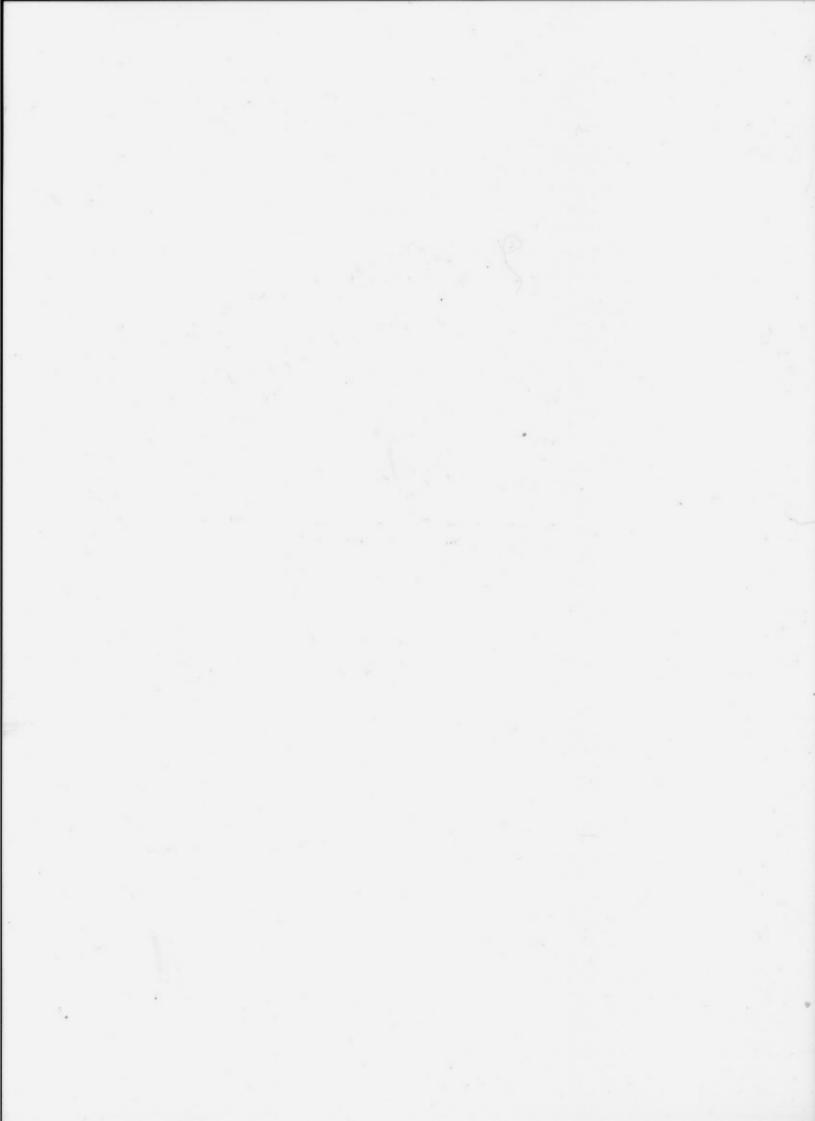
Uncle Elja

He was a soldier in the first World War. At that time we lived in Simpheropol in the Crimea. We heard from Uncile Solomon (a brother of my mother who lived in Odessa) that at one time when Elja entered the army, he was so depressed that he wanted to commit suicide. After the Russian Czar abdicated his throne, and the Russian Pevolution akaz started, and when the Bolshevicks came to power, they made a separate peace with Germany. Elja returned home. He came to visit us in the Crimea in 1918. We all loved him. He was very intelligent, he knew literature very well, it was fun to be with him. While in the army, he corresponded with me; I was in High School (Cymnasium called in Russian). I read his letters to the girls in the class, and the girls were asking "is there a letter from uncle".

In Odessa he lived with our grandmother Mindl. When he got married he moved to Kiev and got estranged; there were no letters from him. Our grandmother moved to a furnished room. She was a very unhappy woman and looked so. She was always lonely for her children. Aunt Clara in America and my mother in the Crimea. She visited Aunt Clara in 1907 and when she came back to Russia, she visited us. I still have an American inckel that she gave me andaa pair of small brass candlesticks. I saw her in Odessa in 1917 when I visited there.

When I lived in Danzig, I heard from my mother (she lived in Luniniec, Foland) that Uncle Elja was sent to Siberia - it was in the Stalin era. Then one day I received from him a letter - it seems that I wrote to him and he answered on December 25, 1934. I have that letter. It was a beautiful, philosophical and a poetic one at the same time. He was in remote Siberia and he mentioned a cell. He wrote about beauty and hope. He wrote he was sent for 3 years. While there, his wife and two children visited him for 12 days. They traveled 14 days one way. I answered him and never heard from him again.



on their wedding day on an island Mauritius in the Indian Ocean, where they were interned by the British, When their ship landed in Palestine, and the British, who were administrating Palestine then, instead took them to Mauritius to a camp. With many Jewish people Claire alone and a young girl at that time was forced to leave Danzig and go to nowhere. On onve of her wanderings on a ship, she met Karel, a young doctor from Czecho-Slovakia and later in Mauritius they were married, but had to live in separate quarters. After a few years of life of sickness and deprivations, the British took them to Balestine. On the screen were also pictures and their voices heard of another sister of Ben, Mira and her husband Herman, when they were young and had to leave Danzig and were on a Ship "Astir" for 5 months of untold sufferings until the British admitted them to Palestine. And there were on the screen pictures of our doctors in our clinic OSE and myself, and I heard my voice (which was very funny) and because the noise and the charged atmosphere , I did not hear a word I was saying. On the walls of the museum were other pictures that I gave them and pictures of us and others as er are now. On the screen were pictures of the Great Danzig Synagoge, and imposing building and then when it was demolished and a banner saying: "Kum lieber May und mache uns von yuden frei". Translated means Come dear month May and make us from Jews free. This was put up by the Nazis. That was not all yet. One of the ladies approched me and said that a movie is being shot in the museum and I should be in it. There I was talking to a woman from Danzig and cameras and lights and huge microphone and producer around shooting the movie. When and where that movie will be (if) I do not know. Later Malvi said that I am on my way to stardom in Hollywood. We all laughed and do did one of the museum ladiws. After that exhibit preview in March, I received a letter from Anita Friedman from the museum asking me whether I want to give an interview for the New York City Radio Station that will have a talk on Danzig. First I declined, but I got a telephone call from a woman who works for teachings on Holocaust in High Schools and she asked for the interview, and said how important it is to talk about our experience in Danzig when the Jewish community and its institutions was destroyed. Clair was also asked.

So one day I took the subway and went to the Municipal Building on Chamber-Centre
Street in Manhattan and talked and answered questions in the microphone for an
hour. (Of course, it will be edited and shortened). It will be aired on May 8th
at 6:30P.M. In New York there is in one of the movie houses a movie "The Tin Drum"-

it was shot in Danzig and based on a book by a German writer (the greatest in

Germany now) Gunter Grass. He was born in Danzig. He wrote a book about Danzig Jews.

"The diary of a snail". He is not a Jew; to write this book he went to Israel to talk to some of the Danzig Jews who live there. He wrote an introduction to the catalogue of the Danzig Exhibit - avery beautiful and moving article - the catalogue was sent to me by Anita Friedman. The critics call the movie an Epic Tale.

It runs for As hours and everyone who saw it talks about it.

Mendel left Luniniec, (where he was born) in the summer of 1941. My other brothers

Jacob and Fishl were still in Luniniec. Jacob was in the Folish Army when the war

started in 1939. After the Poles lost the war, he came to Luniniec where the family

lived. Later on the Russians entered White Russia, the part of the country where

Luniniec was. Jacob and Fishl were taken in the Russian Army where they fought the

Germans, were wounded, contracted illnesses, and lost their lives. Although the Russians

took over that part of Poland, the people were considered Foles, as Mendel was.

My mother, on the insistance of Jacob was persuaded to leave Luminiec alone. Many people were evacuated from that part, since it was the War Zone, and were sent to Siberia, and to the Russian republics in Central Asia. I have a letter from here where she is crying that she left the children, and that she was afraid of the cold where the climate is severe and she had no warm clothing.

there by Russian soldiers and turned back; he managed to get on a freight train and reached a city Gomel - a major railroad station that was bombed at that time, and where there was panic in the streets. There too, people were evacuated. He got on a train and went across Russia to cities on the Volga River - to Stalingrad where he worked on gathering the harvest. From there to other cities on the Volga, sometimes jumping on boats that were already moving (otherwise he could not board the boat). He reached the Caspian Sea - Volga flows into the Caspian - and a city Krasnovodsk, where he worked in forced labor camps on the railroad, and there was not much food and no warm clothing. He was transferred to a city Kuibishew, still in the European Russia, and from there to Tashkent in Central Asia in the Soviet republic of Tadgick (population Muslims). He deserted from Tashkent and reached Samarkand where he was working on the railroad to the end of the war.

He had no proper papers, a passport, or a draft card; he was often arrested, beaten, hungry, and cold. At the job, his boss was a Jew. Mendel was asking him for help to get back home. The boss gave him a permit to return to European Russia to the city Kovel via Moskow. Mendel managed to board trains - transportation after the war was in disarray

and very difficult for people without special missions. On his travels, he met a Russian soldier, a veteran with a lot of medals, an invalid, on crutches. Mendel Helped him, waited on him, helped to get food and hot water for tea on stations. The soldier on his part, protected Mendel. When there were searches by military on the trains for papers or permits to travel; the soldier menaced them and beat them with his crutches, saying that Mendel is caring for him, and thus they reached Moskow, from where Manny got back to Luniniec, only to hear that our uncles, aunts, and cousins were all stripped maked and killed, when the Cermans entered Luniniec. Manny wrote me a card from there, crying that his "heart was like a stone". About the fate of the brothers and Mama, he found out when he was in Central Asia.

So utterly alone, he went on. He was lucky and learned about Jewish Underground who smuggled out people for Mestern Europe. He was with a group of people who were given false passports as Greek nationals. They were instructed - not to understand Polish or Eussian language. They were abused and robbed of the little that they had by Polish soldiers. Semehow, they reached Checho-Slovakia and Hungary, and from there Salzburg, Austria, where, I think he was for a while, and from where American Organization transferred them to Munich, Germany to a displaced persons camp. From there he wrote to me asking, begging to help him come to America to us. I received an official paper from the camp administration that he is there and which permitted me to write him once a month. I had to submit that paper to the post office and they cut a stamp and a date when I mailed a letter. I think I had to submit the letter to them. I, however, managed to send him cables, not exactly having permission, and I wrote him that we want him and wait for him. He saw my cables on the table, When the officials questioned him about his past. I was in touch with the National Council of Jewish Women, affidavits were sent, I think one from Mr. Fogel, I asked him.

One day, while I was working Malve called me up. "Sit sown, listen, Mendel is coming". I think it was in late fall of 1946. Mendel was on the second transport ship (a military one) that President Truman allowed to enter and bring displaced persons to

America. And so we got our brother.

When I went to the ship to meet him, because of formalities on the pier, I was late. So many people were there already, and I could not get to the front of the ship. I went outside, and saw, in the distance where the ship was docked, was docked, was docked Manny looking dejected and unhappy, not seeing anybody. It was Ben who guessed it was Manny leaning and looking down and waiting, and he waved and shouted when he recognized that he was met.

A few days later, I schleoped him to New York to show him the Empire State Building; he looked and he said "I am going to live here."

AFFA" IND MALVE

Karis brothe change ?-

Abram lived in Danzig for 18 years. He went there from Poland where my parents lived after they left Pussia after the Bolshevic Revolution.

Danzig was a kind of "scizophrenic" city. The Poles claimed it (it now belongs to Poland and is called Gdansk) because it once belonged to them and also because it is surrounded by Polish territory. The League of Nations gave the city a status of Free City of Danzig - a high commissioner was appointed. Polish citizens could enter the city without a visa. The population was mostly German (200,000 pop.), the official language German. But the railroad telonged to Poland, and there were two Post Offices - one German and one Polish, and so were the letter toxes. The city was a big center of grain, timber and herming trade, as well as shipbuilding.

Abram worked in an import-export herring firm as an office worker. The owner, whom my father "discovered" was perhaps a distart relative - I'do not really know - and he was a wonderful and good person. One day Abram arrived there unexpectedly and the owner hired him just like that. Abram learned the language on the job (even slept in the office, unofficially) and the boss sent him to a German teacher to take German lessons.

Abram knew Malve for six years, before they or she decided to get married which was in July 1939. The affidavit that Abram received from America was the result of my correspondence with our derr Aunt Clara. In my despair, I really bothered here lot!! Abram was passive because he did not know what Malve wanted, and never did anything in connection with emigration. At that time he was liquidating a firm (the owner had left for abroad,) and his former boss was already in Palestine. Everyone who could, was running away, and every day we heard that so and so left. Although Hitler was not in Danzig yet, but Nazis wore uniforms with swasticas and paraded at night with flaming torches and sigging songs, the words of which were threats to kill the Jews. There were the Furemberg laws that a Jew had no right to be married to a German or live (as common couples) with one another. We also had the "Cristal Night". Jewish Synagogues were burned, Jewish businesses demolished. Also the policinic where I worked, the Jews were beaten and imprisoned.

Abram was lucky at that time. Malve lived with her mother, two younger sisters and two brothers. One sister Mira, and the younger brother, and a friend of Mira, "erman, left Danzig in March 1939 and sailed on a ship to Palestine. There was a succession of ships, and finally the ship "Astir" where they were for months under unspeakable conditions of hunger, fires, riots, and nearly sinking -(the story and movie "Exodus is based on the story of that ship). When the British finally permitted them to land in Palestine, Mira was taken ashore on a stretcher. She and Herman are now living in America about 10 years. The brother lives in Israel. Malve's parents and an older sister, who lived in Poland, perished from the hands of the Nazis.

There was another tragic thing in Danzig. Many Jewish parents rarted with their young children, when families in England (Christian and Jews alike) offered to take Jewish children until they could be reunited with their parents; which rever happened. Herman's two sisters were sent to England. That day in Danzig was a day of sorrow - ever some Termans were affected - when the Jews brought their children to the railroad station, never to see them again. Hermans sisters now live in England, their poor parents perished. The youngest sister of Malve - Claire - remained in Danzig all alone after everybody left the parents to Poland, where they and an older sister perished at the hands of the Pazis. Claire went on a ship (with other Jews) and after long wanderings, where whe met her husband Karel who was a doctor from Bzecho-Slavakia - was sent by the Pritish (after trying to land in Palestine) to an island, Mauritius in the Indian Ocean, where they lived for a few years not exactly under conditions as in German "camps" but still not free and suffered poor nutration. That the British denied. When we (Malve and Fen from the Army) wrote to the Pritish Ambassador in Mashington. Consequently the Pritish sailed them to Falestine, (Claire and Karel were married in Mauritius, He worked as a doctor in the camp, Claire as a nurse. In Palestine they lived for a while and from there went to Czecho-Slavakia which at that time was still a free Republic. Later on the Russian overtook and there was a strict Communist regime. Claire and Karel managed - lucky for them, a miracle too! They left Czecho-Slovakia and are living here now.

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To continue with Abram. I first was asking Aunt Clara for an affidavit for my yourger brother Jacob, who at that time, after being Bor two years in the Polish Army no war yet - lived with Abram in Danzig. When the Nazis were beating and harassing Jews in the streets (Abram and Jacob were beaten) Jacob went back to Poland where later when the war started he has in the Folish Army. So I asked, I sent a cable to Aunt Clara, and asked that the affidavit should be in the name of Abram. Aurt Clara asked Louis Fogel and he sent an affidavit. Abram was born in Pussia. The Pussian Puota, Due to the restrictions for emigration in Pussia at that time, was not exhausted. To there was no difficulty. The American Consul, upon receiving papers for Abram, approved them and decided they are erough for both Abram and Malve. Usually when the Consul approved the papers, he, after a thorough questioning, (about your mast, finances, job, affiliations, etc.) would issue a tener stating that the person is eligible to enter the United States and is waiting for a visa. That was a kind of protection, of course. I do not know whether it was always a protection in Mari time. But it proved to be for throw and Yelve, who were still in Danzig. When Mitler's SS troops marched into the city on September 1, 1939. On that right there was no one in the streets - one Jew was running - it was Abram running to Malve's house. Lucky !! They left Danzie in December 1930 via Germany (by railroad) and emborked on a shir in Fotterdom, Holland, orrived in Hoboken, New Jersey, where I was waiting for them.

To be able to emigrate to the United States, one had to have an affidavit from a person in America, who has a good job, savings, and who was willing to go through amany formalities (income tax return etc.) to furrish that affidavit. There is one very important thing, to be eligible to get an American visa - it is where was one born. There were quotas alloted to different countries for reentry to America - at that time anyway. Sen was born in Poland and Polish quota was all but exhausted. Ben was waiting for two years for the visa - he was, of course, registered with the American Consultte. We had an uncle in America who sent him an affidavit. In the night of the "Cristal Might", Ben and also his younger brother was arrested by the Mazis, taken to prison where he was for two weeks, beaten once, his brother more. My room was searched that right, but I was not abused. Malve got a blow with the stick over her back and fell to the floor. Two or Three weeks before Hitler marched in to Danzig on August 1939, Fer was lucky to get his visa and arrived in America at the beginning of Sentember.