

Thursday, August 3rd, 2006

DER NEUE TAG

Left Weiden in the last Minute via England to Canada.

Sabine Boscowitz, daughter of the Jewish shoe manufacturer survived the holocaust.

by Christine Kraemer

WEIDEN. She comes without misgivings, even though she has every reason for it. Sabine Boscowitz, daughter of the Jewish shoe factory owner Albert Boscowitz, left Weiden in April 1939. The 18 year old emigrated as household help to Burton-on-Trent, England. In the last minute. No member of the Jewish congregation, who was still in Weiden after 1939, survived the holocaust. "Whoever was still there was deported and murdered", says historian Dr. Sebastian Schott. Sabine's mother stayed on. Her last known sign of life, was a report, that she was sent to Izbica nr. Lublin, Poland. Uncle Gustav Rebitzer and his wife Ernestine died in Theresienstadt. The war ended in 1945. Sabine Boscowitz was 24 years old and an orphan. (Father Albert Boscowitz had died in Munich in 1938). In England the young woman met and married the Canadian Jewish soldier Paul Pinkus, who was born in Poland. In 1946 the young couple left for his home town, Montreal, Canada. There were no relations left in Germany with the exception of her cousin Rosi.

Jewess was hidden for many years. Rosi Hoffmann, nee Rebitzer was the only Jewess, who managed to survive the persecution. When Weiden was declared "judenfrei" after the last transport in 1942, no one was aware of Rosi Hoffmann. As wife of the nonjewish doctor Friedrich Hoffmann she managed at first to "disappear" into the anonymity of Berlin, where she was registered since 1939. When this was no longer possible, he brought her back to Weiden in 1941. With the help of friends she stayed hidden till the deliverance by U.S. troops in 1945. For 15 months she found refuge with the signalman Nikolaus Rott, a Social Democrat, and after that in a peasant's house. When the Gestapo came to look, she hid, bent over, behind a beam and when they left, she was paralyzed with terror and unable to move. She could only dare to get some fresh air during the night. She told Sabine Pinkus of these long years of fear and loneliness

Monday, July 31st, 2006, a sunny day in the pedestrian zone. "That is the past", says Sabine Pinkus, a remarkable lady of 85 years with big sunglasses and elegant hat (my Tilly hat) "one can not hold anyone responsible now." and she means it. It is the 5th time, that she returned to her home town. This summer she brought her family, a wonderful family of 12 persons. Daughter Judy comes from Montreal, daughter Joan from Vancouver and son Allan, a professor of mathematics, from Haifa.. All brought their grown-up sons and daughters. The walk through the "Altstadt" is very pleasant. Petra Vorsitz, archivist in charge of tourism, is lively and knowledgeable. As she leads them through the lanes, church bells ring and in the stork's nest on the old Rathaus, storks are clattering. There is laughter in front of a store, displaying porcelain.. The "Weidener Griff", looking at the underside of a plate, is known to the whole Canadian family. "Like mother taught us", says Judi. Sabine Pinkus admires all the beautiful flowers. "At my time, Weiden was not so beautiful" and then casually mentions the dark days. For years after her emigration, marching music brought back Nazi times with Nazis marching along Adolf-Hitler-Strasse (Max-Reger-Strasse) in front of her home and singing "Wenn's Juden Blut vom Messer spritzt, ist's noch einmal so gut". "When Jewish blood spurts from the knife, it's twice as good" Factory and house had to be sold to the firm Witt, under duress. The factory became the Witt villa. It and the house were taken down. Today the City Center stands in their place. Canadian, not German For the last 60 years, Sabine Pinkus lives in Montreal. She feels herself to be a Canadian, not a German. She says "Ich bin keine Deutsche, Deutschland hat mir das selbst genommen." (I am not a German, Germany took that away from me.) And she managed it in time, managed to leave Weiden. "I was lucky to get out".

[My mother, aunt and uncle were not deported from Weiden. As our house was sold to Witt, they found an apartment on Theodor Strasse in Nuremberg, which belonged to a relative of my uncle, who lived in England. My mother and other Nuremberg relatives were sent to Izbica, my uncle died of pneumonia in

Theresienstadt, my aunt Tina died in Nuremberg.]