

JOURNAL

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OF THE AID SOCIETY

NO. 3

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LET MY PEOPLE GO SO THAT THEY MAY SERVE ME

נפילת עתה ויגדלו



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They should, if possible, be typed in double-spacing and reach the
Editor not later than end of June.

EDITORIAL

In our first Editorial the hope was expressed that our Members would send us sufficient contributions to ensure the success of our Journal. Hitherto - and we sincerely hope this trend will continue - success has been increasing from issue to issue, if we use as an index of success the number of contributions received, and thus the amount of work to be done by the Editor. Indeed, on this occasion we have not been able to publish all the contributions, and are keeping some for the future, to help deal with the inevitable fluctuations in the rate of submission of new material. Please do not interpret this as suggesting that we have too many contributions - we do not and urgently require more.

Indeed, we would like to begin a new Section, to be called something like "Childhood Remembered", in which contributors would follow Menachem Waksztok's suggestion that we present sketches of aspects of our lives before the War. Such a Section should offer greater scope for variety than our existing Section " 'Youth' Remembered", for the simple reason that, generally speaking, the variation in our pre-War experience is greater than that in our experience during the War. For example, if we only consider the Jews in pre-War Poland, there were significant differences among various communities, depending, e.g. on whether they were in areas which had been Russian or German or Austrian before World War I. To offer you an incentive to send us contributions for this proposed new Section, the Editor herewith utters the dire threat that, if no contributions are received, he will feel compelled to write a piece himself !

From this issue onwards we have decided to expand the Section "Members' News" by including a part containing news of what might be called our Members' public or social achievements. When you read this part you will see the sort of thing we have in mind. However, we obviously cannot rely for material on those to whom the news refers; we must rely on others, and trust that we can so rely.

The opening Section of the current issue is not intended to be a permanent feature of our Journal. It is given pride of place because of its intrinsic importance and in order to inform Members of Yad Vashem's appeal which Roman Halter explains. We trust, with Roman, that Members will respond to this appeal, not only in remembrance of those murdered, but also for the sake of preserving historical knowledge.

When the thought crosses my mind of what would happen to our Society if its Chairman, Ben Helfgott, decided to devote his energies entirely to other things I at once banish that thought. At Ben's initiative our Society has instituted the Leonard G. Montefiore Memorial Lecture which is to be delivered annually. The first lecture was delivered on 14th March at the Stern Hall, by Alan Montefiore, Fellow of Balliol College, the son of the man whom the Lectures will commemorate. This is not the place to repeat the thanks offered to Mr. Montefiore by our Chairman. Suffice it to say that a more appropriate inaugural Lecturer could not have been found. The Lecture was extremely well attended and provoked a lively discussion thus providing an encouraging omen for future lectures in this series and showing, once again, how much Members value and enjoy the events organised by the Society.

YAD-VASHEM

YAD-VASHEM'S NEW HALL OF NAMES.

by Roman Halter

In a few months the new HALL OF NAMES will be completed; in it will be kept the volumes of biographical details - a page for each person - who died during the Holocaust. So far over two million "Pages of Testimony" have been recorded. Two million out of six million is a small proportion. It is estimated that half of all those who were murdered '39 - '45 will never be recorded as they died without a trace.

My curiosity led me to check whether our 'Boys and Girls' had filled in the questionnaire forms about their relatives and friends who died, or were killed, or fell in the Resistance, during the Second World War. It seems that very few have done so, and I write this article so as to urge you to send in the historically important information, so that our grandchildren and indeed future generations may know more fully what happened during this tragic period of our history.

Those of you who know all about Yad-Vashem will forgive me if I outline here, very briefly, what this museum 'is' and 'does';-

Under the decree passed by the Knesseth in 1953 Yad-Vashem was set up to perform a three-fold function;

1. To commemorate those who died in the Holocaust.
2. To gather and record material on the victims and the communities from which they came.
3. To observe the Remembrance Day on the 27th of Nissim.

I am sure that a trip to Jerusalem is not complete without a visit to the Yad-Vashem Museum and the Hall of Remembrance. It is a moving experience. Even to us who remember this past so vividly, the photographs and the objects, the names of the camps, the number of the millions who perished, all have a cumulative effect, so that one comes out stunned and shaken.

Now, under the dynamic Chairman of the Directorate, Dr. (Gen.) Yitzhak Arad, the scope of Yad-Vashem is broadening to include research, the publication of books on the 30,000 European Jewish communities which were obliterated, the archives section, a library of 45,000 volumes, a publications section and finally a section dealing with the recording of the testimonies of eye-witness accounts (and each of us here has a unique story to tell).

I do not wish to go on and on, but should anyone wish to know anything more, please write in to the Journal and I will do my utmost to answer.

The task for you now is to fill in this form as best you can - if you do not remember some of the details or dates leave them blank.

All the information you supply will be crosschecked by Yad-Vashem with such independent available sources as may exist.

Should you need more forms, have photostat copies made of this one and send all copies to Ben Helfgott, 46 Amery Road, Harrow, Middlesex.

YAD-VASHEM

YAD VASHEMMartyrs' and Heroes'
Remembrance
Authority**DAF-ED****דף-עד****יד ושם**P.O.B. 84
Jerusalem, Israel**A Page of Testimony**

תמונה Photo	1. שם המשפחה * Family name *	
	2. השם הפרטי (שם לפני הנישואין) First Name (maiden name)	
	3. תאריך הלידה Date of birth	4. מקום הלידה (עיר, ארץ) Place of birth (town, country)
	5. שם האב Name of father	6. שם האם Name of mother
7. שם בן או בת הזוג (אם בת זוג נא להוסיף שם משפחתה לפני הנישואין) Name of spouse (if a wife, add maiden name)		
8. מקום המגורים לפני המלחמה Place of residence before the war		
9. מקומות המגורים במלחמה Places of residence during the war		
10. נסיבות המוות (זמן, מקום, וכד') Circumstances of death (place, date, etc.)		
אני, הח"מ הגרה ב (כתובת מלאה) קירבה (משפחתית או אחרת) I, the undersigned residing at (full address) relationship to deceased hereby declare that this testimony is correct to the best of my knowledge. מצהירה בזה כי עדות זו נכונה לפי מיטב ידיעותי. חתימה מקום ותאריך Signature Place and date		

...ונתתי להם בביתי ובחומותי יד ושם... אשר לא יכרת" זשעיהו נ"ה

"...even unto them will I give in mine house and within my walls a place and a name...that shall not be cut off." -Isaiah, LVI,5

* נא לרשום את שמן של כל נספה על דף נפרד.

* Please inscribe the name of each victim of the Holocaust on a separate form.

LETTER FROM ISRAEL

by Menachem Waksztok

One of our 'Boys' - the author - widely known as Moniek Kapo - came to London in 1945 with a group from Theresienstadt. He left England in 1947 for Palestine (ISRAEL) to join the Haganah (the, then, illegal Israeli defence force). He has been through five of Israel's wars, is now living in Ashkelon with his wife and three children, and is a Travel Agent.

As a Travel Agent, I spend a great deal of my time travelling around this Country, and, as is customary, always give lifts to soldiers.

The other day I had my car full of soldiers. Since everyone in Israel is a soldier at one time or another, one rarely travels without them. Of course, conversation is the order of the day. We all seem to have so much to talk about in Israel. We have a Country of 'Prime Ministers', 'Cabinet Ministers', and 'Generals', - nearly four million of them !

My front seat passenger spoke a beautiful Hebrew - but I could detect a tinge of a Slav accent. It is often possible to tell exactly where this man or that woman was born. Hungarian is unmistakable; it is as detectable to the ear as is Strudel filling to the eye. Hebrew, spoken by those who came from Russia, has the 'lo-lo' sound which is like no other sound. Should he come from Gruzia, the flat cap and a mouth full of gold teeth, is ample visual evidence to mark him out. The Germans, Rumanians and English, also have their own uniquely unmistakable sounds. The Yemenites speak a very well pronounced Hebrew, but one's eyesight would have to be pretty poor indeed to ask a Yemenite where he came from.

Yet, when we Israelis go abroad, we are naturally Israelis - and when people ask where we come from - we proudly answer, ISRAEL, and that is that. But here in Israel, we find ourselves asking the same question of people whose country is Israel, and the only home they have is here. Why does one do it ? Mainly out of sheer curiosity. The people one encounters here have such extraordinarily human stories to tell - stories of escape, hardship, and survival, so unique and gripping that often one finds such realities of life too much for the imagination to absorb. This is probably why, here in Israel, after a day's work, we feel the need to relax in front of the T. V. to view the often trashy thrillers or other such banalities.

..... And so, I turned to my frontseat passenger and said - "Where do you come from". He replied "It wouldn't help if I told you, you could never guess in a month of Sundays !" You see - Israelis speak and act without inhibition - they not only assume one is ignorant - they are convinced of it !

"Try me", I said.

"Klodawa", He replied.

"Poland", I said.

"Not bad - not bad at all" was my passenger's comment. Little did he know that I too had been born in Klodawa. He had mistaken me for a SABRA - a kind, healthy geographically ignorant Israeli. So I went on

"Klodawa, let me see, that's near Kolo".

"Hey ! " said my passenger, "You know exactly where it is - how come?"

"Because I was born there too !" (And this too can only happen in Israel.)

During the reign of Pilsudski, the 2000 Jews of Klodawa felt themselves more secure than in the pre 1914 years of Tzarist rule. In this small one-eyed town they were the majority. Most of the shops, tailoring concerns, watchmakers, bakers and timber merchants, also the dentist and doctor practices were in their hands.

The men went to the Synagogue for morning and evening prayers - in fact the one Synagogue and Steibel were their meeting places - the centres of their lives.

We children, from the age of four, received our education in the Hedar. One went there as a matter of course, to learn to read and write, by stages progressing to the learning of Chumash, Rashi, and so on. Illiteracy was unknown, and no matter how poor or limited physical and day to day life was, life of the mind and spirit was very rich indeed.

On Israeli radio the other day, I heard an interview with a visiting German professor, in Israel for Xmas. He said he felt that we, here in Israel, have reached intellectual heights sufficient to qualify us as full members of Western culture. I thought this remark more than a little funny, in fact hilarious, and typically 'Yekeshe'. I would love to have been at that interview, just to remind him that, when they - the Germans - were still swinging from trees, we, the Jews were already deeply involved in the study of the Talmud.....

But to return to Klodawa.....

Klodawa was typical of many of the Shtetles in Poland where the Jews felt themselves to be Jews without any doubt. In fact, we did not think of ourselves as being in the Galut - we were in Klodawa - and it was the Goyim who were the outsiders.

Speaking as an Israeli who loves his Country and its People, I feel that the lives of the 30,000 Jewish Communities which were totally wiped out during the Holocaust, have not as yet been properly recorded, evaluated or understood. We know too little of the life that existed in these places or of the Yiddish culture and literature of that time.

For a time the Holocaust was seen here in Israel as an unfortunate tragedy brought about by Hitler and his gang of killers, against people who had no will to stand up and fight for survival, and their right to live.....

Is this the truth - or even the beginning of the truth ?

We, who have lived through the Holocaust are keeping quiet. Why ? Is it because the Holocaust and the time of our childhood is too painful a part of us to allow us to judge it dispassionately and with detachment. Is it too painful to recall ? (Easier, and more escapist to watch thrillers on T.V.)

Or are we simply unable to express our knowledge of the past - words fail us ! Can we not form an opinion ? It may be all these things combined. But I refuse to believe it! Some may adopt the cynically negative attitude - "What the hell does it matter - the past is the past!" If this was the point, then indeed nothing would matter. We might as well graze with the cows in the fields. But this is not the point. Life does matter - people matter - Israel matters - and if the present matters, then so must the past.

What future can there be without the past ? It would be as meaningful as asking men to live without memory. Although this past was the most tragically sad part of our entire history- it is nevertheless an integral part of our lives, and we must never forget it, nor allow it to be forgotten. Every individual may judge whether to forgive - and whom he will forgive - but we must never allow ourselves to forget.

The history of the Holocaust, or the history of our lives prior to the Holocaust, has not yet been fully written or appraised. Many of the books on the subject are peripheral, some of them only describe the pornography of the Holocaust. Even professional historians are notorious for supporting a certain slant on life. Sometimes one feels that it is not the truth of actual events that interests men, but to make the truth fit their predetermined concepts of history and the subjective personal twists they give to ideas which will identify each one of them as the unique historian of those events.

We, the 'Boys' who went through it all, who came from the Communities of Europe where Jewish life had a form, a culture, a pattern, and a light, have done nothing to record it. So far, others have done things for us - but the time has now come for us to do something for ourselves. We have matured and grown up and come of age. Soon it may be too late, the old, senile mind may begin to play tricks with the imagination, the old memory will start to give up.

Yad Vashem in Jerusalem is the place where this history is gathered and the Holocaust is recorded.....

YAD VASHEM is a museum given over totally to the gathering of information on the Holocaust, and one of us, ROMEK HALTER, is participating there actively, and in my opinion, very meaningfully.

Let me tell you of an event which took place there towards the end of '76.

Early in December '76, I received a number of invitations from this Museum, to be distributed among the families of our 'Boys'. We were invited to the formal opening of a newly created Gate and Gateway to Yad Vashem. The artist of this important and very impressive work was Romek. He had donated his work to the Museum - and the gates, one measuring 6m x 4.5m and the other 2.5m x 4.5m, were manufactured here in Israel. (Unlike the work of Chagall which is made in France and then brought here). The patron, who paid for the casting and manufacture, was a Mme Shriber from Paris. She came over from Paris with a French Senator and entourage of 20 people for this important occasion.

On the morning of the 20th, my three children were very excited. Today we were taking them to see the work of Romek - whom they know - at Yad Vashem in Jerusalem (where they had visited a number of times). This was going to be an important event in their lives.

We arrived there to be greeted by most of our Boys and Girls, some of them having come from as far away as Beer Sheva.... it was a most loyal turn-out. We greeted one another in the French-kiss-on-both-cheeks-style, now the accepted thing amongst our group. (Someone seeing Brehzniev on T. V. asked whether he is also one of our group. I wish to put on record here that apart from a similar kissing style, we have absolutely nothing in common with the so-and-so.) With the noise of our 'Hellos' - 'Ma Shlomech' - 'Ma Shlomcha' - and our numbers we quickly began to dominate the proceedings.

But Yad Vashem is a serious place. The sadness of the tragic deaths of our families are kept fresh and alive there. It is but a fragment of a mirror, in which the past of 1933 - 1945 is reflected..... We were led into the Hall of Remembrance for a special Yiskor Service. In the centre of this Hall, among the names of the most terrible concentration and extermination camps, burns the eternal flame. The French Senator, Mme, Shriber, the Directors of Yad Vashem and various V.I.P's. were invited one by one to gather around this flame. Romek, too, was honoured in this fashion. We, all in the family of Boys and Girls who were there, were overwhelmed with pride for him. The service was most moving - the incantations of the Chazan brought tears to our eyes.... And the memories.... those memories of that terrible, terrible past....

We all then went on to the formal opening of the gates. Mme. Shriber, Romek, and the Directors of Yad Vashem stepped forward and performed the simple task of cutting the ribbons, while the rest of us admired this impressive work.

...the remainder of the evening was sheer joy - in the reception hall of Yad Vashem we lit the Hanukah candles, sung songs - the sweet voices of our children ringing out loud and clear - a symbol of our hope for the future. We ate and drank cakes and tea, and listened to speeches. Then we bid each other 'Le-hitraot' and 'Shalom' and departed for home.

The institute of YAD VASHEM is now not only a memorial to the Holocaust. It has, through the generous and artistic work of Romek Halter become to us of the 45 Society a unique symbol of our personal suffering - and our hope for the future. We feel now that Yad Vashem has a special and personal meaning for us all, and in my opinion it stands unique in the world as a landmark for our children, and our childrens' children so that the tragedy that occurred to the Jewish people at the hands of the Nazis may never be allowed to happen again.

I hope that all of you will have the opportunity to visit Israel and Yad Vashem in the near future so that you may see for yourselves this Memorial to our past and the great work of Romek Halter.

1976 has come, and gone. At present we are at peace, and we pray it may be a lasting peace

"YOUTH REMEMBERED"

A TELEPHONE CALL TO HEAVEN

by Michael Etkind

Michael Etkind came to Windermere from there he
 went to the Glasgow Hostel. Studied Architecture.
 Now he lives with his family in Watford and
 lately started writing poetry.

Brrrrrr!
 Brrrrrr!
 Brrrrrr!
 Hello ?
 Hello, God ?
 Is it you ?
 Don't hang up, wait
 I am not going to beg,
 For that, it's much too late
 Yes, you may listen in
 No, we have no secrets from you
 One day you may reciprocate

Hello Henka !
 Last night I cried,
 I thought about you,
 The way you died
 Is He still listening ?
 I will whisper a secret into your ear,
 I really would like Him to hear

Well, so much has happened,
 Since you have been,
 I am at a loss where to begin
 You know, many people have never heard
 Of the Ghetto of Litzmannstadt
 There are other famous places
 Perhaps just as bad like Hiroshima and Nagasaki
 You know those Japs were really lucky
 They evaporated in a flash,
 Without even a sigh
 O yes, I know there were some
 Who took many years to die

I have another secret to tell
 But it's only for your ears
 That for the millions who fell,
 Though I cried
 For you, I shed most of my tears
 Why did they take me away,
 When you were alone to die,
 O God, how can I convey what I feel,
 How can I speak when I cry

Do you know what I wanted to do
 When Buchenwald and the war were gone ?
 I wanted to inscribe your name
 On every heart of stone
 O no, not revenge,
 It would be so in vain
 How can their agony now, help ours,
 Our anguish and pain
 But tears can help us, and them,
 Provided it's a flood
 How else can they atone
 For shedding our blood

You know they say here that you have to be brave
 I don't believe it - brave only know how to die
 but how can you harm another being
 if you really know how to cry..

Hello Henka- is He still there
 or is He having a rest ?
 I know, I know, I know
 He was trying to do his best..
 I am certain that He was for giving for us a better fate
 He must have dozed off and when He woke up
 it was already too late...
 Or may be His Gaze was elsewhere directed
 When Litzmannstadt Ghetto was being erected
 When Atom Bomb was being invented
 When Gas Chambers were being perfected
 When.....

O, Henka can I give you a task ?
 There is no one on earth that I can ask....
 is He really Almighty as we once believed,
 or not - were we partially deceived ?

ABOUT FAITH

By Hugo Gryn

You may think this is a strange thing to say - but when I was a teenager in Nazi concentration camps in Germany - I discovered God. Not the God of my childhood. I lost him - or lost sight of him - around the crematoria of Auschwitz. I prayed that he "do something" and when he did not, I turned my back on him as well.

But later - in the slave labour camps - and, I suppose, in retrospect too. When I saw more clearly the different ways the human spirit can respond to people and events.

In the camps there was 'a regression to primitiveness' - that is to say our interests became restricted to the most immediate and urgent needs. Food and water and sleep. Because there was hardly any food, and crowded conditions combined with vermin plus 14 hours of work a day, gave little chance for sleep - we were, in the main, apathetic and irritable. Not so much zombie-like, more tired animal-like. If you saw that magnificent programme on BBC2 recently - "In Memory of Justice" - you have your own set of images.

All thinking was concentrated on a simple and single point: to get through today; to survive another day !

There was an important change in the meaning of some key values. Freedom is something you and I consider that we have - and if you are imprisoned - it is taken away. But in the camps freedom had become what you were - and this shaped the attitudes you formed to your situation and to your destiny. Apathy could only be overcome by force of spirit. Or you could give in to it and so disintegrate from within. Irritability and brutalization could only be suppressed through intellectual and emotional effort. If you could not do this - you became less - considerably less - than a civilised human being.

It became a choice: to fit into the surroundings and swim with the tide - this was towards primitiveness. Or to struggle against a dreadful environment and swim against a powerful tide. I began to see it then - and see it much more clearly now: it was a matter of spiritual effort.

The worst handicap had to do with time. No-one knew when the experience will end. It made for a sense of helplessness. Victor Frankl is a psychiatrist, who was in the camps himself. He wrote about a fellow-prisoner he knew who dreamt that on 30 March, 1945 the war would end and he would be liberated. No real news was possible and when nothing happened - this man developed high fever on March 29 and the next day he died of typhoid. Disillusionment, according to Dr. Frankl, brought quick decline of bodily defence.

My own experience bears this out: There was always a spate of rumours about: about food from the Red Cross, or the approach of the Russian Army, or the proximity of the Americans - and when events proved them false - morale dropped like a cement bag. Only an inner sensation - that in the end evil will be defeated - gave any kind of certainty.

And afterwards - when I look back on my experiences and suffering - and it is purely good luck that I am alive - I realise that there is nothing left to fear in this world - except God. Many people lost their faith in God in the concentration camps. Many others - I among them - learnt to believe or believe again in God.

This is the third of Rabbi Hugo Gryn's Broadcasts which he delivered in the B. B. C. "Thought for the Day" series.

* See also Members' News.

THE PYRAMID

By Arthur Poznanski

Chapter 2.

Instinct told me I could not last at this type of work; I was threatened with total physical collapse. All my bones ached and at times exhaustion made me feel dizzy. I searched my mind for various ways of getting a respite and finally decided to approach one of the Polish managers with a bluff, that I was a skilled and fully trained joiner and a descendant of many generations of cabinet makers and timber workers, (my father was a teacher and for many years held the position of a headmaster of a state school), thus hoping for a transfer to the machines section of the factory, where chain-belt production required only a minimum amount of skill. I argued with myself, that in any case most of the people parading as joiners and wood-workers in the factory were in fact tailors, cobblers, butchers, grocers, gamblers, dentist, merchants of various commodities, who by bluff and other means, had been lucky to get the job which saved them from deportation.

They all managed quite quickly to get the hang of the work, so, why shouldn't I ?

However, a couple of weeks later without any action on my part and for no apparent reason except providence, I was transferred to stacking timber-boards in the yard. This work was so much easier for me, that I felt as if I had been lifted from hell into paradise. In addition I found several boys of my own age-group already employed in this section and their company made me feel so much less lonely and abandoned.

The new labour group, to which I was assigned, was split into two separate task-sections. Some workers were carrying timber boards of various sizes from the saw-mill to the yard, where they dropped them onto a large pile. From this pile the remaining workers picked all boards of similar size and stacked them on long thin laths into large house-like structures. The laths allowed air to circulate and so to dry and mature the timber before it could be put to further use. Many of the boards, being of unequal size, protruded at one end in such a manner that they formed little alcoves, some of which were well protected from the top and sides. These provided good shelter when it rained. When we commenced the erection of a new stack, I deliberately manipulated some of the boards in such a way that the alcoves they formed were well protected from the top and sides.

Suddenly, I had it ! An idea, clear and simple, but exciting in its possibilities: At a given height I would substitute a couple of the long boards in the middle of the stack for short ones at both ends. Subsequent tiers would have similar structure, thus creating a narrow, hollow space in the centre. At the back of the stack, where the alcoves were providing some shelter, some of the short pieces could be balanced on thinner laths, to enable them to be pivotted at will, and so to open and close the access to the "passage". Higher up, I would widen the hollow area in a different direction, and with luck have sufficient space for a hide-out. Of course the idea had to be perfected, and no-one must notice, or suspect !

I began experimenting under the very noses of the overseers and foremen, and my seeming procrastination with stacking slowed down the work of the whole group. At the time however I was working over eight feet above ground level and with a bit of luck my experiments went on unnoticed. Within days I learned how to achieve the desired result and was ready to commence the construction in earnest.

I realised then that I could not accomplish much by myself and decided to take Lolek, Nat (ek) and Ben(iek) into my confidence. At the first opportune moment I outlined my plan to them; it was enthusiastically approved.

My Trojan Horse of Di - Fi was born.

We were eager to start work on the project, and volunteered to work at the top of the stack. There were no objections. Most men naturally disliked climbing to the top and preferred to stay on the ground. We were however young, small and agile and able to climb up and down quickly and with ease.

Working together, we eventually managed to construct a concealed, narrow passage, which led upward from the back of one of the many alcoves into the very centre of the stack. About fifteen feet above the ground level the hideout area widened into a space sufficient for four or five boys to lay down, or to sit up in without too much discomfort, yet completely invisible from any direction outside the stack and also well protected from the top by many tiers of tightly arranged boards and laths.

It was a brilliant piece of engineering. I was very proud of it and really thrilled with the result, because the stack gave the illusion that you could see right through it, when in fact it was not so. I called the structure "My Pyramid".

It was quite tricky, however, to enter the "Pyramid". One had to come unobserved into the correct alcove, pivot aside the "doctored" laths, which only those initiated into the secret could identify, then push a few pieces of board out of the way, climb in and upward and immediately replace all the various bits, which masked the entrance. Similar manoeuvres had to be repeated a few more times during the climb upward, before one reached "The Room".

Great was the excitement of the "gang" on completion of the project, but the question remained:- what now? Will we be daring enough to use the hideout in emergency? Will it prove effective? Could it provide the first vital step in case we decided to escape? - Only time would tell. In the meantime it gave us, the initiated few, that extra bit of courage and hope so vital in those dreary days of toil, hunger, squalor and privations of camp life.

And the dreary days stretched into dreary weeks.

For those who managed to preserve some vestige of sanity after surviving the trauma of deportations and loss of their nearest and dearest, and who became acclimatised to the hard labour, degradation of slavery, lack of privacy, rudimentary sanitation, emotional void and absolute obedience to all petty authority, life in the camp was comparatively bearable. A small proportion of the men had not been separated from their wives and a few more managed to pair off with some of the unattached females. These couples had quite a pleasant existence.

As for the rest, - "where there is life, there is hope"; we lived and hoped that salvation was round the corner.

Of course all this applied only to physically fit individuals. Neither dental nor optical services were available. There was a doctor in the camp, but he could do little for anyone with a serious complaint. As childbirth was forbidden, the doctor did perform a few abortions.

Our clothes were rapidly wearing out and replacements were nigh impossible to come by. Only those who had influence with the manager of the camp stores were able to obtain some ill-fitting garments, or a pair of clogs. Most of us though had to keep patching up our worn and vermin ridden garments, the best way we could. Subsequently it was a very motley crew which assembled every day at the numbers - check parade.

The elite of the camp however were very well dressed; these lucky individuals managed to salvage and conceal some of their valuables and money apart from spare garments.

There was contact with the Poles and the Outside world during the working hours in the factory. For those who could afford to pay the black market prices on top of danger premiums demanded by the Poles, extra food, contraceptives, medical supplies or good articles of clothing were no problem. Everybody knew, however, that anyone caught smuggling anything forbidden into the camp faced immediate execution.

Young boys, however, cared little about their appearance, or clothes. We were mainly concerned with keeping out of sight of the many petty dictators and keeping hunger at bay. When not at work, I used to hang around for hours near the camp kitchens with my saucepan ready, hoping to scrounge an extra helping of soup or some of that delightful beverage of that time - hot, black Ersatz coffee. On occasions, by offering help with the hardest chores in the kitchen, or peeling a bucketful of potatoes, I succeeded in obtaining such treasures as a few cooked potatoes in horsemeat gravy, a couple of bones with some gristle on, or even a crust of bread.

When discussing our "Pyramid" the gang soon realised that it could be lost, if and when the stack was dismantled, as the need arose to use the timber. This led to construction of "Pyramid 2". This one, when completed, was even better and more spacious, than the first one, and had two separate exits.

A few fairly uneventful weeks passed since the completion of "Pyramid 2". Weary after the usual 12 hourly shift we returned to camp one evening and hardly managed to consume our "dinner", which consisted of a pint of "soup of the day" (it was a thin brew unlike any of the known Heinz's 57 varieties), when the "sweet" voices of the camp militia - men resounded through the entire compound: "Alle 'raus !" - All out - back to work of course. Men were being chased out even from the washrooms and latrines with their pants at half-mast. "Oy veh!", I thought, - "Not another night of sweat and toil in the malodorous company of that champion of flatulators, Krupala ?"

At the camp gate I met the rest of the "gang", who were obviously waiting for me. Heniek suggested urgently; "why not hide, now is the best time to try it". Natek however was the most audacious: "We must try the hideout sometime. If we hesitate to do it now, will we dare to have a go in a more serious emergency ? To the Pyramid!". We were eager to go, but very apprehensive. I conceded; "all right let's go, but remember the drill!" once outside the gate, at short intervals, one by one we crept up unnoticed to the stack, before anyone managed to get assigned to any specific task.

Soon we were sitting up there, in the belly of the Trojan Horse, happy and comfortable, savouring the pride of our achievement and the thrill of the adventure. Of course we had to keep very quiet for fear of discovery by a stray guard, and had the disadvantage of not being able to see what was going on outside. We were content, however, just to enjoy the rest, and to talk in the softest of whispers. "A deck of cards on a square of plywood would come very useful" - said Natek. We all agreed (and a few days later it was organised by Lolek). Diminishing noises from the outside were the only indication of the end of the "extra shift", and that it was safe to return to the camp.

This first escapade broke the ice and gave us confidence in ourselves and in the "Pyramid". From then onwards we spent every "extra shift" in the hide-out, resting, playing cards, word games, day-dreaming or discussing in whispers the sex life of the women in our camp and speculating on the duration and outcome of the war. These were happy and carefree hours; we could stop worrying about when to return to the camp, because Natek told his father, who was a foreman, that he will be in hiding with some friends, and asked him to go through the length of the timber yard at the end of the shift, shouting: "All back to camp". He did just that. We were a bit apprehensive about this arrangement; we feared everybody with any authority or rank, but we needed help and had to trust someone. After all Natek was one of "us".

My younger brother, Jerzy, was at this time on "Hortensja", another camp in the same town, attached to a glass works factory of the same name. Less than two miles away from our camp, for most of us it was beyond any means of communication. We were thus effectively separated and I was troubled by worry about him. I was painfully aware of the fact that I was unable to help him in any way and notwithstanding his tender age he was alone and had to fend for himself. It also seemed incongruous, that just a few metres away, across the road, from which we were separated by barbed wire fences carefully guarded, day and night, free people lived normal lives in real homes with their families, promenaded leisurely, rested, studied, made love, went swimming in lidos...but NO! such dangerous thoughts were fruitless and could lead only to a nervous break-down...

So back to 'reality', - our reality: S.S. guards, Polish firemen on guard, camp militia and the sombre brick compound that housed us.

At the back of the brick building, in one corner, there was an old iron cistern about 7ft. deep, 7ft. wide and 12 or 14ft. long, which was probably a disused vat for washing out dyes and chemicals out of the fabrics produced when the building was used as a mill. It was filled nearly to the brim with stagnant, but fairly clean water with some moss and flotsam bobbing about on the surface. Narrow rungs on the outside of the cistern led to the top, which had a rim or ledge 3 or 4 inches wide all around.

Tired after a day's work I sat at the foot of the cistern with two of my friends, the Lassman brothers. They were tall, good looking boys, whose father used to own a soda/lemonade manufacturing concern. Intelligent and well spoken they were good company.

Staszek, the younger of the two, remarked lazily: "I should love to drown my lice in this glorious pool".

"It's a bit too deep and too cold for me" I said, "-but we all could do with a bath or swim".

"There is no direct prohibition, and as long as the Polish firemen guards do not see, nobody will complain" mused Beno, "I confess, however, I would not have the guts" he added. We argued the matter a while longer, when Staszek said: I admit to being a coward, but I will join you in the tank if you dive in first".

"So will I" said Beno - "and I will give you a cigarette if you dare..."

I love swimming and his challenge gave me the spur I needed. In seconds I stripped to my underpants, climbed to the narrow ledge and dived in. It was very refreshing, and I splashed happily in the water, where I was soon joined by both Lassmans and two or three more daring fellows, who watching us in the tank decided to join in the fun. After a brief swim we climbed out and ran to dry ourselves and change into dry pants.

After that time, we used to go swimming at every opportune moment. Soon others tired of being mere spectators, joined in "for a dip" and the cistern was getting as crowded as a mikvah.

Some weeks later we were spotted in the swim by an unfriendly Polish fireman, who reported the issue to the German guards, who issued orders forbidding swimming in the cistern. At the next numbers check parade the camp militia-men proclaimed: "anyone seen in the vat will be shot on the spot".

So, no more swimming.

The alcoves on the outside of the stack, which was "Our Pyramid" were being used by many other camp inmates at various times for many purposes. Some men stopped there for a brief respite from work. Many others took advantage of the privacy of the deeper alcoves to let their pants down and to hunt the hordes of lice and fleas, which pestered their tender parts. Some men came there just to scratch their vermin ridden bodies against the rough timber. Still others stood in an alcove swaying piously and murmuring prayers.

Of course hidden inside the "pyramid" we were unaware of the proximity of anyone else. We discovered these goings-on by sheer accident.

One ugly day, when the howling wind was throwing an unpleasant drizzle into the faces of the slave workers during an "extra shift" and the timber yard was covered with slippery mud, we (our "gang") were sitting carefree and content in our hideout engaged in a card game, "The King of Hearts". You must realise, however, that to be hidden away for a long time in a confined space has got its problems, the most urgent of which, especially in cold weather is that of a painfully full bladder. We dealt with the problem in the simplest and most direct way. One simply laid face down, unbuttoned one's trousers and urinated down the crevices between the boards. The many boards and laths in the path of the stream broke its rapid flow and made it trickle down in many devious directions.

In the depth of one of the alcoves stood a good and pious man, swaying devoutly and murmuring his prayers. Facing the timber, he suddenly realised that it was not the rain, and definitely not manna coming down from above. For fear of betraying his own presence there to a German guard, who might be lurking somewhere near, he could not jump out suddenly, or even shout aloud. So, in an angry whisper he spluttered, kicking at the timber: "Ay momzer, pish nisht! Ich bin in de mitten fun shemonesre!"

We were young and full of mischief, and saw only the funny side of it. Convulsed with mirth, but not daring to laugh aloud I stuffed a piece of rag or hankie into my mouth to stop the sound, while tears rolled from my eyes. The rest of the gang were just as hysterical.

When we calmed down, we realised that someone knew our secret. We had been discovered !

Who was it ? Would he betray us ? After all, he had reason for revenge.

After a long debate we decided to abandon "Pyramid I", and use only "Pyramid 2", and to try to construct there a "look-out" into some of the deeper alcoves. We also vowed to be much more careful in the future..... If there be any future.....

But that, my friends, is another story.

HERE AND NOW

KEEP CLEAN AND FIT IN ISRAEL WITH ME

by Menachem Silberstein

Menachem Silberstein came to Windermere, lived in the Stamford Hill Hostel where he studied the Talmud.

In 1948 he went to Israel to fight in the War of Independence and has since fought in every war. He has his dental laboratory in Tel-Aviv where he also lives with his wife and children.

Sometime back in the heyday of Mr. Kissinger's shuttle diplomacy between Israel and Egypt, when the talk here was whether we should or should not give up this or that part of territory in exchange for some agreement with Egypt, my friends and I at the Gordon swimming pool in Tel-Aviv were unanimous in our decision that whatever happens in other places this swimming pool will not be given up, exchanged or even negotiated for. We, in fact, vowed to keep Henry K., Peres, Rabin etc. out of it, figuratively speaking, of course, otherwise, providing they paid their entrance fee and wore regulation costumes - even regarding the latter we were prepared to close an eye if what they displayed was not too offensive - they would be like everyone else, most welcome.

You may have sensed by now that I like my daily swims at the Gordon open air swimming pool in Tel-Aviv. To "like" is here perhaps too mild a word; for us regulars the daily morning swim is more like an addiction, a ritual which we seem to need like other people need food, sex or sleep (which is not to suggest that we can do without the other three). If any of us has to stay away from the pool for any length of time because of army duty or illness, he or she - and there are many nice "shees" there - misses it badly. It is not only the habit of the daily exercise of swimming in clean, heated, half sea and half fresh water, it is also the company of a group of interesting characters who have grown into firm and loyal friends over the years. There are also other factors which make one leave one's warm bed each and every morning. (Do I hear you say "like the wife for instance", No, not quite.)

The joy of being up early in the morning in Israel is something one has to experience to understand, the sun then is not too hot and the air is clean and fresh and the sky is that lovely light blue.... and so much more! More, friends than I am able to put into words here.

The swimming pool opens at 4.30 am. (in the winter at 5.0 am.) At 6.0 am, the rush hour starts; men and women between the ages of 15 and 90 start homing-in from all parts of Tel-Aviv. The ladies dress up in the smartest of costumes and the most exotic of headgear and sunglasses; - the costumes, just covering the curves are to lure and delight us men, I understand, but the reason for the glasses I never quite understand - perhaps their function is partly decorative, partly functional, to screen the eyes from the reflecting sun. The headgear, often a most extraordinary and elaborate contraption, is worn, according to the views of my friends, to mark out the individual lady well so as to make collisions impossible and to cast a shadow on the wearer's face thus preventing sunburn and dryness of the face, skin and so on and so on... But whatever the reason we men love them - headgear or no headgear - and they respond to our flirtations charmingly and good-naturedly. When Yankele, one

of the morning Swimmers in the group, sings in the dressing room "VEE AHYN ZOLEH GAYN VEN DER KLAINER VOLT NISH SHTEIN" the ladies from their dressing room reply in a variety of ways.... all good clean fun.

One of the additional pleasures is the observation of one's fellow humans; e.g. there is the man who, when he swims, is totally submerged but for his bottom which still sticks out; again, once on a rainy morning I arrived for my swim later than usual, and was in rather a hurry to undress and get into the water. When I rushed out from the dressing room I collided with a man holding an open umbrella over his naked body. I apologised for running into him and only moments later did it strike me how funny the whole situation was !

This Hanukah one of the regulars made a nice Hanukiya out of pipes and we lit the candles each morning. Now that the mornings are cooler, after our swim we treat ourselves to a small glass of whiskey or brandy - we keep bottles in our lockers just for such days or to celebrate happy occasions - to warm the inner man, and in good spirit we sing Hanukah songs with great force and feeling under the showers even though our voices are not quite like Caruso's. The dressing room is reserved for more serious matters - there we talk politics and business.

Two senior members of our group, they are both around 80, have asked Roman to teach them butterfly and whenever they see him they do some extraordinary splashing movements....we think that it is more like superfly than butterfly, but the 80-year old youngsters are happy so fly, butterfly, it's all the same among friends.

While water is natural to man (a bit of my philosophy here so sit up and read it carefully) perhaps swimming is not. We spend 9 months in the womb in liquid, and babies, when introduced to water carefully, love it. When Moshe crossed the Red Sea he lingered with joy on the shores, you can just see him and his people doing the breaststroke every morning.. "They splashed and cleaned their bodies and submerged themselves countless times and were happy and praised the Lord".

I remember, as a small boy, being taken by my father to the Mikva where all the bearded and serious-looking men came to submerge themselves in the steamy hot well. As soon as they undressed they began behaving like little boys, fooling about, making jokes and singing Yiddish songs. Water seems to make us all not only clean but happy, and cleanliness and happiness and a bit of exercise in company one likes cannot be bad for one's life...

So next time, my friends, when in Tel-Aviv do what Roman and we Israelis do - come and join us for a swim at the Gordon open air heated pool.

IN PRAISE OF THE '76 REUNION

By Kitty Dessau

Kitty Dessau is the wife of KOPEL, who came to Windermere and was in the Alton & Bedford Hostels.

I'd like to express my thanks on behalf of my husband Kopel, (and all our friends who sat at Table No. 16 !'.) for the hard work you have put in throughout the past year of office, culminating in our Celebrations at the Piccadilly Hotel ! I think this year you excelled yourselves !'. Every year a wonderful time is had by all but I feel everyone present will agree with me wholeheartedly when I say this reunion was even better ! No complaints at all ! The venue was perfect - large and roomy and as cool as it could be (considering the outside temperature! - about the hottest day of the year so far !'.) Mr. Margolis served up a meal that could be considered perfection ! (As I am such a "nosher"- I loved the gateaux on the reception buffet !'.) But above all - the atmosphere was great. This is something to be found very rarely - something special to "the Boys" - this wonderful feeling of more than 'friendship' or.....camaraderie..... it is hard to find adequate words. And when one gives it a little thought, it is marvellous to think after 31 years, they have all still kept in close touch with each other. I'm sure other groups would have drifted apart and gone their own separate ways after all those years. But then the "Boys" have (sadly) been through so much, they are bound together with memories of mutual suffering and loss. Let's hope these bonds of feeling and affection never lessen.

While we are in a quieter frame of mind, let me say the short memorial prayer and "service" were also appreciated. Well done, I. Rudzinski !'. (Incidentally I think this is the first time he and his wife have been at a Reunion all the way through !'.) We were very glad to have them.

And how wonderful of Bernard Kaufmann and his wife, Kay, to have come all the way from Australia especially to be with old friends ! He was on our table (I'm glad to say) and he repeatedly said how he was thoroughly enjoying every minute of the evening ! Remembrances between him and Steve Pearl were really something (and quite touching!).

I must also mention a little sadness at missing some of the faces that are usually present. Especially we think of Ziggy Shipper, unable to come because of ill-health. Ziggy, you missed the time of your life - Kanlik wandered about half the time like a lost soul ! I think this must have been the first reunion you were unable to attend ? We all missed you and wish you a speedy and complete recovery. Here's hoping you will never miss another one ! Apart from unavoidable absences such as the above, those that do not attend our reunions do not know what they are missing - personally we look forward to them, year after year!'. Some faces we only see then; then we make the most of a good gossip and catch up on all the news !

The committee put a lot of hard work (and sometimes harsh words!'.) into all the organising etc. for one of these get-togethers (I'm sure some people are not aware, really, of what it all entails) and deserve a big round of applause; a vote of thanks; and a pat on the back. (Wot, no money!'.) So I am saying a big, public thanks on behalf of the DESSAUS. Here's to many, many more Reunions spent in the companionship of "the Boys" and may they grow bigger and bigger !'. (Not the boys - the numbers!'.)

Good Luck to All and thank you again.

CHANUKAH GET-TOGETHER

By Ben Helfgott

Due to the fact that the majority of our members have ample opportunities to meet throughout the year at Barmitzvahs and weddings, the need for a Chanukah get-together was never very pressing. However, there was a definite clamour for such a function which was held on the 18th December.

Those who came - and there were about 80 members - were certainly not disappointed. Messrs. Farkas and Newton afforded us their hospitality and we met in a most convivial and homely atmosphere. There was plenty of room for those who wished to play cards, and for others to mingle and chat.

However, the highlight of the evening was a film made in 1931 of the town of Nowogrodek. It was a town in North East Poland (now in Russia) where one of our members, Jack Kagan, used to live.

The film was produced by a film company on behalf of a Jew from Nowogrodek, who emigrated to the U.S.A. at the beginning of the century, and having become very successful, returned for a visit to his home town with the wish to perpetuate his "shtetl" on the celluloid screen.

Today, this film is priceless. Those of us who saw it were spellbound. It gave us a glimpse into our childhood days and transported us to an environment that has long since vanished. Our wives, too, were given a unique opportunity to see our background.

Nowogrodek was one of the main centres of the Musar movement - a movement for the education of the individual towards strict ethical behaviour in the spirit of the Halakhah. The film gave a panoramic view of Jewish life and, in spite of the apparent poverty, the most striking feature was the highly developed communal consciousness and the multifarious communal activities portrayed. It is certainly a film worth seeing again, and I am sure that Jack Kagan will be only too pleased to show it.

The evening was a great social success, and we look forward to more similar meetings.

FROM OUR FRIENDS AND WELLWISHERS

JAHRGANG 1912

By Walter Bluhm

Walter Bluhm is a London Solicitor, a regular attender at our Annual Reunions and other events organised by our Society and a close friend of many members of the society.

Scotland Yard telephoned me sometime ago. Was I a school friend of H. V. of Aachen ? Would I mind if they gave him my address ? "Not at all". But no sooner had I replaced the receiver when the ghost of the Holocaust chased my conscience.

The German problem is by no means dead. Twice during a Tisha b'Av service, Rabbi Louis Jacobs posed the question: "Should we continue the annual commemoration of our six million dead?" and twice he replied in the affirmative.

A fortnight after the Yard had been in touch with me I received a long duplicated letter containing an invitation from H. V. for a reunion with my old class mates from our Godesberg Public School. I asked myself: "Dare I forget? Shall I accept?" and replied to H. V. in German:

"Reading the names of half of our Form, who have left the stage, is depressing. The conveyor-belt of our lives moves inexorably. Here am I, who was the only Jew in our Form. Born in Cologne, studied in Berlin, escaped to London from the Nazis. And the interlude: Bad Godesberg, where Hitler met Chamberlain. 'Oh schöne Welt, Du bist abscheulich' wrote Heinrich Heine, the German Jew. ('Beauteous world, thou art abhorrent')"

I then recited the names of the members of our class as I remembered them from our farewell paper ("Bierzeitung") and went on: "Do I fit into this company ? You know what happened. There always have been wars; but Auschwitz and our six million ? I do not hate, but YOU, the survivors, belong to MY generation. I met our headmaster in '56. He did not utter a word of regret. How can I look you in the face ? Who was a Nazi and who was not ? Who approved the Final Solution and who did not ? You will, of course, reply: 'We took no part in it. We did not know'. But will I not be a burden to such a reunion, a jarring note for those who did approve or even took a hand in it. I still have our photographs at the bowling alley and in front of the old school, and I ask myself: 'Did you take part ? Who did take part ?' It's up to you and those to whom you sent your letter. Thank you for tracing me, as you must have remembered that I am a Jew. Thank you for writing. A. M's. concluding verse in our Bierzeitung is tragically ironical:

'Should we meet again one day
'Along the Rhine, the Nile, the Rhone,
'However badly things have gone,
'It was not meant that way'. "

While I was wondering whether I should have written, and written as I did, I came across a letter which I had sent to my parents from Bad Godesberg as an Upper Fifth Former in November 1929: "..... I live on sufferance. Remarks are made which hurt. So much hostility against our religion is simmering just below the surface. Such hatred Even H.S. said certain things " Hitler came to power just over three years later, and the letter from H. V. in Aachen refers to the same H.S. as one of the surviving class mates, who are to meet in Godesberg.

Ghosts chase my memory
lest I forget the history
of our wandering and the annihilation
of the myriad blooms of our Jewish nation

THE HOLOCAUST THROUGH THE EYES OF THE BEHOLDER

By Walter Bluhm

What is guilt
where does it begin
where in the infinite of time
in the spaceless universe
in the perpetuity of life
does it ultimately run into the nothingness
which wipes it out

I know not hatred
nor does spite fuel my existence
I love my fellow beings
though it is difficult almost impossible
to love the whole of what we call mankind
I know not retaliation
vengeance is bitter and despoils the soil

But I remember
vividly do I remember three generations of my pedigree
I do remember goodness kindness forgiveness
joy happiness exhilaration above all genuine affection
I do remember misery incarceration loss of liberty
cruelty bestiality torture murder asphyxia
be it benign be it malignant be it neutral
I do remember

To what purpose ?
to warn posterity ?
to teach a lesson ?
to operate as a deterrent ?
to frustrate repetition ?
to none does memory pay homage
because from history we learn
that lessons are not learned from history

I DO remember
I shall not forget
my son remembers
and so will future generations
remembrance
as an act of holiness
a private intimate moment to our dead

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

Aron's (Zylberszac) article September 76 issue on "A recent visit to North America" describes so exactly our 'BOYS' and their wives' friendly and generous hospitality enjoyed also by Ben (Helfgott), Zimi (Zimmerman) and myself during the time of the 76 Olympics. Our greetings and thanks to them all in Toronto and Montreal.

Roman

MEMBERS' NEWS

אך בגיל צעיר מאוד (18) רבתי עם נוסע אפילו פעם | נרצע בעל הבית מקרדויות יום | אומר אריה קולטון.

דוד הירשפלד הנהג שממציא לנו פטנטים



ה גם
ז ה"
יבר"
ז ל-
שתעה
הדי
רית".
אך
יעבר-
לח-
בא-
אני
קצת
זיות,
כדי

דוד הירשפלד הוא מוצא זמן רב יותר לעסוק בתחביבו: ההמצאות. הוא ממציא שזון מעורר, אשר מצלצל ומאיר בעת ובשונה אחת, שזון אור סומטי המצלצל אחת לארבע דקות ומורה לנהגים מתי ל- צאת לדרך. המציא עוד פטנטים רבים, אשר גם אם לא נכנסו לייצור המוני, הרי הם מקנים לו הערכה רבה. והי ראיה - נבחר כאחד מחור שישה לייצג את הקואורטיב בתחרות, "שובד ישראל 76".

במלחמת העולם השנייה נכלא במחנות ריכוז. בתום המלחמה נמנה עם קבוצה של 300 ילדים שהועברו לאנגליה, התחנכו ולמדו מקצוע. עד ה- יום הוא שומר על קשר עם אנשי קבוצה זו, אשר חלקם חי בארץ ואחרים באנגליה. ב-1948 התנדב דוד הירשפלד לצבא ויצא לארץ להשתתף במלחמת השחרור. אחרי שחרורו הצטרף ל- "אגד": תחילה עבד במוסך ואחר כך עבר לנהיגה. בעברו

נות להרמה, לסחיבה ולסל- טול, לשיפור העבודה ולהק- לתה. היום הוא בונה עגלת נכים, אך הספיק לתכנן מתקן מיוחד להרמת האוטובוס, ש- זכה לפירסומה בבטאון הפני- מי של "ליילנד". כיוון שלא רשם פטנט על המצאתו, גם זכה לראות אותה מבוצעת בידי אחרים. הוא אינו מתר- בש מכך יתר על המידה. ה- איש הזה אינו מאבד את עשתונותיו בקלות. דוד הירשפלד נולד בפולין.

דוד הירשפלד, נהג ב"אגד" בקו חולון-בתים, הוא למע- שה ממציא פטנטים. כל יום אחרי העבודה הוא מחפש דר- כים לשיפור ומתכנן המצאות טכניות שונות. ממציא מכר-



האנדריזאים כבר בחרו

A free translation from 'Ma'ariv', 28 December 76.

DAVID HIRSZFIELD WHO IS A BUS DRIVER AND INVENTOR (IN ISRAEL)

David Hirszfeld works as a bus driver at the Egged co-operative. After his day's work is done he devotes his time to designing and constructing mechanical inventions. A number of these he has already managed to patent; one is an engine removing device, a kind of lifting machine which enables one person to remove a bus engine, hold it well above the ground while it is being repaired and then place it back into the bus. But, as he stated, this is only one result of his practical and successful brainwaves. The hallmark of all his inventions is that they are easy to operate and most are designed with his unique commonsense simplicity which makes them inexpensive but very practical and effective. Leyland have been using a number of them for years.

At present David is preoccupied with an improved design of a wheelchair for physically handicapped people. It will be a chair with a difference because David thinks that once you use a motor for forward and reverse propulsion you should be able to adapt it so that a chair with a person in it can climb stairs with a moderate incline.

David was born in Poland. During the Second World War he was in a Nazi concentration camp and in 1945 was brought over to Windermere by the CBF together with 300 Jewish orphans. In 1948 he came to Israel to fight in the War of Liberation. After his discharge from the Army he joined the Egged Co-operative, at first working as one of the very few creative mechanics. "We had no spare parts", he says with a wry smile, "so we had to be ingenious with wire and any metal scrap we could lay our hands on". Later he changed job to become a bus driver. This now gives him more time for his inventions. Buses usually depart from the depot at four minute intervals. David invented a clock which, once set, rings at such intervals without further adjustment. But not all his inventions are winners, he has had certain things patented which are either too costly to produce or which present technology has made obsolete. "Still, it was not all a waste, many of the objects I made helped other men and made my life so much more worthwhile and interesting; although it was a bit of a sweat at times most of the time it was fun and don't think that I am at the end of the road yet, there is plenty of 'kick' left in David Hirszfeld".

The Egged Bus Co-operative has now nominated David as their candidate for the annual President's Prize for "THE ISRAELI WORKER OF THE YEAR 1976".

Elsa Chandler

Elsa was elected school trustee to the Ward 4 - North York Board of Education, Toronto. This Board is the fourth largest in Canada.

Rabbi Hugo Gryn

Hugo gave a series of five talks in the B. B. Cs.' 'Thought for the Day' programme.

Ben Helfgott

Ben was appointed Appeals Chairman and Honorary Joint Treasurer of the C. B. F. (Central British Fund) a post held by Mr. Leonard Montefiore at the time when we came to England in 1945.

Roman Halter

Roman has recently completed the Main Entrance Gates to Yad-Vashem in Jerusalem and the stained-glass windows for the Central Synagogue, London.

MAZELTOV ON THE BIRTH OF A:

Daughter Tanya	Mr. & Mrs. H. Fox
Grand-daughter (1st)	Mr. & Mrs. Norman Friedman
Grandchild (2nd)	Mr. & Mrs. I. Finklestein

MAZELTOV ON THE ENGAGEMENT OF:

Son	Mr. & Mrs. A. Wolreich
Son David	Mr. & Mrs. S. Pearl
Daughter Elaine	Mr. & Mrs. L Alterman
Daughter	Mr. & Mrs. S. Gardner

MAZELTOV ON THE MARRIAGE OF:

Daughter Elaine	Mr. & Mrs. Leon Manders
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MAZELTOV TO:

Mr. & Mrs. A. Poznanski on the Barmitzvah of their son.

CONGRATULATIONS TO:

Mr. & Mrs. M. Zwirek on their Silver Wedding Anniversary.

CONGRATULATIONS TO:

Rosalind Herman	for passing in 3 'A' levels and gaining admission to Reading University to read Linguistics.
Anthony Lampert	for passing in 3 'A' levels and gaining admission to Brunel University to study for a B.Sc. Degree.
Max Rosenberg	for obtaining a Degree in Furniture Design.
Eve Lewkowicz	for obtaining a B.A. Degree.
Kelvin Graham	for obtaining a B.A. Degree.
Trevor Friedman	for gaining admission to The Middlesex Hospital to study Medicine.
Denise Pomeranc	for gaining admission to study for an Hons. Degree at Kings College, London.

All members extend their Best Wishes to Moniek and Fay Goldberg who have recently moved from Detroit to:

3522 171st. St. Apt. 308
North Miami Beach
Florida 33160

Condolences to Mr. F. Goldman on the loss of his Father.

UP TO DATE NEWS FROM MANCHESTER

GILLIAN PARKER the daughter of Jerry and Eunice gained her degree and became engaged.

ESTELLE GARDNER daughter of Sam and Hannah became engaged.

ELAINE ALTERMAN daughter of Itzek and Myra became engaged.

CAROL and BEREK WURZEL, CHARLIE and EDNA IGIELMAN and NAT and DORCA SAMSON have all celebrated their Silver Wedding anniversaries.

ROSALIND RUBINSTEIN the daughter of Alice and Joe after gaining her degree went to Israel where after a Post Graduate course she obtained a very good position. She is returning home shortly to see her family and to join in the celebrations for the forthcoming wedding of her brother Harold.

JACQUELINE BOMSZTYK daughter of Lily and Mayer has gone on a Kibbutz in Israel for a year before taking up a place in College.

SUSAN BULWA daughter of Zena and Adash and MARLYN GARDNER daughter of Hannah and Sam both qualified as teachers and are both teaching in London.