סא-דיסטער הנאה. קורץ דערנאָך, האָבן אלע יידן געמוזט ארויס פֿון זייערע דירות, און זיי זיינען אריינגעטריבן געוואָרן, אין א פֿאָר הייזער ארום דער סיל - ענג צוזאמענגעקוועטשט - . ארום און ארום צוגע-קלאפֿט מיט הויכע ברעטער ווענט. אויף די ווענט האָבן זיי אויפֿגע-האַנגען, א גרויסע בלעכענע שילד מיט א שוואַרצן טויטנאָקאָ און מוראדיק פֿעטע אותיות:

"געט אַ, זויכן געפֿאַר."

די געטא-מענטשן, זיינען איינגעטיילט געוואָרן אין צווייערליי מינים: יונגע - אלטע, געזונטע - קראנקע. אין דער געטא-שפראך-טערמינאלאגיע, האָט עס געהייסן: 'לעגאלע - אומלעגאלע'. ס'איז געוואָרן א יאָגעניש, נאָך אן ארבעטפֿלאַץ. ווער ס'האָט נישט געהאט קיין ארבעטפֿלאַץ איז געווען אן 'אומלעגאלער' - א טויטער. ווער ס'איז געווען ביכולת, האָט זיך געקויפֿט אן ארבעטפֿלאַץ.

א קורצע צייט שפעטער זיינען - אין משך פֿון א פֿאַר שעה - אויך די יידן פֿון די ארומיקע שטעטלעך ארויסגעיאָגט געוואָרן, און אריינגעטריבן צו אונדז אין געטא אריין. ס'איז געווען א פֿראַסטיקע ווינטער-נאכט. אן אייזיקער שניי האָט אָנגעיאָגט. קינדער זיינען געלעגן אין דער ארעם פֿון די מוסערס שטיל, שטייף-פֿאַרפֿרוירן. די עלטערן האָבן געיאָמערט.

אויף דער גיך זיינען פֿון בית-מדרש ארויסגעוואָרפֿן געוואָרן די טישן מיט די בענק און די ספרים, און די פליטים האָבן זיך אריינגע-שטופֿט אין בית-מדרש אריין. פֿונעם טארארא האָט מענדעלע אויפֿגע-וואכט. לעס אים איז געלעגן א פֿרוי מיט א קינד. זי האָט געוויינט,

'איר זאלט זוכה זיין, צו פֿירן אייערע קינדער אונטער דער חופה'
'אמן, אמן! האָט ר' נתן געהויבן די אויגן צום הימל. 'נעמט נאָך א
ביסלע, נעמט'. א צופֿרידענער, האָט דער גביר אויפֿגעמאכט דעם געלט-
בייטל, 'דאָ האָסטו נאָך א צענערל' 'א ישר כוח אייך'.

נאָך דעם ווי מענדעלע האָט געקריגן די פֿאַר טבעות פֿון ר' מאיר האַרצוויץ,
האָט דער גביר געזאָגט צו אים: 'קום אריין צום טיש, וועסטו עסן מיט
אונז א מיטיק', האָט מענדעלע געענטפֿערט: 'האָט קיין פֿאַראיבל נישט,
כ'מוז נאָך זיין ביי א פֿאַר באלעכאסיס און די נאכט פֿאלט גלייך צו - א
צווייט מאל'.

ווען מענדעלע איז צוריקגעקומען מיט די צונויפֿגענומענע נדבות, האָט
ער זיך אוועקגעזעצט אין חסידים-שטיבל אויף דער ברייטער באַנק, ביים
אויסוואַר. ער האָט אויסגעצילט דאָס צונויפֿגעליבענע געלט. ער האָט
געשכונט: וויפֿל ער ברויך איבער דער וואָך; ער האָט גענומען א
גאַרשט טבעות, אויסגעסדרט אין קופֿעלעך און האָט געזאָגט זיך שטילנדיק:
"דאָס געלט ברויך איך אויף זאלץ, דאָס אויף צו קויפֿן פֿעדים, און דאָס
אויף טאבאק, דאָס איז אלץ".

דאָס רעשט געלט וואָס איז אים פֿאַרבלויבן האָט ער פֿאַרטיילט. א סך אַרעמע-
לייט זיינען געקומען צו מענדעלען נאָך נדבות. זיצנדיק אויף דער באַנק,
האָט ער צעטיילט נדבות מעשה-נגיד: קאליקעס, אלטע, קראנקע, האָט ער מיינ
געגעבן. 'צו וואָס ברויך איך דאָס איבעריקע געלט? מיינע הייזער
שטייען פֿעסט, דאָס דירה-געלט קריג איך פינקטלעך, יעדן דאָנערטסיק'.

מענדעלע האָט אויך ליגן געהאט א גרויסן זאפּאס מיט פֿראַוויאנט: אלטע
שטיקער ברויט-רינדל, רעפטלעך, איבעריק געבליבענע חלות. ער האָט עס
געזאמלט אין א זעקל צוגעבונדן מיט א שטיקל, און באהאלטן אונטער
די גמרות. טייל מאל, ס'רוב אין ווינטער - אין די שפעטע אָונט-שעהן
האָט ער נאָך חשק געקריגן אויף א וואַרעמער וועטשערע, איז ער אריין
צו א שכן, גענומען א טעפל הייס וואַסער און אריינגעבראַקט שטיקלעך
ברויט-רינדל, און עס פֿאַרמישט מיט א קאפּעטשקע זאלץ. ר' האָט עס אויפֿגעגעסן
מיט גרויס הנאה, צוברומענדיק א נגונדל.

אַפֿט מאל, האָט זיך אריינגעגעבן א מיידל אין זיין פֿראַוויאנט זעקל
און זיך זאָט אַנגעגעסן, האָט ער זיך צעלאכט: 'זעלן זיי עסן געזונט-
ערהייט, זיי זיינען געבען הונגעריק, וואָס קענען זיי שוין דאָ, ביי
די ספרים עסן? - גריזשען א רוקן פֿון א גמרא, משטיינס געזאָגט -

ברויט-רינדל, קען איך קריגן לרוב, פֿון די מאדאמען, נגידיטעס, מיט
זייערע איידעלע מאָנעס און וואקלדיקע ציין... הא! דער טאבאק א מחיה

איינ מאל אין אן אָונט, האָט ער דערזען, ווי א מיידל קריכט ארום
ביי די גמרות, קוקט, זוכט, האָט ער בליץ-שנעל א זאָג געטאָן: 'מיידל,
איך האָב אן אויפֿטו' און ר' האָט א צווייט זעקל מיט גאנץ קליין
צעשטיקלט ברויט אוועקגעשטעלט אויף דער פֿאליצע ביי די גמרות און
דאָס זעקל נישט צוגעבונדן, כדי די מיידלעך זעלן קענען לייכט אריינג-
קירכן 'וועלן זיי וויסן, אז דאָס זעקל איז פֿאַר זיי'. די מיידלעך
האָבן זיך אָבער נישט שטענדיק געהאלטן ביי דער אָפּמאכונג, זיי האָבן
א סך מאל געגעסן פֿון ביידע זעקלעך, האָט ער זיך געוואונדערט 'היתכן?
און ער האָט זיך צעלאכט.

מענדעלען צו קריגן פֿאַר אן אורח אויף שבת, איז נישט געווען אזוי
גרינג, מ'האָט געמוזט אים פֿאַרבעטן א פֿאַר וואָכן פֿריער. ווען עס האָט
אים ווער א פֿרעג געטאָן: 'קומסטו צו מיר, אויף דעם שבת צום עסן?'
האָט ער מיט שטילען געענטפֿערט: 'האָט קיין פֿאַריבל נישט: דעם שבת,
מ'זאלט דערלעבן, עס איך ביי ר' פייוול מאיר, משה חמיטש, און דעם
צווייטן שבת, ביי ר' משה חסעלעס, דעם דריטן שבת? ... קום איך צו
אייך. נעמט א שמעק-טאבאק, און האָט מיר א גוטן טאָג!'

ער אוועק: 'די קינדער מאכן לעכער אין די ווענט, פֿאַרחזירן דעם
הויף. ווען איך קום אין א הויף, וווּ קינדער שפילן זיך, פֿריי איך
מיך און זינג מיט, און פולקע זאָגט די קינדער ארויס מיט א שטעקן.
און שרייט: 'טקזים, דראבעס'. מיט א הילכיק געלעכטער צעלויפֿן זיך
די קינדער, און איך דערקוויק מיך מיט א שמעק-טאבאק און לאך אויך
- נו, נו, יאטן זאָגט? וועמען איז ווילער?"

מענדעלע איז קיין מאל נישט געשלאָפֿן אין א בעט. ער איז אויף דער
הארטער פֿאדלאַגע זאָרגלאָז, רוק געשלאָפֿן; וויפֿל פֿון די נגידים, האָבן
זיך געוואָרפֿן אין די ווייכע, וואַרעמע בעטן, זיך געדרייט פֿון איין
זייט אויף דער אנדערער און נישט געקענט איינשלאָפֿן, געפלאַגט פֿון
פֿאַרשיידענע זאגות: געשעפֿטן, געלט-זאָרגן, קראנקייטן - אָבער מענדעלע,
ווי ער האָט זיך נאָר אוועקגעלייגט, איז ער גלייך איינגעשלאָפֿן, ווי
א זאטער בער.

ווען א נגידישע משפּחה איז אוועקגעפֿאַרן אויף א חתונה, אָדער אויף
וואקאציע, האָט מענדעלע געהיטן די דירה. ווען א באלעכאס האָט צו
אים געזאָגט: 'מענדעל, דאָ האָסטו א וואַרעם בעט צום שלאָפֿן' האָט
ער געענטפֿערט: 'זייט מיר מוחל, איך קען אין א בעט נישט אנטשלאָפֿן
ווערן. איך פֿאַרשטיי לגמרי נישט, ווי אזוי מ'קען איינשלאָפֿן אין
א בעט, אויף דער פֿאדלאַגע איז דאָך א מחיה צו שלאָפֿן, נאָך דערצו אין
אזא וואַרעמער שטוב, ווי ביי אייך, דאָ שלאָפֿט זיך דאָך א תענוג, ווי
אין גן-עדן', און ר' האָט זיך אוועקגעלייגט אויף דער בלוזער
פֿאדלאַגע, מיטן פאלטן אונטערן קאפּ, און דעם שטעקן לעבן זיך.

"פֿאַר מיינ שטעקן האָבן אלע גנבים מורא, די שטורעם אויך. ווען
כ'הער נאָר עפעס א גערויס, קלאפּ איך א פֿאַר מאל מיטן שטעקן און ל'
גנבים אנטלויפֿן", האָט ער מיט שטאַלץ געזאָגט.

אין דער אמתן, איז ער גאנצע נעכט אדורכגעשלאָפֿן, און ר' האָט גאַרנישט
געהערט. די גנבים האָבן מענדעלען זייער געאכפערט, האָבן זיי נישט
געגנבעט דאָרטן וווּ ער איז געווען דער היטער.

דעםגלייכן, ווען א באלעכאס האָט געהאט צו היטן א בוידעם מיט וועט
האָט זי געלאָזט רופֿן מענדעלען. אין דער שטאָט איז געווען באקאנט,
אז מענדעלע היט גוט צו דעם בוידעם מיט וועט. ווי געוויינטלעך, איז
ער ארויף אויפֿן בוידעם מיטן פאלטן און דעם שטעקן, ער איז גאַרנישט
אויפֿגעבליבן, נייערט ער האָט זיך אוועקגעלייגט און געשלאָפֿן ביז
צו מאָרגנס.

בלויז איין טאָג אין דער וואָך איז מענדעלע ארומגעגאנגען צונויפֿנעמען
די נדבות, דאָס איז געווען דאָנערשטיק. גאנץ פֿרימארגנס, האָט ער זיך
מכין געווען. גלייך נאָך תפילת-שחרית, האָט ער אויסגעקעמט די באַרד,
מיטן ארבל האָט ער אָפּגעווישט דעם שטויב פֿון זיין היטל און פֿון די
שטייול, דאָס טאבאק-פודעלע פֿיין, גלאנציק אויסגעפּוצט, אָנגעשטאַפּט מיט
פֿרישן טאבאק און געלאָזט זיך אין וועג אריין.

"ווען מ'גייט איינמאָנען ס'דירה-געלט, מוז מען אָרנטלעך אויסזעען,
איך בין דאָך א באלעכאס פֿון א סך הייזער", האָט ער געטעהנעט.

ער איז נישט ארומגעגאנגען סתם אזוי אין די גאסן און געשנאָרט, אויך
נישט אין יעדער שטוב אריינגעגאנגען, נאָך צו געציילטע נגידים, וווּ
ער האָט געקריגן א גוטן פֿירן.

צוליב זיין פֿריילעכער לעבנס-טעב, האָט יעדער אים גערן געהאט, און
מ'האָט אים געגעבן כבודיקע נדבות. מענדעלע ווידער האָט דעם גביר
מכבד געווען מיט א שמעק-טאבאק 'נעמט ר' איטשע' האָט ער אויפֿגעקלאפט
דאָס טאבאק-פודעלע, און צוגעברומט א נגונדל. 'הא ר' נתן! דער טאבאק
איז היינט זייער גוט, גאנץ פֿריש געמאכט, ער שמעקט, אזא יאָר אויף מיר'
ער האָט געוואַרט, ביז דער נגיד האָט געזאָגט, 'א געזונט יאָר אויף
אייך!', האָט ער געזאָגט. ביים צווייטן מאל ניסן, האָט ער צוגעוויינטשט:

פון דער אלטער היים

מענדעלע שמעק-טאבאק

פישל ליבערמאן

א קליין מענטשל מיט א קורצן שטערן. זיין קאפ ברייט און פלאך. זיין פנים, מיט א פאר רויטע, דיקע באן, איז געווען באדעקט מיט א שיסער, קורץ כערדל. מענדעלע איז געווען תמיד צופרידן, פון דאגות האט ער בכלל נישט געוואסט. ווען ער האט נישט געגעסן, אדער געשלאפן, האט ער געברומט א ניגונדל, אדער סתם אזוי זיך געפרייט, געלאכט. כקיצור מענדעלע איז געווען דער גליקלעכסטער ארעמאן ביי אונז אינ דער שטאט, און אפשר גאר דער גליקלעכסטער מענטש בכלל.

מענדעלע האט א סאָל געהאט א ווייב, אָבער זי האט אים אָפּגעט. די מעשה איז געווען אזא: ער איז געווען א קיילעכדיקער יתום. ער איז אויפגעכאָוועט געוואָרן אין יתומים-הויז, און ווען ער איז געוואָרן א דערוואקסענער בחור, האט אהרן מילער אים אריינגענומען צו זיך אין געשעצט, מענדעלע האט אָבער קיין חשק נישט געהאט צו ארבעטן, האט אהרן אים חתונה געמאכט מיט זיינס א ווייטער, קרובה, א פארזעטענע מויד, אין די יארן - שיינדל האט זי געהייסן. דער פטער האט איר מיטגעגעבן א נון. "ס'איז נישט קיין סך געלט" האט ער געזאָגט, "אָבער פֿאַר אן אָנהייב, ביז איר וועט האָבן א שטיקל פרנסה, איז עס גענוג". נאָך די שבע-ברוכות האט אהרן געזאָגט: "נעם דיין ווייב און גיי, האָב הצלחה, מיט גאָט הילף.

שיינדל האט געוואָנען א שטיבל, צוזאמענגעברעגט א ביסל כלי-בית, און מענדעלע איז זיך געזעסן און געלאכט.

"און!" האט זי צו אים געזאָגט "וואָס וועט ווייטער זיין?"

"וואָס דען? איבעל-מלאכה, בין איך נישט, א סוחר? אוי ניין! צו שווער" ער האט ארויסגענומען פֿון דער טאש דאָס זילבערנע טאבאק-פודעלע, וואָס ער האט באקומען דרשה-געשאנק, און פאָוואָליע עס אָנגעשטאָפּט מיט טאבאק, צוברומענדיק א ניגונדל, און ער האט מיט א לאכנדיק פנים געשנאפט און גענאָסן. "סטוט גוט אויפֿן הארצן, קום מיין ווייבל, נעם א שמעק טאבאק!" האט שיינדל אים א שטורקע געגעבן און געשריגן: "דו נארישע כהמה!", האט ער זיך צעלאכט, און צוגעברומט א ניגונדל. "צו אלדי שווארץ-יאר!" האט זי געליארעמט: "ווען וועסטו שוין אנהייבן עפעס טאן, פרנסה ברענגען?" "און דו?" האט ער געענטפֿערט "דו, קענסט ווערן א משרת אין א נגידים הויז" האט זי געכאפט א טאָפּ, און געוואָרען אויף אים, האט דער טאָפּ אויסגעהאקט א שוויב, און מענדעלע איז אוועקגעלאָפֿן. אָפֿט מאל איז ער נישט אהיימגעקומען. ער האט גענעכטיקט אין א הויז, אויף די טרעפּ, אָדער אין בית-מדרש. שיינדל איז אריינגעלאָפֿן צום רב מיט א געוויינ: "רבי! איך וויל א גאָל איך קען פֿון דעם גראַביאן מער נישט אויסהאלטן..."

ווען מענדעלע איז ארויס פֿונעם בית-דין-שטיבל נאָכן גאָט, האט ער זיך צעלאכט, און איז אוועקגעגאנגען מיטן ביטל לאכעס, וואָס זיין ווייב האט אים צוגעוואָרפֿן.

דעם גאנצן פאק מיט די זאכן האט ער צעטיילט צו אַרעמע קאליקעס. פֿון זיין גאנצן 'עשירות', איז אים פֿאַרבליבן א מלבוש, וואָס איז תמיד געלעגן אויף זיין גוף, און א ווינטער-פאלטן, און אויך דאָס טאבאק-פודעלע. דעם פאלטן האט ער אין אונט צוזאמענגעלייגט, ווי א קישן אונטערן קאָפּ, און אין ווינטער צום צודעקן זיך.

זיין דירה איז געווען דאָס בית-מדרש, ווינטערצייט, האט ער זיך ארי-ברעגעצויגן אין א חסידים-שטיבל - וווּ נאָכן מעריב-דאוונען, איז דער עולם נאָך געבליבן א ביסל, צו לערנען א בלעטל גמרא, צו כאפֿן א

שמעס איבער פאליטיק. ס'איז געווען הייטלעך, לעבעדיק, און ער האט מכבד געווען דעם עולם מיט א שמעק-טאבאק. נאָכן אוועקגיין פֿונעם עולם, האט אים וויל געטאָן, די שטיקלייט און דאָס וואַרעמע שטייגל, און דערצו נאָך דער גרויסער קאללאַוויץ/וואָס איז וואַרעם געבליבן ביז שפעט אין דער נאכט.

אין די הייסע תמוז-טעג, פֿלעגט ער זיך אוועקלייגן אויפֿן אלטן בית-עולם, הינטערן בית-מדרש. ס'פֿעלט איז געווען הויך באוואקסן מיט גראַס ער איז ליגן געבליבן ביז די זון איז פֿאַרגאנגען.

ס'ע זיינען אין דער שטאָט געווען א סך אַרעמע-לייט, קעצנים, שנאָרעס, אָבער ווער פֿון זיי איז געווען אזוי פֿאַר דאגות, לוסטיק ווי מענדעלע? למשל, דער מרה-שחורדיקער עזעל, - דער אַנטיפֿאָד פֿון מענדעלע: א קליין, דאָר מענטשל און א הייסער אַרעמאן. תמיד איז ער ארויסגעגאנגען מיטן קאָפּ ארונטערגעבויגן צו דער ערד, מיטן שטעקן האט ער אַרומגעזוכט

בלעטלעך שיימעס פֿון חומשים, סידורים, וואָס וואַלגערן זיך ארום אויף דער ערד, אין די ריכטשטאָפֿן. ער האט זיי אויפֿגעקליבן, גערייניקט, געוואשן, און זיי אריינגעטאָן אין דער שיימעס-קאמער, אויפֿן בוידעם אין בית-מדרש. ווען ער האט דערזען מענדעלען, ווי ער איז זיך משמח מיט א שמעק-טאבאק און נאָך צוברומענדיק א זמרל, איז ער געוואָרן מלא-כעס, אים אויסגעזיילט: "דו גראַבער יונג! זאָרגסט זיך גאַרנישט וועגן יענער וועלט? מיט וואָס וועסטו קומען פֿאַרן בית-דין של-מעלה? מיט לערע הענט. אוי! אין שאל-תחתית וועסטו אריינגי-פֿאַלן". מענדעלע האט געצויגן מיט די אַסלען און געלאכט. "קום, דו כהמה!" האט ער זעל א שלעפּ געטאָן מענדעלען "העלף מיר ארויסזוכן, די בלעטלעך מיט די הייליקע שמות פֿון די ריכטשטאָפֿן: און פֿון די מיסט-קאסטנטס, וועסטו כאָטש האָבן א שטיקל זכות אין הימל" האט מענדעלע תמנוואַט געענטפֿערט: "לאָז מיר גיין, איך קלויב נישט קיין שיימעס. אויבן אין גן-עדן, וועל איך שוין קריגן א שטיקל פלאַץ, ערעצנוה ביי א א באקאנטן נגיד פֿון דער קהילה. הא! דער הימל איז דאָך אזוי גרויס און ווייט, און איך ברויך נאָך א קליין ווינקעלע. נעם עזעל, נעם א שמעק-טאבאק, דו וועסט הנאה האָבן, נו, נעם שוין!" "וואָס רעדסטו, דו שייגעץ, עזות-פנים, אויף דער וועלט הנאה האבן?, און ער איז אוועקגעגאנגען א כייזער, און א מאָך געטאָן מיט דער האנט: "א פֿאַרלירענע נשמה נעכער".

מענדעלע איז שטיין געבליבן מיטן אָפֿענעם טאבאק-פודעלע און געלאכט. קיין צו גרויסער חכאָם, איז מענדעלע נישט געווען, אָבער ער האט געהאט זיין לעבנס-פֿילאָזאָפֿיע. ער האט זיך נישט געהאלטן פֿאַר אן אַרעמאן.

"איך בין אזוי אן עושר, ווי די אלע רייכע לייט אין דער שטאָט" האט ער אָפֿט מאל געזאָגט "און אפשר נאָך רייכער, למשל, האַרצקע גוטקינד האט נאָר איין הויז, און איך א סך. די אלע הייזער זיינען מיינע. די גבירים קלאָפֿטשן זיך וועגן דירה-געלט פֿון די לאָקאטאָרן. האָבן גרויסע דאגות אין די מסחרים, איך לחלוטין נישט. איך נעם צוזאמען דאָס דירה-געלט יעדע וואָך אין דאָנערשטיק, מ'זאָלט דערלעבן איך קריג דעם פֿדיון מיט א סמיכל, און ווען די מאדאם איז גאָר דאָ אין דער שטוב, ברעגט ס'משרת מיר א טעלער עסן, טייל מאל קריג איך אויך א שטיק שבתדיקן קוכן, און דאָ באלעבאָסטע זאָגט מיט א לאכנדיק פנים: 'גייט געזונטערהייט', וואָס ברויך איך נאָך מער".

מענדעלע האט טאקע געלעבט צופֿרידן און גליקלעך, א צופֿרידענער, ווי א טייל עשירים אין דער שטאָט. "איי, איי! קוק דיר נאָר אָן דעם גרויסן עושר פולקע" האט ער זיך צעלאכט: "א באלעבאָס פֿון צוויי הייזער, אָבער וואָס האט ער פֿון זיין לעבן? אַנאָנץ טאָג גייט ער ארום אָנגע-כמארעט, בייז. קינדער וואָס שפילן זיך ביי זיין קאמפניצע, יאָגט

קוּמִי אוֹרִי כִּי-בָא אוֹרְךָ (שְׁעִיחוּ ס' 1)
Arise, shine; for thy light is come (Isaiah 60, 1)

PAGE ONE OF "THE PALESTINE POST" ISSUED ON SUNDAY, MAY 16TH, 1948 IN JERUSALEM.
"THE DAY ISRAEL WAS BORN".

to the service came after World Jewish congresses. A total donation totaling more than \$100 million in quantities of military equipment were received.

The U.S.C. has been working closely with the Jewish community along all of Western Europe and in Jewish hands but the Jewish community in the United States has been working in the region.

The Jewish People's Convention will also return to the Jewish community from 10 to 15 years from now.

During the days of liberation, the Jewish people will be free again.

[illegible]

UN- pro- dis- to the Jews of Europe for their role in the Holocaust	The last French civil servants left Jerusalem together with Sir Alan, including Sir William Fox-Conrad, the Chief Justice, and Sir Henry Gurney, the Chief Secretary.
The Assembly did not adjourn until noon on 28 November 1947, at which point the UN decision of November 28, 1947,	Sir Alan's plans were piloted to Heald by the Asst. Officer Commanding in Palestine, Air Commodore Dorman.

To:

JOSEPH GOTTHELF HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL LECTURE

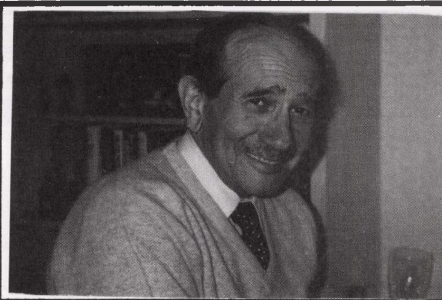
Joseph Gotthelf was a long-standing and beloved member of Temple Beth Tikvah. He and his wife, Ida were among the early temple members and contributed to its growth and development.

Born and raised in Lodz, Poland, Joe survived the early years of the Holocaust in the Piotrkow Ghetto. In 1944, he and his family were taken to the Auschwitz concentration camp, where he lost his mother and sister. Joe, his father and brother were liberated on the Death March from Auschwitz to Germany. The Holocaust made an indelible mark on his life.

Joe, a man of great intelligence, wisdom and courage, was also kind and concerned. While rebuilding his life, Joe was committed to preserving the memory of the Holocaust. He aided Rabbi Dresner in educating B'nai Sinai (confirmants) about the facts and meaning of the Holocaust, sharing his experience and sorrow with them.

Upon his death, Joe's family established an endowment fund to bring a distinguished speaker to the temple each year to lecture on the Holocaust. With his love of life and enthusiasm for learning, Joe would surely have approved this memorial.

The Gotthelf family invites all Temple Beth Tikvah members, and their friends, to attend this year's lecture which will be delivered at Erev Shabbat services, Friday, April 19, 1996. After the lecture there will be a question and answer period and Oneg Shabbat. Shabbat services will begin at 8 p.m.



The fifth annual memorial lecture will be delivered by Professor Alan Mintz, the Joseph and Belle Braun Professor of Hebrew Literature at Brandeis University. Dr. Mintz's talk is entitled "Resisting and Embracing the Holocaust: The Future of Memory in America." We have been witness during the past two decades to a stunning reversal of attitudes in America regarding the Holocaust: from silence and avoidance to the embrace of the Holocaust as a central concern of American society. His talk will explore the reasons for this change, especially as regards the image of the survivor. With the gradual passing of the generation of survivors and witnesses, we are at a crucial point in the memorializing of the Holocaust.

A time to remember

Rabbi Wylen, Rabbi Dresner, Professor Mintz, Family and Friends:

My name is Luise Gotthelf. I am the sister in law of the late Joseph Gotthelf Z.L. Our families shared an apartment in the Piotrkow Ghetto together. He was like my "little brother then, but later became my "big brother."

I do miss him. His death left a void in my life.

A friend of his, from the time of his youth, was supposed to speak here today. He was unable to make it because of illness. Therefore, he asked me to convey, what he wanted to say and here are his words:

* * * * *

In 1988, Terry Gotthelf came to me, still in trauma after her father's death; she felt the need to communicate with someone who knew him when he was still young. I still remember that meeting.

She listened eagerly. My stories apparently brought her much closer to her beloved father's image. At one point I've suggested that she write a tribute for our Society magazine. She wrote it later splendidly, a moving eulogy which I think eased somehow the feeling of sadness and pain, she and her family had experienced at this time. The essay appeared in March of 1989.

Fifty years earlier, in the summer of 1939, I first met Joseph Gotthelf. Strange, but I still remember it well. This happened at the fashionable summer resort near Piotrkow, a vacationing place for families also from Lodz. We met at a soccer game, playing the same team. We were both 14 years old. Joe was a chubby, good looking boy, full of zest and spark. To this day, I still recall his timely remarks and witty jokes. I, the "small town" boy was strangely impressed by this "big city" fellow. After the game, we both went for an ice cream and became friends. At the end of the summer we parted. In September 1939, the war broke out. Joe and his family came to Piotrkow leaving Lodz. In the Ghetto, his parents were known of their noble, charitable activities during those atrocious times.

Here again, our friendship continued. Still, the best years of our lives, the adolescent, sweet years, were marred by the shadow of the barbaric swastika, but we made the best of it; we were 16 years old.

After years, we met periodically in New York. Joseph, a Guardian of Remembrance himself, was impressed by my work and devotion regarding the subject. In 1986, after Joe became ill, he and his family traveled to Poland this is

what Terry wrote and pondered at the end of her moving essay and I quote:

"Why go back, why review old memories and old sorrows? Not all survivors are able to make such journey physically and emotionally. Not all children of survivors can or want to make such a journey. Why did I want to involve myself in such a painful trip into my parent's past? Fate blessed me with incredibly loving, generous parents; I have tried to be the same for them. We were all ambivalent about this journey but nothing could have brought us closer. I made a video tape of our trip. We have shown it to our family and friends in order to share our experiences with them. I plan to use this raw material for a documentary. My father died in March 1988. I thought that it will be painful to view those tapes again so soon - but when I did, I was so happy to see my father again, telling stories, explaining earnestly, gesturing and laughing, that I forgot to cry..." (end of quote).

Terry's moving tribute to her father was followed by my "In Memoriam" note and I wrote: "It is hard to believe that Joseph (Jozio) Gotthelf is no longer with us. He was my friend. I vividly remember our early adolescence in the ghetto of Piotrkow. Jozio was the kind of guy that left an impression. I still remember his inquisitive, witty eyes and his vivacious disposition. Together, we the young, shared our dreams, kindled our hopes and faced the gloomy reality of the ghetto.

When we met again in New York, after many years, I faced a matured, refined man. Still, he radiated his impressive, youthful influence.

When there was time to mourn this remarkable man, there were glorious eulogies and homages of distinction. I would like however to add my own epitaph: ...He was so young at heart...Jozek, I will never forget you!

Ben Giladi

Thank you all for listening.

(Address delivered by Luise Gotthelf)



אונזערע פארלוסטען

In Memoriam

On the first anniversary of the passing of my Dear Friend
Ben James
 I pay tribute to his blessed memory.
 Pola Zamel, Miami Beach

We deeply mourn the passing of our Second Generation member
Regina Rosenberg
 who died recently, so untimely and tragically in New York at age of 47. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to her daughter Shawn, father Harry, sister Michelle and the entire family. The Association and Friends in NY The Second Generation Association Piotrkower in Florida Joe and Hanna Wroblewski, Miami

On the sixth Yahrzeit of the passing of our dear husband, father and grandfather
Max (Mietek) Kimmelman
 we all pay tribute to his blessed memory. We shall always remember him!
 Mira Ryczke-Kimmelman
 Beno and Joy, Gene and Caroline and grandchildren: Melanie and Michael Max Kimmelman.

We are profoundly saddened by the passing of our member
Marilyn Belz
 who died recently in New Jersey. We convey our sincere condolences to her husband Abraham, son Edward, daughter Michelle and the family. The Association and Friends in NY Rose and Lazar Spiller, Freehold NJ

On the tenth anniversary of the passing of our dear husband, father and grandfather
Chaim Abramowicz
 we pay tribute to his beloved memory.
 Anna Abramowicz and Family
 Yonkers, NY

We are deeply saddened by the passing of our friend
Morris Gersz
 who died recently in Miami. We express our sympathy to his children, grandchildren and the family. The Association and Friends in NY Piotrkower in Florida Harry and Molly Lewkowicz, Toronto Jacob and Rosa Friedman, Toronto Molly Ash, Toronto

On the twentieth Yahrzeit of the passing of my dear wife
Helena Fejwlowicz nee Litmanowicz
 we pay tribute to her beloved memory.
 Pawel Fejwlowicz and Family
 Frankfurt.



Niniejszym donoszę, po grą żony w smutku ze zmarł niedawno w Piotrkowie
Bronisław Śliwka
 moją dobrym przyjacielem który przez wiele lat pomagał mi w konserwacji cementarza żydowskiego i tradycji uczczenia pamięci ofiar hitleryzmu.
 Roman Hipszer
 Piotrkow
 CZĘŚĆ JEGO PAMIĘCI!



On the second anniversary of the passing of our dear husband, father, zayde and brother
Morris Rozprza
 He is sadly missed and always in our hearts!
 Wife Helen Rozprza
 Daughters, Annie Schaffer, Mary Sheydwasser and Families.

On the Third Yahrzeit of the passing of our Dear husband, father and grandpa
Ben Guterman
 we pay tribute to his beloved Memory.
 Bluma Guterman and Family, San Diego

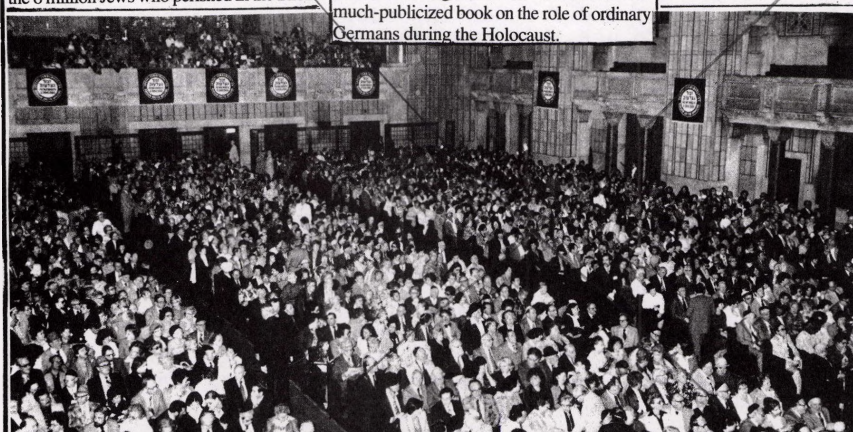
לזכר ועדרים

'It Still Boggles The Mind' Holocaust commemoration 1996

More than 2,000 people packed Temple Emanu-El on the Upper East Side Sunday afternoon to commemorate the 53rd anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising and honor the 6 million Jews who perished in the Shoah.

The 2½-hour service, which was organized by the Warsaw Ghetto Resistance Organization, or WAGRO, drew Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, Gov. George Pataki and Daniel Jonah Goldhagen, author of the new and much-publicized book on the role of ordinary Germans during the Holocaust.

The gathering was read a message from President Bill Clinton, who said, "I commend you for setting aside this special time to remember the Holocaust and to keep alive the memory of the millions of innocent people who died in concentration camps across Europe."



Ed. Note: For over 30 years, the survivors of N. York honor the memory of their Martyrs. It all started in 1965 in Hunter College, when our Piotrkower Moshe Israel Sochachevski and Felix Lasky initiated the noble tradition of a public, collective commemoration with the active participation of our Landsleit. On the next page appears the