

דרי הבנה, גם באתי בחליפות מכתבים ברצוא ושוב עם משכילי עמנו, ובמכתב "יהיה מקורך ברוך" יצאתי לישע ידידי המנוח הרב ר' ברוך וערבער נ"ע למלט נפשו ממלתעות השגות ידידי הגאון המנוח רח"י פאללאק ז"ל ב"המגיד".

שנת תרכ"ה שלחתי להרב המטיף אביר הדר-שנים המנוח ר' יצחק נח מאנהיימר נ"ע מאמר "רחש ל"ב" עם שיר בשולי הגליון, ליום מלאת לו שבעים שנה, ונרפס בספר מיוחד הנקרא "ציון לזכר עולם". ואח"כ בהיותי בוועין בצל קורתו הגיד לי כי דברי יצפנו דעת ומזמה. גם רותה נפשי עונג ורשן לבקר בהיכלי שאר חכמי דורנו אשר איתן מושבם בקרית מלך המעטירה, ה"ה הרב הדרשן ר"י יעלינעק והרב המפואר החכם ר' אייזיק הירש ווייס הי"ד, והמליץ המנוח הר"מ לעטערים ויד"ג המנוח החכם המליץ ר' נפתלי קעללער ז"ל אשר כרע וכאח התהלכתי עמו וימים רבים היתה מרוצת מכתבים בינינו, וכאשר הפיץ המכתב השנתי ("בכורים" לשנת תרכ"ה) ענן אורו, היתה נסבה שנובא אני וידידי החכם המליץ ר' אלכסנדר לאנגבאנק ממדינת גאליציעץ להביא בכורים פרי הלולים אל האוצר "משא גליציה", הוא כתב אודות מצב הרוחני של בניי במדינתנו ואנכו כתבתי ממצבם החמרי וביחוד של אנשי עירי, וחתמתי מטעם כמסד בר"ת S. H. L. (והוא זה"ל).

והנה לא ארבה מלין עוד, ואשובה להודיעך כי ב"המגיד" מן שנה ר', עד תום שנת כ"ז נמצאו ממני מכתבים ומאמרים, הערות והארות, ובאורים לב-תובים, וקצתם אזכיר פה שמותם: "מות ישרים", "למען האמת", בקורת לספר מידידי הח' דאקטאר קאהוט הי"ד, לס' "תהלת הכסילים", מידידי הח' דאקטאר רובין נ"י לס' "מדרש לקח טוב" מידידי הח' ר' שלמה בובר הי"ד. וכמו"כ מצא חן בעיני הקוראים ספור מסעי מעירי, דרך טריעסט אל איטליא, צרפת, בריטניא, הולנד ואשכנז, אשר נסעתי לרגל מסחרי והתבוננתי אל קצת עניינים ובפרטות לאחביי במקומות מושבתם, הלא המה כתובים בשנה כ"ג-כ"ד בהמשכים... כמו"כ תמצא מאתי במ"ע "עברי אנכי" מיום צאתו לאור עד היום הזה מכתבים, והערות לש"ס ומדרש, באורים לתנ"ך, וקצת שירים לעת מצוא, ואזכיר פה

העמים ובינת נבונים, אך טוב לגבר לאחז בתורה והמצוה, וגם מדעת ומזמה כל תנח ידו, והבטתי צר מעון וארא כי צעירי ימים בעירנו החיים שוכבים, נרדמים בירכתי הבערות, באין משים על לב לדרוך על מפתן בית החכמה.

והנה לאשרי ומרגוע נפשי הקרה ה' לפני איש חמודות יקר רוח חכם ושלם ה"ה הדר' שאול קלוגער הי"ד בן להגאון המנוח אב"ד דק"ק גראדעק ז"ל. ואבינה אודותיו ואכרות עמו ברית ידידות ומאז קשר האהבה אמיץ בינינו. אליו גליתי מצפוני לבבי, כי נכספה וגם כלתה נפשי לחצרות החכמה, לפקוח עינים על כל דבר השכל ומזמות דעת, ויראני איה הדרך ישכון אור, מה אבחרה ומה אחרי גוי אשליכה, ובכן הכינוי את לבבי לתת חלק לשבעה ימי השבוע ללמודי שכל ותושיה אשר באורם נראה אור יקרות ונשבע בצחצחות כל ימי עולם. ואף בהיותי נאחז בסבך המסחר ומרכולת הניפוחי ידי לנער רסיסי טרדותי, והמניעות אשר הקיפו עלי סביב, ואצלתי מספר רגעים לשוטט מבטי בספרי חכמי לב ונבוגי דעת לדלות פנינים מבאר חפרה שרי המליצים והחכמים אשר שם להם על פני חוצות. ומה מאד מתקו לי רגבי נחלי אמרותם, כי רוחם נשבה בי והפיחו בקרבי רשפי הגיוני לב וכתבתי בחרט אנוש את אשר הרו וילדו מזמותי והגליונות סגרו על מסגר בסתר אהלי, אך בהיותי בלבוב ועיף מקרה היו למראה עיני המו"ל מ"ע "הציר". אז באתי במגלת ספר, ונרפס בשנה ההיא (תרכ"ב) מאמרי "תעלומות אור, או: מעיני נפט הרים", "פלאות כח החיוני בנפש האדם או סתרי הטבע". גם עשיתי חוזה עם ידידי הרב החה"ש מוה"ר יוסף כהן צדק הי"ד מו"ל מ"ע "המבשר" ומשנה ג' והלאה נפשי דרכה עז לברש צדק בקהל רב, והנשר פרש מטות כנפיו גם על מאמרים נכוחים למבין מתוארים בשרד המליצה וצחות הלשון מאתי, ונרפסו "דברי רב" הנפוצים הנה והנה עלי רחבי אפיקי התלמוד ואנכי קבצתים כעמיר גורנה ואוספו אספה אחת לאחת יתלכדו ולא יתפרדו.

כמו כן ראו אור בהיר מאמרי "צלוחת דרב", ו"פטירת רב", גם נאוועלע "המשפט לאלהים". ומן אז ערכתי שנה שנה מאמרים והערות באגרות התלמוד ומדרשים, בארתי הקודש ומקראות נע-

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יתחקה עמל ואן, ריב משפחות, צרה ויגון, או חולי ומדוה, כי הוא ישחית רחמיו ויראם נחת וזרעו. ולי מה יקרות אמרי קדושא כי לולא יעצרו בעד האדם מניעות שונות אשר בשם "כרובים ולהט החרב המתהפכת" תקראנה, הנקל היה לו לבוא לגן עדן לאכול פרי תבונה מעץ החיים וישגיא כוח בתורה וחכמה ובאהבתם ישגה תמיד... ואך את הטוב תקבל.

על כן הגני עוד להשמיעך כי ביג לחדש תשרי שנה ראמית בנסוע אדוננו הקיסר לראות את שלום עבדיו תושבי גליציען, ויעבור דרך עירנו לבוריסלאב, מקום מוצא לנפט דונג במעבה אדמה ובתחתיות ארץ. בדרך הזה יעמוד בית מלאכתי אשר לי ואחוזת מרעי (הנודע תחת השם: Apollo Nafta-Paraffin & Paraffinkerzen-Fabrik der Firma Gartenberg, Lauterbach & Goldhammer). מלך ביופיו עם סיעתו יועץ מלך ושרים גבוהים, ויתמהמה חצי שעה באשר ראה ויתבונן על המכוונות בבתי המלאכה והעבודה, וימצא הכל חן בעיניו. בעצם היום ההוא בא אחיכ ראש הכנסיה בארצנו (מעטראפאליס סעמבראטאוויטש) וגם הוא ראה הכל ויתן לנו תודתו קבל עם.

בשנה החלפה בניתי בית מדרש נאווה מאד, באם העיר אצל ביתי, למען יבואו שמה בניי אל הרנה ואל התפלה. ונתתי אליו מאוצר הספרים אשר לי יותר מחמש מאות כרכים שיש ומפרשיו וכל מיני מספרי הפוסקים ושרית ומדרשים שונים וספרים מכל מקצועות חכמת ישראל למען ישוטטו רבים ותרבה דעת. וביום הולדתי פתחתי שערי וימני אז יבוא גוי צדיק שומר אמונים בו. מי יתן ויהגו תמיד שמה בניי בתורה לאורך ימים.

קצת מהרבה: "פלאות מפעלות ה'", "תחבולות מחבולות", "קן צפור", "מערכי ליב", בקורת לאות א' לערוך השלם, "מכריז רב". מאמרי "מי מגיד" נדפסו כמעט בכל שנה קודם הפסח, כי המה פירושים וביאורים לסדר ההגדה בדרך חדש; "אהלי שם", "מושכים בשבט סופרים", בקורת למדרש תנחומא הקדום והישן שהויל ידידי הח' ר' שלמה בובר היי. גם למע "החבצלת" לאיש בריתי וידידי הח' רייז פרומקין שלחתי מכתבים משנת השלש לצאתו לאור העולם, ועד היום הזה לא אמנע הטוב מבעליו ואשלחה לו פרי מגדי בכורים לירושלים עדיק, ומאמרים ובאורים ודרשות והערות לשיס ומדר-שים, ושריים ומליצות מדרשות אוכיר פה מאמר "בית אלהים", "נר חנוכה", "עין תפוח", "עין יעקב" "חרות מני קדם". גם מעת האיר "השחר" וליהודים היתה אורה, באו ממני לפעמים דברי חכמה; ככה נדפסו מאמרי "הנסתרות והנגלות", "דברי חכמים". "על ישראל ורבנן ותלמידיהם", גם כתבתי על אודות ספר הקונקורדאנץ שברצון ידידי הח' רש מאנרעל-קערן הייז להוציאו לאור, וצר לי מאד כי נאסף נגהו...

ומלבד האמור נפזרו מאמרי, באורי לכתובים, והערותי ומכתבים שונים ב"היהודי", ב"אוצר חכמה", "האזהבה", "המזכיר" ועוד בהרבה ספרים. על דבר הקורות והמוצאות אותי מיום היותי לאיש עד היום. כרתי ברית לעטי לכל אכתוב אף מאומה. הן נודע מאמר ההמון. שובע שמחות עלי תבל אין, לכן גם בשחוק לב דמוע תדמע העין... ומה בצע כי אאריך ואודיע להקורא את כל אשר נעשה לי מהזמן האכזר? איה איש אשר לא נמכר לעבד לו, ואכפו יסיר ממנו? הלא גם אלה אשר דרך מסחרם צלחה, לבם סחרחר ועל שרשי רגלם

II.

MEMOIR

Michal Chajes (2. 124) one of the great-grandsons of his sister Hanna (2) writes:

Ascher Selig combined in himself strange qualities being a millionaire and yet very frugal in his management of money up to the limit of stinginess. Being a man of a penetrating mind

and of a high intellect, he was conscious of this weakness of his, as corroborated by the following episode which I have heard from his own lips.

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An itinerant Jewish author who peddled his own Hebrew books, called on Ascher Selig, known as a prolific Hebrew writer, to offer him a copy of his latest literary work in the hope of receiving an adequate reward. When, however, his shrewd and facetious host surprised him by presenting him instead with a printed treatise of his own, the disappointed author-peddler regaled him with the following disarming parable:

"It happened once—he said—that in a little village a poor Jew heard of a far-away country which, strangely, knew not of the existence of garlic. He made up his mind to remove and to turn to his advantage this anomaly and, with a sack full of that fragrant herb on his shoulders, directed his steps towards that distant country. After long and fatiguing wanderings he at last reached his goal and with his valuable wares was admitted into the presence of the King and his counsellors. On hearing of the many nutritious and culinary properties of garlic and trying its unusual taste on their palates, the ruler and his cabinet agreed to buy the precious commodity and to pay for it with a sack of equal size filled with diamonds. Thus the wandering Jew returned

to his village a Croesus whose wealth and fame spread far and wide. When his best friend came to see him, he confided to him in all secrecy that onions too were unknown in that remote and peculiar country. Thereupon this friend, stricken as he was with dire poverty, loaded himself with a huge sack of best onions and sat out on an expedition which, after many dangers, trials and tribulations, brought him at last before the rulers of that renowned country. Again were his wares exhibited before the King and his cabinet and again it was found that the strange bulb with its pungent flavour was worth acquiring for the highest price. Accordingly the adventurous and hopeful merchant was, in exchange for his onions, presented with the greatest treasure the country possessed, namely the carefully preserved sack of garlic."

This clever fable did not escape the shrewd admiration of Ascher Selig and by its appropriateness moved his heart so much that he overcame his inhibitions and bestowed upon the applicant the princely sum of ten Austrian florins.

Kraków, 1958.

3

1828-1890

HAYA BASIA LAUTERBACH née BACHSTEG

Her husband Ascher Selig Lauterbach (3)

writes in his MINḤAT EREV (Essay EYN DIM'AH):

And it was known within the gates that my wife of blessed memory walked with God in humility and righteousness. Her hand was ever outstretched to the poor nor did she turn away from her kin in their need. And it was her habit to help the impoverished in such a way that the world might not hear of her good deeds. She also made it possible for me to build in our house a House of Study and Prayer. I installed

a library in the House so that all comers might delve into the word of the Lord. With her own hands she prepared tea in the House of the Lord that they might warm themselves before the break of dawn and during their watchings in the night.

When she took to her bed she did not bewail her lot but accepted the judgment of the Lord and bore in peace and resignation the sufferings

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which the Lord brought upon her. With tears she besought the Lord in prayer to restore her to health and to forgive her for her sins (for who on earth is so righteous that he shall not sin?). And it happened that as her end drew near and the Day of Atonement came, the congregants in the House of the Lord were in the midst of prayer and they decided that the priests should hasten and utter their blessing during the morning (*Note: Instead of during the 'additional' service*) for fear lest she should pass away quickly and that the priests would

have to leave the House of the Lord (*Note: Before they proclaimed their blessing, for priests must not remain in the house of the dead*). But her spirit remained in her till after the conclusion of the Additional Service and of the 'Blessing of the Priests', concluded as it is by a loud proclamation of 'Peace'. Then her end came and her soul ascended heavenwards in peace. So she left the earth on which she had suffered in her latter days and her soul entered the region of Eternal Life.

6

1829-1898

ABRAHAM ARON LAUTERBACH

His elder brother Ascher Selig (3)

writes in his eulogy "ZEKHER L'AVRAHAM" (in MINḤA B'LULA):

He was beloved by those above him and precious to those who stood under him, by virtue of the merits and the gifts he acquired in the house of his illustrious father-in-law whose humble disciple he was.

He did not pursue honours nor was his voice heard aloud in self-aggrandisement. He shunned public office and favour. He did not bear a grudge against those who dealt evilly with him,

for jealousy and hate were far from him. Those who injured him he did not summon to judgement. Truth was his guiding light. He was of even temper nor did he cause others to anger. He was good and ever did he deal out good to others. He extended his favours to those who were in need of his generosity. Therefore was he honoured among his own people and among the Gentiles who held him in great esteem.

2. 1

1840-1908

[1841]-1912

HERSCH CHAJES and HAYA CHAJES née BERGWERK

Their granddaughter Anda Gruenfeld (2. 164) writes:

I remember him as a very quiet and unobtrusive person who did not pay much attention to us children. From my parents I knew that he possessed a great store of Jewish learning.

One of my fondest childhood memories is that of the Purim festivities in grandparents' house.

The entrance was kept open, the interior brilliantly illuminated, the tables laid out with fine refreshments and, on a small table at the side, a bowl with small change for distribution among the needy. It was an unforgettable sight of crowds in fancy dress and sometimes masked,

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people known and unknown or un-recognised and all cheerfully received and treated with opulence.

My grandmother was what we called a "breite Baalbuste". She herself carried on a private

business, all on her own, in dealing with the sale of coral beads.

She was handsome, even in her old age. She had large, bright black eyes which could also, on occasion, assume a forbidding look.

1.11

1855-1937

PINKAS LAUTERBACH

His son Leo (1.114) writes in his THE LIVES OF MY PARENTS:

He was a fine type of a Galician Baal-Bayit, a Jewish middle-class citizen of the concluding decades of the 19th century, whose life was guided by the desire to be true to his Jewish tradition, to lead an honest, quiet and laborious life and to secure an honourable and safe future for his children.

Father's chief characteristics were, I think, his Jewishness, his family attachment, his practical sense and his serious disposition coupled with a deep feeling of responsibility.

His Jewishness was part of his being, ingrained in his very nature. It meant unquestioning belief, faith in the sacred heritage and religious observance which directed and informed all the ways of life, from high ethical principles down to matters touching upon food and wear. Truthfulness and honesty were to him his breath of life. He was straightforward in all his dealings and trustworthy in everything he undertook. His bearing was unassuming and humble, courteous and obliging to others. He kept away from the honours but did honour to others. He was consistent and unyielding in his principles and endeavoured to ingrain them in his children.

A conservative, scrupulously observant Jew he

was broad-minded enough not to preach or practise bigotry or fanaticism. In that he was a child of the Haskala-Enlightenment generation, free from exaggeration in his religious practices and tolerant towards others. Ours was a patriarchal home where Father held an exalted place as the acknowledged and respected head of the family to the welfare of which all his thoughts and energies were directed. He carried with him and handed down to his children the memory of his ancestral home and the reverence for those veritable giants who lived patriarchal lives as pillars of the Drohobycz family and community.

With all that he was endowed with strong practical sense and with sound judgment in all matters of practical import. Deliberate in forming his opinions and imbued with common sense and business acumen, one of the typical features of East-European Jews, he approached every task set before him with a keen and judicious mind. All who knew Father admired his sagacity and many came to seek his wise and honest counsel.

He left the untarnished good name of an upright citizen and honest man among all who knew him.

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1. 11

1856-1940

ANNA LAUTERBACH née PROBSTEIN

Her son Leo (1.114) writes in his THE LIVES OF MY PARENTS:

While Father lived spiritually in the past and in his practical dealings was looking to the future, Mother seemed always to live in the present. Even in her good old age she did not appear oldfashioned in her views, but understood and accepted the changing times and, endowed with a subtle sense of humour, acquiesced in their foibles. Unassuming and unpretending, she was full of quiet wisdom.

An observant Jewess and true daughter of her people she was neither the type of a devout pietist nor that of a shrewd Jewish business woman; she had just the all-human (and Jewish, at the same time) quality of overflowing goodness, of sweet temper, of sympathy for everybody, of ideal motherhood.

Mother was goodness itself. Her kindheartedness was second nature to her and knew no bounds. To be of service to others was an inner urge, an inborn sense of duty.—She was simple and natural in all her doings. There was nothing artificial about her. In doing and saying the right thing, she was guided not by any convention or

a calculated desire to please, but by a secret law of her nature.—She was gentle, modest and unpretentious. Of herself she thought very little and kept herself in the shadow. Selfeffacement was for her not a studied gesture but rooted in her character.—She was the embodiment of unselfishness. When confronted by a choice between her own comfort and that of another person, she without hesitation gave preference to the other. She did it ungrudgingly and felt happy about it.—She had a singular charm about her person. Frail and slight in build, she radiated benignity and warmth of heart and made everybody feel easy in her presence.—She was unobtrusive in her actions and even in her bearing. With her innate simplicity she commanded respect without asking for it and without making a show of her personality.—She had an angelic nature, and as such she engraved herself on the memory of all who knew her and loved her and, above all, of her children who will be eternally grateful for the divine gift of having had her as their mother.

6. 6

1867-1942

SARA NACHT' née LAUTERBACH

I.

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Her grandson Edwin Langberg (6.622) writes:

Driven out of her house by the Germans in 1941, my grandmother was confined in the ghetto, where we all suffered great hardship from uncertainty when our turn would come to be killed.

In spite of the fact that she was completely

immobilized by her progressing infirmity, my grandmother maintained an amazing degree of firmness and cheerfulness, and this in spite of the terrible physical pains she was suffering and of the anguish she must have felt because of the sad fate of her family in Drohobycz, all of

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whom had been deported to Russia except me, who at the age of 16 remained with her until her last moments.

She was a sweet and gentle person. I cannot recall her even raising her voice. We, her grandchildren, always listened to her, respected her, and, above all, felt great love and affection

for her. Until her last moments she has maintained her clear, intelligent and incisive mind and a loving and understanding heart. Under the most tragic and adverse circumstances she showed an inner strength and fortitude which are beyond description.

II.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Taken from her Diary kept while interned in the Drohobycz ghetto 1941-1942:

I want to collect the last shreds of my mental strength to express my feelings, so that after my demise, which I feel to be near, my words and wishes which I direct to all my good friends and dear relatives will not be forgotten. It is terrible to die in the knowledge that I shall not see again my children whose fate fills me with great sorrow and painful anguish, and that I have no news of my only son, my beloved child.

My life was for me a living grave and my last removal from this cellar, in which I live, to my real grave, will be a veritable salvation.

Only mothers, who have been afflicted by a fate like mine, can feel what I suffer. My husband has gone, I have no sign of life from my missing children, and I gather all my strength to live for the sake of the 16 years old Edwin, my only remaining darling grandchild, so that he may have me, at least, for his company. I crave for his well-being and pray that he may be preserved for me and be well, so that he can work hard to maintain himself honourably and look forward to a happy future, which he with God's help and thanks to his hard work is bound to attain. He is my only comfort and hope in my bitter life.

I am the living proof for human endurance. I open my eyes in the morning and I see the miracle of being alive although the bodily and more still the mental pains during he night are

awful and cannot be described. Woe is my hopeless life!

* * *

8.x.1941.—I am in a terrible state. This agonizing chronic arthritis of mine tears my flesh, infiltrates my tubercular bones and consumes the rest of my vitality. I seem to be like a flickering candle which will soon snuff out, and remain without life or light. Woe is me to have such bitter an end!

It is my prayer that these few last words of mine be preserved, so that after my death they may, as far as the circumstances will make it possible, get into the hands of my dear children, as all my thinking and longing after them has deluded my bitter unhappy life until the nearing end. I hope that these lines will reach my daughter Ginia and that she will preserve them as a keepsake from her mother.

* * *

3.iii.1942.—Darkness and void wherever I look. It's God's wonder that my spirit and my power of resistance still keep on and that my paralyzed swollen hand does not deny me its services to enable me to write these lines and to describe my martyrdom.

MEMOIRS

1. 23

1870-1942

FRIEDA WILDER née LAUTERBACH

Her daughter Emilia Wilder (1.233) writes:

Mother had so much of a saint in her—and yet so much human warmth. A saint, because she consciously and unfalteringly lived according to the high moral principle in which she believed. A saint also, because she was humble and self-effacing but warm in her continuous striving to make others happy. And human in her own enjoyment of beauty: of music, books, nature.

She displayed an uncanny skill in smoothing out any situations or relations that tended to hurt others. Father told me how much he appreciated mother's "philosophy of life"; and others—relatives and friends, young and old—proved what they thought of it by bringing all their worries, the petty and the grave ones, to Mother. How often did she end up in complete exhaustion, after a day of constant counselling, sympathetic participation and, more often than not, secret material help.

I suppose that the methods of bringing up us, her children, were also an outgrowth of that sensitivity; together with her own faith in moral principles and in the need to discriminate between the essential and the superficial values in life. She never moralized and never punished

us. Hers was a perfect example of education by example. Consideration for others was something so constantly, though innocuously, practised by mother that it seemed a self-evident rule of behaviour.

Mother did not have to tell us that money was not essential to happiness. Her disregard for fashionable dresses, jewels and other appurtenances of the wealthy served as a good enough demonstration of that belief. But things essential to happiness were good health, good relations with others, education—for the joy of knowing—, an understanding enjoyment (and, to a degree, performing) of art, and a feeling for the beauty of nature. And we owed this understanding to both father's and mother's love for music, nature, books.

Mother was deeply religious in her own way. Married to an unbeliever, she confined her formal practice to lighting candles every Friday night and going to the house of prayers on Rosh-HaShanah and Yom Kippur. But her faith in God was so firm that it did not need the formal affirmation; it found its constant expression in the practice of her life, all through its never undisturbed course up to its sharp and cruel end.

1. 42

1873-1942

JACOB ZALLEL LAUTERBACH

The following are extracts from

two contributions to the posthumous volume RABBINIC ESSAYS by Jacob Z. Lauterbach, published by the Hebrew Union College Press, Cincinnati 1951.

I.

by Dr. Solomon B. Freehof. Editor.

Jacob Zallel LAUTERBACH was the complete Jewish scholar. He embodied almost every

important phase of European Jewish learning. The old traditional learning, extending over

MEMOIRS

the centuries, spanning oceans and continents, beginning with the Soferim, continuing through to the last Novella and Responsa the unbroken chain of Talmudic learning, was maintained in its pristine strength in his native Galicia. He grew up to intellectual manhood under its influence.

All through his life he remained loyal to the traditional lore while cultivating the critical scientific method. Both co-existed in him in perfect harmony, yet each was distinguishable, neither being submerged by the other.

Although he was at home in many departments of modern Jewish learning, he was by basic training and by preference devoted to the Talmud. To him the Talmud was everything that it traditionally was in Jewish life plus a great deal more which modern interests have added to it. It was to him first of all the basic discipline of study, the theme of his thoughts and meditations, and the moulder of his mind.

Jacob Lauterbach moved on from textual work to an interpretation of history: the history of the Talmud itself, the history of Scribes, Pharisees and Sadducees. Then as modern interests have shifted from history and philosophy to sociology and psychology, so in his later years

he turned to the social psychology to be found in the Talmud, in its observances and its folklore.

His studies on the Sadducees and the Pharisees had a far-reaching effect in the world of everyday living. Part of the popular scientific foundation of the modern "goodwill" movement certainly was derived from his investigations.

R. Travers Herford, the English scholar who popularized the true appreciation of Pharisaism among Christian scholars, based his work largely upon the researches of Dr. Lauterbach. In his widely read book "The Pharisees" Herford says:

"Lauterbach has spoken the master-word on the subject, and all future treatment of Pharisaism must take account of it. I have fully accepted and made use of Lauterbach's theory."

He influenced a whole generation of rabbis. His companionable temperament, his insatiable interest in all manner of people built for him a constantly renewing circle of disciples and comrades. He was a great European scholar who brought his learning and abilities with him to this New World and taught and guided us for many years.

II.

by Dr. Julian Morgenstern, President Emeritus.

He was truly an open-minded and responsible scholar, who stamped the impress of his scholarship and of his friendly lovable personality deeply and beneficently upon his generation.

His straightforwardness, his humanness, his profound devotion to Judaism and the Jewish people, and his enthusiasm for his beloved Talmud were contagious. Many appreciative and grateful students he inducted into the seeming mystery of Talmudic lore.

Almost every one of his published studies was momentous, illumined some important and perplexing problem of Jewish belief, practice

or tradition. By the resultant clarification of the historic unfolding of Judaism's basic institutions, ceremonies, sects, ritual and literature he integrated Judaism's proud past with its hopeful future, deepened Jewish faith and loyalties, stimulated Jewish scholarship, and awakened enthusiasm for reverent, intelligent and progressive Jewish life in the modern world. He was an ardent lover of Torah; and for the countless disciples of his teaching and his spirit he made the Torah a veritable "tree of life". A noble man and a distinguished Jewish scholar.

MEMOIRS

2. 121

born 1878

REGINA SÜSSER née CHAJES

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

In our family of four I was the only girl and as such I became a contributing factor to the air of gaiety and liveliness in the house of our parents and enjoyed a very happy childhood and adolescence. Owing to my—if I may say so without presumption—good looks, I was a great social success and had a host of admirers and many suitors. In due course I found a congenial partner and got married to Bernhard Suesser, a man of rare qualities of mind and heart, a scion of one of the best Jewish families in Kraków. At his side I was granted much happiness and joy in our marriage. Our tranquil life was rudely disturbed by the outbreak of war in 1914. What we suffered and considered then a major catastrophe appears now as idyllic when compared with the horrors, the inhumanity and destruction wrought by the second war.

However, the greatest disaster befell me in

1929 when my beloved husband, my dearest friend, was taken from me. And then came the critical days of 1939 and for me and my daughter began a life of unrest and wandering. In anxious anticipation of Hitler's onslaught we left Kraków for Warsaw, and lived there during the terrible bombardment of the place, after which we escaped to Lwów, whence in 1940 we were deported to Russia. After an exile of 6 years we returned to Kraków where we found to our dismay that all we had ever possessed had disappeared under the barbaric Nazi occupation. We could not even re-enter our old apartment, as others had become masters of it. Now we live here, all alone, as our friends and most of our numerous family have either been exterminated or have left the country.

Kraków, 1959.

2. 122

1883-1941

ARNOLD CHAJES

His brother Michał Chajes (2. 124) writes:

The chief characteristics of my elder brother were his supreme disinterestedness, straightforwardness and integrity. Accordingly, when faced with the question of a career he chose that of a judge in preference to the tempting and more profitable business of an advocate. And this in spite of the difficulties he knew he would have to face as a Jew in an antisemitic atmosphere. By his assiduity, perseverance and erudition he succeeded in conquering such obstacles and, step by step, reached the position of a judge on the bench of the District Court in Stryj. He acquitted himself with credit of his elevated office. His sense of justice and the earnest dedication to his duties earned him

universal respect and the unblemished name of a model citizen. Even the Russians, occupying Stryj in 1939, recognized his merits and confirmed him in the tenure of his office while other judicial functionaries were deported to Siberia. This situation changed, alas, when in 1941 Galicia was overrun by the Nazi hordes. Together with all prominent Jews in the place, he was caught, imprisoned and shot.

A similar lot awaited his next of kin. His only son, Edmund, who was the joy of his life, as well as his wife Amalia, did not escape the hands of the German executioners and were murdered in cold blood.

Kraków 1959

MEMOIRS

2. 154

1889-1943

EMIL GRÜNFELD

His widow Anda Grünfeld writes:

My husband hailed from a cultured family, religious in a liberal sense and received from his childhood a Jewish education. Soon after our marriage in 1914, when the first World War encompassed Galicia, we left Tarnów, via Vienna, for Berlin. Here he found employment in 1917 in the renowned Jewish concern of "Hirsch, Kupfer-und Messingwerke", went on their behalf twice to the USA and in 1927, established a research institute in Berlin of which he became manager. With the advent of Hitlerism the business was expropriated, and he had to emigrate to Amsterdam in 1934. There my husband set up, on his own, an artificial silk weaving factory. This again was confiscated in 1941 by Nazis and he was deported to the Westerbork concentration camp where in 1943 he died of heart failure at the age of 53.

He owed his success in business and the good

name and appreciation he enjoyed to his mental prowess, his ever vigilant prudence and his skill in organization.

In his private life his chief interest was philosophy, which for him was more than a hobby. It was first Spinoza and later Constantin Brunner whose teachings appealed to him most. An active Zionist in his adolescence he possessed a good knowledge of Hebrew. While in Berlin he came under the sway of Constantin Brunner, became his ardent follower, joined the Brunner group and turned away from Zionist ideology. To explain this step he published for the use of his Zionist friends an apologetic pamphlet: "What Zionism was to me". He was an optimist by nature, and cheerful by disposition. He had a balanced mind and his presence had a reassuring influence on his family, in the midst of whom his firm personality radiated trust and a feeling of security.

2. 154

1893-1958

ANDA GRÜNFELD née LUDMERER

Her son Levy Granoth (2. 1541) writes:

Instability, wanderings, endless changes and upheavals marked the lives of my parents as those of many in their generation. Their childhood, adolescence and first married years were spent in Galicia, with Polish as their mother tongue. The vicissitude of the First World War brought them first to Vienna and then to Germany, where they remained until 1934.

In 1935, soon after Hitler's accession to power, I, of all the family, emigrated to Palestine while parents escaped with my little sister to Holland and there established their new

home. But this was of brief duration. After the invasion of Holland, my parents and my sister were sent by the Germans to the concentration camp at Westerbork. There my father died in 1943 of heart failure—the result of forced labour which undermined his strength. Mother and sister passed through the grim experience of Nazi concentration camps until they landed in the hell of Bergenbelsen. In April 1945 they were deported to the East in a train which somehow got into the hands of Russians who set the captives at liberty. Ill and exhausted as they

MEMOIRS

were, mother and sister, with many displaced persons, trekked their way back to Holland until finally in 1947 they were able to come to Palestine.

Mother presided over our little family with great dignity and competence. Whenever compelled by inscrutable fate to break up her home and to build a new hearth, she created in each

place a new focal point for her family. Wherever she lived, she managed to surround herself with a small but select group of people to whom she was tied with bonds of mutual affection. Those who knew her grieved over her untimely death and gave generous testimony to the nobility of her gracious personality.

Hazorea, 1959.

1. 116 1889-1956

JÓZEF KNOLLER

His son Gabriel (1. 1161) writes:

All who knew my father—and he left a host of friends and admirers—will admit that, with all his humble bearing, he was a remarkable and lovable person, the image of integrity, a model husband and father, a zealous Jew and a most conscientious physician.

He was imbued with high ethical ideals, did not deviate from them and followed them in his daily life. Straightforward, truthful and honest in all his dealings he expected similar behaviour in others and suffered moral pains whenever confronted with brute realities in private or public life.

Coming from orthodox and scholarly stock, father retained his Jewish leanings through life and combined religious fervour and strict observance with ardent Zionist convictions and patriotic loyalty to the Jewish State. These were the feelings which prompted him to abandon a

flourishing medical practice in his native town and to leave for the Holy Land in which he yearned to bring up his children, away from antisemitic and assimilationist influence.

Ours was a happy home in which father bestowed all his loving care on mother and on us his children to whose Jewish upbringing and good education he devoted his steady and patient endeavours. Steeped in Jewish tradition he created in his home the truly Jewish atmosphere in which we grew up.

As a physician to whose care thousands of infants were entrusted he applied to his practice not only his professional skill and uncanny understanding but all his heart and soul. His tireless work earned him the gratitude and affection of generations of children and their mothers; this was for him the greatest reward for his conscientious labour.

1. 124 born 1894

MICHAL CHAJES

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Ten days before the outbreak of the war in 1939 I received orders to join the Polish army in Kielce. Under the pressure of the advancing

Hitler forces our detachment retreated to Hungary and there I was interned in various camps until September 1940 when I was deported to

MEMOIRS

the Jewish concentration camp (for civilians) in Garany, North Hungary and then to a special camp for Jewish members of the Polish army. When in the autumn of 1944 Hungary was seized by the Germans the inmates of that camp were, as Polish Jews, transported to the Austrian frontier with the instruction to be handed over to the S.S. murderers for the purpose of "being liquidated", as mass-murder was euphemistically styled. By accident, and thanks to the humanity of our commander, we had the good luck of eluding our predestined fate and we managed to find ourselves in a prisoners-of-war camp where—in spite of the endeavours of our Polish comrades, to have us sent away as material for soap manufacture—we succeeded in surviving the war. In July 1945 I returned to Kraków, eagerly awaited by my daughter, only to be faced by the tragic fact of the cruel end of my beloved wife who had been murdered by the

Germans on the outskirts of Drohobycz, where she received a bullet of "mercy" at the hands of the Nazis, after crossing the ditches dug out as prospective mass-graves for Jews waiting to be executed.

Depressed by all these ordeals and heart-broken after the loss of my wife I made up my mind to give up the nervewracking profession of an advocate and exchanged it for the office of a legal adviser to some of the key industries of the Polish state. I also decided to devote myself to the hobby of art collecting a pursuit into which I had been initiated in my youth by the artistic inclinations of my family. I have been lucky enough to assemble quite a considerable collection and have been able to transform my humble dwelling into a modest but attractive private museum which excites the curiosity and evokes the admiration of connoisseurs and collectors.

Kraków 1959.

1. 312

1894-1958

EDWARD LAUTERBACH

MEMOIR

reprinted from the New York daily press.

Edward Lauterbach, former Assistant Corporation Counsel and justice of the peace and a leader in veterans' and welfare work, whose greatest personal effort was combatting anti-semitism during the Nazi regime, died at Norfolk, Va., where he and his wife went to spend the holiday weekend with their son-in-law and daughter.

In partnership with his son he specialized in real estate and surrogate law and had curtailed lately most of his outside activities with the onset of hypertension 10 years ago.

A past commander of Yonkers Post 68 of the Jewish War Veterans, he was a founder of Lower Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars. He was on the board of directors of the Yonkers Hebrew

Free Loan Asn. 25 years and he served as its counsel.

Chairman of the Joint Veterans Relief Agency in 1937, when he also served as president of the Yonkers Lawyers' Assn., he was a past master of Dunwoodie Lodge of Freemasons and past grand steward of the Grand Lodge of Masons in the State of New York. He was a former officer also in the B'nai B'rith organization.

Born in New York City, he lived in Yonkers since infancy, attended School Twelve, Yonkers High School, where he was an outstanding member of the debating team, and New York Law School.

In the First Great War he entered the Army,

MEMOIRS

serving nine months overseas with the Thirty-third Infantry Division. Active in Republican Party affairs, he was a 1st Ward Republican Club leader in the 20s and later a secretary in the Republican Club of the 4th Ward.

Edward Lauterbach has been one of the ablest and most respected of the Yonkers Bar. Over the years, he has devoted himself to many worthy causes. His death is a great loss to the City of Yonkers.

6.212

born 1899

ELZA UNGER née GOLDSTEIN

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Together with my two children I survived the German occupation in Warszawa and the near-by village Anin. Determined to avoid at all cost being imprisoned in the ghetto I moved to Anin where nobody knew us. The children, ignorant of their descent, went to school there while I maintained the family by giving lessons, —in secret, despite official prohibition. The last year of the war I served as domestic servant with families whom I paid for that privilege. This was one of the subterfuges for survival.

In 1942 the grave news reached me, in a roundabout way, that my parents (6.21) were removed from the Lwów ghetto and either killed or condemned to take their own lives. Father allegedly was in possession of poison which both of them took at the critical moment.

The history of these terrible years up to the end of the war is the same as that of all Jewish mothers who lived outside the ghetto: constant animal fear and superhuman endurance.

After the war I resumed my professional career in Warszawa. To my practical occupation as engineer and architect I added research work and joined the State Institute for Housing as director of its Research Department. I am also attached to the Faculty of Architecture at the Warszawa Technical Institute and am lecturing there on the Economics of architectural and urban planning. I have published several papers and articles on this subject.

Warszawa, 1959.

6.213

born 1900

ZOFIA TOMASZEWSKA née GOLDSTEIN

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

To describe the life under the Germans it would need volumes. Where should I begin? There was a time when I thought of writing down my memories of those turbulent times, but my strength failed me. All this is too sad and too hard to recollect.

My married life was very brief, as 3 months after our wedding my husband was taken

prisoner of war by the Germans, and I never saw him again. The outbreak of the war in 1939 found me in Gdynia and from there I went on foot to reach Warszawa after 7 days and nights of walking. I was lucky enough to find my sister Elza and stayed with her and her children until all of us were forced into hiding to save our lives. Here in a village near Legionów, to my

MEMOIRS

horror, I was trapped by the Germans and taken by force to the camp of Zakroczyn. Luckily I succeeded in running away, and for years I tramped the roads from village to village in search of work among peasants. Thus, by miracle, I survived the German occupation.

The liberation of Poland in 1945 found me 120 kilometres away from Warszawa and in order to rejoin my sister I marched that distance walking against the stream of the advancing Russian troops.

From then onwards I have been employed in all sorts of public work, as a member of the

Central Committee of the Women's League, as chairman of the Coordination Board of Women's Councils and finally as Executive Secretary of the Union of Workers in the Book, Press and Radio Trades. For my services I have been awarded several State decorations, among them the Silver Medal of Merit with the Star for Work-leaders. After all the misfortunes of the war, in which we lost our parents and most of our cousins, I have found comfort in social work, and this is now my aim in life.

Warszawa, 1959.

1. 118

1904-1957

ISABELLA DZIUNIA ROSSER JOHN née LAUTERBACH

Her brother Leo Lauterbach (1. 114) writes:

Dziunia, as she was called by all who knew her, began life under what appeared to be very auspicious circumstances and had a most happy and promising childhood. Her mental brightness was a great asset at school where she was a brilliant student. On obtaining her degree at the London University she became assistant secretary in my department and filled that position for 16 or 17 years, first in London and from 1936 in Jerusalem.

In October 1944 she married in Jerusalem and with her husband moved to his native place Swansea in Wales. Her happy and active life there was in 1955 disturbed by an affliction which, with brief intervals, was to pursue her for the rest of her life.

It was in June 1957 when her condition became rapidly worse and a drastic examination in hospital resulted in the diagnosis of a malignant disease which was found to be too much progressed to be cured or remedied. At the urgent call of her husband I went with my elder sister Ecia to her bedside, only to find her hope-

lessly ill and looking frail and wasting away.

Though plagued by pitiful discomfort and pain and growing bodily weaker from day to day, Dziunia retained her mental energy and alertness to a marvellous degree and right up to her last moment. Her thoughts and reflections oscillated between a fairly clear vision of an approaching end and a dark hope, to which she clung in the deep recess of her heart, for an eventual recovery. While bodily she was wasting away, her mental powers remained unabated. There was an unbelievable, terrifying contrast between her declining physical strength and the unweakened working of her mind. Those who watched her in her last few weeks and days, who listened to the lucid utterances of a clear-headed, reasoning person and saw the frail though enchanting face and the emaciated limbs of an invalid whose hours were counted could not help standing aghast at that soul-stirring, sublime triumph of an indomitable spirit over a decaying and doomed mortal body. Here was true tragedy, awe-inspiring and heart-breaking.

MEMOIRS

She died on August 21st 1957. In accordance with her wish her body was cremated in Swansea and the ashes were scattered to the winds.

Foreseeing her approaching end she wrote to me on June 27th a letter in which she said:

"I do not quite know what to say at this juncture. I want you all to know that I am not unhappy. I've had a very interesting life and I've packed into it a lot. It's been hard going sometimes, but I had a lot of joy. I love you all very much... I want you to know that I want to be cremated. If at all possible, I would like on Mama's grave a tiny plaque to say something like this:

*'In memory of Dziunia
who never really went away.'"*

Her wish was respected and a tablet was placed on Mother's tombstone in Haifa.

Dziunia was a gifted person endowed by nature with many accomplishments. Her dominant characteristic and her most prominent feature, was her personal charm, the friendliness and human warmth that radiated from her and captivated at once every heart.

She had an innate friendly interest in human beings, an intelligent, practical understanding for the working of the human heart and a flair for seeing the human side, serious or amusing, as the case may be, in every person, situation or event.

From this faculty flowed her mastery of epic narration. In every audience surrounding her, grown-ups would listen spellbound to her fascinating rendering of an incident, a situation or a character while children would sit open-

mouthed and hang on her lips when she regaled them with some of the colourful creations of her fertile imagination.

Most of these accomplishments were rooted in her sociable nature, her urge and her art of cultivating social and human contacts. She possessed the secret of penetrating imperceptibly into human hearts, and a magnetic power which attracted and fascinated people and made them flock to her and seek her company.

More than that, she was blessed with the precious gift of friendship in both senses: being a loyal and helpful friend and enjoying the true friendship of untold numbers of people of all origins and stations. The number of people whom she graced by her friendship—in Israel where she lived for the comparatively brief period of 9 years, in England where she studied and worked, in Wales where she spent 13 years of her married life, in those many countries whose Zionist leaders and workers she had met and befriended—is beyond computation. She bereaved them all too early.

A delightful person, a young woman of unique charm, left this world before her time. She parted from us in the midst of a life filled with happy activity and ended in bitter, helpless agony.

Dziunia's radiant personality will live in the memory of all whose lives she enriched and who will cherish with gratitude the remembrance of that friendship, love and happiness, that divine humanity which they felt in her presence while she was alive.

6.221 1905-1956

JOSEF KUTTIN

His widow Stefanie Kuttin writes:

Josef was a person of many parts and, with a nature abundant in vitality, was destined for a full, daring life and a checkered career.

In his student's days he made for himself a name as an intrepid fighter against antisemitic foes and acquired fame when he did not shrink

MEMOIRS

from challenging to a sabre duel a Jew-baiting Polish officer, a professional fencing master, and defeated him in the combat.

In a spirit of adventure and enterprise Josef left Lwów, penniless, for Paris and Rio de Janeiro where he earned his keep for a time doing odd jobs before attaining the post of chief chemical expert in a factory.

He left Brazil in 1932, without any apparent reason and made up his mind to go to Palestine, the only country, he thought, in which Jews could dwell in dignity.

After a short while of partnership in a textile dyeing factory he decided to make a complete change from urban to rural life, to settle in the country and to take up farming. With all the buoyancy in his veins he was far from light-hearted and went about his new plan with a thoroughness that was his second nature. With tireless assiduity he absorbed many books on most branches of agriculture before he decided to settle as dairy farmer and cow-breeder in Gedera and built by dint of strenuous, unceasing, intelligent effort a stockfarm which, with its accessory laboratory, statistical records etc., acquired a great name in the industry and attained very high records in milk production in the country.

However, farming did not exhaust all his intellectual energies and he spent every free minute on reading which was the chief among his many hobbies. In his reading which covered a wide field he was exact and serious, found in it a great delight, followed it constantly and did not know the feeling of boredom.

His Jewishness, bare—as it was—of religious roots or leanings, was based on strong national sentiments expressed in spontaneous reaction

against all forms of antisemitism and on a deep sense of patriotic attachment to Israel.

He was beloved by his family, his neighbours and fellow-workers. His children he brought up in perfect freedom, by benevolent persuasion and by his shining example of straightforwardness, moral integrity, disdain of wealth and high regard for learning and work. Working hard and leading the frugal life of a farmer, beset by the ceaseless financial problem how to make ends meet, he refused to worry over money, thinking such worries unworthy.

Josef gave much thought and time to the study of religions, but was himself a convinced unbeliever. He was fortified in his disbelief by the knowledge and experience of much injustice in the world. While filled with respect for those who are genuinely religious and pious he had no regard for hypocrites whose practical conduct did not harmonize with their professed piety and observance.

He was an indomitable optimist and believer in the innate goodness of the human heart. He never despaired of the ultimate success of every worthy endeavour. He inspired others by his faith and hopefulness and spread round himself the spirit of confidence and happiness with which he was filled in his life and work.

He had some mysterious premonitions of an early death, and faced it with courage. He had the strength of mind to bequeath his remains to the Medical Faculty of the Jerusalem University as his last service to the cause of humanity and of science.

Josef Kuttin's life was much too short but purposeful and happy, and as a happy man he will be remembered.

Gedera, 1959.

MEMOIRS

2.1522

born 1914

IRENE SULKES née SPITZMANN

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

To recall and describe the gruesome nightmare of my and my mother's five years under the Nazis is a task beyond human endurance. All I can do, and even this with great hesitation, is to jot down a few episodes from our ordeal, which stand out in my memory.

Equipped with forged "Arian" papers I lived in Warszawa, precariously posing as a Pole, while my mother (2.152) remained in Kraków in the house of her sister Fanny Lessner (2.153) until removed from there and placed behind the ghetto walls. I suffered agonies when her letters stopped arriving and got frantic when an anonymous message reached me enjoining me to come at once to her rescue. Disregarding all prohibitions, warnings and danger, I packed my papers and valuables and, fighting my way through German patrols, embarked on a railway train for Kraków and remained in it even when on the way it was searched and all the passengers were caught and deported to an unknown destination.

On the arrival in Kraków I slid through the cordon of the troops which surrounded the station and went to see a Polish friend who told me that all inmates of the Ghetto had gradually been exterminated, except a few sick and half-dead persons. All my friends begged of me not to proceed with my hopeless mission and to return to Warszawa. I did not heed their warnings and went, while one of the Gestapo-round-ups was going on in the streets, to the office of my uncle Eliaż Lessner (2.153), only to learn from his Polish successor, a "Volksdeutscher", that both my uncle and my aunt had been sent to the gas chambers. I was directed to a Jewish woman who had managed to escape wounded from the ghetto and who told me that when the inmates of the ghetto were rounded

up and collected for deportation, mother seeing her sister and brother-in-law among those condemned to being massacred, cut her veins preferring to die by her own hand. She was found gravely injured but alive and was placed in the ghetto hospital with the instruction to be handed over to the Gestapo as soon as she regained consciousness.

On hearing this I made up my mind to see mother whatever the consequences and disregarding all danger, attempted to approach during the night the ghetto walls. There something miraculous happened: I was stopped by an old man, ostensibly a Polish beggar, who warned me that going further meant certain death and offered to help me. I met him at an appointed place and, upon my promise to reward him adequately, he agreed to make inquiries. In the dead of night he left for the ghetto, while I was waiting in the house of a poor Polish milkman who risked his and his wife's lives by harbouring me. He returned with the report that mother was alive, but laid up in the cellar of the ghetto hospital, bandaged, unconscious and in high fever. The director of the hospital Dr. Lewkowicz had told him that it would be better for mother to die now than to recover and to be handed over to the Germans for certain cruel death. I managed to get in touch with Dr. Lewkowicz outside the ghetto walls, and against his persuasions and entreaties, begged of him to make mother at least transportable so that I could take her out of the ghetto, for which, I told him, to his horror and disbelief, I would try to obtain official permission. I sent mother some food, but when she refused to touch it, I decided in my despair to take a step which bordered on madness. Guided by the Polish "beggar" and after bribing the Polish police I slipped into the Ghet-

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to through a hole in the railings and, under the cover of darkness, located and entered the hospital where, among many half-dead bodies spread on the floor in the basement I found my mother lying bandaged, emaciated and unconscious. I laid down next to her and whispered into her ear that it was me and that I intended rescuing her from that place. She opened her eyes and cried out: "For God's sake, get away from here, I am beyond hope of rescue." I assured her that I would send somebody to rescue her from that hell and implored her to regain strength by not refusing to eat what I would send her.

I left mother and looked for a miracle which would make my desperate plan workable. My Polish friends, whose advice I sought, wondered that I was still alive, declared me mad and implored me to desist from my rashly conceived design. However, seeing my dead determination, my "volksdeutscher" friend through intermediaries, after some days, during which I returned to Warszawa, put me in touch with a Gestapo man who undertook, against payment, to help me. In his uniform, half drunk, he drove his car into the Ghetto and under the pretence of arresting my mother on the charge of espionage, fetched her from the hospital and in a circuitous way to avoid spying blackmailers, transported her to the "Arian" section of the town. After a few days of hiding, mother and I, accompanied by a cousin of the Volksdeutscher, boarded a train and managed to arrive safely in Warszawa.

Here another kind of hell awaited us. Mother's condition getting worse, she depended on constant medical attention, which meant changing our hiding places and our papers continuously out of fear that the visiting physician might betray us to the Germans. During one of these transportations mother had to give away all her jewellery to blackmailers who spotted her and threatened to inform the police.

This life of permanent fear and danger, of being hunted from place to place and forced to live under false papers, went on endlessly. When the Polish revolt broke out in Warsaw I

played my part by joining those Polish women who were fetching water for the rebels. This meant crouching doubled-up along the freshly dug out trenches to reach a well nearly 2 kilometers away and to bring a pail of water to the half-bombed rebel hospital. German planes were dropping bombs all the time and in one of my expeditions a fragment of a bombshell hit me on the temple and left me bleeding and prostrate on the ground. Covered with blood I was carried by friends into a cellar where I was left for two days in high fever, without any medical help. My mother, too, was wounded in her leg and was placed next to me. The fight was going on outside and ended in the Germans overpowering the rebels and threatening to blow up the whole place. In this predicament we saw no alternative and gave ourselves up to the Germans. Wheeled in a push-cart I was brought into an emergency hospital for Polish prisoners of war. There I was placed on a dirty table and left without any attention until after some days of agony a miracle happened and a Russian army surgeon, who too had been taken prisoner by the Germans, appeared and, on seeing my dangerous state, decided to try saving me by an immediate operation. As no instruments or anaesthetics were available, the angelic stranger, using a kitchen knife sterilized over a candle, while hospital-nuns were holding my arms and legs, extracted bits of shell from my festering temple and then covered the wound with paper bandages. Afraid of being transported to Germany, I decided, in spite of my poor state, to flee with mother and during the night, in a heavy downpour, we ran away and had the strength and luck to reach Częstochowa and then Kraków.

As a pseudo-Arian I was admitted to the Jesuite hospital and gradually I recovered from my wound only to fall ill with an attack of typhoid. This proved to be a blessing in disguise, inasmuch as it saved me from sharing the lot of other convalescents who were, in batches, deported from the hospital, ostensibly for labour, but in most cases to extermination camps. While

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ill and weak myself I had to be permanently on my guard and whenever the danger of a Nazi raid was approaching, mother and I took refuge in the hospital and so managed miraculously to survive.

No words can adequately describe this life

under endless round-ups in the streets and police raids in private houses, with informers in every corner.

Years have gone, but our minds are still full of terrifying memories.

Mexico, 1960.

6.611

born 1920

LILITH GAULAN née NACHT
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

After spending my childhood in Drohobycz and receiving my early education there. I entered the Technical College in Lwów in 1938 to study architecture, but gave it up later when attending lectures became a torture for Jewish students because of the unworthy treatment meted out to them by their anti-semitic Polish fellow-students. I returned to Drohobycz and was there when on 29. September 1940 it was occupied by the Russian Red Army. On that very day my father (6.61), known as a Zionist leader, was arrested and soon afterwards deported to Russia, never to be heard of again. The name of our family was placed on the black list, our house was confiscated, and all of us were denied all means of subsistence.

In April 1940 with all families of political prisoners we (grandmother, mother, brother and I) were deported to Kazakhstan in Siberia and placed in a Kolkhoz, collective village, where I was detailed to such work as cleaning of stables and felling of trees. A year later I was sent away from the family and brought to a labour camp engaged in the building of the Akmolinsk-Kartaly railway line. We worked 12 hours a day and on days in which our output fell below 80% of the fixed quota we were denied our bread-ration. Sundays were dedicated to the Red Army and on those days we were made to reach the

full 100% of the quota. The conditions under which we lived there were bad beyond description, especially from the middle of 1941 when, with the beginning of the German-Russian war, the horses in the camp were taken away by the army and, to replace the missing animals, we were forced to work very much harder.

Fortunately the amnesty granted in August 1941 to Polish exiles as a result of the treaty between Stalin and General Sikorski, enabled me to return to the Kolkhoz and, in October 1941, to leave with the family for Uzbekistan in South Russia. We stopped at Djalazabad and, when General Anders formed there the fifth Division of the Polish army, we managed, by superhuman efforts and luck, which bordered on the miraculous, to leave Russia with that army and via Persia, each of us separately, after a series of adventures, reached Palestine. I arrived there on 1st November 1942 and took up studying chemistry at the University in Jerusalem. However, seeing that the family was left without means of livelihood and my brother without further schooling, I gave up studying and, to support myself and them, I entered the service of a Bank and worked there for six years until my marriage.

Jerusalem, 1960.