

With God's Help

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Preface

When I was commissioned on my 65th birthday by Chuck, his wife Kitty, and children Ben and Becca to put my story on paper, I was deeply moved. They wanted my children, grandchildren, and future generations of our family to know what transpired in the faraway place where I was born and brought up. It was a time and place that became extinct because of the Nazi atrocities.

There are no words that can express my great appreciation to Chuck for the many hours he spent to edit and see that this book was published. My special thanks to Kitty for the support and encouragement she gave to Chuck. It was a concerted effort by all concerned—my grandchildren's excited interest and their continuous prodding me to complete the book, Estelle's correction of my spelling, all the time Richard spent to select, set up, and teach me how to use the computer, and Mark's belief that I could and would do this—that helped me during the five years it took for this to become a reality.

Framingham, Massachusetts
April, 1990

Introduction

I, Samuil Manski, was born October 11, 1920, in the town of Lida, Poland. Prior to 1920, Lida was part of greater Russia ruled by the Tsars. In 1920, Lida was conquered from the Soviet Union by Poland and remained Polish until September 1939. At the start of World War II, Lida was retaken by Russia and became part of the Belorussian Soviet Republic (White Russia). It might be logical to think of Lida as a Russian town. I lived there during the short period when the Poles tried to assimilate the area into Poland; so I think of Lida as Polish.

As for the date of my birth, there were two opinions. My aunt Rose, my father's sister who left Lida in the early twenties for Palestine, insisted that I was born on July 11th. My mother claimed that October 11th was my birth date. The discrepancy was important. If my aunt Rose was right, I was born seven months after my parents' wedding. So I always went along with the October 11th date. Be that as it may, I am here. For that I thank them.

Lida

After 48 years, it is hard to remember and to reconstruct precisely the names of the people, streets, and institutions of Lida. I shall endeavor to do the best I can.

The Town

Lida was perhaps small in size but was important because of its location. Being close to the Russian border, we had a military air base and an army base. Incidentally, Lida was recently mentioned in connection with the Russian-American summit meeting held in Washington in December 1987. The Russians agreed there to remove some of their intermediate-range missiles from Europe. Lida was one of their missile sites.

For a small town, Lida had everything: charm, beautiful girls, ruins of a castle, a volunteer fire department, two movie houses, three hotels, a railroad station, many churches, one beautiful synagogue, and small houses of prayer in which tradesmen used to worship. It was a custom for tailors to pray in their own house of worship; the same for butchers, shoemakers, etc. We also had a Jewish hospital and a cemetery.

We had a factory that produced nails and wire and one that produced rubber boots and rubbers. We had a beer brewery, a flour mill, and a soap factory. As you can see Lida was a busy town.

In the center of town was a market where farmers used to come twice a week with their produce. As I recall, all the streets

merged at the market like a wheel with the spokes meeting in the center. The marketplace was in the form of a square and different shops and stores were there to serve the farmers and the people of the town. The better stores were on the main streets. The streets were cobblestone and clean. I remember drains and the streets painted with white calcium. I realize that this was done in order to kill bacteria.

Lida had a public gymnasium (high school) and a private business high school run by Pijarow, a Catholic order; I attended the latter. There were public grammar schools and two Hebrew schools—one a Talmud Torah and the other a Tarbut school. A Tarbut was a secular Hebrew day school with all subjects taught in Hebrew and with Polish and German taught as foreign subjects. These Hebrew schools were private, supported by the community and by parents. My sister, brother, and I attended the Tarbut school. The education we received there was in great measure responsible for our zeal and love of our people and of Zion.

The coming of spring was the most beautiful time of the year. The snow started to melt and we started to discard our winter clothing. People broke up the ice which had accumulated on the streets and sidewalks during the winter. The horse-drawn snow carriages became fewer and fewer. Spring ushered in Passover, which gave us a chance to get new shoes and clothing. Homes were cleaned and prepared for the joyful holiday. Summer was on the way and vacation from school was near.

The summer months were warm and dry. The wealthy people sent their children to camp. I was lucky that I was able to go one summer. I spent most summers around the house, swimming, playing ball, riding a borrowed bicycle, and active in Hanoar Hatzioni, a General Zionist youth group.

With the end of the summer, the High Holidays approached and so did school. With the onset of fall, the weather got nastier and nastier. Rain and some snow appeared, the days shortened, and the smell of winter was in the air. Then the snow started to get heavier and the temperature lower.

I do remember the first snowflakes; they were always so beautiful and clean. I would stand near the window and be mesmerized by the snow. In the winter, the windows were double with wads of cotton and alcohol placed between the two panes in order to keep the windows dry and frost free. As winter settled in, the streets became ice-packed and dirty from the weather and traffic. But the winter sleigh rides were a lot of fun, especially when girls were involved. And so the seasons went, on and on from year to year.

The places that stand out most clearly when I think of my city are the market, the ruins of the castle, the great synagogue, the railroad station, the fire station, the river in back of the cemetery, my parents' home, my father's place of business, and my father's parents' home and tavern. The synagogue was a brick and stone building; it was two stories high with many windows and a beautiful dome in the middle. Inside, the carved hand-made ark faced east. The pulpit in the middle of the synagogue opened from two sides, with brass-railed steps leading to it.

My father attended services there. As a young boy, I would join him, particularly on holidays. I remember two occasions vividly. Once my father was called to the bema for an aliya. He took me with him and put his tallis around the both of us. We were covered for the blessing of the Torah. I was thrilled, as it was the first time I had been covered by a tallis. In Poland, no tallis was worn until a man got married. Perhaps this was a good way to differentiate between married and single men.

The other episode that I remember was a prank that my friends and I did during the High Holidays. During the reading of the Torah, when the bema was crowded with people, we took the tzitzes and tied them together to the railing. When a man descended the steps, all the tallism went with him. Naturally, we were punished and thrown out of the place of worship.

The ruins of the castle were used primarily for military parades and sporting events. The local military base held many horse shows at the castle. Two soccer teams played games there

every week. One team was Jewish. I attended games at the castle quite often as I played soccer in school and in my spare time. The castle was built on a small hill. During the winter months, we used the hill for tobogganing. In the winter, the castle grounds became ice skating rinks and we skated after school and evenings. I skated quite well to the music.

Of the many functions held at the castle, two stand out in my mind. On the 12th of May, 1935, Marshall Joseph Pilsudski died. Pilsudski was a great Polish hero who fought the Russians and helped to liberate Poland after World War I. The day after his death, a memorial service was held on the grounds of the castle, the military participating. I was there as a member of the high school ROTC. The service was held in the evening by candlelight. It was quite impressive. I still remember it clearly.

The other occasion was Jabotinsky's visit to Lida in the middle thirties. Jabotinsky was a great speaker and leader in the Zionist world. At that time, he advocated and preached to the Jews of Poland to leave for Palestine because of the Nazi menace. What made his visit memorable was his delivery and the impact the speech made on the people. Perhaps because of his speech, I am right of center on Jewish issues.

I recall the railroad station because, during the first days of World War II, I was ordered to go there and help unload railroad cars. At that time, I was a member of the local militia. Later, I and some others were chosen to guard the station until the arrival of the Soviet troops. I remember the day the Russians came. We were told to put our rifles upside-down and to leave the station.

The fire station was located on the outskirts of the city, not far from my father's parents' house. After visiting with them, I made sure to stop at the fire station to watch the men practice. On the side of the main building was a tower where the men would jump and go down the ropes.

The fire equipment included some horse-drawn and some motorized fire engines. The fire department had its own or-

chestra; I must say it was a good one. The department was run by volunteers and by a few professionals. My father was an officer. The firemen always received me well because of my father's position. Many times when the siren blew, I would run to the fire and watch the men work. It was exciting. I am sure that, if not for the war, I would have become a volunteer fireman and followed in my father's footsteps.

The Lidjeka, a small river, ran through town. Two bridges crossed it. One, I remember, was behind a church and led to some small villages. The other was on the street where my parents owned a small factory that produced delicatessen. In the summer, we would bathe in the river where it flowed behind the Jewish cemetery. As youngsters, we felt weird going through the cemetery; especially when the high grass moved in the wind. We always ran to get to the river quickly. The shadows of the moving grass made me think of the dead moving around.

Near the river was my fathers' parents' house. It was a big wooden home divided into two parts. My father's sister, Ritza, lived in one part with her family: her husband, two sons and a daughter. I remember my Aunt Ritza to be a very beautiful woman. She was one of three daughters; my father was the only son. Ritza remained in Lida when the other two sisters went to Palestine. My uncle Zelig Schneider, Ritza's husband, was a Singer Sewing Machine salesman.

Ritza's family suffered terrible tragedies. In the middle thirties her son and my cousin, Lolka, was killed accidentally. Working in a shop, he was shot by someone cleaning a gun. There was a big funeral through the streets of the city. During World War II Tamara, Ritza's daughter, my older cousin, was killed by the Nazis. I was told that she and other girls were made to walk naked through the streets of the city before they were killed. Tamara was tall and beautiful like her mother. I do not remember my youngest cousin Chonka well.

The second part of the house was subdivided into residential quarters and a tavern. My father's parents owned the tavern,

a busy place. They served the farmers on their way to the market and on the way back. I will describe later my recollections of my paternal and maternal grandparents. At present, I am trying to describe places as I remember them.

What I remember most about my father's parents' house is not the most pleasant thing to remember, namely my grandmother lying dead surrounded by big candles and many people in the house. I was twelve years old at the time. The house was almost on the outskirts of town, near the hospital and cemetery. It was from there that I left Lida forever. It is strange. As I write this 48 years later, faces that I have long forgotten begin to appear in my mind, almost as if I were there now. It is a good feeling and a sad one.

My maternal grandparents rented their home. It was located in the center of town, not far from where my mother's sister and our family lived. The house was in a cul-de-sac, a minute away from the main street lined with stores. Across from the house was a small synagogue where my grandparents prayed. Further down the street lived a family related to my grandmother. They were in the dairy business and many chickens and geese ran around in their yard. They also used to make cheese.

My grandparents lived in a two-family wooden house, one story high with a little garden. It was a quiet and clean place. After my grandfather's death, I moved in to keep my grandmother company. Incidentally, my grandpa died a few months before my father's mother. It all happened just prior to my Bar Mitzvah.

My mother's sister lived on the main street in a brick building on a corner. She and her husband ran a cafe, serving pastries, ice cream, and coffee. They had music for dancing. It was the nicest cafe in town, attended by the officers of the military and by the upper classes.

The long main street was called Suwalska. The banks, movies, post office, fire station, churches, city hall, and most of the better stores were located there. The other important street was the 3rd of May Street, commemorating the date Poland

became independent in 1918. It was on this street that my parents had their place of business.

My parents owned a provisions store, located on the corner of 3rd of May Street and Mackiewiczza Street. The latter street was named in honor of a great Polish author and was where we lived. On the 3rd of May Street were the gymnasium (high school), the jail, and other stores. People lived near the stores or above them.

My parents' store was in a two story brick building. On the second floor was a fine hotel. Next to the store was one of the better eating places. A barbershop and a drug store were in the same block. Across from the store was a small park with benches and flowers. On the side of the park was a stand for the horse buggies which provided transportation.

As I recall, my parents' store had two large display windows, one facing the 3rd of May Street and the other Mackiewiczza. Inside the store, facing the entrance, was a counter with scales and a cash register. The walls were tiled in white. Salami, bologna, and other goods produced by my father were hung for display on the walls. I remember this vividly and can still smell and taste the delicious meat products, especially the salamis made of goose meat and liver (we know this as liverwurst). The store also carried a better selection of fruits of the season.

My mother spent most of her time in the store, inasmuch as my father was in charge of production and distribution to other stores. I used to spend my spare time in the store helping out and helping myself to samples of the different products.

I recall one incident while I was in the store with my father. A well-to-do customer came in and asked the price of an item. My father told him a higher price than normally charged. After a few minutes of bargaining, the price came down to the price charged everyone. After the man left, I asked my father why he quoted the higher price originally. I never forgot the answer he gave. "This man likes to bargain and would like to be the winner." So my father made the man feel good and at the same time received the price charged to all other customers.

I will never forget the barber shop next to my parents' store. I don't remember how old I was, probably in my early teens. My father took me in and told the barber to give me a shave. That was the first shave I had ever had. I felt that with that first shave I became a man.

In a building across the street from the store was a small hotel. On the top floor was a private club, run by the fire department, where the club members played cards. My father participated quite a bit, much to the consternation of my mother.

I am writing all this because none of it any longer exists. I feel this period of time cannot be duplicated. I want you to imagine that you were there with me.

As I write about the physical description of Lida, names and faces become more vivid to me. The names I mention must sound funny to an American, but these were the names used in Poland and it is important not to forget them. The recollections I describe are my own. Other people who were there may have different perspectives. I say this after glancing through a book written about Lida in memoriam to the people killed by the Germans. So I want to emphasize again and again that the descriptions are mine and mine only.

The Jewish Community

The Museum of the Jewish Diaspora in Tel Aviv provides the following information on the history of the Jewish community in Lida:

LIDA, TOWN IN GRODNO OBLAST (STATE), BELORUSSIAN S.S.R.

According to a decision of 1623 by the Lithuanian Council the Jewish community of Lida was subordinated to Grodno Kahal (Council). The files of the Lithuanian financial commission contain records of the quarrels between the Lida Kahal and the Jews of the neighboring villages. In 1766, there were 1167 Jewish poll tax payers in Lida and the vicinity. The community numbered 567 (73.6% of the total population) in 1817; 1980 in 1847, 5166 (68%) in 1897 when there were 24,813 Jews (12.3%) in the whole district; and 5419 (40.4%) in the town, with 16,551 (8.5%) in the district in 1921.

In the 1880s, the 13 prayerhouses in the town were grouped in one large square; they were all damaged in a fire. Until World War II, the Butchers' synagogue contained an ark with original ancient doors. In 1921, there were 302 Jewish work shops in Lida, over half of them family enterprises. There were 37 Jewish farms in Lida in 1927. Between the two world wars, the community maintained a secular elementary school and a children's home, both affiliated to a central yiddish school organization. There was also a Tarbut school.

Among Rabbis of Lida were R. David R. Ayeh Leib of Lida (later in Amsterdam). His son Pethaniah, and his grandson, the Tzaddik David Benjamin, R. Elijah Sohick (Elinke Lider) officiated in the nineteenth century and I. J. Reines, the Mizrachi leader, at the beginning of the twentieth century. The latter founded a modern Yeshivah in Lida which functioned until World War I.

In 1940, the number of Jews in Lida had risen to 15,000. During the period of Soviet rule (1939–41), Jewish community institutions were closed, the activities of Jewish parties were forbidden, and the basis of the Jewish economy from the prewar period was demolished. A large part of the Jewish refugees from Western Poland who found shelter in Lida were deported to the Soviet interior in the summer of 1940. Groups of deportees were brought to Soviet camps in the Rybinsk area.

With the outbreak of the war between Germany and the USSR (June 22, 1941), the Germans bombed Lida. The center of the town, which was inhabited principally by Jews, was burned and there were hundreds of Jewish casualties. On July 5, 1941, the Germans collected the Jews of the city in the main square and took away all the Rabbis, Shochatim, doctors, and teachers—the leadership of the community—to near the village of Stoneiwickze where they were murdered; 200 men fell at that time.

In the autumn of 1941, the remaining Jews were concentrated in a special quarter and were joined by the Jews from Lipniszki, Juraciszki, Traby, and Duoly. On May 8, 1942, an action was carried out. Only 1250 people were left; all the rest were killed near the village of Stoniewicze. About 200 people succeeded in escaping the scene of the slaughter, returned to the Ghetto and told of the Germans' horrifying acts.

A group of youths succeeded in leaving the city on May 21, 1942, and entered the forests of Naliboki. The youth in the Ghetto also organized and armed themselves with weapons. At the end of 1942, contact was established with the Partisans in the Novogrudok area. The Jewish partisans from Lida fought with the unit of an experienced Jewish fighter, Tuvia Bielski, and another unit called "Iskra".

The Ghetto was destroyed on September 17–19, 1943. The city was liberated on July 5, 1944, and about 300 Jews were rescued. Most of those who had been with the partisans were mobi-

lized into the Soviet Army and continued to fight in Germany until the end of the war.

In the mid-1950s, the Jewish cemetery was confiscated and converted into a building site. The Jewish population of the town in 1970 was estimated at a few families.

In my time, the Jewish community of Lida was a diversified group including plain working people in trades and services, business people, professionals, and educators. The community was run by a committee called the Kehilla. The Kehilla was the spokesman for the people and was in charge of everything relating Jewish life in the town to the local government. If I remember correctly, the Kehilla taxed each Jewish family to maintain the institutions needed to maintain Jewish life.

The Jewish population was centered in the middle of town. We had our own public schools, both religious and secular Hebrew schools. We had Jewish doctors, lawyers, theatres, movies, and sports clubs. We also had a Jewish hospital, cemetery, and a home for the aged. I recall visiting the old-age home. I don't remember with whom I went, but I do remember very clearly that an old man put his hands above my head and blessed me in Hebrew. Perhaps his blessing was responsible for my survival.

Class distinctions, based mainly on education and wealth, were of great importance within the Jewish community. In my generation increased access to education began to break the old social barriers. Graduates of the high school left Lida for universities and did well. We had an assimilated group, who spoke only Polish and who attended Polish schools. I belonged to the other group, where we spoke Jewish amongst ourselves. Naturally, we spoke Polish when necessary. Within my group, the egalitarian ideals of the Zionist movement helped to close the class gap.

The Jewish community was ideologically divided between Zionists and anti-Zionists. Among the anti-Zionists were the Bund, the communists, the Territorialists, and most of the orthodox religious groups.

The Bund believed that socialism was the answer to Jewish survival. History has shown them to be wrong. The Bund were not communists; in fact the communists despised them. The communists themselves operated through underground cells; the Communist Party was illegal.

The Territorialists were willing to accept a Jewish homeland anywhere. Palestine did not have any special meaning to them. They considered Hebrew a dead language.

The orthodox religious groups generally opposed the creation of the State. One exception was the great Rabbi Reines, who founded the religious Zionist movement *Mizrachi*. For the record, Reines was also a great scholar and the head of a great Yeshiva in Lida.

The Zionist groups were divided from left to right; Hashomer Hatzair on the left, Hanoar Hatzioni in the center, Betar and Irgun Zvi Leumi way to the right. I was a member of the General Zionist Youth Group, Hanoar Hatzioni.

We believed that the people of Israel come first, party affiliations being secondary. In economics, we sought a State organized around free enterprise. In education, we aimed to avoid party-affiliated schools teaching party dogma. We also discouraged party-affiliated labor unions. I still believe in these objectives.

We wore uniforms like a scout movement; we had our own banners and a flag. We participated in parades on Polish holidays and on Jewish occasions such as Lag Ba'omer. We were trained in a spartan life. For example, we permitted no dancing except Zionist dancing such as the hora. We studied Jewish and Zionist history, the geography of Palestine, the flowers of that country, and everything else that pertained to Palestine. I joined the organization when I was eight years old and became one of its leaders in later years.

If I remember correctly, our movement split into two groups in 1935, General Zionist groups A and B; I belonged to group B. I really think that the break up was due more to personalities than to issues. The split occurred at a meeting in Lida. Many of our top national leaders were present.

Among them were Kolodny and Goldstein, who later moved to Israel and changed their names to Kol and Golan. Golan has held important positions in the Israeli government and parliament. In 1960, I met him in Jerusalem while I was there as a delegate to the 25th Zionist Congress. I showed him pictures I had of him and a group of us in Lida, during the split of our movement. He was so excited to see them that he made me give him the pictures to make copies for himself. He returned my pictures at a later date.

My Extended Family

My paternal grandparents were Moses and Zipora (as in the Bible) Manski. My Aunt Rose told me how my grandparents met each other. My grandmother was only sixteen years old when she was introduced to Moses. She was driven by her parents in a horse and buggy to look for a husband. They found my grandfather, who was a very handsome man. A match was made and they were married.

Zipora, I was told, came from a so-called "aristocratic" family. Her maiden name was Cyderowich. I called her Bobe Faige. I remember my father to be her favorite child, inasmuch as he was her eldest and only son. To Zipora, my father was never wrong. There were also three daughters. Zipora was a very strong person and domineering. She was a stout woman, sure of herself. She smoked and could and would take a hard drink. She ran the tavern which my grandparents owned.

Zipora died of cancer as a young woman, probably younger than sixty. She died in 1933, just before my Bar Mitzvah. My oldest son Chuck's Hebrew middle name is in memory of her. When Zipora died, my father travelled to Vilna to claim her body and brought her secretly to Lida for burial. She had been taken to Vilna to have an operation, which did not succeed. I understand the reason for the secrecy in bringing the body was the family's refusal to allow an autopsy to be performed.

I remember somewhat more about my grandfather Moses. After my grandmother's death, we spent more time with him. My grandfather was a tall man with a beard and was good looking. I remember that he used to buy apples and store them in a basement where they would freeze. He would then sell them. Some of these frozen apples were so sweet and delicious that when I came to the United States, I tried freezing apples to recapture the taste. But the experiment failed.

My grandfather made me tzitzes for my Bar Mitzvah. I remember him sitting in the kitchen in my house working on the tzitzes, according to Jewish law.

After my father left for the United States, my grandfather came to my house to celebrate the Passover seder with us. I don't remember my father ever having a seder in the traditional sense, so this stands out in my memory. The presence of my Zeide Moshe, as I used to call him, was always anticipated with great pleasure and joy. My middle son Mark is named after him.

It is with great sadness that this is all I can recall of my paternal grandparents. My grandfather was killed by the Nazis in 1941. May he and the others rest in peace.

Not long ago I found out that, in 1905, my grandfather Moses was in the United States. He left Russia with other men to escape the draft during the Russian-Japanese War. In those days a Jew serving in the Tsarist army felt in danger even if he was not sent to the front lines. Jews were afraid of serving in the Russian army, not for fear of being a soldier, but of breaking the Jewish laws by eating non-kosher food and having to work on the Sabbath. Moreover, the Russian Orthodox Church attempted to convert the Jews to Christianity. When the Tsar was overthrown and Kerensky became Prime Minister, the fear of conversion was eliminated and Jews flocked into the service to fight for Mother Russia. I do not want to give the impression that our people were afraid to serve in the military. Israel's army and its fighting spirit are proof that this is not so.

It is with great fondness that I remember my maternal grandparents, Joseph and Rasha Jerzewski. The fondness stems from the fact that I lived with the two of them for a time. After my grandfather's death in 1933, which occurred during the Passover holidays, I spent almost all my time with Bobe Rasha.

Zaide Joshe, as I used to call him, was known to others as Joseph the fisherman, as selling fish was his trade in his younger years. He was a man of medium build, with a long white beard. He wore a long black coat, and a yarmelche covered his head at all times. He was a peaceful man and very religious. In the years that I knew him, he was retired and was supported by his sons who were in the United States. He spent most of his time in the house of worship, which was located in the same courtyard where his apartment was housed. There he studied Torah and participated in the services three times a day. He was a man of integrity and a Talmudic scholar.

As a young boy, I visited my grandparents quite often; my house was located just a few minutes away. Anytime I wanted money to go to the movies and my parents refused me, I would ask my grandmother for the pennies needed to buy a ticket. She would turn toward my Zeida and tell him to give me the money. He would put his hand in his pants pocket, take out a coin purse, and give me the ticket money. While doing so, he would look at me and smile. That smile still remains with me when I think of him.

Unfortunately, my grandfather died prior to my Bar Mitzvah in 1933. I was present in his house when he died. There I saw a man take a feather and put it to my grandfather's nose to see if the feather moved. When it did not move, my grandfather was pronounced dead. He died in his own bed quietly at the age of 83. Because he was a very religious man, the funeral stopped in front of the house of prayer that he attended so faithfully every day. The doors were opened wide while a special prayer was said.

My grandmother Rasha was a medium size woman, quiet and pious. She attended services every Saturday like a clock.

My relationship with her was much closer than with my other grandparents. I lived with her and, after she gave up her apartment, she moved in with us. She was with us during the Polish-German War, the Soviet occupation, and our flight from Lida to Lithuania. We gave our youngest son Richard the Hebrew name Rashe in her memory.

Rasha never interfered in our daily life while in our house. She became ill prior to the war; she had hardening of the arteries and became forgetful. While in Lithuania, she lived with us. By that time, she was in her eighties and feeble. Unable to travel further, Rasha stayed in Lithuania with cousins when we left for Japan and the U.S.A. In 1941, after the German invasion of the Soviet Union, the Nazis killed her, our cousins, and all the Jewish population of Ejszyski. Thus, my maternal grandmother and my paternal grandfather were both fated to be murdered by the Germans. We should never forget this.

My grandparents Joseph and Rasha had six children, one of whom became my mother. Mother had two brothers. The older one was Willie. The younger was Bennie. Mother's three sisters were Alice, Esther, and Shura.

Of the children, only my mother and my aunt Esther lived in Lida. Esther lived with her husband Boris Budin, their son Mitchell, and daughter Fancia. My cousin Fancia died in her teens after a short illness. Her death occurred in the same year in which my cousin Lolka was shot. The loss of my two cousins was a terrible shock to our family.

Esther, Boris, and Mitchell left Lida about the same time that we did, going to Vilna and then to Japan. They were sent to Shanghai after Pearl Harbor and were interned there until after the end of the War. My uncle Boris passed away in Shanghai and was buried there. After the War, Esther and Mitchell came to the United States and settled in Boston. My aunt Esther passed away a few years ago. My cousin Mitchell is married and now lives in Braintree, Massachusetts.

Aunts Shura and Alice and uncles Willie and Bennie had all gone to the United States much earlier. Shura, Alice, and

Willie left from Russia prior to World War I and settled in Boston. Uncle Bennie left from Lida in the early 1920s and joined his brother and sisters in Boston.

Shura was the oldest in the family. She never married and died in the early 1920s. I knew very little about her. I have been told that Uncle Willie served in World War I. After the war he opened in Boston a Jewish restaurant called the Prime Restaurant. He married Sadie Baker in the early nineteen thirties. They had three children, Jordan, Herbert, and Janice.

My Aunt Alice married Philip Marcus. They were childless. Uncle Philip worked in the Prime until his death. Uncle Bennie, who was the youngest in the family, became a partner in the Prime. He came to visit his parents in Lida in 1932 and found his bride there. He married Fanny Benjaminovitch on that trip. They had two sons, Edward and Joel, both of whom now live in the Boston area.

The Prime Restaurant played a major role in the life of our family. My father worked there from the time he came to the States in 1937 until he was able to purchase his own restaurant, the New York Cafeteria in the Dorchester neighborhood of Boston. While working at the Prime, he moonlighted as a waiter at weddings and other Jewish affairs held at hotels and catering halls.

To conclude this Chapter, I must go back to my father's three sisters. Two settled in Palestine. The first to go was my Aunt Rose. She settled in Tel Aviv in 1922, married Yakov Sadoff and had two sons, Uri and Itzchak. My father's youngest sister Chaika Sobol went to Palestine in the late 1920s. She married late in life and had no children.

I have previously mentioned the third sister, Ritza. She remained in Lida, where she was killed in World War II. My parents, grandparents, uncles, and aunts are now all gone. It is up to me and to future generations to keep our heritage alive.

Our Life in Lida

This chapter is dedicated to my immediate family.

Father and Mother

Father, the only son to Moses and Zipora Manski, was born six years before the onset of the Twentieth Century. Mother, born in 1894 or 1896 to Joseph and Rasha Jerzewski, met my father after he returned from a German prison camp, he having been captured while serving in the Tsarist army during World War I. They were married in 1919 at Chanuka time. From the pictures I've seen, they were a handsome couple.

Father completed a gymnasium level education. Mother did not attend any schools. In those days girls, especially Jewish girls in orthodox homes, were forbidden to study secular subjects. It was their duty to be good wives, to bring up the children, and to help the husband make a living.

As I write this, my mind starts to go back to my early childhood, trying to recall my mother. I realize now the direction that she gave to our lives. Whereas my father was a quiet man, satisfied with his lot, mother was quite different. Two examples will illustrate what I mean.

First, it was mother who took the actions that led to my escaping Poland. I shall describe all this later. The second incident occurred when I was looking for a job after arriving in the States. Father took me to a machine factory on Albany street

in Boston. When Mother heard this she was very upset and made me look for something else.

At home in Lida mother was in charge of the house. She also spent a lot of time in the store we owned. A maid named Nadja lived with with us and helped mother. Nadja did the chores, cooked, and took care of us.

In remembering father I have to acknowledge the little time he spent with us. I remember him in my early years as always being busy, working in his produce factory and travelling from village to village selling. There were no cars. He travelled by horse and wagon, in the winter by horse and sled.

Father was very active in the volunteer fire brigade. If there were any problems between my parents, they were due to the fact that my father spent a lot of time playing cards in the firemen's club. Consequently, mother had to attend to the business more than necessary. I remember no other issues that created problems. There were rumors that father had some affairs, but these rumors created no real issues, to the best of my memory. When my parents wanted to discuss things that children should not know about, they spoke Russian, a language in which they were fluent. Although I did not know Russian as a child, I did learn it later, following the Soviet occupation of Lida.

I remember very little of my parents' social activities, except for one occasion, a firemen's ball. I saw my parents really get dressed up, mother in a gown and father in his fire department officer's uniform, which he wore proudly. I must have been no more than six or seven years old at that time. I shall never forget how handsome they both looked.

I see now that my family in Lida had middle class status. My sister, brother, and I received education in private schools from kindergarten through high school. We had a live-in maid through all these years. We lived in a nice house in a desirable area. We were dressed nicely, but not too often with new clothes. I remember getting new shoes and clothing for the

holidays, some times in the spring for Passover and other times for Rosh Hashonah. As I have said, my parents were hard-working. I now think that they tried to maintain a status they couldn't afford. I am sure that my mother's brothers in the States helped us financially.

The last house we lived in was located in a court, not far from our store. Living in a court was not unusual in Poland and, perhaps, not in Europe. It was a wooden house. I remember best the way it was heated in winter. In the center of the building was a fireplace that extended to the tile-covered ceiling. Each room touched part of the fireplace. In this way, the room could be heated.

In the kitchen there was a stove. Above it was a shelflike bed. The bathroom was inside the house. We got water by pumping it in the sink. The windows were double, creating an insulating vacuum. I do not remember if we had separate bedrooms, but I do remember the kitchen, the dining room, and many plants in the house. We had a beautiful silver samovar that we had to leave behind.

Our house was strictly kosher. I remember many times using the wrong utensils, mixing meat and milk. This would make my mother very upset. She would take the item and place it in the soil of a plant for a few days as this was the custom to make it kosher once more. My father was not religious but he did observe all the holidays.

There is very little I remember regarding the childhood of my sister and younger brother. My sister was born a twin but the other child, also a girl, died at birth. I do remember when Shlomo was born in April 1928. He was delivered in the house and I remember father sending me out to my grandparents. Perhaps I remember so little because nothing exciting happened and because we never had a serious quarrel among us. Our interests were not the same. From age eight on, I belonged to the Hanoar Hatzioni youth group and participated in sports. Naturally at that time my sister was not interested and my brother was too young. So we went our own ways. To this day our relationship remains on good terms.

Growing Up

My early recollections of myself begin when I was taken by my mother to be enrolled in kindergarten. There was nothing exciting about it except that she took me there holding my hand. After a year or so in kindergarten, I was enrolled in the first grade in the Tarbut Hebrew day school. The Tarbut school system was a private one, supported partly by the community and partly by the parents of the children who attended each school. The education was secular. Hebrew was the language of instruction for math, history, geography, bible, etc. The only other language used was Polish; the history of Poland was taught in Poland's native language.

I was enrolled in first grade in 1926. I still possess my report card. It was very unimpressive. I received all Cs except for a B in tardiness and an A in behavior. When I read my report card recently, I noticed that I was absent 72 days during that first school year. I do not remember the reason for such an abnormal number of absences. I wish I had noticed this before my parents passed away.

A year later, I was required to repeat the second grade. I felt very bad as my friends were not with me anymore. Missing 72 days in the first grade must have taken a toll on me. During all these years, I never realized that this must have been the reason for my not being promoted.

The years I attended the Tarbut school were not too eventful. I do remember that one year we had a woman teacher. She was short and stout. Every time she wrote on the board, she moved her body up and down while writing. One day she turned from the board and found the class was laughing because I was imitating her. I was taken to the principal's office. He took me by the collar of my shirt and threw me down the steps. I never did anything like that again.

Attending the Tarbut school was an important factor in my life. The education I received there instilled in me a feeling for Zion. Even in the darkest days the thought of a free Palestine gave me and my friends hope. Learning the Hebrew language and reading its poets made me feel part of the past and on the

way to the future. The devotion of the teachers to the cause of Zionism is reflected in my devotion to Israel and to our people to this day.

I spent most of my time after school playing soccer and volleyball, ice skating in the winter, and participating in the Zionist youth movement, Hanoar Hatzioni. As I grew up, I reached positions of responsibility in the movement. A few years before World War II, I became the leader of the Lida branch.

As I write this, news has reached us about the death of Neta Chertok Elitov, a close friend. Neta was part of my generation that survived the War. She was in Japan while I was there and, after Pearl Harbor, was interned with many other Jews in Shanghai. Neta was part of my city Lida. May she rest in peace.

Growing up in Lida had its advantages. Because the town was small and cohesive, I knew almost every one. My friends were from school and from the Zionist youth movement. I spent each summer vacation mostly around the house, sometimes helping in the store and in the factory. In July 1932, at the age of twelve, I was sent to a summer camp called Toz, located near a river in a town called Nowojelni. That same year, my mother's brother Willy and his new bride Sadie visited my grandparents and us; perhaps they were responsible for my going to the summer camp. The only thing I remember about this camp was spilling out milk with a lot of cream on top onto the ground while we were eating. To this day I don't drink plain milk.

My only important possession while growing up was a pair of skates that I used constantly during the winter months. We attached our skates to our walking shoes. A steel plate with a hole in the middle was clamped to the heel of each shoe. The back of the skate was fitted into the hole. The front was clamped directly to the shoe.

We skated in the fortress not far from where we lived. The town maintained the skating rink in good condition at all

times. In the evening we skated by the glare of lights and beautiful music. It was really wonderful skating with the cold breeze and the music playing. Many times I lost the heel of a shoe while skating.

1933

In 1933, when uncle Benny, who lived in the States, came to visit us to look for a bride, something occurred that left a permanent impression on me. My mother's sister Esther gave a reception in honor of my uncle and his future wife Fanny. Any visit from America was in those days a really big event. Many people were invited. Among them were my parents, my aunt's brother-in-law and sister-in-law, and their two sons, the oldest being my age. I was the oldest in my family but was not invited. I still can remember the hurt. The reason the others were invited was their financial status. Class distinctions were very important in the daily life of the Jewish community in Lida.

The year 1933 was a year of sadness and a year of excitement for me. In that year my maternal grandfather Joseph Jerzewski died, on the fourth day of Passover. A few weeks later my paternal grandmother Zipora Manski passed away. This was a tragedy to me and it took some time to get over it. 1933 was also the year that Hitler came to power in Germany. The feeling of what it was to be a Jew in Poland became stronger.

This same year, 1933, was the year of my Bar Mitzvah. Even though I spoke and read Hebrew fluently, my parents secured a tutor for my Bar Mitzvah lessons. The prayer book that I used for my lessons was the one that my grandfather Joseph used in his daily prayers. This is the Siddur that I carried with me to the United States and use always for special occasions. When I travel to Israel I take it with me and pray from it at the Wall in Jerusalem. I am sure that this would have made my Zaide very happy. The Bar Mitzvah was uneventful. I read the Torah and the Haftora. After the conclusion of the services, we

had a kiddush. I received one gift from my new aunt Fanny, skates. That was all.

High School

The Tarbut school system in Lida covered only the primary grades. There was an excellent Tarbut high school in Vilna but this was too expensive for me to attend. So, after completing the Tarbut school, I was enrolled in Lida's business high school, named Prywatna Koedukacyjna 3–Klas. Szkoła Handlowa Z 4 Klasa Specjalna O Kierunku Spoldienym Kolegium Ks. K Pijarow W Lidze. I began my first year there on the 20th of September, 1934, and completed the three-year program on June 16, 1937. One year later, I completed the special fourth class, a college preparatory program.

In Poland, every high school student was required to wear a uniform. On the sleeve of the jacket was attached a number, revealing the type of school and its location. If I remember correctly, the number of my school was 333. We also had to wear special hats. When we were graduated, the top of the hat was embroidered. Mine was embroidered by my girlfriend Fryda; more about her later.

In many respects, high school began a new life for me. For the first time, I was thrown together with non-Jews, and in a Catholic school at that. The school was run by an order called Pijarow. This order was similar to the Jesuits, who maintain many schools and colleges in the United States. Most of the teachers were brothers or priests. The school was located on the main street in town, on church property. I spent many hours in the church rectory playing hooky.

Attending high school was a major event in my day. All of a sudden, schooling propelled me to a higher social standing in the community. As I explained before, education was one way of getting status and I achieved that. I started to have non-Jewish friends, male and female. In a nutshell, I was emancipated but did not forget who I was.

It was while I was in high school, in 1937, that my father left Lida for the United States. At that time, I became the man of the house, with some responsibilities.

A few incidents during my high school years still remain with me. I recall that a Catholic brother (a step before becoming a priest) renounced his order to marry one of our teachers, a very beautiful girl. This generated quite a commotion.

Once, on a break between classes, a few of us who had attended the Tarbut school were discussing in Hebrew how we could help each other on a coming exam. We did not realize that our teacher, a priest, was listening. Imagine our surprise when the priest spoke to us in perfect Hebrew. Needless to say, our plans failed.

In my junior year, a new priest replaced the rector. Whereas the old rector had been very fair to us Jews, his replacement was an anti-semite. His first decree was to separate the Jews from the non-Jews in the classroom. The Jews were to be seated on the right side of the room and the Christians on the left. This was to start with the freshman class. We objected and were told that the new rule would make it easier to check attendance during Jewish holidays. Henceforth, a teacher would just have to look to the right and see that no Jewish students were there. After our protest, the edict was rescinded. Anti-semitism was rampant in Poland after Hitler came to power. The action of the priest was not surprising.

In my last year of school, our class went on a trip to visit many cities in Poland. Father was in the States. I was fortunate that mother made my trip possible. Before I left, my mother told me that, if anyone should ask the time of day, I should refuse to answer. She said that, if I did answer, the person would steal my watch, given to me by an uncle from the States.

This was my first trip to visit far-away places. We travelled by train with the priests as our guides. During the train ride the priests, who were in a separate compartment, helped themselves to a flask. When we teased them, they replied that they

were taking medicine for a cold. We all started to cough and asked for the medicine. The priests started to giggle.

We stopped in Warsaw, a large beautiful city with the river Vistula dividing it. We saw the parliament, museums, and everything worth seeing. In Warsaw, we went swimming. There, I almost drowned. Since then I have had a fear of the water.

We visited Krakow, Czenstachova, and Gdynia, a port on the Baltic Sea. The last stop was Danzig, on the Baltic. Danzig was then a "free city," with many Germans living there. That is, the city was under Polish administration but enjoyed a certain degree of autonomy, much as San Marino does within Italy. World War II started in part because the Germans wanted to annex Danzig to Germany. They ultimately failed. Today Danzig is a fully Polish city, known by its Polish name Gdansk.

Visiting the city, we saw German signs and anti-Polish slogans. The mutual enemy drew the Polish students closer to us Jews. That was the only time that they forgot that we were Jews.

When my father was in Lida, my sister and I had to be home at a specific time. If I was late, there was hell to pay, though father only once laid a hand on me. I don't remember why but I do remember getting it.

After father left for the U.S.A., I became more daring. I recall two occasions. Once I visited a school girl who lived quite a distance from my house. She was not Jewish. Mother went out looking for me and, when she finally found me, she was furious. I still remember her face when she saw me. I'm sure this will sound familiar to my children.

Another time, my friends and I went to a bar and I really got drunk drinking vodka. It was also the first time that I ate ham. I became sick to my stomach. When I came home, mother made me lie down on the sofa. She put cold compresses on my head, repeating over and over "good for you, it serves you right" while at the same time attending to my discomfort.

During father's absence, I broke my right arm while playing ball. I was taken by friends to the hospital, where the arm was set. For many years after I felt great discomfort in bad weather.

After I graduated from high school I worked for my Aunt Esther making ice cream and helping out in their bakery. I worked there until the start of World War II. When father left, we thought we would follow him shortly. That turned out not to be the case.

World War II

As father departed to the U.S.A. the world edged closer to a terrible catastrophe. In 1938, Franco won the Civil War in Spain. On March 14, Hitler returned to Vienna and announced the “Anschluss” (union of Austria with Germany). On September 30, in Munich, England and France consented to the partition of Czechoslovakia. In October, the German army entered Sudetenland and Poland annexed Silesia, taken from the Czechs. In November, the famous Crystal Night horror occurred. Germans went on a rampage killing Jews at random while the free world stood by.

In March of 1939, the Nazis occupied Czechoslovakia. In June, 907 Jews who left Germany as refugees aboard the Hamburg-American liner *St. Louis* were denied permission to enter Cuba. Among them were 400 women and children. No country would accept them and they were returned to Germany. In August the Germans and the Soviets signed a non-aggression treaty. On September 1 Germany invaded Poland and World War II began.

Our roomer had been right. Prior to the outbreak of the War, mother had taken in a Polish woman to help with the expenses of running the house. I could never forget her remark “Zaczyna sie z Zydami anskonczy sie znamy.” (It starts with the Jews and it will end with us.)

The Russians Occupy Lida

I am writing this so that you, my children and grandchildren, will understand and remember what happened while I was growing up. On Friday morning September 1, 1939, German planes attacked my city. The railroad station and the airport were the targets. The city itself did not suffer damage. As I look back, I realize that the agreement signed between the Germans and the Soviet Union saved Lida from destruction.

I was fortunate to escape the mobilization of the Polish armed forces. The fact that I was a Jew made this possible. In Poland every male high school graduate was supposed to have the right to enter officer's candidate school. I applied but, being Jewish, was told that the quota was full. God was with me. To the best of my knowledge, my non-Jewish friends who were in the service were mobilized and did not come back.

A few days after Germany attacked Poland, the civil government in Lida disappeared. Those of us who had received military or paramilitary training got hold of rifles and guns and patrolled the city to prevent attacks on Jews by the Poles. Perhaps as a consequence, the Jewish community was not troubled by the Poles. I was among the people with rifles who patrolled the streets. My officer training in high school and my experience as a leader in the Zionist Youth movement paid off handsomely.

As the Germans advanced deeper into Poland, I and others prepared to move eastward toward the Russian border. During those days, waiting for the Nazis and not knowing what lay ahead, we studied the Bible to find consolation; I remember it very vividly. On September 16 the Russians invaded Poland. A few days later they were in Lida. The fact that Lida was occupied by the Russians rather than by the Germans saved my life. The Russians arrived during the Jewish holidays, if I remember correctly.

One day, while we were waiting for the Russians to occupy Lida, I went into the City Hall. To my surprise, I found a friend occupying the mayor's chair. I asked him how this came to be. He explained that, while a member of the left wing Zionist youth movement Hashomer Hatzier, he had also been a member of the Communist party. The Communist party was illegal in Poland. My friend had used the Hashomer as a cover. He asked if I would like to join the militia, and I did.

People in the militia were given special privileges. Never did I have to wait in line for anything. This by itself made joining the militia worthwhile. People looked up to you; it was a good feeling.

One time I was assigned to watch a brewery at night. The brewery was located near a cemetery. In those days, I was a young, fearful man and the thought of the cemetery made me very uncomfortable, especially at night. But I knew my duty and I did it. The first few minutes were the worst. The high grass bending with the wind created shadows. Needless to say, my imagination worked overtime. After a while I began to think rationally and the chore became bearable. That assignment at the brewery made me grow up and think more clearly.

A few days later a friend and I were assigned to patrol the railroad station. In the morning, we saw a Russian tank approach the station. A soldier jumped off the tank, saluted us, and told us that we were relieved from patrol duty. The soldier ordered us to leave, holding our rifles with the barrels facing down, and to return to our quarters at the police station. We obeyed the order and went on our way.

When the Soviet forces entered Lida, I felt that a new life had begun for us. I was sure that the Polish anti-Jewish feelings would be replaced by a new freedom. That freedom turned out to be short-lived. Zionism was designated as counter-revolutionary and forbidden. I would wake up in the morning and find that someone had been arrested in the middle of the night and taken to jail. The crime may have been ownership of land or of a manufacturing plant. This happened almost daily.

We were safe for the time being. We did not own any property, the store having been sold sometime after father left for the U.S. So we were not considered capitalist. Moreover, the Russians did not know of my Zionist activities. I had earlier buried my Hanoar Hatzioni flag, hoping that the war would be short and that I would be able to recover it later. (I thought that France and England would engage Germany from the west, Poland from the east, and that Germany would be crushed. How wrong I was.) I put the flag in a tin can and buried it in the back yard of my house. This action had important consequences, which I shall describe later.

The Russians now ran Lida. As they organized the civil administration, life fell back into place. Students returned to

school, stores opened up, and new Russian movies arrived. As more Russians arrived in Lida, there was a need for lodging. A member of the N.K.V.D. was assigned to live with us. The N.K.V.D. was the forerunner of the present K.G.B. The man assigned to us was an officer in charge of the jail.

In their zeal to organize a better city, some of the lay people went overboard. For example, new pedestrian traffic regulations were enacted. The most absurd was one that decreed that each sidewalk should be one way, the sidewalk on one side of the street for foot traffic in one direction and that on the other side for the opposite direction. Naturally this regulation did not work. It was eventually rescinded.

I remained in the militia under Russian supervision. For the moment, I was happy. As a militia member, I had privileges and money, although there was little to buy. I traveled to Bialystock, a large city not far from the new German border, to buy leather boots. One day I had the pleasure of escorting a former teacher of mine, a blatant anti-semitic, to jail. Russian soldiers arrested him and I was told to accompany them. As we marched the prisoner through the streets of Lida to the jail, I walked in front with my rifle and two Russian soldiers with bayonets walked behind him. What his fate was, I don't know.

Before the outbreak of the War, while still a student, I fell in love with Fryda. She attended the Gimnazjum Panstwowe, the public high school. In my senior year of school, Fryda embroidered the hat of my uniform; this symbolized graduation. As the prom approached, she taught me to dance, a skill that had been frowned upon by Hanoar Hatzioni. At the prom, we danced as Fryda counted one-two-three, one-two-three, and so on. She was a very good teacher and I have enjoyed dancing ever since.

I spent much time in Fryda's home listening to music and talking with her. I can still see the second floor apartment. I most remember evenings in the fall and winter. The snow was falling and we were listening to a song with a beautiful melody and the words "the snow is falling, a white snow, a silver snow."

When I was in the militia, I accompanied Fryda to school each morning, my rifle on my shoulder. We saw each other until I left Lida. Before going, I asked her to come with me. She did not want to leave her parents and so remained. After the War, I learned that Fryda was alive in a refugee camp. I applied to U.N.R.O. (United Nations Relief Organization) for a job in Europe, my intention being to look for her. While waiting for an answer, I met your mother. I did see Fryda in New York some time later.

Planning to Leave

In the house we settled into a normal routine, except for mother. She planned to get us reunited with father.

At one point a man I did not know came to the house and conversed in Russian with mother. Afterwards, I was told that the man was a Belorussian and that he had told mother not to worry, he knew father. After I prodded mother for an explanation, she told me that during the war between the Poles and the Soviets in 1919–1920, father had been helpful to the Russians. I was surprised not to have heard this before. Given the pain the Poles had inflicted on the Jewish population, my father's action seemed normal to me. But he had kept it a secret through all those years in order not to antagonize the Polish authorities.

The actions that my mother now initiated must have been with God's blessing and help; there is no other explanation for it. She implemented her desire to leave Lida. When I think about it, I still find it unbelievable.

First she went to the authorities, trying to find the proper person with whom to deal. After a long struggle she was told to go to the Attorney General. She saw him and was told "Father should come back. America is here." Mother was not satisfied with this answer and began to think about other ways of getting out. As for me, I didn't mind staying in Lida. But mother persisted. She told us that living under the Russians is no picnic. She must have known what she was saying from her own experience. I am glad we took her advice.

With legal avenues blocked, mother started to inquire about leaving Lida illegally. She planned to go to the small town of Ejszyski, which had been part of Poland before the War but now was annexed to the Republic of Lithuania. We had cousins in Ejszyski and hoped from there to go on to the States. Mother sought to find people who could smuggle us across the border. Involved were my mother, grandmother, sister, my younger brother, and myself. Mother informed her sister and my paternal grandfather. My aunt, her family, and a few other families decided on the same action.

While the plans were being formulated, the N.K.V.D. officer was still living with us, the maid Nadja left for her village, and the conditions in the city became less pleasant every day. More and more people were arrested. The hand of big brother became heavier.

Our problem was how to handle our live-in Russian officer. Mother decided to tell him that we were trying to leave Lida; she did not tell him when and how. He was very sympathetic and understanding. Would he have been a Jewish Communist, we would never have gotten out. The officer eventually told mother that she, my grandmother, and brother could try to leave but that my sister Mira and I must remain. He said that Mira and I were young and that the Soviet Union needed young people. He also warned mother: "Please be careful and don't fall into my hands." As I mentioned before, this officer was in charge of the jail.

Mother now began to sell off some of the things in the house. In order not to alert our Russian roomer, items belonging to my sister and myself were not touched. Naturally the plans for leaving still included the two of us. The crossing into Lithuania was set for the last week in December. My paternal grandfather made the arrangements. He knew trustworthy peasants who lived near the new border.

As a militiaman, I was able to contribute by determining the best time to make the crossing. I knew the guards' patrol schedule. For some time I had informed members of an or-

ganized underground Zionist movement, who spread the word to Jews seeking to flee the Nazis to the relative safety of Lithuania. I was proud to be able to help. The aim was to get the refugees to Lithuania and then to Palestine.

I myself had one problem to solve. If I were caught deserting my post, I would simply be put against the wall and shot. I decided to obtain a doctor's statement that I was sick in order to get a few days furlough. To prove I was sick, I smoked a few very strong Russian cigarettes and stood near a fireplace in the doctor's office. These actions made my head quite warm and my heart palpitate. I had no trouble getting the furlough.

Refugees

It was now the last week in December. Mother, my sister Mira, and brother Shlomo were first to go. A few days before the New Year, dressed as peasants, they met at my paternal grandfather's house near the outskirts of the city. There they waited for darkness and for the peasants who were to take them across the border. My grandmother crossed the border herself in a sleigh.

I was not present when they left that night. I was restless and felt that morning would never come. So I decided to go to work, regardless of the furlough. Patrolling the downtown area, I thought I heard my brother calling me as some trucks went by. I was fear stricken, remembering the N.K.V.D. officer's warning that he could not help us out if caught. In the morning, grandfather assured me that everything went okay. I was relieved and began to prepare for my departure. It was decided that my cousin Mitchell, a girl named Olka, and I would cross the border on New Year's Eve, December 31, 1939.

I was ready. I wore the new leather boots I had bought in Bialystock. Inside the boots I placed straw and paper in order to keep the frost out. I was dressed and fortified for the occasion. I said goodbye to my girlfriend, my grandfather, my father's sister and her children, and waited for the peasants who

would guide us across the border. They finally showed up and I was on the way, hoping for a better and safer world.

As we left the area in a one-horse sled, my friends and the people of Lida were ushering in the New Year. We rode a few hours and reached the woods. There we left the sled and walked through the forest toward our destination. In the darkness I suddenly saw my cousin fall and a flash. I thought he had been shot, my earmuffs muffling the sound of the firing. As I bent over him, Mitchell told me he had tripped and that the flash had been made by his flashlight. Relieved, we went on.

We crossed the border very early in the morning and were told by the guide to enter a house on the outskirts of Ejszyski, near the cemetery. The people there were Jewish and expecting us. I was put in a room by myself; Mitchell and the girl were somewhere else in the house. Less than an hour passed when there was a knock at the door and a Lithuanian border patrol officer entered, looking for us. It seems that we had left tracks in the snow in the walk to the house. Or perhaps our Polish guide sold us out. I shall never know.

My cousin, the girl, and a man I did not know were awakened and told they were being taken to the police station. The border patrol officer had no idea I was there in another room. But my cousin, taken by surprise and shaken, asked the guardsmen to wait while he proceeded to get me. So I was taken to the station too.

I wore leather boots in the style of Polish officers and my father's fire department officer's belt as well. At first, the police thought they had captured a Polish officer. In time, and one hundred dollars later (twenty-five for each of us), we were released. The people in the house where we had taken refuge notified our relatives and handled the transaction. In this way, on January 1, 1940, I became a refugee.

January 1, 1940–May 18, 1941

Lithuania

Upon release from the police station, I was taken by a cousin to his house. There I was hidden in the attic while papers were prepared. A few days later, I was given papers stating that I was born in Ejszyski. I was now free to move about and I became one of the community.

Sometime later, while walking with others on the main street, I saw the police officer who had arrested me. He spoke to another officer and pointed to me. Not long after, the policeman approached and asked for my papers. He checked them and returned them to me. I am sure he was looking for more money. But I was now “legal” so he failed. Corruption and bribe taking were rampant among the Lithuanian officials.

When Ejszyski had been under Polish rule, I had visited my cousins there a few times. Now it was different; I was a refugee in their home. Our cousins, a mother with two daughters and a son, received us with open arms. The mother, named Odese Schuster, was a niece to my maternal grandmother. One of the daughters, Rivka, had spent her young years with my maternal grandparents and with us. The other daughter, Shoska, was married. Their brother was named Chonia. The love and affection that they gave us was unbelievable.

The family had a third daughter, Matla, who had left with her husband for Palestine a few years earlier. They arrived there illegally as part of Aliya Bet, the second wave of the modern Jewish return to Palestine.

As soon as we arrived in Ejszyski, we wrote to my grandfather in Lida about our crossing. After waiting weeks for a letter from him, we received word from people who crossed the border regularly. His message was that we should not write to him any more. We obeyed his request.

Not long after my arrival, mother found an apartment and we all moved in, including my grandmother. To this day I do not know the financial arrangements mother made that allowed us to survive. I never asked and was never told. I can only assume that money was lent to mother by her sister. I base this on the fact that my father gave my aunt over six thousand dollars when she and her son Mitchell arrived in Boston after the War. In those days father had no checking account. So he gave me cash and I wrote the check to my aunt. I still have the cancelled check.

Ejszyski was small compared to Lida. The town was surrounded by small farm villages from which the peasants came to trade. The focal point was the town square, with stores and residences. Life there felt confined. The Jewish community was closely knit; every one knew each other. The community had an amateur theatre, a soccer team, and synagogues. Friday afternoon most of the work stopped and preparations for the Sabbath began. When the Sabbath weather was nice, the older people dressed in their best, sat in front of their houses, and watched the younger generation stroll. I had some friends from previous visits and I made many new ones. I became the referee for the soccer team and traveled with them whenever there was a game.

A few weeks after arriving in Ejszyski, I left for Vilno to join a Hachshara, a group of Zionist young people in training for emigration to Palestine. Training as a group was necessary to determine if the group would be compatible living together in a future settlement in Palestine. This particular group was made up of members of Hanoar Hatzioni. When I arrived I found people from all over Poland, including many national leaders.

At the Hachshara I worked in a bakery, which at that time was baking Matzos for Passover. We studied Zionist and Jewish history. For recreation we had discussions, Hebrew songs, and dances. I must mention that we drew lots to select people who would go back across the border to try to bring more people out. None of us thought about this twice. I did not have to go but the drawing of lots was something that I have never forgotten.

It turned out that I was at the Hachshara only a few weeks. I came down with pneumonia and left for home in Ejszyski.

While in Lithuania, I had the opportunity to travel and visit cousins whom I had never before met. These cousins resided in the town of Alita, which was part of pre-World War II Lithuania. Alita was about 30 kilometers from Ejszyski. One day I decided to go there by bicycle. I arrived on the outskirts of the town, not knowing where my cousins lived. I saw a young man and asked if he spoke Polish or Jewish. He answered in Jewish by asking me who I was looking for. I said the Ingel family and he answered "I am an Ingel." I was surprised and happy to find that he was my cousin. This was fate; to arrive in a strange town, not knowing the language, and for my cousin to be the first person I met.

The Ingel family were related to my maternal grandfather. I was taken by my cousin, whose name was Samuel, to meet his mother and sisters. Sam survived the war by hiding in the forests. He and his beautiful wife Leah came to the United States after the war's end. Sam Ingel and I were named after the same great grandfather Shmuel.

I visited with the Ingels for a few days and then returned home. This visit occurred after the Russians occupied Lithuania on June 17, 1940. Lithuania then became part of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania were absorbed at the same time. So once again I was under Russian rule. In the course of one year, we Jews had pledged our allegiance to the Polish, Lithuanian, and Russian governments. Having to do this strengthened my belief in the righteousness of the Zionist cause.

Life under the new Russian rule seem mostly unchanged. But mother began suggesting that I should visit different places and towns. (I made my trip to the Ingels on her suggestion.) One day I learned that mother's desire to see me travel had a purpose. My cousin Mitchell inadvertently told me that the Russians were looking for me in Lida.

This information came from my grandfather in Lida. He was told by a friend of my father's who worked for the police. It seems that our former maid Nadia saw me bury the flag of Hanoar Hatzioni and told the Russian police. To this day, Zionism is considered to be counter-revolutionary in the Soviet Union. Grandfather transmitted the information as a warning to me through my mother. Mother, however, did not want to upset me by telling me. So she suggested that I travel, thus keeping me on the move.

I would have done anything to protect that flag. The flag and our national anthem Hatikva meant a great deal to me. They gave us something we could see, hear, and identify with in our longing for a free Jewish State in Palestine. The only items I carried with me after leaving Lida were my grandfather's prayer book, which I had used for my Bar Mitzvah, the tefillin that my father gave me, and some pictures of people and places of my past. Without a past there can't be a present and without a present there can't be a future.

I recall two incidents of very little importance that occurred while we were in Lithuania. One day my younger brother got sore at mother and decided to leave home. Shlomo was twelve years old at the time. He walked out of the house and none of us said anything; we just watched him. After a while he saw that none of us were following him and he decided to return. The other incident was at a dance. I was told to say something in Lithuanian to a girl with whom I was dancing. Next thing I was slapped. To this day I don't know what that phrase meant.

Visas

On August 8, 1939, one month prior to the outbreak of World War II, our application for immigration visas to the United

States had been registered at the American Embassy in Warsaw. Father had entered the U.S. in 1937 on the Polish immigration quota. He subsequently obtained permanent residency. American law then gave him the right to apply for preferential immigration visas for his immediate family.

The war had interrupted the processing of our visas. I was told that, after the Germans occupied Poland, the application papers were sent to Berlin, then to Kaunas in Lithuania, from there to Moscow, and finally to Kobe, Japan. Now, in the middle of the summer of 1940, we heard rumors that the Japanese Consulate in Kaunas was granting visas to Japan for people who had valid permits to enter other countries. Mother, her sister Esther, and many other people were intrigued and began to make inquiries.

Soon, mother and my sister Mira left for Kovno (Kovno is spelled in many ways. Kaunas is the Lithuanian and Kowno the Polish spelling). I stayed behind in order not to be exposed to the Russians. In Kovno, the British consul acted in the name of the Polish Government in Exile and issued us temporary Polish passports on August 1, 1940. From there mother and Mira went to the Japanese Consulate to obtain a transit visa to the Dutch colonial island of Curacao in the Caribbean Sea. On August 9, 1940, the Japanese Consul, named Senpo Sugihara, issued the visa.

To this day, I am not certain why the Japanese took the trouble to issue visas to us Jewish refugees. I have heard speculation that the Japanese government was grateful for Jewish assistance in the Russo-Japanese war of 1905. Or it may have been that the Consul in Kovno, observing the distress around him, acted out of humanitarian motives. Whatever the reason, again God was with us.

Across the U.S.S.R.

There was at that time a short period during which the Soviet government allowed non-citizens with visas to other countries to leave the Soviet Union. The German-Soviet nonaggression pact was in force and Russia was more or less at peace.

The government travel agency Intourist obtained exit visas and made the arrangements for transportation, hotels, meals, etc. Intourist required payment in American dollars, despite the fact that possession of foreign currency was illegal. When mother observed to the Intourist agent that it would be illegal for her to obtain dollars, she was told that if the N.K.V.D. should question her, she should say that the money is for Intourist; then it would be okay.

As we prepared to depart, we recognized that my grandmother, being eighty-two and in poor health, could not make the trip. It was decided to leave her in Ejszyski with her niece and our cousin Odese. This was not an easy decision. The only solace I had was that, by this time, grandmother was not cognizant of what was happening around her. There are many times I think of her, with sadness and regret.

The thought of going to Japan was mind-boggling. Japan was known to me only from my studies in school. The thought of seeing my father again became more real. For a time nothing else mattered. I forgot about the war being waged around us as we prepared for the long voyage.

I was anxious to get out of Russia; the reports coming out of Lida were sad. Many people were being arrested and sent to Siberia for the crime of being a businessmen, a land owner, a Zionist, or a so-called enemy of the State. The Russians finally showed their true colors and it was not pretty. For some, banishment to Siberia turned out to be their salvation. Hitler could not reach them and they survived the War.

In all of Europe, not more than two thousand Jews were able to escape to Japan. Among them were my mother, brother, sister, and myself. My aunt Esther, her husband Boris, and son Mitchell also were among this small group.

At the end of January 1941 we left Ejszyski for Vilno, where we boarded the train to Moscow. On the train I remained in the compartment in order to avoid being seen by people who might recognize me. There were rumors that some people were taken off the train, although I could not verify this.

Arriving in Moscow, we were put up in a very nice hotel. We went to the American embassy to obtain the visa to the United States. There we were told by the Acting Chief of the Consular Section, a Mr. G. F. Reinhardt, that as we were to leave Moscow shortly, there was insufficient time to process our formal application. The embassy would therefore transmit our papers to Mr. Samuel Sokobin, the American Consul at Kobe, Japan. A copy of the transmittal statement was given to mother.

We now had a few days to spend in the capital city of Russia. We took advantage of the time to see Moscow under the supervision of an Intourist guide. Among the sights were the Moscow subway, the Museum of Religion, Lenin's Tomb near the Kremlin Wall, and a short tour of the city.

The Museum of Religion was primarily an anti-religion exhibit mocking the major religions of the world. Sacred items were displayed in a way that made fun of them. The subway was large and clean. This was my first experience on a subway and I certainly was impressed. Lenin's Tomb was quite a sight. We stood in line for some time to enter the mausoleum, where soldiers in dress uniform stood at attention. Lenin looked alive as the visitors were marched quietly by, somberly paying their respects. There were always lines waiting to enter the mausoleum. From what I saw, the city itself was dreary. The Moscovites moved fast and quietly.

Departure day finally came. We were ready to board the Trans-Siberian Railway for an unknown future. I don't recall the exact day we left Moscow. According to my passport, we entered Japan on February 24, 1941. It took more than two weeks to travel through Siberia and to cross the Sea of Japan. It seems then that we must have left Moscow during the first week of February 1941.

On the train, Mother, Mira, Shlomo, and I were given a compartment. We had privacy as we settled for the long and unknown journey. I keep saying unknown because we were not sure what the Russians would do; no one trusted them.

When we departed it was very cold. Heading east to Siberia we knew it would become colder yet. We traveled through the

Ural Mountains, passing through the towns of Chelyabinsk and Omsk. Many times the train had to back up in order to get more power to climb a grade. Every time this happened, we thought our journey had come to an end.

We crossed the great Yeisei River at Krasnoyarsk and arrived in Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, located near Lake Baikal. Just before reaching our destination of Vladivostok, we passed through the Autonomous Region of Birobidzhan. This was supposed to have become a Jewish region within the Soviet Union, the Communist answer to Zionism. The experiment failed miserably.

For two weeks we did the best we could to pass time; playing cards, socializing, and hoping for the best. The train made stops on the way but we were forbidden to get off. When we reached Siberia, the frost became so bitter that opening the car door without gloves made one's hand freeze to the door. I remember seeing chained prisoners walking outside in deep snow, soldiers with bayonets guarding them. It was a sad sight.

On the train were Jews from Germany, Poland, and other Eastern European countries. The German Jews were the worst; they used to say to us that Hitler should get us. They felt we were inferior to them. We complained to the Russian conductor. He admonished the Germans and said they would be taken off the train if such talk were to continue. These same Germans who held us to be inferior made sure they were first in line for visas to Palestine when we arrived in Kobe.

I remember well one conversation I had with a Russian on the train. Talking about Russia, he remarked that it did not matter to him if Stalin or the Tzar ruled Russia, as long there was bread on the table. It is quite a statement.

With God's help, we made it to Vladivostok, the largest Russian port on the Pacific Ocean. To get there, we had traveled through a good part of Europe and all of Asia. After being confined on the train for almost two weeks, we were on solid ground again. We were all excited that the ordeal of traveling through Russia was finally coming to an end.

At Vladivostok, Russian customs guards searched for valuables. Mother had been given a gold watch by someone, perhaps by her sister. The guards confiscated it and gave her a receipt. Mother was told the watch would be returned to her when she returned. After the guards checked our papers, we boarded a small Japanese cattle boat and were on our way to Japan.

Japan

As soon as the Russian officials left the boat and we were in international waters, everyone on board spontaneously began singing the Zionist national anthem *Hatikva*. The boat ride was hard. The seas were rough and most of the people were not accustomed to spicy Japanese food. I was among the few that endured the trip without any complications. On the second day we arrived on the west coast of Japan, at the port city of Tsukuga. It was a small port, clean and beautiful. All of a sudden I was in a new world.

We entered Japan on February 24, 1941. My first impression was of a fairyland, with small houses, flowers, clean streets, and very polite people. I had my first banana; never before had I tasted anything like it. As a matter of fact I ate so many bananas while in Japan that I developed a rash.

On the day of our arrival we boarded a train for Kobe, just two hours away. Arriving in Kobe, we were put up in a house with other people. This home was our shelter for the next few months, until our departure for the United States and our reunion with father and with mother's brothers and sister.

In Kobe we completed the process, begun almost two years earlier in Poland, of applying for a visa to the States. We filled out the necessary papers. Father was required to send an affidavit guaranteeing that we would not be a burden on the U.S. government. The affidavit had to be signed by a financially sound person who would guarantee us work. Through his work in the Prime Restaurant, father knew Mr. Simon Rosen, a well-known dress manufacturer. Rosen signed the af-

fidavit. Many years later I met him as he was a member of Temple Emeth.

We had to submit to physical examinations. We were also asked questions. One question remains with me: "If a whole roof needs 200 shingles, how many does a half of roof need?" The answer they were looking for was none: a whole roof does not need any shingles. After two months of waiting, we received our passport to freedom on April 30th. Life would have been much more enjoyable in Japan had we known the outcome of our application. As the world situation worsened, our apprehension rose with it.

The Joint Distribution Committee was responsible for allocating the financial support given to the Jewish refugees in Japan. The J.D.C. was a Jewish-sponsored organization in the United States devoted to helping the refugees. As soon as we were settled in Kobe, offices sprang up representing the different Jewish organizations: the Zionists, religious groups, etc. The Zionists were in charge of obtaining certificates to enter Palestine. The religious groups were in touch with their brother organizations in the States and in Palestine.

I spent my time walking through the city, going to stores, and waiting for the visa. We had a language barrier. Some Japanese spoke Russian or German. I spoke to them in Jewish. I didn't understand them and they didn't understand me; so I also spoke with my hands, which was an international language. Somehow we understood each other.

I never worried about getting lost as there was always someone who knew where we lived. You have to understand that we were physically different from the Japanese and so instantly recognizable. On the whole the Japanese were very friendly to us. There was no anti-semitism. If they did not like us, it was because we were white and European. We felt tension building up in Japan, but we did not know the reason. In December of that year we got the answer at Pearl Harbor.

The Pacific

As I mentioned above, we received our visa on April 30, 1941. A few days later we left Kobe for Yokohama. In Yokohama we stayed in a hotel while waiting for our ship. While checking out I found a five dollar bill on the floor. I remember it clearly as I thought it was a good omen.

On May 6, 1941, we departed Japan on the Japanese ship Heian Maru. The trip was pleasant. I had a destination. Once in the United States, my status as a refugee would cease to exist. It was a good feeling.

The ship cabin we occupied was in the middle, without windows, but we were glad to be there. During the voyage a religious problem arose. Crossing the International Date Line, the Rabbis on board were not sure on which day Sabbath fell. They sent a telegram to Palestine for an answer. I am sure the issue was settled but I did not inquire as to the result.

The ship traveled northeastward on the Pacific toward the Aleutian Islands. Finally, on May 18, 1941, we arrived in Seattle, Washington, U.S.A.

My aunt Esther and her family had to stay behind in Japan as they had not yet received their visa. Sometime around Pearl Harbor they were interned in Shanghai for the duration of the war. My uncle Boris became ill, died, and was buried in Shanghai. Esther and Mitchell arrived in the States in September 1946.

The Buyer's Buyer

May 18 was a memorable day in my life. This was the day I first set foot on the free soil of the United States. The long journey that began in Lida, Poland, on December 31, 1939, was almost over. It remained only to cross the United States from the shores of the Pacific to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean.

Arrival

As we neared the U.S., the excitement increased with each moment that passed. The night before the ship was scheduled to dock we were packed and awaiting our future. The thought of seeing father shortly made that night very long. Finally the morning arrived and we went on deck to see our first American city, Seattle in the State of Washington. It was a beautiful sight.

The immigration officers came on board the ship and the process of debarking began. I will never forget two events that occurred that morning. While we were waiting on deck to be processed, a Rabbi traveling with us relayed the information that Mr. Stalin, mother's cousin in Seattle, was waiting for us on shore. At first mother could not figure out who this Mr. Stalin could be. Eventually she realized that he was a cousin with whom the family in Europe had lost contact many years before. It seems that my uncles in Boston had been in contact with him and had alerted him of our arrival. He and his family were awaiting us, a very pleasant and welcome surprise.

The other event was the process of debarkation. Each family had to show that it was financially solvent to prove that it would not be a burden on the government. But many of us on the ship had no money, only tickets to our final destination. The ingenuity of our people came to the rescue. Someone on board had 25 dollars. This was given to the first family interviewed for debarkation. This family then turned the money over to the next person or family in line. This continued until all the people who needed the money to debark were able to show their solvency. I am sure that the immigration officials must have realized what was going on, but they were very sympathetic.

After we were processed and given an entry permit, we left the ship to be greeted and embraced by our cousins. They told us we would spend a week at their home before leaving for Boston. My cousin's name was Sol Stalin, a name I found difficult getting used to. A business man, he owned a large dry cleaning plant and had been on the west coast for a long time. He had two sons, Max and Joe, and a daughter named Libba.

The city of Seattle, located on the Pacific coast, was big and beautiful. From the distance we could see Mount Rainier covered with snow. I was taken by my cousins to see my first baseball game, a minor league match as there was no major league team in Seattle at that time. For the life of me I could not understand my cousin's explanation of the game. I was used to soccer, where there was personal contact between the teams. It was much later that I finally understood baseball.

In the town I saw people sleeping on the streets. I had never seen this before and found it very upsetting. I walked around town dressed in my best clothes. One day while walking with my cousin I noticed that people were staring at me. When we returned home I asked the reason. I was told that it was because I wore knickers, that knickers were worn only to play golf. In Poland knickers were fashionable. Mother had special ordered them for me before we left for Japan. My cousins had not said anything so as not to hurt my feelings.

The week flew by quickly. We were put on the train to Chicago, where we would transfer to another train that would take us to Boston. The train ride to Chicago was long and tedious. My sister Mira spoke a little English and the people on the train were helpful.

Arriving in Chicago at LaSalle Station, we were taken by taxi to Union Station, the departure point for the trip to Boston. I remember the loop in Chicago between the stations. After riding all night we finally arrived in Boston at South Station.

Father was not there to greet us. I never did understand why he did not come. He sent Eddie Kramer, who worked for my uncle and who had a car. Mr. Kramer drove us to the Prime Restaurant where my father and rest of the family waited. From that moment on I ceased to be a refugee and a new life began.

Greenhorn

Too excited to think about the future, I was glad to finally have a home. The waiting and uncertainty had ended. GOD was with us and I am thankful for that.

Mother's family had found us an apartment in Roxbury, on 327 Blue Hill Ave. at the corner of Gaston Street. The apartment was above Sam's butcher shop. Next to our building was a basement where herring was sold from barrels. The neighborhood was not the best, predominantly lower-middle-class Jewish people.

As soon as mother arrived there, she was very unhappy with the location and started to think about moving. Mother's brothers and sister lived on Schuyler and Cheney Street, in the better areas of Roxbury. Why they didn't look for a home for us near them, I can't understand. We were not a charity case. Father worked as a counterman in the Prime Restaurant and moonlighted weekends and nights as a waiter. He became a member of the union and worked very hard. Soon after our

arrival, my sister and I began working as well and we turned all of our salaries over to mother. So money was not the cause. I suppose it was better for mother's family not to be too close to "greenhorns."

The building we lived in belonged to a Mr. Kolodny, who was very nice to us. We were given furniture by Sara Pike, a cousin of mother's who lived in Chelsea. Sara's son Louie, who was a plumber, had a truck and took me to his mother's house to pick up our bedroom furniture. This was the first time that I passed through the Sumner Tunnel. When told that Boston harbor was above us, I found it hard to believe.

After a few days settling in at home, I took the Blue Hill Avenue street car to Dudley Street and from there the elevated train into Boston. This was the first time I was alone among strange people. Listening to a strange language, I was uncomfortable and worried about my safety. The fear of anti-Jewish remarks and actions were on my mind as the train moved toward my destination, Essex Station. Nevertheless, the train ride was interesting. From the elevated tracks, I saw the outskirts of the city for the first time.

I was on the way to my uncle's restaurant, the Prime Restaurant, located on Harrison Avenue just a short block from the station exit on Washington & Essex Streets. The restaurant, which served Jewish-style cooking, had two rooms on the first floor and a large dining room on the second floor. The area near the Prime was the center of Boston's garment industry, wholesale leather companies, and dry-goods stores.

The people I met at the Prime were nice and tried to be helpful. I came to Boston at a time when new immigrants were rare due to the War in Europe. I was sort of an endangered species who had survived. For a while plenty of attention was paid to me and my family. The span of this attention was not long though. The realities of life became more acute.

While our special status lasted, an interesting episode occurred. Louis Posner, a distant cousin of father's, installed

two-way radios on fishing boats. One day he took me to his place of business on Northern Avenue, where the fishing boats were tied to the pier. There he explained the working of the radios and so on. When he finished his work he asked if I would like to visit a fisherman's home while he made a service call there. We walked from the pier to the fisherman's apartment in the North End. I don't remember the street but do remember the apartment being on the second or third floor. On entering, Louis introduced me to the man and his wife and I was offered a glass of wine. I drank the wine and then another glass; I felt good. The good feeling didn't last too long though. While walking down the steps I became sick and wobbly. Louis explained that the wine was homemade and very strong. It's no wonder he had asked if I wanted the second drink. I had learned a lesson.

We did not stay long on Blue Hill Avenue. Mother was persistent. She felt that living there was detrimental to my sister's future. So we moved to 25 Schuyler Street, in the better part of Roxbury and very close to my mother's brothers and sister. We were in a three-story apartment building on the corner of Maple and Schuyler Street. Our apartment was on the third floor. I shared a room with my brother Saul.

The location was desirable; Franklin Park and a street car stop were just a few minutes away. The street car ride from the stop at the corner of Seaver and Maple Street to the elevated train station at Eggleston Square took only 5 minutes. From Eggleston Station the train went into Boston proper.

Integration

The first step in the process of integration in the community was to be able to communicate. To do this it was necessary to know the English language. The closest school to our first home on Blue Hill Ave. was the Patrick T. Campbell school. I enrolled in the Evening Elementary School and immediately began to learn English. I spent my evenings at school and during the day I looked for work.

There is very little I remember about that period. On April 16, 1942, I received my certificate stating that I had completed the required subjects and was ready to enroll in a high school. In September of that year I became a student at the Roxbury Evening Commercial High School, located on Warren Street. The school was known to day students as Boston Clerical. On April 15, 1943, I received a certificate for completion of English I and II and was also granted six credits toward a high school diploma. Mr. Stickney, the principal, asked if I would like to continue in High School and receive a diploma. I told him that I already was a High School graduate and that I had a diploma to prove it. He informed me that there was then no need to get another diploma.

During this conversation I mentioned that I had a great desire to go to college. I explained that I had not been able to attend in Poland for many reasons, among them lack of money and the quotas on Jewish enrollment in the Polish universities. I was very surprised when Mr. Stickney said "no problem." He advised me to take my high school diploma to Mr. Eddy Pitts, the registrar at the Boston University Evening College of Commerce.

I met with Mr. Pitts and found him to be very helpful and friendly. In a short time we became very close friends. I was registered for a degree program after my records were translated into English and accepted. I shall tell of my experience at B.U. later.

The second step in my integration into the community was to find work. Inability to communicate was a problem. My father knew a lot of helpful people because of his work at the Prime Restaurant. Father first took me to a machine shop on Albany Street in Boston. This didn't work out as I was never meant to be a mechanic. That still holds today.

He then took me to a furrier shop, Gochberg & Rozeff Inc. on the corner of Essex and Chauncy Street. The owners used to eat in the Prime and my father waited on them. This was my first job. My pay was \$12 a week. I was issued a Social Security card and was on my way to being an American.

I recall vividly two episodes at the furrier shop. The first one was when I met the union agent. This was a union shop and I was not a member of the union. The union agent asked my name. When I told him, he realized that I didn't speak English so he spoke to me in Jewish. He asked where I came from. When told Poland and the Soviet Union, he commented that Russia is a wonderful country and that I should have stayed there. I replied that if Russia is so good why does he not go there? He did not like the answer and his face showed it.

The second episode was when I used a Jewish word that meant something else in English. My job was to stretch furs on boards and nail them down. One day, in the presence of a female customer, I asked Abe if I should put the piece of fur on the "cunt." He grabbed me by the collar, pulled me out of the room, and told me that I should not use such language in front of a lady. I showed him that I meant the corner of the table, which is the meaning in Jewish of the word I had used. He explained to me the meaning in English of what I had said. I never used the word again.

I worked at the furrier shop for six or seven months and decided that the job was not for me. Abe Gochberg and Joe Rozeff were nice to me and helpful but I knew I was not going to be a furrier. Again father was helpful and I was hired to be a shipper at Green and Freedman's bakery on Harrison Avenue. My uncles bought their breads for the Prime Restaurant at that bakery. That's how I happened to get the job.

Working in the bakery was an experience in human relations. This was my second job involving a union but I had no problems. Most of the bakers were Jews from Eastern Europe. They were hard working men who could drink on the job and still perform their work. They were physically strong but also kind. Some played cards from Saturday evening until Sunday morning. While working in the bakery, I had eclairs and pastry available at all times at no charge. I can still taste the chocolate milk and pastry.

My work began at eight PM and continued until eight in the morning. I filled orders and sometimes helped to deliver them.

It was interesting for a while but when I complained to the owner about working twelve hours a shift, he said to my father "this greenhorn wants to be a union man." Not long after I left.

As time went by, my English improved and I began to look for a more permanent position. Again the Prime Restaurant was my best employment agency. The United States was at war and business people were looking for help. I was available and I got a job with International Dry Goods located on Essex Street in Boston. That job was my introduction to the marketing of hosiery and underwear. After 46 years I am still in the business.

I was hired as an assistant to the shipper and hoped some day to become a salesman. The closest I got to merchandise was to put items into cartons. I delivered bundles to the nearby stores but was not permitted to unpack and put the merchandise on the shelves. It became obvious that my chance of learning the business was nil. It took only one incident for me to want to part company. One day I was told by the shipper to wash the floor in the store. I refused and told the owners that I was quitting. They tried to persuade me to stay by saying that they would treat me like a son. I told them that I was not a janitor and was not hired to do this kind of work.

I next worked for Yellin Dry Goods, a small concern next door to my previous employment. This job didn't work out either. The owners were very stingy; they made me measure rope before using it on a bundle.

One day in April 1943 I was asked to go for an interview at H. Glaser and Son. There I was hired by Leo H. Cohen as a stock boy in the ladies' hosiery department. I stayed with the company from April 1943 to October 1982.

Two events in 1941 had changed the world, the Nazi invasion of Russia in June and the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7. God was with me as somehow I had stayed a step ahead of events. We had left the Soviet Union in

February of 1941 and had departed Japan in May of the same year. Now in the U.S. after Pearl Harbor, I received a draft notice.

I was rejected for service because of a double hernia. I was told to have an operation and then to come back. Returning home from the draft physical, I told my mother that I would like to be operated on and go back to the draft board. Mother became upset. I will never forget her saying that "You left one fire and you are looking for another one. If they want you they will find you and call you."

I finally had to have the operation in February of 1947. I had waited so long that complications set in. When I recovered I informed the draft board that I had had the surgery. Not long after, I received a letter telling me to come in for my physical and that I was to be drafted. Just before my appointment the draft was discontinued. Again the Almighty was with me.

B. U.

In September of 1943 I was enrolled in the Evening College of Commerce at Boston University. Going to college was very important to me for many reasons. Most important were the opportunity to become integrated in the American way of life, regardless of my accent, and the self-assurance that college would give me. I must say that I succeeded in both. I never felt inferior regardless of what people thought and said about my accent. I always felt that, if I could do this, nothing could stop me from any endeavor I might choose. During my lifetime there have been many times when, facing a problem, I would think about my college years. These thoughts helped me to achieve my aims.

My first evening in the university was filled with apprehension. My English was poor, I knew no one, and I was lonely. I was enrolled in Accounting I and Economics. The first class was accounting and I sat alone in the back of the class.

The first hour went by quickly without any problems. After a short intermission, I joined the economics class, again sitting

by myself. The professor did not take attendance and during the discussion he called upon me. For the first time I had to participate in the discussion. As soon as I opened my mouth and said the first word the class turned their heads toward me. They looked and waited for my answer. I gave the correct answer and the ice was broken. From that moment on I was no longer by myself. I was accepted by my classmates, who were helpful to me. We used to go out for coffee and beer after class. The professors were understanding and helped me with my English.

In order to complete my requirements rapidly, I decided to take as many courses as were allowed in a semester. I had classes five days a week from six to nine o'clock in the evening. As the years went by, the schedule required me to take some classes on Saturday and some times during my lunch hour. Leo H. Cohen, my employer, helped by letting me leave work early so I could get to my classes on time.

In my sophomore year, I became active in extracurricular activities. I was the Treasurer of my class, I represented my school on the Hillel Council, and I was awarded the Hillel Honor Key. I was a member of the Student Council of the Evening College of Commerce and served as the school's Junior and Senior representative on the All-University Student Council. I was appointed to the last position by Professor John Waters, the Director of the Evening College of Commerce. I was fully accepted by my peers.

During my term on the All-University Student Council, the Council members were invited by Daniel L. Marsh, President of the University, to a formal dinner at his home. By that time I was married. Buying or renting a tuxedo for the occasion would certainly have been a financial burden. Estelle, my wife, suggested that I buy a navy suit that I could use for other occasions. This I did.

I will never forget the reception and dinner. I entered the President's home, located near the University on Bay State Road. We were greeted by a butler and ushered into the reception room where members of the other schools of the Uni-

versity were present. I knew no one as I was the only one representing the evening division. The others were full-time students from their respective schools; medicine, law, etc. I was introduced to them and waited for Dr. Marsh to come in.

Dr. Marsh arrived and we were introduced to him. A short time later we marched by pairs into the dining room. What I remember most about the meal is that I was introduced to clam chowder. It was with great difficulty that I swallowed the first spoonful. After a while, and with great consternation, I managed to finish the chowder and found that it wasn't that bad after all. During the dinner the President handed out quotations. Each of us was asked to give our name and school and then read the assigned quotation. When it was my turn, I read my quotation. Dr. Marsh looked up and said to me that he has the highest respect for students that attend college in the evening while working full time. He said that we night students were there to learn and not to play. It was a memorable evening.

The hardest part of going to college was the travel. I returned home each night by street car and elevated train. It was a real treat when, on occasion, I got a ride by car. In December of 1947 I finished all my required hours. In May of 1948 I received my Bachelor's Degree in Business Administration. Graduation day was very exciting. My dream of going to and completing college had become a reality.

I had a great desire to continue my education further. I would really have liked to enter law school but financial conditions did not make this possible. Years later, in September 1981, I enrolled at the Metropolitan College at B. U. for a graduate degree. In 1983, thirty-five years after receiving my Bachelor's degree, I received my Master's Degree in Liberal Studies (M.L.S.). This new experience gave me great satisfaction. I still regret my not being able to go to law school.

H. Glaser & Son

I worked for H. Glaser & Son, 84 Essex Street, Boston, in different capacities for 39-1/2 years, from April 1943 until Oc-

tober 1982. Mr. Isaac Glaser, owner of the firm, used to eat at the Prime Restaurant and arranged with my father for me to see Leo H. Cohen for an interview. I remember entering his office on the street floor, near the men's room and near steps leading to the second floor. I was hired to work in the ladies' hosiery department, under Cohen's supervision. I started at eighteen dollars per week.

We occupied six floors of the building. The ladies' hosiery department at that time was located in the basement of the store. My job was to receive merchandise, lay out orders, and keep the inventory. In no time I learned the sources of delivery, the different styles of the items, the prices, and the location of the style numbers. I became very proficient in my work and, after a few years, was allowed to wait on customers in the sales-room and to take telephone orders.

As the older salesmen retired, the inside men were usually promoted to go on the road. At the end of 1948 I was promoted to be an inside salesman and hoped soon to be able to become one of the traveling men. One of our part-time salesmen, Mr. Hamilton, traveled the Cape and the southeastern part of the state. When he retired, I asked to be given a chance to cover his territory. My request was refused and I was told my turn would come. I am sure the real reason was my accent; the territory had very few Jewish customers. I was in no position to quarrel and waited for my time.

By then I had my degree and I was full of confidence. I was the only college graduate in the organization except for L.H. Cohen. I was sure that, given the opportunity, I would perform well. Meanwhile I was given full charge of the ladies' hosiery department, including re-ordering from the mills when necessary. I became acquainted with many mill men and that didn't hurt.

While working in the stock room, I had an experience that taught me a lesson I still apply. When cases of hosiery came in from the factories, I checked them for styles and quantity. I

marked each case with a number and recorded the number in an inventory book. As goods were sold and shipped, the case number was given to me and removed from the inventory book. In this way, we knew what the inventory was at all times.

I had a habit of keeping the case numbers of shipped goods and the original memos written by Leo Cohen in my desk for future reference, should I need them. One day Leo gave me a slip of paper asking for 10 cartons to be brought into the shipping room. There was no customer name or any other shipping instruction on the paper. The goods listed were nylon stockings, which were in great demand and short supply. A few weeks later, I got an order for nylon stockings and I couldn't find the goods. I told my boss and he was very upset. I felt very bad about it, worrying that he might think I stole the nylons. I looked through the papers that I saved and, sure enough, found the slip of paper directing me to bring these cases to the shipping room. I showed him the paper. He said nothing but from that day on I was never questioned about mislaid goods again. I was a saver then and still continue to be one to this day.

I was becoming impatient waiting to be a salesman on the road. In 1950 I realized that I would have to force the issue. I told Leo that I wanted to go out and break in new territory. In order to travel I would need a car. It was the policy of the firm to advance money to the salesmen to cover expenses. The advance would later be deducted from the end-of-year bonus. I asked for a down payment for a car loan and was refused. I told Leo that I would travel by bus and train in order to prove that I was ready. I was told to go ahead and try.

I was able to get rides with two of the salesmen, George Gruber and Joe Rosen, to the big towns such as Providence, Rhode Island, and Fall River, Massachusetts. From there, I used local busses to reach the small towns. I lugged the sample cases from store to store, looking for new customers.

A friend of mine, Hy Fradkoff, took me with him to Connecticut, where he sold jewelry. While he attended to his business, I looked for new opportunities to sell. Traveling with

him, I discovered that Connecticut was virgin territory. No one in Glaser's traveled there. In the year of 1950, without a car or customers given to me, I brought in \$50,000 in new business. I was very saddened a few years later when my friend Hy, at a very young age, died suddenly from a heart attack.

Within a year, Mr. Cohen recognized my potential and advanced me money to buy my first car, a 1951 black Chevrolet Coupe. In those days the heater was an extra so I didn't purchase one. The car cost under \$1,000. After completing driving lessons, I took the test and failed. I passed on the second try. I bought the car in February. The first time I took the car on the road, my sister-in-law Marion went with me to Boston, where she worked. It was a snowy day and slippery. She never forgot the ride.

In 1951, my salary was increased to fifty dollars a week. From this amount, I was supposed to pay my own travel expenses. I traveled Connecticut, parts of Rhode Island, and parts of Massachusetts.

Seven years later, in 1958, I was asked to travel extensively through the entire New England area to promote a new line of Ballet hosiery made by Burlington Hosiery Mills. For an entire year I was to be away every other week crisscrossing New England. On alternate weeks I would cover the local area. I was to be paid an additional \$100 per week by the mill.

This was the first and only break I ever got at Glaser's. Unfortunately, because of jealousy within the firm, my assignment was curtailed after nine months. During those months, we put away the extra \$100 each week, saving for a down payment on a house. With great difficulty, we made do at home and I paid my travel expenses from my normal salary alone, which also was \$100 at that time.

In those nine months, I learned much about the art of selling. It gave me confidence and increased my self-assurance. I had been chosen for this promotion because Leo felt I had an imaginative way of promoting and merchandising. I learned that selling to large stores and high-quality specialty shops was

easier than going to the papa and mama stores. I was very upset when I was told that the Burlington subsidy would cease. The excuse Leo gave made no sense to me. I had to swallow the decision and go on with my life.

Another time, Leo told us at one of his monthly sales meetings that the Kayser Roth Mill would give a mink stole to the salesman who would open up the most new accounts selling their Nolde brand of ladies' hosiery. Here again the jealousy of my co-workers led Leo to change the rules of the contest. I was the leading salesman and had opened the most new accounts. But I was told by Leo that he had decided to split the money among all the salesmen. He said that my wife didn't need a mink stole. There was one salesman in particular who was short on ability but big on demanding all the breaks. When I complained, Leo's standard answer was "you are a college graduate and should understand." I understood that no matter what I did, I had to be better in order to survive there.

In Connecticut, I opened accounts and developed business at many specialty stores in small towns and at three city department stores, G. Fox and Sage & Allen in Hartford and D. M. Read in Bridgeport. I was the only man on the road that arranged meetings with the sales personnel of these large stores. I had the pleasure of meeting and traveling with mill representatives and introducing them to the various buyers.

In my first few years traveling Connecticut, I stayed overnight at the Hartford home of Lou and Rose Goldman, cousins of Estelle. This was a big help financially. As I developed the territory, I was eventually reimbursed for some of my expenses. When George Gruber and Joe Rosen retired, their territory was divided among the remaining salesmen. I received part of Rhode Island, including Providence. George and Joe were top rate gentlemen.

To increase our earnings, Leo decided to give the salesmen extra commissions for sales of ladies' hosiery. Irving Glaser, who was in charge of the men's department, didn't want to do

the same. Naturally, I was interested in selling whatever I could to earn extra money. This made Irving very unhappy with me as I was not pushing any of the men's items. There was no reason for him not to go along with Leo other than that he may have resented the salesmen receiving the extra money. Not too long after he was forced to go along.

The way that commissions were set up, the firm made money not only on what we sold, but also on the salesmen who made the extra commission. The prices for the merchandise were in four tiers. The lowest price bore no commission, the next price had a 3% commission, and then there were prices bringing 5% and 10% commissions. For example, if style X was selling for \$10, the 3% price might be \$10.50. So the salesman would receive 32 cents extra and the firm would get an extra 18 cents for a product whose original price was \$10.

Financial security was the reason I continued working for H. Glaser for such a long time, even though I was very dissatisfied. When Leo's son Milton came in to the business, the conditions for me became unbearable. He and I disagreed on many things and my situation worsened. I was taught by his father to be a salesman and he wanted me to be an order taker. So we clashed. I was glad that I stuck with my convictions. When I left the firm after 39 years, my experience in selling came in handy right away.

I attribute my success in selling mainly to my honesty and to my knowledge of what my competitors were doing. The best compliment that I received was when Leo would refer to me as "THE BUYER'S BUYER." The fact that I was discriminated against by Irving, who did not provide me with men's samples, and the fact that they tried to dehumanize me in many ways, made me finally decide to leave the firm, to protect my sanity. This was after giving them the best years of my life.

When I left the firm I took with me my reputation as a reliable and honest salesman and the friendships that I had developed after so many years with my customers. I am only sorry that I didn't have the guts to do this earlier. I have been associated with Gold Medal, Division of Preger & Wertenteil

Inc. in New York since October of 1982. My relationship with them is just the opposite of what it was with Glaser's. I'm sorry that I didn't know them before.

American Zionist

The Zionist movement has been my driving force throughout my youth and adult life. It gave me hope when there was despair and gave me courage when I needed that most. Growing up in Lida, I constantly heard the Poles say “Jews go to Palestine.” Palestine then was only a dream but that dream was branded in me like a fire. Even in those days we had people who thought that other beliefs and dreams would make the Poles’ taunts go away. History has proven otherwise, through the loss of six million of our people.

In writing the above, I am hoping that you, my children and grandchildren, won’t become part of the world that harbors the illusion of dreams that do not pertain to us as a people. What has been taught for thousands of years won’t be erased in your generation. Perhaps some day it will be corrected. Until that time, remember that the only friend we have is ourselves as a people. You and I can disagree on the methods of achieving our goals but we should be united in our desire to survive as a people.

The Z.O.A

At my first opportunity after arriving in Boston, I learned that the Jewish National Fund and the Zionist Organization of America had offices at 600 Washington Street. This was a few minutes away from the Prime Restaurant, where my father worked. I decided to visit and inquire whether there was a General Zionist youth group I could join. The “General Zionist” ideology was based on the principle that our people as a whole come first and party ideology second. We never thought in terms of class; we were midstream, in the center of

the political spectrum. We leaned neither to the left nor right. To this day, I maintain the same beliefs.

I remember walking into the office; as I recall it was operated jointly by the Z.O.A. and J.N.F. There I met two ladies, Sybil Soroker and Tilly Thorner, who were professional workers for these organizations. When they asked why I was there, I replied that I was looking for a General Zionist youth group. I shall never forget their initial reaction, which was that I must be looking for a group where I could meet young girls. When I made it clear that my primary interest was not young girls but an organization that I could relate to ideologically, they recommended the Herzl Zionist District affiliated with the Z.O.A.

The Herzl District membership was a group of young married and unmarried people around my age. They met at Temple Beth El on Bradshaw Street in Dorchester. Dr. Frances Burns was their mentor; as I understand, she organized the group. Some of the members had formerly belonged to Hashomer Hatzier and the others were Zionists with no special affiliation. The group consisted mostly of Hebrew-speaking and professional people.

I was told to contact Morris Entis. When I called him, he invited me to attend a meeting. I'll never forget that meeting. Not being able to speak English, I participated in Yiddish and Hebrew. I took issue with the leftist views of Zionist life expressed by the group members with former Hashomer ties. This was the very beginning of my Zionist activity in the United States. I have ever since kept up a friendship with Barbara and Morry Entis, who were already married. I used to babysit for them when their oldest son Alan, who now resides in Israel, was only a few months old. It was Morry that introduced me to your mother and grandmother.

As the years went by, I became editor of the Herzl Zionist bulletin and represented the group on the regional Zionist level. After five or six years, however, I left Herzl to join the Mattapan-Dorchester-Roxbury Zionist District. The Herzl

District had become mostly a social, non-developing district and did not offer me a way to become active on the regional and national scene. MDR, on the other hand, was the largest district in the area; when I joined there were close to two thousand members.

In my years of MDR membership, I held many different positions. I was active in the youth commission where I supervised Young Judea activities and led a young girls' club named the Kochavoth. I became President of the MDR District and was elected to the Executive Committee of the New England Zionist Region. In 1950, I was elected to the administrative committee of the Z.O.A. I have since held various national offices, including Vice-President.

A Zionist Arrives in Israel

In December 1959 I was elected by the Z.O.A. to be a delegate to the 25th Zionist Congress, to be held in Jerusalem. Jerusalem at that time was a divided city. I will never forget that, returning to my hotel after a meeting one night, I almost crossed into the Jordanian side. An Israeli guard spotted me and showed me the right direction. The fact that I was a delegate to the Congress was my greatest honor. I was thrilled to have achieved such a status. I was there among many great people who had worked and were responsible for the creation of the State, including Ben Gurion, Golda Meir, Sharrett, Rabbi Hillel Silver, Rabbi Weiss, and many more.

Sad to say, this trip was also a big disappointment to me. This was my first trip to Israel, a culmination of a long-held dream. I was beside myself with excitement to finally stand on the free land of the Jewish State. On my disembarkment from the KLM airplane, I found red flags greeting me at the airport. The flags were from some Labor Federation celebration but to me they symbolized what I had fled from in Europe. To find red flags as my first sight of Israel was a terrible shock. It took a little of the excitement away from me.

In later years, I became a deputy member of the World Zionist Actions Committee. There are no other great honors to which I aspire. From the days of Hanoar Hatzioni in Lida to the present I have given my all to the cause of Zion and our people. I have visited Israel at least twelve times. In 1982, during the Israeli presence in Lebanon, I was one of a small group of Z.O.A. people sent to view the situation in Lebanon. Your mother and I had the great privilege of meeting with Menachim Begin, at that time Prime Minister, in his office. It was a thrill to both of us.

Through all these years, I have come in contact with many great people on the American and Israeli scene, such as former Senator Saltonstall, Speaker of the House John McCormack, House minority leader Joseph W. Martin, Jr., and Massachusetts Governor John A. Volpe. I have met Presidents of Israel Ben Zvi and Herzog, Prime Minister Shamir, and others too numerous to mention.

I am sure it must come to mind that I did not settle in Israel. When we left Europe, I had no choice as my papers were for the U.S., I was young, and my father was here. Later on, after we were married, Estelle would not leave her family and her country of birth. As our family grew, we became more involved with our daily life and responsibilities. I did not have a profession that would be of use to the growth of Israel. I did what I felt was second best by visiting as often as I could and by instilling in my children the love of Zion.

Beginnings

In 1945, after the end of the war in Europe, I learned that Fryda was alive in a refugee camp. Wishing to find my girl friend, I tried to join UNRA, a United Nations organization helping displaced people in Europe. At the time I had two years of college and was proficient in English, Polish, and some Russian as well as my mother tongue, Yiddish. I never received a reply from UNRA and, for reasons I shall now explain, never chose to pursue the matter.

Essie

In February of 1946, a new chapter in my life began. I met your mother.

Morris Entis, my friend from the Herzl Zionist District, worked at O'Donnell-Usen Fisheries, a wholesale fish place at the pier in Boston. One day Morris called me at Glaser's to tell me that one of the secretaries in his office was having a hard time getting ladies' hosiery because of the rationing. At the time there was a shortage of hosiery, especially of nylon stockings. So it was natural for him to call me. Morris asked me to wait for him at the store after work so that he could stop with the secretary before going home. I told him not to be late as I had classes at B.U.

Not too long after he arrived with his co-worker. He parked his car, came into the office and we both walked back to the car. He then introduced me to the people in the car, among them your mother. I took a look at her and decided right then to skip my classes that evening and go home with them.

I asked for the size stockings she wore and went back to the store to get them. She asked for nylons but I gave her rayon stockings instead without telling her; I had just met her and nylons were very scarce. I told Morris that I had decided to go home and asked if he would take me with them. I lived on Schuyler Street in Roxbury, not too far from Michigan Avenue in Dorchester where he resided. He agreed and I was seated near Estelle Zonn, my future wife.

I looked her over. She was a beautiful girl with long hair and a nice smile. After a few minutes of conversation with her I asked her for a date. She told me that day she was busy playing bridge but that I should call her some other time. This happened in February, sometime between St. Valentine's day and George Washington's birthday.

Before meeting Estelle, I had made arrangements with Fryda's cousins in New York to visit them to check on Fryda's whereabouts. I did go to New York and spoke to them. As soon as I returned, I called Estelle to try to arrange a date. Soon after we had our first date.

I remember coming to her house at 30 Vesta Road in Dorchester. The house was a three decker, her apartment being the second floor. We went to town to see a movie. After the movie we took a cab back to her apartment. I brought her to the door and said that I had had a good time and hoped to see her soon. I was told later that she was surprised that I had not even tried to kiss her. Morry had told her to keep her legs crossed all evening and she had been somewhat nervous about the evening.

I did not have a car. As it was too late for public transportation I walked home after midnight through Franklin Park. In those days the park and the streets in Roxbury and Dorchester were safe during the day and night.

I called her for a second date not long after. During our conversation I told her I was going to marry her. She told me that I was crazy. We started to see each other almost daily. Right

after my classes in school, I would go directly to her house and we would spend time together.

Estelle's family's apartment had a long corridor with many doors to different rooms. At that time her brother Max and his wife Hilda, her sister Marion, and her parents Charles and Rebecca Zonn were all living there. I was accepted very graciously by all of them.

Estelle's father used to go to bed early as he had to open his store at 6:00 A.M. As a result I did not meet him until Estelle arranged for him to stay up late one night to meet me. On a Thursday night after school, I met him for the first time. Little did I realize that this would be the only time that I would see him.

We played cards and I won. He said next time he would win. He was dressed in a shirt and tie and a smoking jacket and we had a general conversation. After a while I said good night. On leaving, I said I hoped to see him again soon. Fate decided differently.

The next morning Estelle woke up very early to tell her father that we were going to be married. He wished her luck and told her to make sure this was a right decision as you cannot pick a husband as fast as you buy a fur coat. This had special meaning to Estelle. A compulsive shopper, she had just recently bought a fur coat and very soon after decided she did not like it.

Early on Saturday morning I received a telephone call from Estelle's cousin Phyllis who told me that Estelle's father had died during the night. I proceeded right to Estelle's house to be with her and her family. It was pre-destined for me to have the pleasure of meeting Charlie, as he was called by his friends. I was glad that I was there when Estelle needed me most.

Every morning I went to their house to participate in the daily service. Every evening I returned there after work and school. After the 30-day mourning period, we decided to announce our engagement. Estelle felt it would be all right to do so as her father had given his blessings. We set September 8,

1946, as the date for the wedding as this was between semesters at school. Shortly before the wedding, I became a citizen of the United States.

Estelle had too much to cope with during our brief engagement period. She had just lost her father, was working full-time, and had to plan her wedding. I was attending summer sessions at B. U. so as to complete my degree program.

As soon as we got engaged, I introduced Estelle to my family. It was my regular practice to give my mother my pay check. When I told her I would be unable to continue doing so, she was not too happy. She said "whatever you will need, father will buy and give you." I prevailed and saved money to buy an engagement ring. A short time before the wedding my father took me to a factory in Rhode Island and bought me two suits.

My brother Saul had joined the Marines. He met Estelle just once before leaving for Parris Island. He wrote Estelle a very nice letter extolling my virtues. He wrote that my only fault was that I like potatoes very much.

It was a busy summer. My uncles, owners of the Prime Restaurant, gave a shower in honor of our engagement. The shower was held on the second floor of the Prime. Estelle's cousins had us for dinner. The time flew by quickly. I became a permanent fixture at Estelle's house as I spent every weekend there.

The wedding reception was to be held in Estelle's house after the ceremony. Prior to the wedding she baked and prepared all the desserts almost single-handedly. As we did not have a refrigerator and there was not enough room in the icebox, we kept the tonic for the reception cold in the bathtub, using large blocks of ice brought by the iceman. Estelle's mother, with a limited income, did the best she could. As far as I was concerned it did not matter. The important thing was that we were together.

The wedding was to be held at the Mishkan Tefila, a beautiful conservative temple located on Seaver Street in Roxbury. The ceremony was supposed to be officiated by Rabbi Rab-

inowitz of Mishkan Tefila. The Friday before the wedding the temple office called to say that the Rabbi would not be able to perform the ceremony. I was given the names of five other Rabbis. I chose Rabbi Golden as I knew him personally.

September 8th that year was a very humid and hot day. It was a noon ceremony. Due to the small size of Estelle's apartment, we could only invite a limited number of people to the reception. But we had invited a lot of friends to the ceremony, explaining the problem to them. My mother, not realizing this, invited whomever she saw and knew to come to the house. The hot weather and the unexpected crowd made the reception very uncomfortable. Estelle and I were the last to arrive at the house. It was so crowded that we could hardly get in the door. My mother now realized what she had done. After a while, she invited most of her friends and family to her house on Schuyler Street.

That evening we took a train to New York City for our honeymoon. We stayed at the St. Moritz Hotel near Central Park. It was a busy week. We saw Ethel Merman in *Annie Get Your Gun*, Fred Waring in a radio studio, the Statue of Liberty, and the Empire State building. We shopped in the New York stores. To pay for our trip we used all the money that we received as wedding gifts, which was much less than a thousand dollars.

As the week progressed Estelle felt more and more sleepy with no energy. We cut our trip short and took a plane back home to Boston. This was the first time on a plane for us. Arriving home, we called the doctor as Estelle had a slight fever. His diagnosis was wrong as she did not get better. It was the third doctor that finally took a blood test and found that she had mononucleosis. Estelle stayed out of work for a few weeks. When she returned to work, she took a lot of ribbing in her office.

It is important to describe our living conditions at 30 Vesta Road. It was almost impossible to get an apartment at that time. Housing was very scarce after the war and our total in-

come was under fifty dollars per week. Under those circumstances we moved in with Estelle's mother, sister, brother, and his wife. We were three families living under one roof.

Estelle and I moved into her bedroom, Marion moved into her mother's room, and Max and his wife had their own bedroom. There was a kitchen, a den, and a living room. There was only one bathroom. Somehow we survived without any problems. We all shared in maintaining the house. Estelle's mother was in charge of the kitchen. It took me some time to get used to her cooking, inasmuch as I was used to my mother's.

Many evenings I heard Estelle's mother yell out "O My God I forgot to empty the pan of water from under the ice box." I still remember the ice man yelling "Ice! Ice!" He would carry a block of ice on his shoulder and place it in our ice box. During the summer months, when the weather was hot and humid, I sometimes slept on the porch and got eaten up by mosquitos. In those days I would say that we were in the low middle class, a step above poverty.

Around the time of our marriage, father was becoming restless working for my uncles in the Prime Restaurant. He worked very hard there and moonlighted as a waiter weekends and evenings in order to make ends meet. An opportunity arose for him to become a partner in the New York Cafeteria, located on Blue Hill Avenue in Dorchester.

To raise the money for this venture, as he had little of his own, my sister and I lent him whatever we had. My boss Leo Cohen was nice to lend father some money as well. With these loans and with whatever small savings he had, father was able to proceed with the purchase. A new and more meaningful life began for him.

The investment was a good one. Not long afterward father was able to pay off his loans, to Leo Cohen first, to me next as we were expecting the birth of our first child, and then to my sister. As our children grew up, it was father's greatest pleasure to have his grandchildren go to the New Yorker for lunch or dinner.

A Family and Home of Our Own

Not too long after our marriage, Estelle's brother moved to Cambridge with his wife. Their room became available and we started to think and plan for a family. We were in no position financially but decided to go ahead regardless of the cost. It took about a year for Estelle to become pregnant. Finally on November 27, 1948, our first born arrived. We named him after Estelle's father Charles (Betzael in Hebrew). The middle name was Frederick, after my paternal grandmother Zipora.

Estelle stopped working in her third month to wait and get ready for the birth of our first son. Our families were thrilled with the new addition as he was the first grandchild in both families. We were now on one income. To pay the hospital and doctors' bills, we took out an installment loan at the Shawmut bank. The spare room became Chuck's. He brought great joy to all, especially to his maternal grandmother, who helped Estelle take care of him. His arrival was a turning point in our life. I became a father and with it I had a new responsibility.

On Chuck's first birthday, we bought a Zenith 8-inch television set, our first luxury purchase. On February 27, 1951, our second son Mark Howard was born. He was named after my paternal grandfather Moses. His middle name Howard was after Estelle's uncle who had remained in Russia. By now, our financial situation had improved. We had a car and I was traveling on the road as a salesman.

Chuck and Mark were only two years, four months apart. Estelle had her hands full taking care of them. On August 10, 1954, our third son, Richard Jacob, was born. The name Richard was for my maternal grandmother Rasha, who was left behind when we fled Russia and was later killed by the Germans. Jacob was for Estelle's paternal grandfather.

In the early fifties Estelle was up to her neck bringing up the children and maintaining the house. Our income didn't increase with the expenditures. To survive we had to charge and make monthly payments. There were many nights that Estelle and I couldn't fall asleep worrying about the payments. I be-

came an expert at consolidating our debts, going to the bank and taking out a loan to pay the accumulated bills and then worrying about one payment.

During the 1950s, an exodus of Jews from Dorchester and Roxbury to Brookline, Newton, and the outlying suburbs increased rapidly. We noticed the changes in our neighborhood and decided we should look for new quarters. Around that time the Miller family, our neighbors on the third floor, moved out and bequeathed their old gas refrigerator to us. No more did we have to worry about the drip pan overflowing.

The house we lived in was sold and the new landlord moved into the third floor. There was still rent control at the time; rent control prevailed for some time after the conclusion of the war. Nevertheless, the new owner illegally raised our rent, not getting permission from the rent-control board. He threatened us with eviction if we didn't comply. We went along as we were not yet ready to move.

This landlord did not care about the property and conditions went from bad to worse with his neglect. We reached the end of our patience when a large leak developed in the bathroom and part of the ceiling fell from the constant dripping of water, which had become a flow. We complained several times. The situation went beyond endurance when, on New Year's Eve, we called and told him that the water was really pouring down. He replied that he had tickets to the theatre and that we should use an umbrella when we went into the bathroom.

This so angered us that I complained to the rent-control board, showing my cancelled checks as proof of the illegal rent increase. Foolishly, the owner had accepted checks for the illegal rent. The rent-control board revoked the increase and fined him, giving us the triple damages for the amount that he had overcharged us.

As I mentioned before, when I traveled for H. Glaser and Son promoting the new Ballet hosiery line throughout New England, I was paid an additional \$100 a week. We saved all of this and, in 1958, we began to look for a house. The in-

centive to buy increased when our friends Jimmy and Mary Pivnick bought a house in Sharon. Our friendship with the Pivnicks developed in 1948 when Estelle would see Mary practically every day while pushing their baby carriages on Blue Hill Avenue. Estelle was with Chuck, Mary with her daughter Elaine. When Mary and Jimmy's second daughter Ronna was born, I was named her Godfather. We are still close friends. Unfortunately Jimmy passed away a few years back.

The real estate agents took us to Nantasket, Brookline, and many other suburbs. Finally we found a house we liked and could afford, a two-family house at 114 Redlands Road in West Roxbury. We moved in October of 1958. We joined Temple Emeth in South Brookline. There the children attended the Hebrew school and celebrated their Bar Mitzvahs.

Much transpired in the seventeen years from my entry into the United States in May of 1941 to the purchase of our first home in October of 1958. Never did I dream prior to 1941 that I would be so lucky as to have all these things happen to me. I am sure that it was "WITH GOD'S HELP."

Epilogue

Our oldest son Charles (Chuck) completed Patrick Lyndon Elementary school, graduated from Boston Latin School, and received his bachelor's and doctorate degrees at MIT. He is presently a professor at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. He also completed Hebrew School at Temple Emeth, the High School of the Hebrew College, and attended one year of the College. Before taking his present position, he taught at Carnegie–Mellon University and spent four years at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. He has published many papers. The biggest thrill to us was when he dedicated one of his books to us, his parents. His field is econometrics. He was married in February 1972 to Kitty Moss. They have two children, Benjamin and Rebecca, fifteen and twelve respectively. They reside in Madison, Wisconsin.

Our middle son Mark completed Patrick Lyndon Elementary School, attended Latin School, and graduated from Boston English High School with honors. He attended and graduated from Temple Emeth Hebrew School and High School. He graduated from the University of Massachusetts in Amherst with a bachelor's degree and received his Doctor of Jurisprudence Degree at Suffolk University. He first worked for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. From there he branched out to the computer field, which led him to his present position of Vice-President at the Schroeder Bank in New York. He married Susan Flanzbaum in June 1974. They

have two children, Hillary and Jessica, ten and seven respectively. They reside in Trumbull, Connecticut.

Our youngest son, Richard, completed Patrick Lyndon Elementary School and graduated from Boston Technical High School. He attended and graduated from Temple Emeth Hebrew School and High School. He graduated from Boston College with a Bachelor of Science degree, Howard University in Washington with a DDS Degree, and the University of Massachusetts in Boston with a Master of Business Degree. He was married in August 1986 to Marion Criscuolo. After several years of practicing dentistry he became an assistant professor at the University of Maryland Dental School in Baltimore. They reside in Reisterstown, Maryland and are expecting their first child.

In July 1959, Estelle's mother passed away. Both of my parents died within months of each other in 1967. The restaurant was closed a year prior to my father's death because of his illness.

Estelle's brother Max had two children, Sidney and Robin, both of whom are married and each of whom has a son. Max's wife Hilda passed away several years ago.

My sister-in-law Marion was married to Abe Miselman, who passed away suddenly while on vacation in Florida. Marion was widowed for many years but six years ago married Louis Park.

My sister Mira married Albert Appel. They have three children, Philip, Judith, and Jeffrey. They have two grandchildren by their son Philip.

Saul, my youngest brother, married Manya Farber. They have two sons, David and Jonathan. David has two children and Jonathan has a daughter. Jonathan unfortunately lost his wife recently.

We lived in our home in West Roxbury from 1958 until 1979 and have been living in Framingham since then. I have retired from H. Glaser & Son, Inc. and am working in our own company part-time selling the same type of merchandise. Estelle has been working for the past twenty-five years for Sacks & Lynch, an accounting firm.

To my beloved children and grandchildren, I have written this in order to preserve the past. Without the past there can be no present and without the present there can be no future. Remember where I came from and try to bring glory to our people.



1.



2.

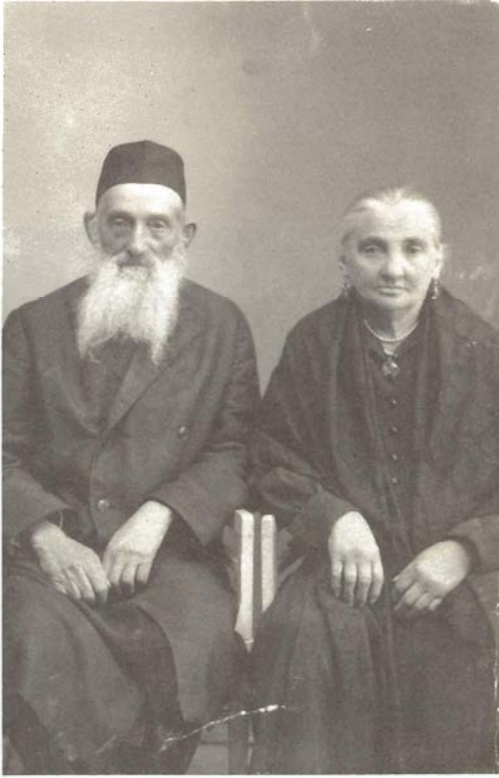
1. The wedding of my parents, Isaac and Riva Manski, around Chanukkah of 1919
top row: Esther Budin, Boris Budin, Benny Joseph, Riva Manski, Isaac Manski
bottom row: Rasha Jerzewski, Rivka Schuster from Ejszyski, Joseph Jerzewski
2. My father's family in 1917 or 1918: his parents Zipora and Moses and his sisters Ritza, Shoshana (Rose in English), and Chaya (kneeling). My father is not in the picture; he may have been in the army at the time.



3.



4.



5.

3. My grandparents Zipora and Moses Manski and my aunt Ritza Schneider; this picture may have been taken at the same time as the family portrait.

4. My mother's family around 1916:

top row: Riva Manski and her siblings Benny Joseph, Willie Joseph, Esther Budin (the surname Joseph is an Anglicized form of Jerzewski, taken when Benny and Willie came to the United States).

bottom row: my mother's mother Rasha Jerzewski, cousin Rivka Schuster, and father Joseph Jerzewski

5. Joseph and Rasha Jerzewski in the late 1920s or early 1930s

6. Esther Budin, Rasha Jerzewski, and Riva Manski at Joseph Jerzewski's gravesite in 1933

6.





7.



8



9



10.

7. My cousin Lolka Schneider. He was killed in a gun accident in the middle 1930s.

8. My cousin Tamara Schneider in 1938. She was killed by the Nazis during the war.

9. The Budin family in 1937:
standing: Mitchell and Boris
seated: Fancia and Esther

10. The Lida fire department in the 1920s, with Isaac Manski and friends. My father is in the bottom row, fourth from right.

11. My father in 1937, upon leaving for the United States



12. My sister Mira and I in 1924

13. My cousins and I around 1925

top row: my aunt Chaya

second row: my cousin Lolka and sister Mira

third row: my aunt Shoshana and cousin Tamara

bottom row: Sam Manski

14. Jewish New Year in 1931

center: Mira, Saul, and Sam Manski

borders (clockwise from left) scenes of Lida

market

3rd of May Street

Suwalska Street

the castle

post office

great synagogue

11.



12



14



13.



15



16.



17.



18.

15. “three soldiers of Lida” in 1932 or 1933: Sam Manski, my brother Saul, and my cousin Mitchell Budin

16. My cousins Chonka and Tamara Schneider with Saul in the little park near my parents’ store in Lida, in the middle 1930s

17. My first grade class, Tarbut school, 1926–1927. I am in the top row of students, second from left.

18. My high school graduating class in 1937. I am in the second row of students, first from right.



19.



20



21



22.



23.

19. My girlfriend Fryda Slutska in 1939

20. I, in Hanoar Hatzioni uniform, on a Lida street in 1938

21. My mother and I walking on a Lida street in 1939. Note the knickers, which I later wore in Seattle.

22. My family at the 1986 wedding of Richard and Marion: Chuck, Ben, Kitty, and Becca; Sam and

Estelle; Marion and Richard; Susan, Mark, Hillary, and Jessica

23. At a commemoration of the holocaust at the Massachusetts State House, 1989
Left to right: Kitty Dukakis, Hiro Sugihara (son of the Japan Consul in Kovno), Mrs. Sugihara (wife of the Consul), Sam Manski



24.

24. Estelle's wedding
photo, 1946

25. My Boston
University yearbook
photo, 1948



25.

מספר 11

Świadectwo תעודת

Maniski Samuil *עסקי סמיל*
w *Lidzie* *לידה* urodzony *4/5*, 1920
uczeń klasy *piątej* המחלקה *הראשונה*
otrzymuje niniejszem za rok szk. 1924/25
następujący wykaz ocen: *3* ציונים האלה: *ע*

Postęp - הציונים	Przedmioty - העניינים
3	Biblia - תנ"ך
3	Język hebrajski - עברית
3	Język polski - פולנית
3	Čzytanie - קריאה
	Pisanie - כתיבה
	Język () - שפה
	Historja - הסטוריה
	Historja Polski - קורות פולין
	Geografia - גיאוגרפיה
3	Geometria - חשבון והנדסה
3	Rysunki i geometrya - מלאכת יד
3	Rysunki - ציור
3	Kaligrafja - כתיבה יפה
3	Gimnastyka - התעמלות
3	Śpiew - זמרה
4	Pilność - התמדה
5	Zachowanie - התנהגות
-1/2	החכיר שקורים - חומר שנתמך על ידי הוראה

Na podstawie uchwały Rady Pedagogicznej

על יסוד החלטת המועצה הפדגוגית

ucz. uznan. został za _____ התלמיד _____

do przejścia do klasy _____ המחלקה _____

Lida, 1 Lutego 1925 תרפ"ה 6/2

Kierownik - המנהל

Wychowawca - המחנך

[Signature]

[Signature]

[Signature]



PRYWATNA KOEDUKACYJNA
3-klas. Szkoła Handlowa z klasą specjalną o kierunku spółdzielczości
KOLEGIUM KS. KS. PIJARÓW W LIDZIE.

(data szkoły)

W

Nr 90/15

Rok szkolny 1936/37

ŚWIADECTWO UKOŃCZENIA

Samuil Mański

(data i nazwisko)

urodzony dnia 11 października 1910 r. w Lidzie

województwa nowogródzkiego, wyznania mojżeszowego

przyjęty do klasy pierwszej w dniu 30 sierpnia 1934 r.

na podstawie świadectwa egzaminu maturalnego z ubiegłego

roku z klasy Piętnastej Szkoły Handlowej z klasą specjalną w Lidzie

ukończył - całkowicie trzy - letni kurs nauki

i złożył w dniu 4 czerwca 1937 r. egzamin ostateczny

z wynikiem dostatecznym

W Lidzie dnia 16 czerwca 1937 r.



DYREKTOR SZKOŁY

Janusz Sępański

CZŁONKOWIE RADY PEDAGOGICZNEJ

M. J. Jankowski
Stanisław Kurawski
Edward Brimont
Kazimierz Węgrowski
Władysław Szwed

Sign. O. H. 2

Druckerei Pawłowicz Nr 82796, 20. VII. 36 2500.

Cena gr 30.

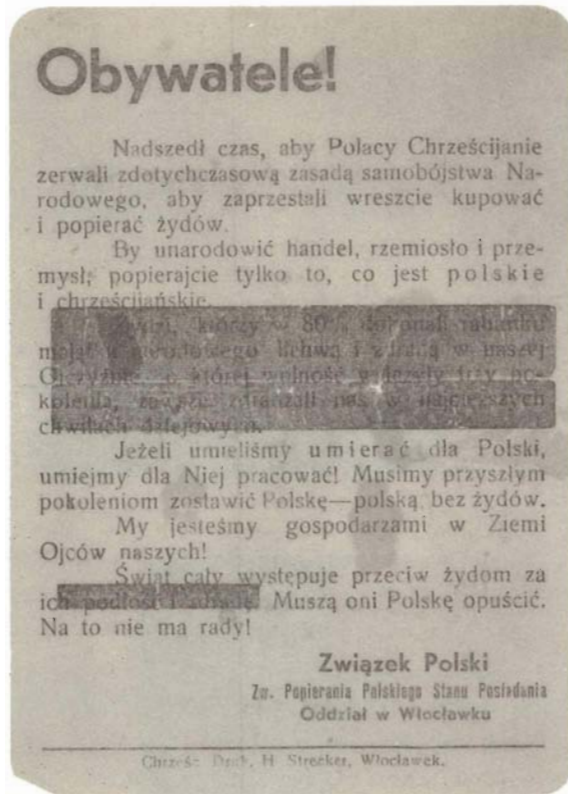
27.

26. My first grade report card, 1927

27. My high school diploma, 1937

28. A notice exhorting Poles not to purchase goods from Jews

29. Street map of Lida in 1940, by Zvi Shiff, from *Sepher Lida*, United Lieder Relief, Tel-Aviv, 1970. The ghetto areas are at the northern end of the town and are marked by the lines with x's.



28.

Citizens!

The time has come for Christian Poles to cast off the course of national suicide we have been pursuing up to this time, and to discontinue buying from and supporting the Jews.

By nationalizing business, crafts, and industry, we will support only that which is Polish and Christian. The Jews, who through usury and treason perpetrate 80% of the plundering of national wealth in our Fatherland of whose freedom [illegible] generation, always betray us in the most critical historic times.

If we can die for Poland we can work for her! We must leave Poland for the next generation—Polish without Jews.

We are responsible for the care of the Land of our Fathers!

The whole world is rising up against the Jews in their baseness and [illegible]. They must leave Poland. There is no other way!

The Polish Union
Union in Support of Polish State Ownership
Włocławek Chapter

Christian Press, H. Strecker, Włocławek.

~~Poselstwo
Rzeczypospolitej Polskiej
w Kaunie
Légation de Pologne
à Kaunas~~

Nr. 225 5210

Zaświadczenie niniejsze zostało wydane wobec braku książeczek paszportowych i uprawnia do wyjazdu za granicę.
Le présent certificat est délivré vu le manque des livres de passeports et autorise de se rendre à l'étranger.

Zaświadczenie Certificat

Zaświadczam się niniejszym, że pan/ni
Il est certifié par le présent qu' (M-me, M-le)

MANSKI SAMUËL



Podpis posiadacza:
Signature du porteur:

Samuel Manski

Rok urodzenia 11. X. 1920
Date de naissance
Miejsce urodzenia Lida
Lieu de naissance
Stan Nowator - Célibataire
Etat civil
Zatrudnienie
Profession
Wzrost 172 cm - moyenne
Taille
Twarz owalna - oval
Visage
Włosy ciemne - noirs
Cheveux
Oczy niebieskie - bleus
Yeux
Znaki szczególne
Signes particuliers

okazał w niniejszym Urzędzie dowody, stwierdzające, że jest obywatelem polskim
a produit dans cet Office des preuves confirmant qu'il est citoyen polonais.



Data 1 SRP. 1940
Date 1 août 1940

[Signature]
H. B. M. CONSUL
chargé des affaires
chargé avec la protection
of Polish interests.

TRANSIT VISA

Sept for the journey through Japan (to Suranain, Curacao and other Netherland's colonies)

1940 VIII 9

Consul du Japon à Kaunas



Handwritten Japanese text including '査証 (常設)', '昭和十五年八月九日', and '領事代理'.

Nonquota } Immigration Visa
Quota } No. 5204 (Czechoslovakia)
Dated APR 30 1941
Issued to MANSKI
American Consul at Kobe, Japan

Admitted at SEATTLE, WASH.

on MAY 18 1941 under Para. 5 of the Customs and Immigration Act of 1924 for

Albert W. ... Immigrant Inspector



С. Манский
Зарегистрирован в Отделе Визы и Регистрации
ТУРИМ ИНОД СССР
привизанно 1941 г.
№ 211
Fед. Москва, Тел. 245 111

30. My passport with visas, 1941

Seen for the journey
through Japan (to Surabaja,
Curacao and other Nether-
lands colonies.) 1940 VIII 9

Immigration
Quota) No. 520466
Dated APR 30 1941
Issued to Samuel M. S.
(Name)
.....
American Consul at Kobe,



領事代理
形原

査証 (第...号)

昭和十五年九月九日
行先地...
在...
...



Admitted at SEATTLE, WASH
on MAY 18 1941
by Samuel M. S. Section 2, Immigrant
of 1924, for Dem. Board

Albert W. [unclear]
Immigrant In



~~Монети Самица~~
Зарегистрирован в Отделе Виз и Регистрации
Министерства Иностранных Дел СССР
в период пребывания в пределах СССР
тридцатью 1941 г.
28. января 1941 г.