

The Church of Haradlo Izkor - book after the saints of
Haradlo (Poland) and the saints of the nearby villages.

Under the editorship of Haim Zavir Ovitch

1911

Translated from the Hebrew by Mordechai Heibst



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Forward

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A word from the publishers after a lot of effort and effort that has been invested in the collection of material, in its work and in the preparation for printing, we add to all the horodlers, how they should not be found, as well as to all the Who are interested in the erection of a monument after the Polish Jewry, this commemorative book after the Holy Church of Harodla, which was destroyed, together with the Polish Jewry, by the German Nazis in the Great European Holocaust, in the second World War

It was decided to publish this book: the "Horodla Committee" of Israel, the Horodlar Association of the United States, and the Horodlar Aid Association in Argentina, wanting to erect an eternal tombstone after the saints of Horodla, who were killed by the German murderers and their associates, not knowing where their grave is and where their holy building rests

More than five years have passed, from the day we published the first letter to the Harrodler Landslime, in which we informed them about our decision to publish a memorial book, and we asked them to provide us with articles, memories, pictures of The Horodlar saints, and other material that has a relationship with Horodla

Little by little and with big breaks, the material arrived, which was worked on by us and prepared for printing
Written documents about the life of the Jews of Harodla, as well as other documentary materials of the local community, did not remain after the Holocaust.

We were therefore forced to content ourselves with the memoirs and accounts that were written by the Harodlar landslight, after many years of absence from Horodla, and after a long time since the events described by them.

The same is the case with the testimony of the refugees from Horodla and the surrounding area, who tasted the bitter taste of war, and who miraculously saved themselves from the terrible fate of the Horadler community through innumerable fines, shelters and descendants in the different shelters. . Their riches were also handed over and written down years after the great calamity. It is therefore very natural that the writer and narrator did not

could prevent mistakes in the dates as in other technical details. The editorial board decided to print their words as they were written and told, knowing that the errors do not touch the actual facts and tragic events.

The editorial committee ran into great difficulties when compiling the list of the saints. Because an official and accurate list of the saints of Horadla has not remained, and the list that appears in this book was first written by Ben-Zion Bergman of Argentina, was examined by the Horadler landslite from Israel and America. And changes and changes were introduced. It is understandable that the committee was forced to deal with the changes and changes, not having the possibility of being decisive in cases of differences of opinion.

Hide between the writer and the list. The decisions made by the American Union were made in a joint consideration by a number of individuals. The editorial committee thanks all those who considered it a sacred duty to participate in the exhibition of a memorial tombstone after the Horadler saints, by writing articles and pictures, by their oral transmission of their memories and by their presentation of documents and pictures , thereby enabling the publication of the reference book. In the same way, the commission expresses its recognition of the Union in America, for its important contribution, which consisted in the sending of important material and pictures, as well as in the financial assistance to cover a large part of the printing expenses of the book.

The commission also expresses its recognition of the Harodler Hilfsi Union in Argentina, for collecting materials, for writing memoirs and for the presentation of the list of the saints.

When publishing the reference book, we need to emphasize that we cannot say that our work is accurate and free of errors and mistakes. However, we did what we could, to limit as far as possible the errors and mistakes, which are a result of the conditions that were formed due to time and geographical distance, and we tried to give a picture. From the life of the Horodler community, which suffered so much and fell by the gray hand of the bloody enemy. May this book serve as an eternal memory and as a testimony to the holy community of Harodla!

Editorial commission: Yosef Haim
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Kolish Eliezer Schmidt Ben - Zion
Bergman - Argentina

Neshaim - Eretz Israel
mc

May their memory live forever. A strange and horrifying literature has come to the Jewish people in recent years - the spiritual book, a secret black literature, which tells about millions of Jews, men, women and children.

who were killed in a cruel way during the years of the Second World War. By savage and despicable murderers, which the German people gave out of themselves, and their bodies were turned into ash in the crematoriums, which were set up by the murderers. A literature that tells about holy churches in the European countries, which were torn out of theirs

places and was destroyed by the German enemy.
This terrible destruction also did not avoid the community of Horodla - a small Polish town (Horubyszowice district) located by the river Bug, whose Jews lived a very modest life for many generations, until they were destroyed together with their Jewish brothers from the nearby villages (Stryzhev, Kapilov, Kavle) through the terrible persecution of the Jews, for no guilt or sin.
Horodler Jews, righteous and innocent! Why was their blood spilled in the streets? Innocent children of Harodla! Room boys and children, why were you led like sheep to the slaughter by the cannibals! Because of what and why were you led to exile, without mercy, just like sheepishly to the wolves? How are you, Horodler community? - Where are you, dear Horodler Jews? - Where is your genius rabbi, the righteous slaughterers? - Where is your beautiful school? - How are your houses of prayer?
Woe to you, blind and deaf people! - How did you stand and watch how the Jewish people were destroyed!

★

To you, holy Horodler Jews, to you, holy Horodler community, which was a ring of the Rumful and millionaire chain of Polish Jewry, these pages, written by Harodler landslites, which are spread all over the world, are sanctified. Let this book serve as a tombstone and eternal memory for the dear saints who were cut down by the savage Nazi murderers!

Let these pages serve as a memorial flame after the holy Horadler sacrifices! May these words of remembrance written by the Horodler sons and daughters be an expression of honor for the holy and pure of the Jewish people, a sign of shame for the murderous people and a demand for revenge in the lower

Righteous murderers! Let us forever remember our parents, brothers and sisters, the dear Horadler Jews, together with our brothers and sisters, the European Jews, who fell by the cruel enemy in the great holocaust, in the last world war, and let their holy memory Not be removed from us forever!

Yosef Haim Zaviravitch

Tributes and evaluations

Remember the destruction of Israel...Remember the destruction of Israel, remember the loss and the upheaval and let it be a sign and a lesson to change generation after generation; And let this memory accompany you always when you walk on your way and when you lie down and when you get up; and I leave you forever the memory of brothers who are no more; And the remembrance came in your flesh, in your blood and in your bones: gnash your teeth and remember; You eat your bread - remember; By drinking your waters - remember; Sing because you will hear - remember; at sunrise he is male; And when the night comes - remember; and in the day,

Remember a holiday and a memorial date: And your house because you built it and left it in a breach, so that the house of Israel will be a ruin against you always: Gilead and Seda because you will become deaf And you set up in it a stone god for the brothers who did not come to the grave of Israel; and you were ashamed that you would lead your children and you raised on the head of your joy the memory of the children who were not ashamed. They shall be brought forth again; and they shall be one; the living and the dead; the departed and the remnant; those who have gone and are not - and those who have remained to the plate: listen, O Israel, to the voice that calls to you from the depths : Don't shed my blood, go, don't shed my blood.

flowed Dvirzycki

Remember the Jewish holocaust.

...
Remember the catastrophe of our nation, remember the battle and the destruction - and learn a lesson from them. And let this memory be your companion when you go on the road, when you sleep and when you wake up.

And let the memory of the catastrophe be salt in your bread and let it enter you, into your blood, into your flesh and bones.

And a house that you will build, break into a wall - so that you can always see before your eyes the destruction of the House of Israel.

And that you will plow a field - place a mountain of stones in it - as a witness and memory for brothers who did not come to the grave of Israel.

And that you will take your child to the Huppah - raise the memory of Jewish children, that they will never be taken to the Huppah - even in any Kaddish no one will ever say to them.

And should become one! The dead - and the living, the torn - and the surviving; Those who are gone - and the rest of Israel.

Listen, son and daughter of Israel, to the King who calls to you, do not be silent! Do not forget!

Dir T. Dwarzetsky

Rabbi Haim Halevi Berman - (United States)

Remember what they did to us! Remember what Amalek did to you! Let's remember what Hitler did to us
Our Holy Torah commanded us not to forget, because it is in the nature of a people to forget, and people are in a position to forget even the atrocities and the terrible murder that the German murderers committed against the Jews in Poland and in other European countries. And among them our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, not sparing the weak and sick, not even the children
Our Torah is called to us: write it down as a souvenir in a book
Because a book reminds and does not let you forget
Let us never forget, until the end of all generations
What the German Amalekites did to us! Let us not be influenced by the friendship and good will that the Germans show, the historical experience teaches us to remember and not to forget
The Jewish people have always recorded their troubles and misfortunes in their history of exile.
About the destruction of the two holy churches of Worms and Mainz, laments the Keena (which is included in the Tisha Bab Keenat): Hello, if my head were water and my eyes a liquid spring, I would cry all my days and nights
In memory of the saints who allowed themselves to die for the sake of God in the years 1556 - 1556, we say the prayer Ab HaRachemim, every Sabbath before the collection of prayers.

R. Natan Nette Hannover ZTL immortalized the Jewish heroism and the Jewish martyrs who fell on Kiddush Hashem, in his book Yoon Mitzvah. The genius R. Shabti Cohen, the master of the Shachak, has written down for generations in his Megillat Efa, the massacres, the terrible murders in the Jewish communities by the Jewish leader Bandon Khmelnytsky and his soldiers, "S, in the years 18 - 19.

Every era of our history marked its events. The great destruction of our days must be recorded and marked, and a memorial must be erected after it. Write it down as a memorial in a book, let's remember Horodler Landslight in Israel, United States, Canada, Argentina, and of all art, the Horodler community and its saints. Let's write out their names in a book of remembrance. Let's perpetuate in a book the terrible path of our saints, their beautiful and very cruel death in the gas chambers, which the barbaric Germans set up, and the other terrible deaths with which they perished, together with the six million Jews, their brothers, and sisters, who were cut off in the destruction of Europe.

Oh woe! Begul't and break are the remaining! The master of integrity complains in the lamentations of Tishah Bab. We do not even know the day of their death, and we do not know the memorial day after all the saints, as well as where their grave is located.

The book of remembrance should serve as a memorial for the Horodlar community and should perpetuate the holy memory of the Harodlar saints.

Income DMM! I'm sitting in the city of Horudla! How the city of Horudla was left alone! Where are the dear and loving children, our parents, our brothers and sisters, our relatives and acquaintances, the dear and loving! How is the rabbi, the rabbi of our city Horudla, the old rabbi Hagaon, the tzaddik, one of the greatest of the Radzin Hasidim, the master-author of precious books, our teacher and our rabbi, the holy Rabbi Moshe Yehuda Leib Halevi, may God bless him and grant him peace. H HiD? Where is his wife, my mother, the modest one. The righteous rabbi.

The charity that you have was always extended to the poor woman who feared God, Martha Rabkah, a granddaughter of the famous rabbi and tzaddik, Admor Kadosh Elion Maharam of Kabrin ztlahu?

Here are the butchers of our city; the tzaddiks and hasidim, those who engaged in their holy work in the faith of Solomon, the holy Tam Visher Mohar Jacob Chesner, and the second one who was similar to him, the young in years but old in Wisdom and Torah, the holy Mohar Mordechai HaCohen Feigenbaum in their blessed memory. HoD?! Where are all the pious and innocent Hasidic, the devout and observant?! Where are the simple householders and all the ordinary Jews! Who were all important in our city?! They all came, gone, of the world. May the bright memory of the Horadla saints be hailed, sanctified and blessed forever! Souls of all the holy and pure, who were murdered, killed, burned, drowned and tortured, the infants of their mother's lap.

By the way, the lives of their souls! To eternal disgrace and shame should be the murderer nation! Cursed be the German Nazi nation, in his name, from among the nations, to the city may he be for all eternity! Cursed from all parts of the earth in the earth that absorbed the blood of our dearest and dearest! Woe to the nations with merciless hearts, who knew well what was being done to us and remained silent, while they could have saved tens and hundreds of thousands of lives and they did not. Night: They closed the gates of their lands for the refugee camp, which barely escaped. Woe to you, man, because you did not protect them from their destroyers! Woe to you, humanity, because with your obstinate silence and cruel fascism, you have become a partner of the German Nazi EMLK, Imach Shmu! Woe to you, hard-hearted humanity, that you watched

With folded hands for the destruction of our people. You are no better than them! The avenger will take revenge for the blood of his children, which was spilled in vain!

••

Nachmo, Nachmo my people, comfort, comfort my people, said the great you, the chief rabbi of Eretz Yisrael, Rabbi HaGaon and Tsadik Mu'harr Avraham Yitzchak HaKohen Kook, 2005 - in a letter he wrote to an elder of the Holy city of Jaffa 15, after the events of the year 1851, when the blood of our brothers was spilled in our holy land by damned pogroms - and this is what he says at the end

From his letter of the Air, 1951*: Thank God that no one from the Land of Israel or from the exile will be discouraged because of the gang of vile murderers. Our holy heroes have renewed the holy spirit of the whole nation with their holy blood, blood, and soon we should be privileged to see God's help on his people and his estate, and a vengeance on his enemies, and Israel will be successful, even in our days, Amen.

The one who writes and signs with tears, a Haradler countryman: Rabbi Chaim Halevi Berman ben Rabbi HaKdush ztallallahu hiyyyyyyyyyyy avd dkk rrrrlah - the son of the Haradler rabbi) - I was rabbi and rabbi of the Church of Solutsk Krain, Poland, and now living in Monroe, New York, p., in the tenth year of the State of Israel).

Henry Berman - (United States)

A memorial book The strange fate, the historical fate that accompanied the Jewish people in the Horodla exile did not escape our city either.

Many Jews from our town took the wand in hand many years ago before the rise of the Nazi beast in Germany and in the European countries, and with the hope of a brighter tomorrow, they left for the distant lands. From America, Canada, Brazil, and to other South American countries

Among them there were those who were disgusted with the exile life in Poland and also the new exiles and decided to immigrate to the Land of Israel, our fatherland, and join the ranks of its builders and pioneers, thank you This remains a remnant of the Horadler community, which perished in the European Holocaust, and the small camp that is left can (and is also obliged to) erect a tombstone in the form of memorial leaves after the saints of the Horadler community, this Are our parents, brothers and sisters, who were brutally murdered together with the other six million Jews by the German murderers, Immaculate Conception and Remembrance, in the Second World War

These saints, whose bodies were burned in the crematoriums of Auschwitz, Treblinka, Savivar and other death camps, were not even entitled to a sign on their grave, and no tombstones were erected in their honor.

They did not even have the right to come to Israel's grave, but their holy ashes were scattered on the Polish and German soil, like garbage on the field.

However, if no stone tombstone has been erected yet, another type of tombstone, a spiritual tombstone, must be erected in the

Lots of memorial pages and memorial books, which should tell generations of what the German murderers did to the Jewish people and how millions of innocent and dear Jews were destroyed. Souvenir books that should describe the modest life of these Jews, their behavior in the weaving and on holidays, the weekly and the spiritual life of the great and invested Jewry that was destroyed in such a cruel way. Among the memorial books in memory of the holy churches, which are written by the descendants of the cities and towns of Poland, Lithuania, Chebia and other countries, the memorial book of Horodla will occupy an honorable place, and will serve as a tombstone after Our dear ones, the saints and martyrs, who were innocently killed by the barbaric Germans and their helpers, in a cruel and terrible way.

Saul Cooperstock (United States)

Anne will have a tombstone

On the initiative of businessmen from the Land of Israel, the United States and Argentina, the Book of Remembrance was written and edited - a book of immortality of the Horodler community, which will be included in the tragic Holocaust literature, and will stand in the same row with The memorial books of the communities of Poland, Lithuania, Latvia and other European countries, which were killed by the German enemies and their allies

And if even the book of the Horodler community will not be able to believe with its quantity and number of pages to the reference books of other larger cities, then this book is dear to us, just as the Horodler community was dear to us. The advantage of this small town was that it was closer to the hearts of its inhabitants because, due to their small number, one knew the other, and all the inhabitants of the town were like one big family.

I still remember the friendly relations and fraternal feelings of the Horodlers, that it was a joy for someone, all the Jews of the town rejoiced, and God forbid, on the contrary, when someone had a misfortune, all the residents mourned together.

The kindness of the Horodler Jews and their mutual and generous feelings were a thing of the past, and to this day, the Horodler locals who are spread over the world are distinguished by it.

I remember my father R. Leibish Z.L. (deceased on 11 Tammuz 2777) who used to dedicate days and weeks to collect Meot Hittin for the needy of Horodla. With this mitzvah, he escaped

"For many years, even in his old age, when he was already weak, he used to strain his legs and used to make long distances to find the Harodler Oremeleit and hand over the dead Hittin to them."

The tragic events and the Great Holocaust completely changed the Jewish map. The Horodler community was destroyed, and the small number that remained spread all over the world. It is our duty to erect a memorial to the dear Harodler community. In response to the call to publish a book of remembrance, we have gathered some of the Haradlers in the United States: Berman, Rabbi Chaim Berman, Moshe Biderman, Esther and Jacob Tish, Getzel Zis, Israel Fox, Aaron Fox and the writer of the lines, and We have decided to help realize the initiative with written materials, with the collection of pictures and documents and with financial assistance. Let this book of remembrance serve as an eternal memorial to the saints of Horodla, whose blood was shed by the barbarians!

Dear Mordechai

Kaddish after the place of birth, an anniversary candle, in which there are burning souls of martyrs, who were not allowed to die until the last breath of life, but were extinguished murderously by a blood storm, is lit in the hearts of all. Harroddlers across the four corners of the world, who lay down their souls in mourning and clothe their hearts with sorrow.

At the beauty of the soul, the figure of the small Jewish town, which is so close because of the former life and because of the not far away death of the dearest and dearest, appears in the darkness.

Horadla was small, but a world unto itself, a Jewish kingdom in miniature. One of those Jewish towns in Poland, how people lived a Jewish life, a whole, how the air was Jewish, the river, the market. People immersed themselves in Judaism, breathed with Judaism.

The voice of the Torah sang out of the rooms with grace and sincerity. The erudition escaped from the madrasims, the acrimony looked down on the genius rabbi and piety drowned the virtues full of butchers science-thirsty boys read the books of the Bibi Liotek and sang youth crossed themselves in the pioneer organizations. A dreamy glow attracted the eyes of the members of the dramatic section, and happiness shone from the pioneers who ignited with their zeal. The voice of prayer went out on the Sabbath and during the week of my house

Midrash and craftsman school and spent in enthusiastic worship in the Hasidic Radziner and Trisker Stiblech. From one stave to the other, flaming tunes were thrown throughout and heated the space with Jewish confidence, which warmed the town's heart. The Shabbat, after an exhausted week, would appear with lightness and grace, and used to stroll through the fringed capes and combed beards of bright-faced Jews, the flattened caps of modest girls and the well-kept heads of modest children.

Now the town lies buried in two brothers' graves, life cut short. The voice of the Torah is stifled... It is drawn from all corners of the world, as only the hoarders find themselves with tearful wetness and sobbing brokenness, a prayer that is hummed among the grassy graves by the wind: Grow and be sanctified... "



In memory of the Horodla community, Hrubishov district - Poland) may God remember the Horodla community

and Jewry, and we will avenge the blood of our dear brothers and sisters who were destroyed together with their rabbi, their leader, Tiferat Benim - a follower of the Law of Moses by the Germans and their followers during the holocaust of the Jews of Europe in World War II.

The commemorative tombstone that was placed in Jerusalem in the manner of bearing Zion in the destroyed cellar in the year 1777.

In memory of the community of Haradlo (Harubischuber
Krai - Poland)

Don't forget the community of Haradla

and its Jews, and take revenge for the blood of our dear
brothers and sisters who were killed along with their rabbi
and manhu, the author of Tefarat-Banim and Hak Moshe.

By the Germans and their allies in the destruction of
European Jewry in the Second World War. Their dear and holy
memory will not be removed from us forever.

The Perpetuators: The Haradler Lancers of Israel and the
Diaspora

The city of Haradla, its inhabitants
and the Jewish community

Yosef Haim Zavidovich - The Land of Israel, the city of Haradla, its inhabitants and its Jewish community (general picture

Between two cities of a compact Jewish population, Ustile (Ushshilag) from the east side and Horubishoib from the west side, - lies the city of Horodla, on the west bank of the river Bug, surrounded by wide fields on its three sides that are sandwiched between villages and Agricultural colonies, and surrounded by old forests on the east side of the river Bug, which stretch into the distance.

The city is old, and it is mentioned in the Polish history as far back as the 15th century. Just like the city, the Jewish community was also old, which, although it was not large in number, was in them. An important in quality. The Horodler community was distinguished by a large number of Jewish Torah scholars and scholars, led by Mera Datra, who was a genius. Famous for his knowledge of the Talmud and Fuskim and known for his sharpness and understanding, even the ordinary Jews participated in the Torah Sha'urim and were distinguished by their innocence, Chastity and Jewish justice.

The Horodler community was also different in the economic sense. At the top of the economic ladder were the manufacturing merchants. They were followed by the haberdashery and the shoe merchants, and after them the food dealers and small shops. The second level consisted of craftsmen: tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, etc. A. II. Simple and modest Jews, decent, who worked hard for a living. Next to them were the village goers, who always went around the villages and sold all kinds of goods to the Gentiles and received them for them.

Agricultural products, which they used to sell to larger merchants.

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The city was divided into two parts, in the central part of the city - which encompassed the wide market and the nearby streets - the Jewish residents lived. And in the second part, - whose streets ran along the roads that led to Ustile, Horobyshov, Dobenka, and to nearby villages, - lived the Christian inhabitants.

The fact that the Jews occupied the center of the city added a Jewish character to it, and although the Jews only made up a third of the population, it looked as if Horodla would have been a predominantly Jewish town. The Jewish barracks of the town used to be seen especially on the Sabbaths and Jewish holidays, because then it used to look as if the whole town was resting.

Torah and prayer in the center of the city, in the middle of the Jewish settlement, the great school, which was built like a medieval fortress, rose in all its splendor, its walls were made of thick stones, its windows - high and arched, and the high, sloping roof was higher than all the pillars of the city. In the building of the school there were also two additional salons, in which there were two houses of prayer: the Radzin Stibel and the Craftsman School. You used to enter their school, you used to always find Jews bent over the Gemarat, Mishnayat, Halachah books, and you immediately recognized that there were Jewish scholars sitting in front of you, while in the artisan school they used to come together to pray on Shabbat and Yom Tov. Jews; Not far from the school stood the synagogue, as it used to be



The Great Synagogue

During those days, most of the Jews of the town prayed, and which also served as a center of Torah and prayer and as the site of the social life of the town. With all their busyness and rush for livelihood, the Horodler Jews found time for Torah in public prayer in the synagogue. From quite early on, the Horadler Jews used to flock to the synagogue. They pray at dawn, and in the evening they gather again for Mencha Mearib, and after that they used to sit around the long wooden tables to study a page of Talmud, Mishniyot, Ein Yaakov or Parashat HaShavu, and after studying they used to talk to each other about livelihood or About today's events.

The town during the Sabbaths and good days As we have already said above, the Sabbaths and Jewish days used to leave their mark on the town. The arrival of the Sabbath is already used

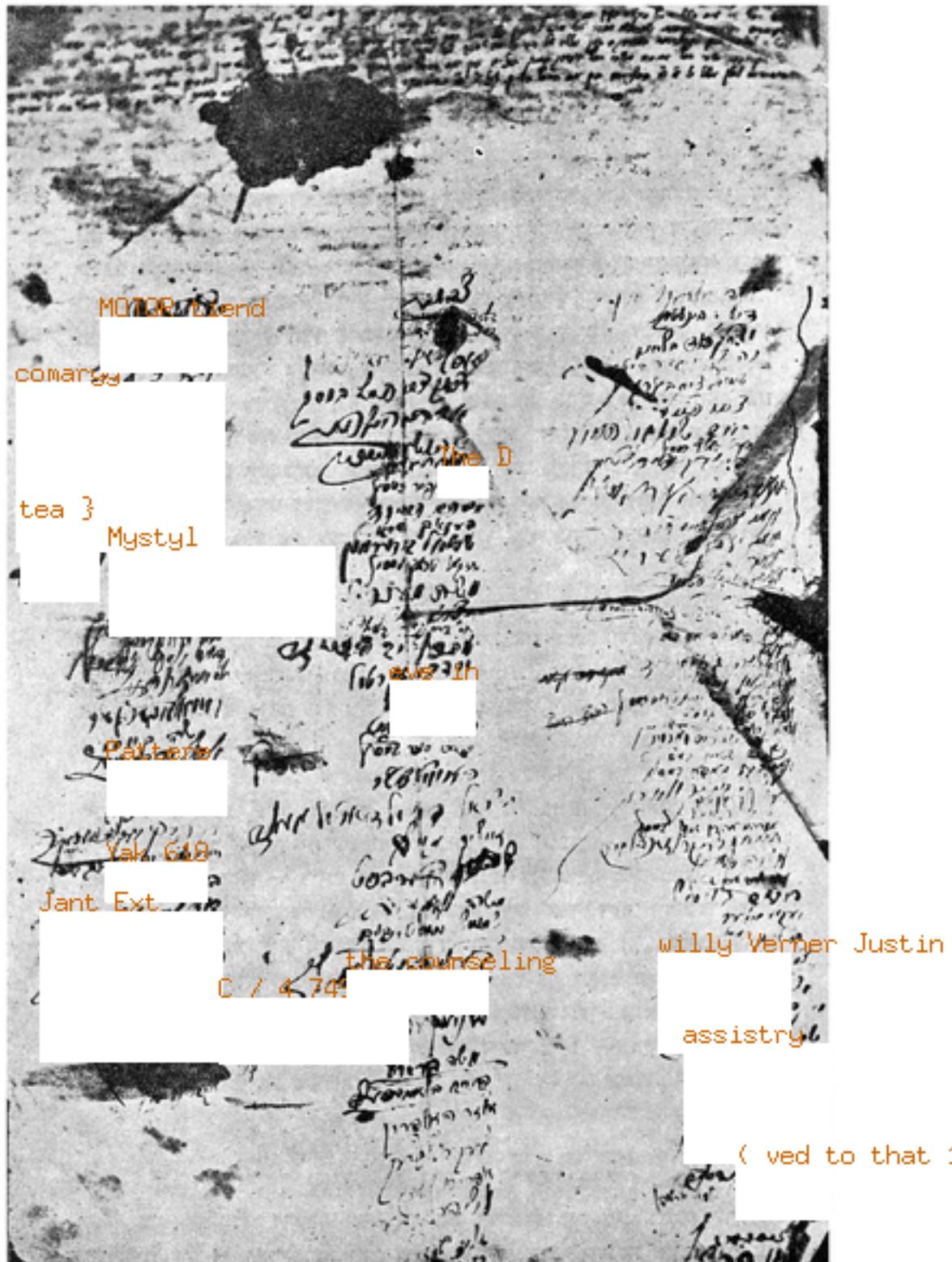
They still recognize Thursday, because of the preparations of the Jewish women, the Shabbat dishes. At that time, no ready-made bread was sold from the bakeries, but every household used to bake bread from Shabbat to the next Shabbat. It was a common phenomenon to see in the late hours of Thursday the Jewish women kneading bread and pastries, which they used to bake in the early hours of Friday. It was therefore very easy to feel in the air of the town that the eve of Shabbat had come.

Friday night, just as the shops were closed and the artisans left work and closed the workshops, the Horadler Jews threw away all their worries, and after washing themselves, they changed into Shabbat clothes and used to go to school, , to the stable" or into the synagogue. Now they looked like aristocrats and sons of kings, and they prayed and taught with enthusiasm and good mood, and when they finished praying, they used to return with measured steps to their homes, which shone with their cleanliness and tidiness and as if a daily light spread on every corner, each one sat at the table surrounded by the members of the household, prepared the Sabbath feast, and literally soared in higher worlds full of light and joy .

On Shabbat very early, the Horodler Jews used to get up, go to school and study for a few hours before praying, after completing the fast they used to go home and eat the fat Shabbat feast and return to school to study.

This is how the Shabbat used to pass by the Harodler Jews, immersed in Torah and prayer, enjoying the Shabbat's blessed foods and forgetting all the weekly worries.

Before the arrival of a holiday, one could already feel the same two or more weeks before. The arrival of Passover was felt a long time before.



A page from a sheet for the sale of chametz "Haradler Landslime, they will recognize the signatures of Haradler Jews who signed with the rabbi to sell the chàmetz for Passover. Maintained by Rabbi Chaim Berman - the Haradler Rabbi's son)

Immediately after the fifth day of Shabbat, people began to deal with the commercial issues, about koshering the mill, and about baking mitzvah. In the Polish cities, people did not yet know of any ready-made matzahs that are baked in kosher matzah factories, as is the case today. Only matzot used to be baked in a bakery that was specially designated for Passover. In Horodla, there were two bakeries that were koshered to bake matzot for all Jewish families, according to the order that was determined for each family, a few weeks before Passover already felt the upcoming holiday, the signs of which were: the kosher the Mill, the kosher of the bakeries, and the matzah seller, who used to walk straight from the bakery to the owners of the houses with the long, large matzah basket on his shoulder.

Along with baking the unleavened bread, the Jewish women also began to shave, sweep, whitewash the rooms and clean and kosher the kitchen on Passover. All the Jews of the town were busy with the preparations for the holiday. And upon the arrival of the seder night, it seemed as if the whole city had thrown down its vigilance and dressed in a Yom Tobrik suit. The sacredness of the holiday permeated all the Jewish houses and its impression was felt throughout the whole city, just as Bnei Hurin looked like to all the residents in the Jewish good days. The buildings are bright and full of joy, the schools are clean and illuminated, filled with praying students and a sense of lightness is spread over the Jewish community. As on Shabbat as well as on Yom Tov, the Horodlar Jews behaved according to the rule of: half for God and half for you, they spent a large part in Torah study, in prayer and in friendly conversation, and The second half of their time - in fixing the delicious day and reviews,

The individual and the Jewish community The Harodler community was not distinguished by rich Jews. The majority of the Horodler Jews drew their livelihood from trade and

Creamery, and a small part of craft. Although their hearts and their hands were always open and extended to the fallen and the poor, people in the city learned about a family that was suffering from hunger, and its leaders in business did not succeed until they had produced the appropriate amount of money to support them. , was oppressed by the government, they did not rest and did not shut up until they released him from this pressure. If you tasted a joy, all the inhabitants of the town rejoiced with him. And in someone's misfortune, everyone participated in his trouble. Feelings of shared responsibility for one another and of brotherhood prevailed among the Jewish residents of the town.

The majority of the Jewish families were old, and their history continued for many years, or perhaps for many generations, and it was not known when they came to Horodla. Therefore, there was no single person in Horodla, because the families were branched and each one was crowned by a camp of relatives of his parents, who mostly lived in Horodla and also in nearby and distant cities. Gradually, the Jewish families lived in the city and together they formed a unified and whole community, and a ring in the great chain of Polish Jewry.

The relationship of the Gentiles to the Jews of the town The relationship of the Gentiles to the Jews of the town was not always bad. The city's elders used to tell about periods of peace and tranquility when the Gentiles treated the Jews of the city with respect, as befits old citizens.

With the emergence of the new Polish state in 1918, the Polish nation was engulfed by a wave of nationalism, which was fueled by hatred of the Jews. The Horodler Poles were also infected with this fanaticism, and began to show hatred towards the

Jews from the town who have been rooted there for generations, just like the old bones of the garden city, on different occasions. The Jews are told that they are considered as citizens of a lower level and as foreigners in the occupied Polish country.

This hatred towards the Jews, which at first was very limited in its scope and only encompassed small parts, began to grow until it infected the majority of the city's citizens, walking at night through the streets that were used to



Von Leuchts: Enoch Zuberman, Bitz Bernman, Binyamin Berger, Zvi Zaltzman, Eliezer Araner, Moshe Haim Bergsan, Yekutiel Zvidevitch, David Araner, Fishel Gertel, Shimon Zuberman

Poles and Ukrainians - became dangerous for Jews because of the fear of a physical attack. The beating of Jews became a permanent phenomenon, especially in the days of Christian Hagas. The air became more stuffy than before, the Horodler Jews began to realize that in stormy days you can no longer rely on the friendship of the Poles. With the strengthening of the antisemitism in Poland in general and in

Horodla, in particular, awakened and crystallized its prominence among the Jewish youth, the Zionist movement occupied the main position on the social arena, and the idea of the return to Zion captured the majority of the Jewish youth of Poland. Zionist circles were also established in Horodla, which encompassed the majority of the Jewish youth in those days, and the Zionist circles started a real Zionist action for building the Land of Israel. They collected money for the "Keren Kimat Israel" and for the "Kern Hayesod", they established courses to learn the Hebrew language, they carried out different cultural activities, they were founded Halutz youth organizations, Der Halutz al-Hali, Beitar. And the social activity was lively and breezy.

With the strengthening of the Jewish hatred and the economic oppression on the part of the Polish government, the youth seriously began to think about other safe hopes. The members of the pioneering youth organizations, went on training groups and prepared to immigrate to the Land of Israel. Another part of the Jewish residents, who were not captivated by the Jewish Renaissance idea, also understood that the newly created situation had no prospects of a dignified existence for the Jewish residents, and they also began to Dreams about emigrating to other safe countries, such as America, Canada, and America itself.

The rise of Hitler to power in Germany in the year 1833 (1933), in Germany came to power the most terrible enemy of human history, the bloodthirsty murderer Hitler, and he brandished his sword. On the whole Jewish people in general and on Polish Jewry in particular. With his ascension to power and his party, the murderous Nazi party, the black forces in Poland also strengthened, and the anti-Semitic parties, which have always distinguished themselves with their hatred of Israel, strengthened.

Their persecution of the Polish Jews

The waves of hatred rose and intensified, and the entire attention of the Poles was concentrated so far that they did not feel the coming war.

What it prepares for their great historical enemy

The enmity of the Poles towards the Jews assumed ever stronger forms and became dangerous for the Jews

The general atmosphere is what once became tighter to the point of being unbearable

The Poles began to defame the Jews and talked about them as a foreign element in the country and especially in the Polish economy.

The leaders and government officials have not stopped talking about the Jewish question that demands a solution.

The economic oppression became stronger, anti-Jewish laws were issued from time to time, and the possibility of economic existence of the Polish Jews became smaller and smaller.

Many Jews in Poland were shocked by the newly created situation, and used to ask themselves: can they consider the Polish country - as they have lived for hundreds of years as a safe home?

The hatred of the Jews, which became stronger and stronger, also led to the strengthening of the Zionist and social activity, which encompassed more and more the Jewish masses in Poland. The urge to immigrate to the Land of Israel and emigrate to other safe countries took on a mass character and encompassed almost all of Horodler's youth. Even the Yenikas who previously believed that the newly created situation was temporary, began to doubt it and began to think about emigrating, or about leaving the small town of Horodla, and moving to other larger cities with larger Jewish communities. In those years, the number of immigrants to Israel and the number of emigrants in the countries of North and South America increased.

The End of the Horodla Community Despite the urge to immigrate and immigrate, most of the Jews of Horodla remained in their place, and the Jewish community continued its existence according to its old established order. After all, not everyone could emigrate and leave their occupied flats. Not everyone had the means to leave Horodla, and the majority of the Jewish residents lacked the means to emigrate or move to other places.

The Horodler Jews continued to lead their modest lives, without great demands, they could not shield themselves from the possibility of a general extermination and were also unable to anticipate the coming storm of annihilation that would attack European and Polish Jewry. Like many Jews from Poland, the Harodlar Jews also believed that the crisis of strife and wickedness would pass without serious consequences.

Oh, woe! In the year 1939 (1939), the Hitlerite army stormed Poland, and in a few weeks they occupied all of Poland. Immediately after their occupation, they began to carry out their plan to exterminate and destroy the great Polish Jewry. After occupying Poland, the enemy turned his gaze to other European countries and occupied them, and immediately after their occupation, his soldiers began to exterminate the holy Jewish communities in a merciless way. Women and children were burned in the crematoriums that the horrible accessory allowed to be built. The terrible fate also did not avoid the Horodler community, whose men, women and children perished.

* * *

About the bitter end of the Horodler community, about the destruction of the

Horodler Jews, their sufferings and sufferings, are told by the few surviving witnesses, who managed to escape from the murderer's hand through different shelters, full of troubles and difficult travails, in the following parts of this book.

The Haradler Jews and their
spiritual, social and social life

Rabbi Chaim Barman

The Mera Datra, the Haradler Rabbi, ZTL (his life story and his family)

Together with the Holy Horodlar community, the Mera Datra - my father, teacher Rabbi HaGaon, Holy One, also died on Kiddush Hashem. Moharr Moshe Yehuda Leib Halevi Berman HeiD, may God bless him and grant him peace. On Kiddush Hashem, most of his children and grandchildren also died.



Hamma Datra Rabbi Dharadlah ztzel Heid and his son
Rabbi Chaim Yablhat

My father ZTL, was accepted as Rabbi of Horodla at the age of 23 years, and occupied the rabbinical seat after the death of his father-in-law Moharr Ikutiel Gelanter ZTL, who was the brother-in-law of Radziner Rabbi Hadmor HGHG Rabbi Gershon Chanoch, may God bless him and grant him peace. My father, may God bless him and grant him peace, was born in the year 1876 in the city of Lumaz. My father's father - my grandfather - There was R. David, who was known among the Radzin Hasidics as R. Davidel of Lumaz, and he was a son of God and a merchant, but his Hasidism and piety made him a name and honor in his time. My father's mother, my grandmother Rachel AH, was famous as a righteous woman and as a person with good qualities. At the age of 15, my father became the son-in-law of the Horodler rabbi, R. Ikutiel Gelerner. For eight years, my father sat in the Beit Hamdrash of Radziner Rabbi and studied Torah day and night. He became famous as a sharp and knowledgeable in all corners of the Torah, both in the hidden and in the hidden and helped

The Radzin rabbi Harmur R. Gershon had his writings edited. After the death of his father-in-law, my father was chosen as his successor, as rabbi and rabbi of Horodla, and ascended the rabbinical throne with the consent And with the approval of Radziner Rabbi, and received permission to teach from the genius Rabbi Yehoshele Kutner ztzel, in the year 1980. 17 years after the wedding, his wife, the religious rabbi Marat Bracha-Gittel, gave birth to a son - this is my eldest brother Rabbi Gershon Henen Berman NY, my brother Rabbi Gershon Henen studied in his youth at Chafetz Chaim ZZ He was born in Radin, and today he is in the United States in the city of Minneapolis, and is known for his business and activities for the State of Israel.

After the death of his first wife, my father married his second wife - my mother, the religious rabbi Marta Rabka Hid. My mother was the daughter of Rabbi Mordechai Haim Palevsky ztzel of Kabrin. This grandfather was a brother of

כבר

שוו"ת

The Law of Moses is the first part of the Law of Ten parts that will follow in print:

Includes a nice explanatory idiom on several issues in the Shas, and attached to it are new addition blessings on the Hak Moshe that was already printed in 1875, from the book of Glory of Sons on the Tractate of the Fathers, and the book Hak Moshe "on the Shasham"; his little and young friend in Israel Moshe Liv Balaamor David Halevi in Arman Hawdak Horadla Plech Lublin.

Precisely. Feder Warsaw, Zamenhof 44

CHOK MOSZE.

L. j. Komentarz na Talmud.

*** A. D. M. J. *** M. *** L. ***

Druk. Feder W-wa, Zamenhofs 44.

Printed in Poland

Sefer Sharit Hak Moshe Der Shear von Sefer)

The Torah of Moses Commentary on the Five Pentacles
of the Torah Di Eif Paradise is sweeter than honey
and looks out to watch when your eyes are filled with
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Book of remembrance Torah Moses the book of
books)

Kabriner Rabbi Hadmor HaGaon HaKdush Tsis Moharr Noah Naftali, may God bless him and grant him peace; and the grandson of Rabbi Moshe von Kabrin, may God bless him and Every small town in Poland was able to be a Torah center if the Mera Datra distinguished himself as a scholar and had an impact with his Torah influence with his scholarship and charity on the members of his community. This is what happened in Horodla, when my father devoted himself day and night to the affairs of his congregation and to the distribution of Torah and piety among the members of his community.

During his time as the Mera Datra in Horodla, my father, the late, composed many sakhrim, but he managed to publish only four books to me during his lifetime: Tofarat Banim - a Prussian on the Mishkata Avot, Hak Moshe "Questions Answers to the first part of life. The book contained 34 questions and answers out of the 250 that he had in manuscript and that were lost during the Holocaust years, "Remember the Torah of Moshe" - a commentary on the Hamsha 5mshi Torah according to Fardas, "Kul Yehuda" - a commentary on the letter of Rabbi Yochanan ben Zachai. Among the manuscripts of my father, the Most High, which have been lost, most of them were written in the Rashi script), were found: Lahem Mishna "on Mishniyot, Ilkut al-Naviim and Ketubim "collected from Zohak, 16th and 16th. Hek Moshe" - innovations on the whole Shas. Commentary on Small Masks, Sermon Sermon Moshe "Innovations on the Midrash". My mother EH gave birth to five children and these are their names: My sister Esther NE, who distinguished herself with her talents, died in her most brilliant youth on Rosh Chodesh Tammuz 2015 at the age of 19 years, when she was married to the son of Rev. Yitzchak Meir Kahn of Zamoshch, - the brother-in-law of Radziner Rabbi the tzaddik Hadmor HGHK Rev. Mordechai Yosef Elazar Leiner, may God bless him and grant him peace. She was buried in the city of Horobyshev.

My dear brother Moharr Shmuel Halevi Berman Hid, the late, was born in 12 March 1988 and was murdered by the Germans.

Nazim YMSH, in our city Horodla together with his wife and his three children: Mordechai Yosef Eleazar Hid, David Hid, Zvi Hirsh Hid.

I, who witnessed the great popular calamity - Haim Halevi Berman, was born in Adar 1934, was ordained by rabbis and geniuses from Poland, and I also received permission to teach from my father. At the age of 22, I married my noble and dear wife, the intelligent, intelligent and God-fearing rabbi Marat Bracha, who was killed by the Nazi murderers in the city of Lviv. My wife was the daughter of Rabbi Mohar Yehuda Gordon Hid, the rabbi of Malinow (Wallin) who was murdered by the Nazi murderers in his home town.

My excellent and modest sister Marta Freidel, HH Hid, was born in the year 1972 and was killed by the Nazis together with her husband, the great rabbi in the Torah in Yarat Shayim, the excellent Eilai Muharr R. Dub Ber Mlinak Hid from Prague Warsaw and with their two dear and beautiful children Hid. My brother-in-law, Rabbi Dub Mlinak, composed the book "Mishmat Mitzvah" when he was 16 years old (the book was printed in Warsaw in the year 1322). In this book, he showed great skill and sharpness in the din of the Mitzvah. He was a student of the two famous geniuses: Rabbi Shimon Shkap ZTL Rish Matibta in Grodna, and Rabbi Menachem Zemba Hid ZTL from Prague, Warsaw.

My excellent sister, my parents' younger sister, Rabbi Martha Hoh Hana Rachel (Rachel) Hyd, was murdered together with her husband, Rabbi Shalshelat Hiohsin Moharr Naftali Hid, the son of Rabbi HaTzadik Abd Ummu. Ts DKK Burislaw (Galicia) Muharr Haim Hid zt"l the son-in-law of the Admor Ha"ts of Kamarna zt"llah, 1955

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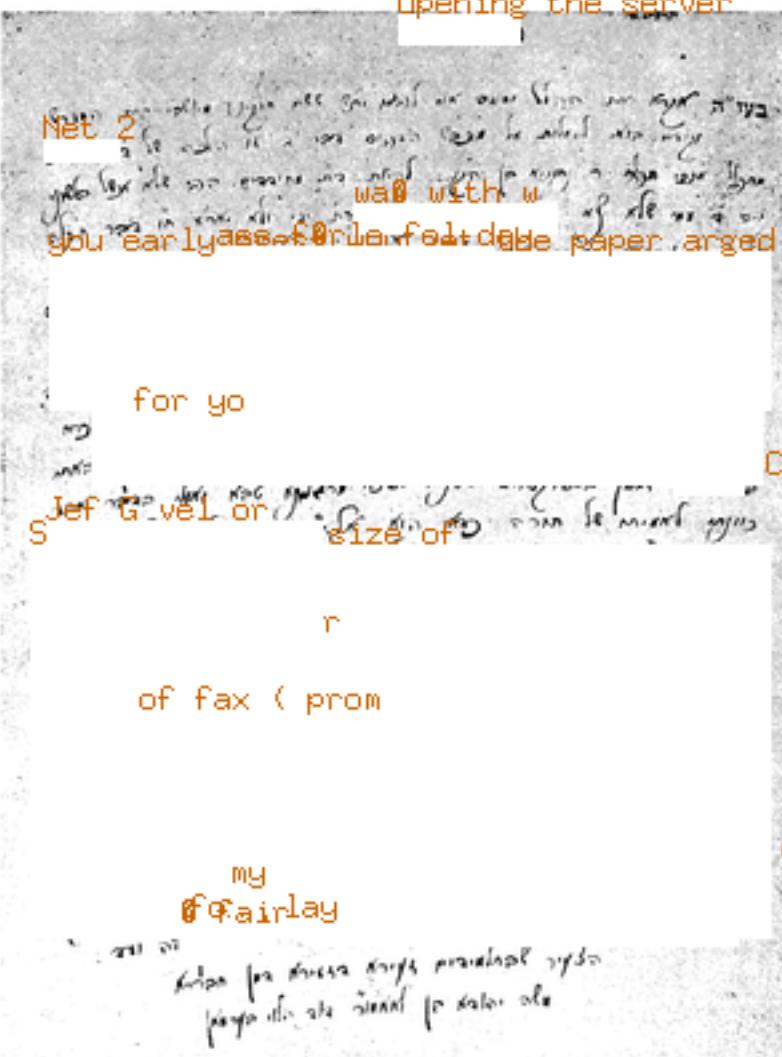


The great grandson Hid

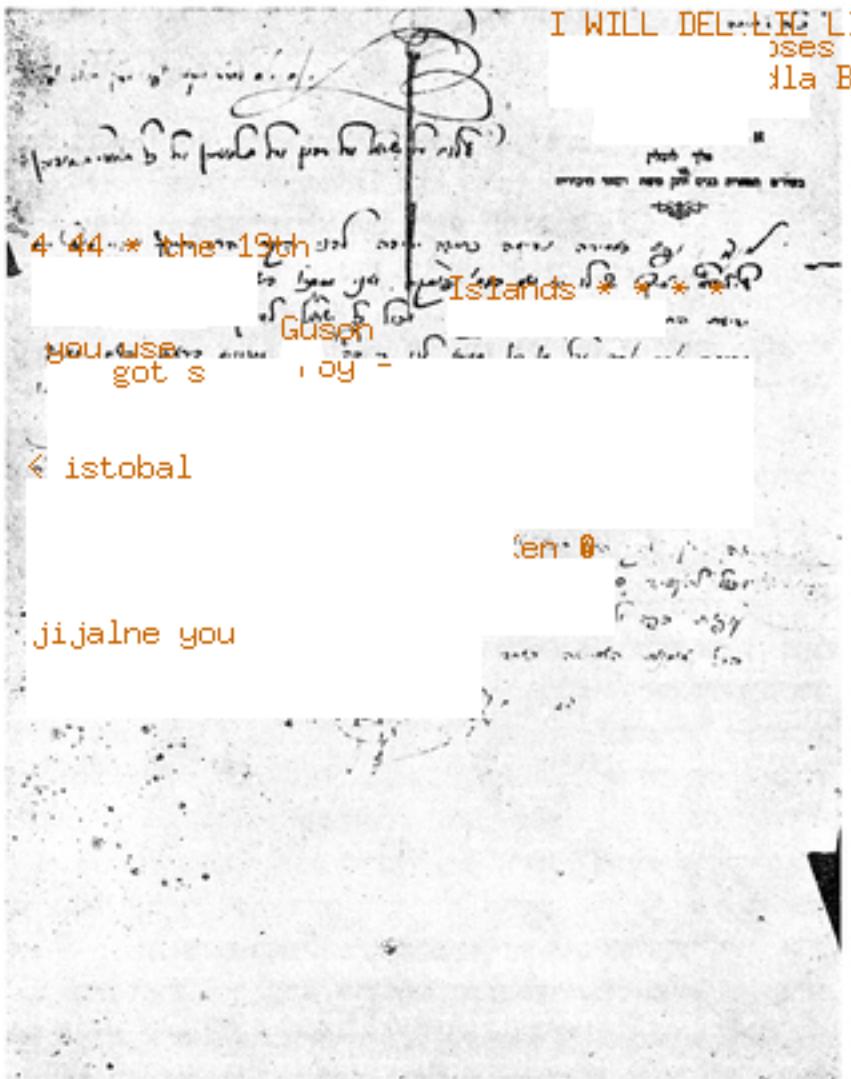
We are grieving after our dear and close ones - the murderous kingdom conviction. Their fate was the same as the fate of the burnt Torah scrolls - the pages are burnt but the letters float, so their holy bodies were burnt but their holy spirit floats in the heights. Should the collective Kaddish that the horodler say in memory of

The saints of their city, be an eternal memory and a demand for revenge in the lowly murderers of the Horodler saints, who were murdered without any guilt or sin and died a martyr's death.

Opening the server



Opening to the servant - a sacred manuscript of the
Mera Datra Rabbi ztzel.



One of the multiple purpose choices

Renner Berman

Horadla and its inhabitants These memories that are written by me in this book are limited due to time reasons. As I left Horodla in the year 1923, many things and events of Harodla were forgotten by me in the course of the years that have passed, I try to bring up memories in relation to events in people, and thereby contribute to the description The city and its inhabitants.

The small town of Horodla, which lies on the west bank of the river Bug, - the river that served as a natural border between Poland and the Volyn Governorate - the eastern part of Poland

- did not agree with his character and essence of other Polish towns

Like any other community in Poland, the Horodler community was composed mostly of pious Jews.

The majority of the Horodler Jews - headed by the city's rabbi, my father, Rabbi Moshe Yehuda Leib Halevi Berman, and with him the two slaughterers - were Hasidic and admirers of the Rabbi of Radzin, although there are also There were Jews who were considered as Gerer Belzer Hasidim a

A

Despite the fact that the Horodler community was small, its reputation spread throughout the Polish cities, thanks to its great rabbi, the Mera Datra, Abi Mori, who was famous as a great man in Torah and piety, who He guided his community with comfort and devotion for many years, always accompanied his community on its last journey, and died with it together with his family in the crematories of Savivar.

My brother and I were left alive

Haim, who by a miracle came to America on the eve of World War II, and saved himself from the fate of the Harodler Jews and from the annihilation fate of his family.

On the 25th day in Zion, we set as an anniversary my family members, the saints, who are: the rabbi Rebecca - the second wife of my father, who was a daughter of saints, a granddaughter of the saint Moshe Kabrin zt'l. My



The Haradler rabbi ztzel, his grandson Mordechai (Mateli) lives with a friend

Brother Shmuel and his family ZL. My sister Freidel and her husband Rabbi Mordechai ZL, - a ben Kadushim - the son of Rabbi Yeroslover. My brother-in-law, Rabbi Naftali, studied with my father, and actually served as a rabbi in Horodla in the last years before the Holocaust.

My father, the Horodler Rabbi, as he was called in the rabbinical world in Poland, was recognized as one of

The genius among the Polish rabbis, he authored important halachic books and great rabbis used to turn to him with questions and answers and rely on his halachic ruling, like a ruling of a final ruling.

His first book under the name Tefarat Banim was printed in the year 1987. I also have a number of the manuscripts of my father, the Most High, which he sent to me through my brother Rabbi Chaim, who is now a butcher in New York

My father ascended the rabbinical throne at the young age of 19

He did not come from a family of rabbis

He inherited the throne of rabbinate from his father-in-law - my grandfather - Rabbi Ikutiel Scholar ZTL, the son of Rabbi Rabbi Yosef Scholar ZTL - Rabbi and Abbe Beit Din in the city of Harobyshev

Rabbi Yosef was a son-in-law of the Radziner Rabbi, the author of Urhot Chayim, Rabbi Hagaon Rabbi Gershon Chanoch Henen Leiner ZTL - the discoverer of the Techal, a great genius and a master author of important and well-known Torah books. In the entire Torah world

My mother, Rabbi Bracha Gital, died at the tender age of 38, when I was 3 years old.

My mother was an important woman, and was known for her charity and her noble attitude even outside the town of Horodla.

After I had studied with my father for several years, he sent me to the yeshiva of the genius Hafetz Chaim in Radin.

The clothing of a Yeshiva boy was similar to the clothing adopted by the Lithuanian Jews, a short dress, in contrast to the long clothing worn by the Polish Jews.

So they wore hoods in contrast to the usual hats of the Polish Jews

Many of them shaved their beards

Being in Radin, I also changed my clothes to the clothes of the Lithuanian Jews, which was a European dress.

I also shaved my beard, when I came back home in 1915 in my Lithuanian clothing, it made a good impression in the town and the Horodlar residents looked at me full of anger, it seems that I was the only one. Among the Horodler boys dressed short and with my non Hasidic

appearance By the way, on Shabbat and Yam Tovim I put on Hasidic clothes because I was afraid that I would not be kicked out of Beit Midrash because of my Lithuanian gait. The largest part of my father's livelihood was from Din Torah. Not only the Horodlar Jews brought their affairs to him, but also the Jews of the surrounding area. Not once did they come to him



Rabbi Chaim Berman Shalite⁷ and Berman the rabbi's son Froi Bracha Hid and Zein Bororer Shmuel Hayid

Representatives of the surrounding communities who asked him to listen to their issues and decide a Torah law. And it also happened that the churches used to invite him to come to them as an arbiter in an important matter and publish his ruling. Not once did one hear how the owners of the houses test Halmai the rabbi in agreeing to accept these invitations and thus being absent from Horodla even for a short time.

The judgments of the late father gained a name in the whole area, and judges also considered them. They used to spend their disputes in front of the city council, rarely when the party that lost used to go to seek justice in the country courts.

Once it happened that a person who was found guilty in a Torah trial at my father's, p.s.l., made a request to the district judge of the city of Horobyshev. The judge wanted to know the verdict of the Horodler rabbi in this matter and requested that the rabbi's verdict be translated for him, when he was brought the

Verdict translated into Russian, the judge stood up and read it with great reverence. After that, he turned to the Jew and scolded him, saying, "He dared not accept the ruling of Rabbi Harodler, whose superior intellect is above the civil written laws," and the judge's words made a desired impression on the Jews of the area, but my father, the

Rabbi, when the judge's words were conveyed to him, he dismissed the whole matter with a joke: in the eyes of a Gentile - even he is a judge - in every Rabbi a scholar... over large parts of Poland - and In Haradla, Tsarist Russia ruled at that time, and the Russian law demanded that the city rabbi should also know the Russian language. In case the rabbi did not know the Russian language, the Russian rulers used to appoint an additional rabbi who was fluent in Russian. Such a rabbi was called a Zakazian rabbiner, that is: the rabbi who was appointed by the government. It is clear that the government did not pay any special attention to the spiritual merits in Torah knowledge of the rabbi appointed by him. Also in Haradla The authorities have appointed a cousin

Biner who was named Rabiner Mandel" - from the nearby town of Dabentza

On their part, the important people of the city advised my late father to learn the Russian language, so that he could receive the appointment as a kazioner rabbi in addition to his office as the self-recognized rabbi of the city community.

There was also a pre-collection of the city owners in our house about this

The following took part in it: Shmuel Biederman, Aharon Chaim Feder, Israel Safir, Herschel Grossi Burd, Shmuel Grusburd, David Bergman, Moshe Mendel Wallach, Fishel Stow, David Joseph Zuberman, Eleazar Halperin, Aaron Leib, Moshe Freind (the last two were members of the city council) and other homeowners

My father allowed himself to be convinced of the need to know the Russian language, and for this reason he sent me to a teacher named Lashkevitch (who was later appointed as a district judge in Horobyshev).

In order to determine the learning hours with him

After a short period of study, my father asked me to go to the teacher Lashkovitch and inform him about the interruption of the lessons.

At one of the meetings, which usually took place on Saturday night in our home, to deal with city matters, the rabbi was asked about his prospects of being appointed as a rabbi, and if he was willing to study Russian.

To this the rabbi replied: that he let Bashi learn the Russian language, because if I put as much effort into Torah learning as the Mi, as opposed to the Russian language, then I will be a world genius.

I therefore resign and resign from my appointment as Kazan Rabbi"

I also want to mention the previous rabbis - my grandmother (my mother's mother) Rabbi Pradel

She came from the city of Slavita from the famous Shafira family and was a granddaughter of Rabbi Pinchas Karitzer. In the city it was said that my grandmother, the rabbi Pradel, keeps the genealogy letter according to which her family should come from King David's family

When my father inherited the throne of rabbinate from my grandfather, Rabbi Ikutiel, my father's son-in-law (by the way, Rabbi Ikutiel was the thirty-sixth rabbi in the Rabbinate

chain of fathers and sons), he undertook to support my grandmother Pradel Jr. with the amount of two Rubles a week. The grandmother, the late Rabbi Pradel, later lived with her daughter Zisele (my aunt), the wife of Rabbi Leibel Zavidovich (who was also called: Leibel the Rabbi), and died before the outbreak of First World War, at the age of 84 years.

My aunt Zisele Z.L. My aunt Zisele was a pious woman and very respected. She never failed to pray three times a day and knew the prayers inside out. She was skilled in the laws and famous for her nobility. Her appearance is They were noble and honorable, and the city's inhabitants highly valued them.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, she appeared to cross the river Bug (the provisional Russian-German border) and



Zisele Zavidavich (Zisele the Rabitsinim), her son Yosef Zavinavich, his wife Rachel and children, her sons Fishel and Mordechai Zavyavich HID

Reunite with the family of her son Joseph Zavidavich and with the family of her daughter Malka who won in Ludmir. She was joined by her daughter Hannah and her son-in-law Moshe Tenenbaum and their children, her son-in-law Nette Perlmutter (now in Montreal, Canada, with his daughter Pradel and her family). However, the bitter fate of the Polish Jews also happened in the city of Ludmir when it was occupied by the Germans, by the German murderers, and finally they were killed together with the Jews of Ludmir.

The big school, the Beit Midrash

The houses of prayer, the great school with its thick walls, and its high arched windows, was built firmly and strongly. Its foundations were thick and its walls of broad stones, it rose higher than all the city houses and stood on a central place in front of the city market.

The worshipers of the great synagogue were for the most part ordinary Jews, workers and artisans, headed by the mayor. As the constant cantor in the good old days was Rabbi Kalman Neiman, who made the hearts of the worshipers tremble with his sweet voice.

The headmaster of the school was Zelik Avraham Aaron's late

(that's what they called him)

Next to the school - in one of its courtyards - was a smaller school (the Folish) where some of the craftsmen used to work, and the rabbi was Fayvel Sher, so there was also a separate school for the Radzine Hasidim (Stibel) in the building of the school, in one of its halls, as it was concentrated mainly scholars, Hasidic and house owners

There was also the place of the young boys of Beit Hamdarsh * (Beit Hamdarsh Zezer)

In the good days of Mussaf, my uncle R. Laibel Zavidovich used to pray as a cantor, and his son Levi Yitzchak used to read from the Torah.

Not far from the school (in the same area) was the Beit Midrash, whose worshipers were from all parts of the city: homeowners, scholars, artisans, etc.

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hook



Rabbi Chaim Barman Shalita - (rights) Mordechai Zaviavitch, Rabbi Rabbi Hershil and Roisbord - the late.

There were two constant suns in Horodla; Mordechai (who was called Matti) and Moshe Wartzel. Besides his community duties, Moshe Root was also busy with his profession: covering the roofs with shingles, and in spite of this he was a bitter Aretan and made a living with difficulties. In Horodla there was also a city elder, appointed by the authorities (Saltes) whose name was Haim Hersh Weintroib who was also the city keeper, who could be compared to Rabbi Haim Hersh when he used to wear the official government chain with badge of a Polish eagle at the beach - as a symbol of his high office "... Chaim Hersh's wife - Brimete - also had a public office because she was the guardian of the mikvah. And with all his work, Chaim Hersh had difficulty making a living and always struggled to get money to spend Shabbat. Rabbi Chaim Hersh was a simple man and God-fearing. To his praise, it can be said that in the

Years that I used to get up quite early to study in the synagogue, the first person who used to come before me was R. Chaim Hersh, whom I used to find in the corner reciting the Psalms with intention. In the Horodler panorama, three Jews were distinguished, the most rectorist types of Horodler life, whose livelihood was the drawing of water from the urban well and bringing it in two buckets to the Jewish houses, these were: Wolf (or as people used to call him "Wolveniu"), Capel, who was also the city's burial ground, and Deborah, who for a certain period of time also made a living from carrying water. You have to remember that at that time, people had in the small towns



Kapile water runners live for him (left) Fishel Shek.

In Poland, not yet aware of water pipes and faucets. The water had to be brought in buckets from the city of Brunner, summer and winter in the early hours of the morning, you could see the water carriers stretching with sure steps along the length and width of the market, with the caramisla on His shoulders and two full buckets of water hung down from him, the water carriers used to empty them into the water jugs in the Jewish pillars, used to return to the well and start again. This was a difficult livelihood, associated with hard work, which the water carriers used to carry out with comfort and generosity.

Two woodcutters were also known in Horodla, the brothers: Zalman and Berl Holtz, whose livelihood was chopping wood and all kinds of hard work in the Jewish houses of Harodla. The majority of the Horodlar Jews were engaged in trade and creamery, which could be divided into two general classes: the class of the faculty and craftsmen, and the middle class, there were no rich Jews in Horodla, except for two Jews, who were considered gentlemen compared to the economic composition of Horodla, and these were: Herschel Grossburd (a friend of our family), and Aaron Berger. Rabbi Aharon Berger had two sons Pinchas and Nachum. As a rich man, Rabbi Aharon joined Meshdach to be with nice families. He married his son Nachum with the daughter of the rabbi of Chekhachinak, Sarah Gittel, the late Rabbi Yisrael Shafir was married to the rabbi of Chekhachinak,

The butcher Rabbi Jacob Tesner A holy and wonderful you was the butcher Rabbi Jacob Chesner. Rabbi Yaakov was an innocent and reserved person, far from the hustle and bustle of life. It was a common thing to meet him in Radzin's stable in the night hours of the city, and he used to pass by the school in the forenoon, and

Looking in through a window of the lighted Radzin stable, you used to see him bent over the Talmud and studying his lesson.

His piety and carefulness in an easier than in a harsh mitzvah was a well-known thing. The following episode is also known to me: once his wife - whom he used to call, as was the custom of the Hasidim at that time, not by name for the sake of modesty, but with a nickname, such as, for example: "My Flunitte", or simply "she", and Similar appropriate, - bought a new vessel in the kitchen. Rabbi Jacob thought that the vessel was not immersed as it should be, and as he did not know what was in the new vessel, he took all the kitchen utensils to the well, put them in a bucket and let them down. In the well and they were crushed.

R. Jacob Shochat believed that every Jew is as innocent and modest as he was, and it did not occur to him to think that there are no such believing and gullible Jews at all.

I remember a winter Friday night, after the Saturday feast, I went out with some friends for a little walk.

Leib Zuberman, Moshe Grosburd, Muni Halperin, Aharon Wallach, and Abraham Shek went there. As we were walking, a heavy snow began to fall. We decided to enter the Radzin stable.

R. Jacob Shochat also arrived in the stable and began to read the Shema with his characteristic enthusiasm.

We listened with trepidation and reverence to his reading, good for such a mother like him!! We noticed each other. When he finished reading, he came to us, rubbed his hand in each other, as was his manner, and with a smile of satisfaction and innocence, almost a childish smile, - he joined us in A conversation: -- I heard that you are repenting, a

A

hook

A

A

hook

When we got into a discussion that God too will agree to the truth of the words; during the reception of the Torah, the ear

Berster brought all the souls that need to be born until the end of all generations, and all the souls exclaimed together with the Jews who were standing then: Let us hear! "And what still needs to be discussed," he exclaimed triumphantly. And with a smile of victory and with great satisfaction, he added: I thank God that he sent me this suitable essay, and through this I was able to fulfill his promise. "His words that said: And what will you say..." And he said goodbye: with

"A good Saturday!" And went on to study

In 1915 Poland was occupied by the German Streibish armies, Horodla was occupied in the first two battles of the war by the German army.

(The behavior of the Germans at that time was not the same as their behavior in the Second World War)

The army authorities have advised us to leave the city because they are on the front line and will suffer from the horrors of war.

And the Horadler residents, almost all of them, actually left the city and moved to the agricultural colony called Tieftykow (near Hrubyshov).

When we found ourselves in our new place, the German commander who had the title of general approached us and demanded to choose a mayor. I then stood by the side of my father, when the general saw me and asked who I was. When I answered him that I was the rabbi's son, he ordered to select me for the mayor, as the head of all the residents.

I don't know why he chose me

I think the motive for it was my European clothing, because I was almost the only short-dressed among the long Hasidic-dressed Horodler Jews.

I held this high office for only three months

The appointment of a Jew as mayor did not bother the Christians, who worked hard to make the appointment void and to appoint a Christian on my flat.

When the power passed to the Austrian command, the influence of the Polish intelligentsia on the institutions of the new power became stronger, and they showed that I should be fired.

From my office as mayor, and on my flat, Prince Fadebinski from the village of Ribene was chosen. In 1918, I left Horodla and went to Kiev. After the Russian Revolution, I returned to Harodla in 1922. Some of the youth had left the synagogue. The majority of the youth exchanged their Hasidic clothing for European clothing. Anti-Semitism became stronger and the enemies of Israel raised their heads. The economic regime of the new Poland (Grabowski's regime) impoverished most of the Jews. A large part of the youth began to think of emigrating to distant countries.

In view of the situation in Poland, I also decided to migrate to another country with a secure future. After a long journey, I arrived in the United States. In order to get a permit to enter America, I was forced to go to Chisinau and stay there for a certain period of time. During my stay in the pocket, I got a job that enabled me to support myself, and in the pocket I also met my future wife. After spending some time in the pocket, I arrived in the United States in 1925.

Moshe Biraraman
New York

The Haradler Jews and their teaching

A small town was Horodla

Its general number of inhabitants was not large

The Jewish population was also not numerous, but the Jewish Horodla, which was small in number, is considered an important community in terms of quality.

Each Haradler you was a big world, a world of its own

I will start with our Mera Datra, Rabbi Hagaon Rabbi Moshe Leib ztzel - the son-in-law of Rabbi Ikutiel ztzal and his wife Pradel AH

The rabbinic dynasty of Rabbi Ikutiel continued for 24 generations who sat on the throne of the rabbinate, and he was a student of Drachuti Chaim "zt"l", the Radzin rabbi.

Rabbi Moshe Leib used to hang out with Wintzik, he didn't seek and didn't ask for any money, but he sat day and night on the Torah and the work.

He studied in the home, in the synagogue and in the Radziner school

And together with the religious care for the city, the Torah did not leave his mouth

He was great in the Torah and his knowledge in Shas and Fuskim was well known and famous

He authored important halacha and commentary books

He led his congregation with comfort and accompanied the entire life of his community with generosity and love, at the bitter end of the terrible destruction brought about by Hitler and his associates.

Horodla excelled among Torah scholars and Jews

If you entered the synagogue or the Radziner Stibel in Der Woben, and talked on a Sabbath, you found Jews sitting there and studying.

It was a very beautiful picture, especially on Shabbat and Yom-Tuv, in the schools

At the long tables sat Jews, dressed for the Sabbath, exempted from all

Everyday concerns, and have studied Torah. The study was a variety: the series of the week, Gemara with interpretations, Mishniyot, Ein Yaakov, and anyone who just looked into a Hasidic book with determination. On Shabbat and Yom-Tov, the Horodler used to spend most of his time in the school, in the Beit Midrash, or in the Hasidim Shtibel, in study and in prayer.

Just as I myself belonged to the students of the Hasidic Shtibel, I want to mention the Horodler Jews who studied in the Hasidic Shtibel during the time that I remember. I would like to emphasize that most of the students of the school were able to study well on their own, even though they had the opportunity to study in groups or in pairs, because this contributed to the clarity of the studied subject, especially in the subjects that required a special Deepening and reflection.

Rabbi Moshé B. Israel Fishel Stone, who mostly studied with his friend R. Yerachmiel B. Aharon Yehuda Freind, belonged to the permanent students.

Rabbi Shimon Wizenberg, Moshe Wizenberg, Jacob Wizenberg, and Yehoshua Wizenberg and his son Getzel also studied together. R. Levy Isaac Zavidovich and his sons also studied in this school

(Two of his sons, Joseph and Joshua, are now in Israel) Yosef Zavidovich, the brother of Levi Isaac (his daughter is in Israel, and his son is in the United States), Rabbi Jacob Goldman, the son of Matel A.H., also studied at the school. R. Yitzchak Blum was considered as a distinct scholar (in the city he was called Yitzchak Melech's).

R. Yitzchak was the rabbi of the older Horodlar boys who studied Talmud with him with additions and interpretations. I also studied with him together with my friend Moshe Halperin Munia, the son of Eleazar Halperin

R. Elazar Halperin - who was a definite Hasidic - also studied at Stibel

While I was studying in Stibel, several young men who distinguished themselves with their sharpness were studying, among them were: Aharon Wallach (today in Eretz Israel) the son of Rabbi Moshe Mendel AH, Rabbi Moshe Grassburd, the son of Tzvi Grosburd, Rev. Pinchas Eisen, Rev. Aharon Zuberman, the son of



The Rebbe HaKdush Hershesh Leiner ztzel Hid the Rabbi of Radzin during his service in Ludmir.
Also seen; Rabbi Moshe Mendel Buxenbaum, Rabbi Chaim David Zucker, Rabbi Gershon Hanich Buxenbaum, Chaim Berman.

Yoel Yitzchak from the village of Lushkov, Hen Zuberman, the son of Zvi Zuberman Rabbi Ari Herbst, the son of Shmuel (today he is in Argentina), Moshe Halperin, Ari' (Leibel) Herbst, the son of Samson, R. Henn Goldman the son of Matel Melamed, R. Gershon Henn (today in the United States) the son of many.

This group of boys distinguished themselves with their perseverance. At that time, the students of the Beit Midrash used to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning and they studied all day until 12 o'clock at night, except for the breaks of food.

Ikutiel Zavidavich and his brother Fishel Zavidavich were also counted among the Stibel students of that time.

I remember a holiday walk where we made Shavuot after eating, me and Aharon Wallach, by the side of his father Moshe Wallach along the length of Horodler Mark

As we walked, R. Moshe Mendel listened to our learning skills, and Aaron then recited about twenty pages of Hadushi Harim on Tosaf: According to Shichi Bekain Lashma,

A whole series of house owners, distinguished scholars, graced the tables of Stibel with their important presence: R. Shmuel Zisberg (they called him Shmuel Key), R. Leibel Zavidovich, R. David Bergman, Elazar Halperin R. Aharon Haim Feder Rabbi Shimon Bitterman, Rabbi Tzvi Shek, Rabbi Hillel Shek (he was a rabbi in Giowitz), Rabbi Mendel Lerner (a sharp and knowledgeable teacher), Rabbi Shmuel Yehuda - he used to study a lot at night, and was Flotzim passed away on the day of Passover while studying. When people entered the school in the morning, they found him dead near the Talmud and his glasses were lying on the open Talmud.

R. Fethiah Blatt - he had an oil restaurant, and made a living from it

After a day of hard work, he used to come to the stable and study for long hours with great concentration and thoughtfulness.

Rabbi Jacob Zuberman behaved in the same way - who had a bakery, and after his work he used to enter the stable and study for long hours with perseverance.

On Achron Achron, Di Frome Shochitim Rabbi Jacob Chesner On Rabbi Mordechai Feigenbaum

A similar panorama of regulars and scholars was also in the Beit Midrash

The Krain of the teachers in the Beit Hamdarsh was a diverse one and his composition was a popular one, in the Beit Midrash they taught house owners from all walks of life, house owners whose livelihood came to them with difficulty and with great effort, craftsmen and publishers, who still They found a hard day's work for their debt to spend a few hours studying the Torah

A group of Jews used to sit at one table and study Talmud At the second table, a group used to sit and study Hamish with Rashi

At the tables near the big oven, Jews used to sit and study Mishniyot, Ein Yaakov

I remember some good teachers from my time in the Beit Midrash:

R. Moshe Mendel Wallach - a great scholar, a sharp and knowledgeable. As a forest merchant, he was busy all day in the forest as the representative of a large wood company, and forgot, when returning from work, he used to sit in the synagogue for many hours and study with great interest. On Friday nights he used to study almost all night. So also almost the entire Sabbath. While studying, he used to stand, resting his leg on a bench, and splashed and swam in the sea of the Talmud. Rabbi Shimon Moshe Goldberg, his sons: Hen and Shmuel, his son-in-law Yitzchak Lerner, Rabbi Aharon Yehuda Halevi friend and his sons: Rabbi Yosef, Rabbi Avraham, Rabbi David. R. Leibish Goldberg, R. Pinchas Berger, R. David Joseph Zuberman, his sons: Leibel Zuberman, B. T. Zuberman, Zvi Zuberman.



Rabbi Jacob Zuberman and his family, sons, daughters and grandchildren.

All the holy ones who died are the children of Hashem. Regarding the perseverance of the Horodlar Jews, the episode that Rabbi Shimon Wizenberg told me can testify. A thing that happened to him more than fifty years ago. When the rabbi Moshe Leib was still sitting at the table of his father-in-law the rabbi Ikutiel, the Horodler rabbi at the time, he used to teach

It's two o'clock in the morning in Hasidim Shtibel. Rabbi Shimon Wizenberg also taught until this hour. At two o'clock, when they finished studying, they used to go home together. Once Rabbi Moshe Leib forgot to call Rabbi Shimonien when it was

It was time to go home, and Rabbi Shimon was so engrossed in his studies that he did not notice that Rabbi Moshe Leib had left.

When he realized that he was left alone, he decided to stay the whole night at school, because he was afraid to go out of the school, because he needed to go through the school corridor where the purification board was and once People used to leave a tombstone in the passage, for her attitude to the house of life

In the same night, Rabbi Eliezer David's wife went to give birth, and her husband and family members went to the Chasidim stable to tie a thread to the door of the Holy Ark and to hand over the other end of the thread to the hand of the winner. As a remedy to give birth easily, when Rabbi Shimon heard the door being opened, he remembered the story that used to be told that in the middle of the night the dead come into the school to pray, he made a leap in the Quickly to the window of the stable, break the pane and run outside Rabbi Eleazar David's wife gave birth to a daughter that night. In the morning, when the first worshipers came to the stable, they were surprised at the great cold and saw the broken window.

When they inquired and investigated the meaning of it, they found out what happened to Rabbi Shimon at night, and that he escaped through the window.

How much beauty there was among the Horodler Jews, the Jews of the school and of the school children.

Whoever said to his world: enough; will say to our troubles: enough, and we should be privileged to see the comfort of Zion!

Ben-Zion Bergman (Argentina)

Haradla, our town (memories)

Your heart is filled with blood and you have tears in your throat when you have to sit down to write about the town of Horodla. You write about your hometown, where you were born, how you spent the spring of your life and how you dreamed so many dreams, weaved so many dreams... You left your nearest and dearest, you left your childhood and youth behind. When leaving a lively Jewish town, with all the Jewish charms, which is so embedded in your heart, so longed for in your soul, and now you are writing about the memories... because memories are left of the entire living past and of the former life. ... it stings you at the heart, it tugs at your soul, when you dip your pen not only in ink, but in the blood and the tears with which your whole being has been shed, and try to create at least on paper a Part of the memorial after the hometown Harodla.

Horodla was a historical town, and even for a short time it was the capital of ancient Poland during the time of King Jogela, in the old city garden - which was on the way to Ustila - you could still see the remnants of the kingdom. - Fallats, and the garden was called after the name of the king Yogella.

The Jewish population of Harodla consisted of 150 families, which numbered approximately 1250 souls.

In the center of the city, the great school stood out with its beauty, which was higher than all the pillars of the city. Its thick walls were built of stones, its windows - vaulted and impressive, and its whole appearance - like an ancient fortress. The interior decoration was very tasteful. The Ark of the Covenant was magnificent and his baptisms reached the height. The big bell and all the ornaments made a great impression, and a glory was spread throughout the school.

The city rabbi used to worship in the school, and an honorable place was designated and preserved for him in the east, near the Ark of the Covenant. In the building of the school, next to it was the Radzine Hasidim Shtibel, the craftsman Shilekh, so there were also in Harodla the General Beit Midrash, the school of the Trisker Hasidim, and a menin of the Zionist youth. In the synagogue and in the beth midrash, young men and ordinary householders used to sit and study Torah until the late hours of the night. The Torah song used to be sung outside and used to be heard in the nearby streets of Dar Shul and the Beit Midrash.

Beit Elmin Yam Three Beit Elmins were built in Harodla. One living cemetery was on the way to the village of Strizhev, and the other two were very old; on the way to Ustila and the River Bug ", the cemetery that gives river (not far from the market) was the oldest and its ancient tombstones bear witness said about the antiquity of the Horodler community. The church on the way to Ostile was also called the old cemetery", and its tombstones testified to dates from a further past. About the last Beit Olam, my late father used to tell that the priest - who in his borders of his gates was the Beit Olam - once wanted to turn the Beit Ha'rim into a fenced field. But

A wonderful thing happened here: the horses that were harnessed in the plow died, even before they started to plow. I remember that in 1935, Fritz Wieshbitsky sold his property, and also wanted to sell the cemetery as a field of grain. The rabbi of the city, Rabbi Moshe Leib Halevi Berman, and my father, Rabbi Yosef Bergman, went to him to ask him not to sell the cemetery, and they told him what had happened. With the horses of the previous priest while he wanted to weaken the Beit Chaim. The priest burst out laughing.

When a few days had passed, he sent for my late father, and informed him that he was leaving the Beit Olam in the possession of the Jewish community, because he was afraid of a decline in the Beit Olam, adding that with some A few days ago he fell ill and lay in bed. When we used to walk on the road that leads to Ostila, we used to go up to Beit HaHaim, and look at the writing on the old tombstones that were sunk into the ground. We found there Old tombstones with dates from 150 years ago.

The hill near the Beit Midrash, not far from the Beit Midrash, was a small mound of earth, fenced and surrounded by secrecy. The Horodlar Jews said that a bride and groom were buried in the hill, who died in the same night. They also told that the writer An-Ski visited the place before writing his dibuk, and wanted to hear this story about the mysterious hill.

The Statirb and the slaughterers. The rabbi of Harodla - the Mera Datra, was (in my time) Rabbi Moshe Leib Berman ztzel. The rabbi was known in Poland as an important rabbi and a great Torah, and the Horodlar community was proud of the fact that they were privileged to have such a great and important spiritual leader.

There were also two slaughterers in our town who were scholars and God-fearing, and of great character; Rabbi Jacob Chesner and Rabbi Mordechai Feigenbaum Z.L. The rabbi and the slaughterers were prominent Radzine Hasids.

There were five rooms in Horodla, how the Jewish children received their Torah education. Learning in the classroom was a gradual process. Study in a Dredki classroom, as it began to study



Children live in the house of the father's teacher.

Elef Beit and studied there until the age when one begins to study Gemara

Then he moved to a room of a higher level and there he studied Talmud for several years, and when he reached a suitable level in his studies in this room, he moved to study with R. Yosef Shmuel, who was a scholar., a sharp and knowledgeable, and he studied Talmud with his students with interpretations and Yorah Deh " or he went to study with R. Yitzchak Melech - also a great scholar - who studied Talmud with his students with additions and Interpreters A Jewish boy who went through the rooms and went on to study with one of the two teachers, Rabbi Yosef Shmuel or Rabbi Yitzchak Melechs, reached the level of a Ben Torah and later went on to study for himself in Beit Midrash or in the stable A Jewish school for general studies did not exist in Horodla except for a certain short time, and if someone wanted to acquire general knowledge, he studied with private teachers who were brought down to Horodla by those who sought general education, and they used to Change often

Fishel Blay and Mordechai Freind served as teachers of Hebrew, as well as other teachers who were specially brought down to teach the Hebrew language.

The Hasidic Jews of Haradla, the Horodler Jews were in their majority Hasidic, and most of them were Radzine Hasidic, who for the most part were at the head of the many religious affairs of the city. There were also followers of Trisker, Gerer and Belzer rabbis in Horodla.

The rabbis Rabbi Mordechai Yosef Elazar Leiner ztl, and after him his son Rabbi Shmuel Shlomo Leiner ztl HI, visited Horodla from time to time. In the same way, the Trisker rabbi Rabbi Velvele tzsal also used to visit Horodla, Reverend Nuniela, the city adopted a holiday celebration during the visit of rabbis in Horodla.

Our city used to be visited by envoys from the Land of Israel, including R. Meir Bel Hans "ZIE". The representatives of this include in Horodla are.

Rabbi Shimon Bitterman Z.L. and Rabbi Mordechai Feigenbaum Z.L., of course, that the arrival of such a messenger in the town was an important event and used to arouse great interest.

The city-institute Utsies in every Polish city, as well as in Horodla, was an organized community that managed the affairs of the Jewish community in the city, and used to pay attention to the religious needs of the city. The community was recognized by the Polish government as the one responsible for the religious institutions of the city. The heads of the community in my time were R. Fathi Blatt and R.

Aharon Chaim Feder, both Radzin Hasidic. The community also had the city stream and the mikvah nearby. The grooms were Moshe Wartzel and Berl Holtz. In the town there was also a Knesset of the guests, which was maintained on the private initiative of Rabbi Jacob Boymayil, and poor guests used to find a roof over their heads there. Rabbi of the society was R. Yitzchak Blum.

The Jewish representatives in the city council were composed of 24 members: 12 from Folik, 6 Ukrainians, 6 Jews. The last Jewish representatives were: Pinchas Berger, Joseph Bergman, - (my late father), Aaron Leib Friend, Shimon Bitterman, Yehoshua Eisen, Mendel Lerner.

The Tarbout Library in Harodla existed a library under the name Tarbout ", which contained books in Hebrew and Yiddish. At the library, the Zionist activities were concentrated, the activities for the Kimat Kern Hayesod Foundation, and the Tel-Hai Foundation. The library functioned in the frames

of the activities of the Zionist youth organizations: Halutz, Beitar and the artisans' association. The library's management used to carry out different cultural activities, such as: Hebrew courses, Bible lectures, literary and political lectures, reading Acts and other cultural activities. There was a dramatic crane at the library, which used to perform historical and social plays. Infiltration of members of the Zionist organization in the town, and the Zionist funds: Kern Kimit and Kern Haysed, from time to time messengers from the Land of Israel, sent by these funds, the arrival of a messenger from the Holy Land, Caused a great enthusiasm among the youth, and a lively activity on the part of the Zionist businessmen. It is still remembered the visit of the emissary of the Foundation for the Resurrection of Israel, Rabbi Jacob Melamed, and his conferences for the students about the Zionist idea, as well as his Hebrew lecture for the Zionist youth. His visit and his conferences have Introduced a general national development in Horodla.

General institutions and their founders, a whole series of committees and institutions for welfare, general, and Zionist activity, were active in Horodla. There was a women's union, whose task was to distribute a light snack and a glass of milk to the boys and the poor children in general.

During the years of the First World War, a relief committee of the joint was active, which used to distribute food and clothes to the poor. In this way, the committee also kept a kitchen for poor people. : Shabti Shek, Aaron Zuberman, Ben-Zion Zuberman and Aaron Wallach.

The library: the founders of the first library were: Nachum Berger, Hen Berman, B. T. Zuberman, Aharon Zuberman, Shlomo Zuberman

Zvi Zuberman, Henen Zuberman, Fishel Zavidovich, Aharon Stone, David Friend and Aharon Wallach (the latter is in Israel today)

The Tarbut "Library": The founders of the library under the name Tarbut were: Hen Zuberman, Zvi Zuberman, Shlomo Zuberman, Benjamin Berger, David Friend, Isaac Friend, Ben Zion Bergman, Blume Zuberman, Gitel Berger, Malka Wallach, Rachel Zuberman, Hinde Rebecca Stow, (today in Uruguay), Pearl Biederman (today in Brazil)

The Halutz al-Hakhri: The founders of the Halutz were: Ben-Zion Bergman (today in Argentina), Moshe Zuberman (now in Israel), Rachel Zuberman (in Argentina), Michael Berger, Avraham Kulish (today in Israel)

Among the colleagues of the pioneers: Ephraim Eisen, Aryeh Stein, Yehoshua Zisberg, Yehoshua Berger, Moshe Zavidovich, Pinchas Worman, Shmuel Harpin, Shmuel Wagshal

The colleagues of the pioneers had to go through a physical and vocal training before their ascension to the Land of Israel.

The following went to the training: B. T. Bergman, Moshe Zuberman - (to Bilgoray), Shmuel Vagshal (to Baranovich), Yehoshua Zisberg, Shmuel Harpin, Aryeh Stein, Avraham Kulish (to Skritsin).

As Halutz candidates who are going to be in Eretz Israel, for the exam that took place in Zamosc, with the participation of the director of the Halutz Center H. Dobkin, some colleagues of the Halutz from Horodla also participated, and there are confirmed to be an immigrant: Moshe Zuberman, Avraham Kulish, BT Bergman. Betar Organization: In 1929, the Crazy Gathering of the Betar Organization met in Horodla. The town was under the influence of Khinus, in which many Beitarim from the nearby towns participated: Harubieshov, Ludmir, Ustile, Ochan. R. The founders of Bethar were: Eliezer Lerner, Shimon Zuberman, Zvi Zaltzman, Yosef Zavidovich (today in Israel), Fishel Gertal (today in Canada), Shimon Goldberg, Michael Bergman (today in Argentina), Zvi



The Beitar organization is not in Haradle.

Zuberman, today in the United States)

Eliezer Schmidt (Heint in Israel)

Tzvi Zaltzman, cashier of KN - Eliezer Lerner, was appointed as the commander of HKN

After a part of Beitar joined the Mizrahi pioneers and a part left Harodla, under the leadership of Ken, he moved to a younger group: Moshe Zuberman, Moshe Haim Bergman, Eliyahu Grassburd, Isaac Shruber, Fishel Freind, Shmuel Freind .

The Irgun Betar has carried out a great activity and has made sportsmen active in cultural activities

The day 11 Adar - the anniversary of Joseph Trumpfelder - the hero of Galilee, used to be celebrated by the Ken with great scope

On that day, the Betar used to perform a military march, which used to end with a prayer after Trumpeldor and his colleagues, in the great school.

The better acts on the day of 11 Adar used to leave a powerful impression on the people of the city.

The Zionist Revisionist Organization was founded around this time.

The founders of the Hachar were:

B. C. Bergman (Chairman), Shmuel Zuberman, Benjamin Berger, Ari Herbst (Secretary). The Artisan Union: The general social activity also affected the artisans who were not usually members of the organization, and they too organized and established the artisan



A Doradler Betar Group.

Farin, in the leadership of Farin were: Yehiel Sherer (chairman), Ephraim Eisen, Jacob Mederdrot (today in Argentina), Mordechai Sofer (today in Canada), Kern Kimat. Foundation Foundation: The founders of Foundation Kimat and Foundation Foundation were: Zvi Zuberman, Aryeh Herbst, Yitzhak Freind, Mordechai Zuberman, BT Bergman - (representative of the pioneers), Yehiel Sherer (representative of the craftsmen).

The first meeting of the Kemet Eskan Foundation took place in the house of Shmuel Goldberg. In the first foundation foundation committee were elected Ger



Yehoshua Kuperstock Worn: Tzvi Zuberman, Aria Herbst, Yitzhak Freind, BT Bergson, Benjamin Berger, Michal Berger, Rachel Zuberman.

Tel-Hai Foundation: "The colleagues and sympathizers of the revisionist bar movement founded the Tel-Hai Foundation". As cashier - Benjamin Berger. Shmuel Zuberman also joined the leadership of the foundation. Before my departure to Argentina, the headquarters of the Tel Hai Foundation in London sent us an honorary diploma signed by Zab Zhabatinsky, Jr., in recognition of my dedicated work for the fund. Harodla was surrounded by agricultural villages, where there were also Won Jewish families, the Jewish families who were forced



Ephraim and Eli 'Kuperschai, the sons of Yehoshua Kuperstock, to live in the villages for the sake of their livelihood, felt lonely among Jewish sons, among the many gentiles, and maintained their religious and social relations with the Jewish community of Horodla. On bad days and on good days, they used to leave their homes in the villages and came to Horodla to pray in the school and celebrate Yom Tov together with all the Jews of Horodla. The village Jews were considered as part of the Haradler community.

After the establishment of the Kimat Foundation and the Foundation, we also made them partners in the fund collections. We distributed the fund for the construction of shacks among them, and we used to send them workers from the fund to empty the shacks, so we also involved them in the Zionist activities.

The villages where Jewish families used to live were: Strei Zhev, Ribene, Kavle, Kapilov, Lisk, Mach, Luzhkov, Osinion, Yanki. In the village of Strijeun there was a large sugar factory that had

Belongs to a Polish company

The company employed a large number of Polish workers
Before Passover, the landlords of the university used to
invite our rabbi to kosher the plant on Passover.
The rabbi used to appoint the overseers for the undertaking,
R. Shmuel Herbst, R. Yosef Bergman, R. Yehuda Bitterman

At the end of the First World War, a social and national
revival began among the Horodler youth.

The news about the founding of the Jewish Legion by Zab
Zhabatinsky, the late, has also reached our city.

The news about the organization of an armed Jewish force,
which fought on the British side against the Germans and
Turks, ignited a national enthusiasm among the Horodler
youth.

Youth groups were also organized in our town, who learned
military field exercises

They learned the exercises outside the city

Once we were even arrested by the authorities for this and we
were released thanks to the efforts of my late father

In 1918, with the rise of the new Polish state, the
nationalist fanaticism of the Poles grew stronger, and with
it the hatred towards the Jews.

At the same time, the Polish authorities raided the library
and arrested us with the claim that we were carrying out
communist activities in the library.

This time too we were released thanks to the efforts of my
father and my grandfather

Grace as memories. About the Lord Adler suns I remember that
all suns in Horodla used to be Panfewate Hinkewate or
Hikewate. I remember the joy of us, Kleinvarg and older boys,
when Hanukkah started singing: He goes, he goes, he lights,
he lights, he burns, the sun burns." And during the
blessings I was the conductor of this bar, and the sun was
always wrong in the blessings. He always had complaints to
me, but he was happy, because thanks to the ban, he passed in
peace with the

Blessings, since the crowd did not hear whether he is saying the blessings well, or whether he is wrong. When there used to be a peace ceremony in the town "or seven blessings" or even an invitation from a bridegroom, the sun used to knock on the shalchan on Friday night, after praying, and announce unannounced that so-and-so ben so-and-so invites all the worshipers to the Shalom Zechar "or on a covenant. It turned out exactly the opposite: he changed the characters. I used to give him the tone, and after that he was gay in the town. The suns were: Moshe Wartzel (at the same time he was also a bather) Jacob Macher, Mordechai Shemesh and Alter Shek.

**

But how can one forget the town, with its Jews, that it ~~is always~~ with you and in you. And despite the fact that so many years have passed, so many events separate it from your youth, your town accompanies you on all your ways, it has settled in your heart and in your brain, and it will not leave you until Last day of your life.

Rachel Bergman Zucherman (Argentina)

memories

Horodla was a small town, and the number of Jewish families hardly numbered a few hundred. But from a spiritual point of view, the Horodler community was much more important, because there was a large number of Jews who distinguished themselves with their learning and their skills. Also the Jewish youth, who strove to acquire knowledge, distinguished themselves with their knowledge in Judaism and in general areas.

The Jewish youth received education in the rooms, which gave them only a Torah education

General education was taught in the Polish school, where a prominent part of its teachers and students were distinguished by their sharp hatred of Israel.

The Jewish parents allowed themselves to send only their daughters to school, because the relationship with them was more appropriate, but the Jewish boys only studied in the rooms, and when they became bigger, they went to study for himself in a beth midrash or in a Hasidic school

The general educational spirit has also penetrated into our town

And the Jewish youth, the Beit Midrash and Shtibel sitters, was also affected by the general atmosphere of the big Polish cities, and showed the will to acquire general education as well.

The conditions for acquiring education in Harodla were very limited, but the economic possibilities of the Jews, to enable their children to study in other cities, were also limited.

And as an addition, there was the contemptuous attitude of the pious Horodler Jews to general education, in such conditions, the Jewish youth tried to develop cultural activities with their own powers.

Among the first activities that the Jewish youth undertook

Taken, it was the setting up of a library, whose founders were the young women. This was in 1916. We then gathered a group of women and some girls, in the house of Pradel Town, at the sisters Hinde and Rebecca Stow (Hinde is today in Montevideo, and Rebecca in Argentina) and we talked about the Founding of a library of Yiddish books, in this gathering we were - me and my cousin Mirl Zuberman ZL - the youngest, we decided to collect contributions and to buy books, by mail we then



Mary Stow, the wife of Moshe Stow and her son.

Books were ordered from book dealers in Warsaw, after the books arrived, the library was opened to lend books to the readers.

As it turns out, the left direction dominated the library's businessmen, because, together with the books, the Mars plane was also distributed, and we were also taught to sing it. I still didn't know the meaning of the song and its political content, although I sang it with great desire, but it felt

My brother Hanen Zal, whose education level was already high and the political currents of the world were familiar to him, and he explained to me the political meaning of the song (I think he also invited me to sing it) and also recognized the leftist tendency of the circle that gathered around the library, my brother Henen saw in this group a danger for the youth from a national point of view

Therefore, he called all the best youth together with the existing library crane, and a large general library was established there.

The biggest difficulty in establishing the library was the problem of a suitable apartment for the same, our parents were religious zealots and have already made sure that no one should rent us his apartment, or a room for our activity. The combination of boys and girls coming together at meetings and gatherings was then considered a great sin, and not once did it happen that parents used to enter the meetings and force their daughters to go home.

Despite this, we continued our work and we even made progress. We then got a room at Rachel Berger's

I remember the first general meeting that took place in our little club

What great preparations for the first assembly! How great was the general interest! A festive mood reigned in the evening of the meeting, which chose a director to lead the library. And the cultural work

In the leadership were elected my brother Hen Zal (as chairman), one of the sisters Stow (as vice-chairmen) Mordechai Zuberman (secretary) and Shlomo Zuberman (cashier)

Twice a week the library was open to take out books. Almost every evening people gathered to chat and read. Friday night and Saturday afternoon, there were lectures and conversations about different problems in the club, the social



Moshe Grusbard his wife Eve and children in the company of relatives and friends.

Activities aroused great interest among the youth, and the club served as the meeting place of the town's youth. In a while, in the library we moved to a second apartment that we sang in the house of Zlate Stove (today in Israel), and there we expanded our activity. There were commemorative acts after Dr. T. Herzl, J. Trumfelder and other Zionist leaders, we held literary reading evenings and conferences on different topics, Zuberman appeared as speakers and toastmasters - this is my indispensable brother, Ben-Zion Zuberman, Mordechai Zuberman, Benjamin Berger, and a few other guys from a cultural group. All the cultural activities that we organized were of a high standard and were organized with a lot of order and taste. Foreign guests who came to Horodla expressed their admiration for the youth of our city.

The majority of the youth had extensive knowledge and strove to acquire wisdom and knowledge. Most of them could also learn

A page of Talmud and not twenty of them have mastered the Hebrew language. My brother Henen was among the most prominent of the youth. He had extensive knowledge and his proficiency in the Hebrew language was very great. And he acquired all his education by his own efforts and learning by himself. I mentioned above that there was no Jewish school in Horodla, we, the girls, received general education in the



Hanur Ziberman, his father, Hana, their two children, their mother and brother.

Polish school, but I learned Jewish studies and sacred studies from a private teacher whose cultural background was a poor one. But because his general knowledge was limited and his pedagogic ability was poor. Of course, one could not expect much from this type of teacher. It was then decided to establish a Hebrew school, at the top of which they should stand Great teacher.

It was then that the "Tarbut" school was founded, under the leadership of the teacher Jacob Brik of Ostroleka.

The teacher Jacob Brik had extensive knowledge and was a superior teacher who was able to set the school on a high learning level.

The children from all walks of life visited the school with great enthusiasm, and listened to the teacher's speech during the lessons and were active in the preparation of the lessons.

The girls who studied in the Polish school also visited the Hebrew school, although it was difficult for us to do so. Because in the morning we studied in the Polish school, and immediately after finishing the study, we hurried home to take the books and notebooks of Hebrew, and we ran to the "cultural" school, so as not to delay the beginning of the studies.

This came to us with great effort, however, the will to know Hebrew grew stronger despite all the difficulties.

It must be remembered that the pious parents were not at all happy with the establishment of the Hebrew school.

Because our parents remembered that the classroom should be the only educational moral for Jewish children, their opposition caused the Terbleim not only difficulties, but also hindered his work.

With the development of the library and the increase in the number of readers, there was a greater need to obtain a larger apartment.

We then visited a large house outside the zone of the Jewish community, there were several large rooms, and the house was surrounded by a fruit garden.

Once the house belonged to a priest who left them destitute. But we have adjusted them for the needs of our activities. In the new club, we adapted a hall for performances and celebrations and the cultural activity expanded further, from nearby Dabienka.

We performed the play Bar Kochva, "The Yeshiva Boy" and other plays, the performances were on a

appropriately loud and attracted a large audience, and the artists distinguished themselves with their beautiful playing. I still remember the beautiful playing of the beautiful Hema Chesner, of Blume Goldberg (my cousin) and of other girls and boys. The first founders and activists of the library and of the Zionist movement gradually left the leadership and the activity, some of the adults moved to other cities, and most of them became family members and their social tasks were transferred to The younger ones. One of the young Zubermans was elected as the manager of the library, I was chosen as the secretary, and Joshua Zisberg (Aharon Asher's son) was chosen as the cashier, and so other tasks were handed over to other young people. The activity was great and the office work was also great, because you had to manage the protocols and all the offices also work in Polish.

Language - except for the spoken Yiddish language - in agreement with the supervision laws on social activities, which were then issued by the Polish authorities. After each general pre-collection, the protocols had to be sent to Horubishuib - the crazy city, for confirmation. Despite this, our work continued

and made progress. At that time, the antisemitism in Poland became stronger, so I in Horodla. At night, hoodligans used to attack Jews and not once did they throw stones at us when we were walking home from our club. We were therefore forced to move our club, which was in the Christian area, to the Jewish area.

At the same time, we started a new social activity. A women's association was then founded to feed poor children, the most active participants in the women's group were: Yochad Zberman (Chesner), Hanna Zberman (Zisberg) - my sisters-in-law, Bayle Kraind (today in Israel), Tehila Grassburd, Chaya Katzhendler, and

Others

I was secretaries of the Leitung and Tahila Grassboard the cashiers

We used to get together often at Berel (Dub) Grassbird - a tea party, and we used to discuss our activities and plans. The most active among the women was Beile Freind

She almost never missed any work or any party, and you could always find her among the food distributions for the children.

Among the youth organizations in those years, the Betar stood out more, which included the largest part of the youth.

The Ken Secrei Toriat often used to come to his meetings at our house as well

Because my younger brother Moshe was then the secretary of Betar and the commander of Hakan was Zvi Zaltzman

Some of the Betar activists are today in Israel and Argentina
For many years, my adopted brother Henech was in charge of the work of the Rise of Israel Foundation

I remember that when I left Horodla to go to Argentina, I told my brother to follow in my footsteps and he answered me:
For 18 years I have been the heir of Kern Kimat, and I have the right to receive it. A certificate to pass to the Land of Israel, I hope to receive such a certificate

Oh, woe! He was not entitled to it, his fate was the same as that of the Polish Jews, who were killed by the German Nazis, and there remains a great pain and longing for the dear ones who were and are no longer present.

Moshe Zuberman (Israel) The youth and its social and cultural work

In my boyhood years, when I was still studying under teacher Matel Fishel's classroom, the First World War came to an end.

A new era began for the Polish Jews, a time of revived political and cultural activity.

Our town of Horodla was also affected by the new turn on the Yiddish street

The Horodler youth still occupied the Beit Midrash benches and studied sacred studies with great diligence and enthusiasm, completely disregarding everyday life, but new ideas entered the Jewish street of our town, which attracted a significant part of the youth, who left the study bench in the Beit Midrash and began to engage in cultural and social activities

In those days, the general library was established, which had a great effect from a cultural point of view and concentrated a part of their interest.

The parents did not look with good eyes on this activity, and in the library they saw a departure from the right path that had been worn and accepted until then, and they tried to hinder our activities by different means.

But regardless, the youth continued with her work

A very important work was established in that era, and that was the Hebrew school

Its founders were; Nachum Berger, the late Moshe Altar's, the late Tzvi Zuberman, who brought down to our town one of the good Hebrew teachers named Jacob Brik, great was the joy in the interest what filled the young students, in view of the possibility of acquiring a Hebrew education in the Hebrew school

The founders of the library themselves did not properly appreciate the great importance of the library, and of the activities surrounding it, for the formation of the youth and its organization for the Zionist idea as well as for its involvement in the Zionist work. The Zionist consciousness had not yet taken its deserved place in the Horodler crowd of that time, and the Zionist idea had not yet taken over the Horodler youth. The social and cultural work that was conducted at the library, Kony focused on the youth and they expect Zionist work and activity for the benefit of the Land of Israel.

The public Zionist work that was organized for the first time by the Zionist Krain came to expression in the performance of a Hanukkah act that took place in the house of David Berger. I remember the good impression this act left on the youth. The program of the celebration was varied and interwoven with Hanukkah songs and declamations. The hall was decorated with Zion flags and with white and blue colors, and a high festive mood reigned in the city, and especially in the assembly hall, which was packed with boys and girls.

On this occasion, it is worthwhile to mention the first founders of the Zionist work in Horodla, who were: Ben-Zion Zuberman ZL, Fishel Zavidavich ZL, David Friend ZL.

The Zionist activities as well as the cultural work have broadened and were conducted in an organized and orderly manner. At that time, the businessmen organized the first commemorative act after Dr. Herzl - the founder of political Zionism. At the act, Zionist speeches were given by Fishel Zavidovich Zl., Henech Zuberman Zl., who left a strong impression on The gathered with their rich content and with their successful form.

In a period of time, the work for the Zionist funds was organized; the Foundation for the Rise of Israel and the Foundation, and people were



Von Leuchts; Ania Berger was Zuberman, Bracha Zavidavich, Zvi Zuberman, Michal Zuberman, BC Zuberman.

Start a planned activity of money collections for the Land of Israel. The first inheritor of the funds was Hirsch Zuberman Z.L. and cultural activities - have left Horodla and moved to other cities; but the social and Zionist work has not weakened, but has become stronger and stronger, as if to show the convictions of relationships with the adults. A library for young people has been established. Under the name Blues, on the initiative of Yaakov Gruber Z.L. and Eliezer Goldberg Z.L. and their colleagues. The library had a good effect on Hebrew education as well as for the strengthening of the Zionist work among the youth.

Our particular Zionist activity lasted for a certain period of time. So the two libraries also worked separately, until the culture "society" was born, which was officially recognized by the government as a common society for cultural activities, and this society united both libraries: the older library, with The library "flowers", (flowers), in one general Hebrew Jewish library. At the head of the "Tarbut" society were David Freind Z.L., my brother Mordechai Zuberman Z.L., and Ben Zion Bergman (Ibdel Chaim). With the establishment of the new "Tarbut" society, the cultural Zionist work received a new momentum, various activities were then organized: acts, celebrations, and theater performances were performed by the youth.



From the right: Moshe Zuberman, Shmoelik Zuberman, Eliezer Goldberg, Meir Zis, Joshua Zisberg.

The social community life then intensified and most of the activities were concentrated around the cultural "society". During this time, the Zionist activity took a more practical direction, and the youth - who until then had been engaged in cultural work and debates about Zionist topics - began to think about Zionist realization. Then the pioneer was founded "by

A young group that thought of educating themselves to Zionist realization (realization) and to Aliyah to the Land of Israel.

The founders of the "Pioneers" were: Yehuda Leib Stein Z.L., Michael Berger Z.L., Ben-Zion Bergman (today in Argentina), Rachel (Zuberman) Bergtan - (today in Argentina), Avraham Kulish (today in Israel)
Samuel Vogshal (today in Birabijan)

The late Moshe Zavidavich

A little later, the Betar organization was established, which included a large part of the youth, the Betar developed educational and scouting work on a large scale, and also engaged in military exercises

The Betar carried out cultural activities and its influence on the Horodler youth was remarkable.

At the time when I left Horodla and immigrated to the Land of Israel, the Beitar was the largest youth organization in the town.

Others who remained after me in Horodla will write about the continuation of the Betar activities

The founders of Betar were: Michael Bergman - (today in Argentina), Shimon Zuberman the late, Eliezer Schmid (today in Israel)

The late David Gruber, Fishel Hecht, (today in Israel)
Fishel Shek, Jr., Fishel Belt - today in Canada)

Zvi Platt (wheat

Memories about the life of the Haradler youth

Horodla! This is the small hearty town that is so close to my heart. This is the town where I took my first steps towards personal and economic independence. Horodla, the town that evokes pleasant memories in me. Memories about youth and youth, memories about love, suffering, struggle and also excavations.

Horodla, with the lively young people who were ambitious and strove for education, Horodla, the town that did not disappoint its foreign visitors and satisfied them Horodla, the town where I got my wife Rachel Zisberg (the daughter of Shlomo and Miral Zisberg), to you, my dear town, and to you, love and dear Horodlar, we will set up pages of admiration and dedication, memory pages, which should From this I bring up the time of my arrival in the town and the years of my life, and the events of the time I spent in Horodla.

My hometown was Harobyshov, which is 14 km from Horodla My parents, who were killed by the Hitlerite soldiers, were Mendel Platt and his wife, or as my father was called in Horubichaev; Mendel Kamashnik, because his profession was sewing, and all the locals and myself helped me. My father in his profession

Along with my work with my late father, I was active in the organization Fueili Zion" (Ts S

) and I participated in the organization's cultural and social work that the organization used to carry out among the youth of

City,

I was then 20 years old, full of energy and youth, and full of enthusiasm for the Zionist idea, striving to immigrate to the Land of Israel and to be one of its citizens. This was the aspiration that embraced most of the youth of my city. Practically, our entire Zionist work was like a kind of preparation to realize the aspiration of the Olet to be in the Land of Israel and realize the generational dream of the Jewish people.

Along with my organizational work, I became aware that I need to become a person for myself and organize myself in an independent way, and not be dependent on my father. I accepted myself with courage and told my father about my thoughts and aspirations and about my plan to leave for another city and try to settle for myself there. We both agreed that if "out in the wide world", that is, in another city, this city must be Horadla. Because relatives of my family lived in this town - the family of Matel Sofer.

In a winter day, I got up and went to Horodla and I talked with my relatives about my plan to settle in Horodla. That same evening, I met with Mayer Zis, my future work partner, and in a few days, on a Tuesday (a day in which it is written twice as "good luck"), my father handed me a new car and I was on my way, and I left Harobyshov to try my luck in the world, and I left for Horodla, the small lovely town.

On the first Saturday of my stay in Horodla, my partner Meir Zis took me to the club at the "Tarbut" library, and there I met some colleagues and friends of the Horodla youth, on the same Saturday evening I made acquaintances. With three dear friends: Rachel Zisberg (today my wife), Blume Goldberg and Bracha Chesner, that's how I met Eliezer Goldberg and my good friend Moshe Zuberman (Ivdal Chaim), who is now in Israel. It was very interesting for me that Saturday evening

Light from a small oil lamp (there was no electricity in Horodla). Our conversation was about different topics: politics, literature, and just a friendly conversation seasoned with hearty humor, in



From the right: Rachel Weisberg, Joshua Berner, Chaike Lerner, Shoh Ayrovitch, Meir Zis, Hashe Berner.

In which everyone participated, especially the girls. I was completely influenced by their kindness and their strong desire to learn and to learn. The next morning, on Saturday, I showed up to get to know other colleagues, mainly from the adult youth. These were serious, idealistic boys who were young people striving for knowledge. I was very surprised at such a large concentration of high-achieving youth in such a small town. A good feeling and great hopes filled me. I began to hope that here I would complete my preparation for my ascension to the Land of Israel. The quiet life of Horodler slowly passed by. I

I settled down to work at my profession and I earned quite a bit

But the material satisfaction did not satisfy my will, because my aspiration was to devote myself to cultural work and to fill life with a spiritual content.

This also did not fail to come, after I got to know the youth better, and especially with a group of colleagues and friends, with whom I met on the first Saturday evening, we used to meet often during the long winter nights. In the house of Rachel Zisberg, on reading evenings, next to the warm stove, we used to read together, talk and deal with different problems and topics that were related to the developing Land of Israel.

I remember how Rachel's father, Shlomo Yoshe, my father-in-law for a while, used to stand with his shoulder on the warm stove, and listened to our conversations and discussions and used to smile with great satisfaction.

From the joint conversations and debates, the idea of working for the Land of Israel gradually matured, after a part of the youth moved away from us under the destructive influence of a left-wing teacher named Kalotnitsky, who had anti-Zionist views. Appearances

The practical organization of the "Workers of Zion" organization - (TSS) began with the establishment of the Krain Vanguard.

By a youth. This group led a strong campaign among the youth, an action that led to the establishment of the Pueley Zion organization in Horodla. The party, so we set up a library at the club, and the party club became a meeting place for a large part of the Horodler youth.

After opening the party club, we conducted a wide cultural work, which included, among other things, reading evenings, political talks, talks about Israeli topics, and hoira dances, which were not yet known in Horodla and it did caused an enthusiasm for the Land of Israel.

The establishment of the party in Horodla and the activity of the youth caused unnecessary conflicts between the parents and the children.

We used to hear the complaints of the parents - mostly from the mothers - about the new trouble "that has happened to the city: who knows what is being done in this party?"; Time for the party matters";, the mothers used to say

Not once did we notice my mother standing behind the window of the club, and looking into the quiet inside, to know what was happening there, but the organizational work did not help strengthen the sense of independence of the youth who was not ready to contribute. Her way

The time I was in Horodla was actually not long

All in all, I was there for 18 months, but it was one of the interesting events in my private life, in which my destiny - my life companion - was sent to me.

When I received in the spring of 1930 the aliyah certificate to the Land of Israel, together with my life partner Rachel Zisberg, I saw in this certificate, the conclusion of the path and the realization of the aspiration that I had given myself for her. The time I spent in Horodla

Dear Haradler Jews! It hurts my heart that I have to tell my memories about Horodla and her close people, precisely on the pages of a book of remembrance, a book about a town and a community that was and was destroyed by the barbarians. A book whose task is to immortalize the Haradler community and the dear Horadler Jews, who were killed by the Holocaust along with millions of European Jews.

Dear horodler saints! I will remember you all my life. I will interweave your precious memory together with the memory of all the heroes and saints who gave their lives for Kiddush Hashem and for the revival of the people of Israel in the Land of Israel. Let's remember and let's sanctify!

Rachel Platt (Zisberg) (Haifa) about the youth of

I want to convey, according to my possibilities, a picture about the activity of the Horodler youth, about their cultural life and about their striving to learn and progress in the educational and cultural field. Although Horodla was a small town, and the possibilities to acquire education were limited. Evidently there was an exemplary youth in Horadla, of a high culture and knowledge level, who distinguished himself with his strong urge to acquire his education and knowledge and to make progress in all areas. The Horodler youth received their cultural education under difficult conditions and mainly by studying alone. You could find in Horodla a large number of Jewish scholars and Torah scholars, as well as adults and younger youths, who studied and perfected themselves in such conditions in which there was a lack of resources and finances, and in spite of this they succeeded.

To 'wonderful discoveries'. The cultural activity in our town was concentrated around the "culture" library. In the club of the library we conducted meetings, parties, and just ordinary youth gatherings. Twice a week serious literary contests were held in the club, which were held by adult youths who had knowledge in literature, and they kept the conference rents unpaid. We helped ourselves in our cultural work with our own cultural powers. Their culture outside of education. When looking for cultural forces from outside, we wanted to see in this

Teacher Fishel Blei who came to our city, a new cultural force, which will expand the possibilities of education and general education in Horodla. But in the course of time, it became clear that his teaching ability is not great and his influence on the students is limited. He lived in the apartment of his father-in-law who was a carpenter, and we studied in the carpentry, in the



Group Haradler at the wedding of Joseph Ravenblum. It looks like: the bride and groom and their family.

All the noise of hammer blows and wood-sawing, surrounded by a layer of sawdust.

In such strange conditions, it is understandable that we did not approach our studies seriously, but instead our hearts were drawn to playing around and taking off laces. Once, during the study, we were approaching the climax of our homework, before starting the lessons, we threw the sawdust to the ceiling, and it immediately flooded our study flat. Our fish got scared and became really confused, but he soon

came to himself, accepted the bench on which we were sitting and turned us over on the floor, we gave him the right, because this time it was already too much from our side. Not once did we decide to change our behavior and relate to our teacher as a teacher, but, in the conditions in which we studied at Fishelen and in the prevailing atmosphere on our learning flats, we could not. Change our behavior, Sarah, Fishel Blaise's wife, was a quiet modest woman. She was so silent that it appeared to you that it was difficult for her to make a sound out of her mouth. During the study, she did not interfere and we did not hear her. It turned out to us that Odzer's study does not interest her and our absence at home does not bother her. But that we

When they came to the delicate verses in the Pentateuch, she used to pop out of a corner and say to her husband in the quiet: Fishel, listen up. Feh, this is not fair."

The first theater performance by the Horodler youth, stormed the whole town, from young to old. This turned into a sharp fight between the young man and the parents. The matter began more or less like this: in one day, the director Mitli from the nearby town of Dobken grew up in our town, and proposed to us to perform on the stage a play under the name "The Yeshiva Boy", under his direction. The proposal excited us. We gave our consent and the director chose among us good actors and we got to work. We learned to play our roles, we did some tests and our performance made progress. Before we placed them on the stage. It became clear to us that we have artistic powers and also a desire for stage art. After we had learned our roles, it was decided to present the play on a certain Saturday evening and we made the preparations.

But that's not how our parents explained it. A theater performance was considered by them as a wrong thing, an invitation, and they decided to disturb us and not allow us to the performance. In the evening of the performance, it became known to us that the parents, headed by the city youth, are preparing to come to the performance site and to destroy the stage and the preparations for the performance, of course, that we have decided to defend our cause and Not allowing them to realize their intention, and to carry out the performance under all circumstances, we set aside a strong week for the entrance of the performance hall, and we did not allow the demonstrators to enter. This struggle was difficult and uncomfortable for us. Because it is difficult for children to hang out with their parents, and grandchildren with their grandparents. But we decided to do our thing.

I will never forget this encounter. I remember that while I and another friend were going to the performance, we heard voices and violence from a distance. These were the voices of those who were fighting, which reached in the distance and to the nearby villages. By the way, the farmers of the area, who did not know the motive of the quarrel, thought that the Jews were being discriminated against - something that was close to their heart - and they started running in the direction of the quarrel. Armed with sticks, sickles and shqvels, and when they came to the place of the war, and a strange and unusual picture was revealed to them, they went back from where they came.

The collision ended without mutual consent. People arrived only with shouts and threats. The young man stood his ground, and the performance went on without any problems. The collision caused bitterness and anger between many parents and children for a long time, until they were re-invited. It should be emphasized that not only men came to star

The performance, but also a huge number of women came to us demanding that we stop the performance. And even the same women, who previously welcomed the performance, with good will, joined the opponents.

Even Beile Freind (she was called Beile Hihaches) who baked a large challah for the performance, changed her opinion in view of the demonstration and joined our fighters. She did not appear with a set or with any other instrument, but she did not stop this evening to demand that her brother Avraham Yehoshua - who had the main role in the pre-, should do her a favor and should Ros Don't play."

After the success of the first performance, we prepared intently for the second performance. This time we wanted to play two connie lemels. "When people in my house found out about my battery leak in the performance and that I became an artist", according to their expression, my parents prepared a very special reception for me, and asked me not to participate in the performance.

One day we were told that a young Hebrew teacher had come to Horodla and he wanted to be a teacher of Hebrew. The teacher's name was Mordechai Friend (today in Israel). With the arrival of Madchi's friend in our town, a new period began for the youth who wanted to learn the Hebrew language. New horizons were opened to acquire education and the Hebrew language. With the help of Mordechai Friend, we started to study Hebrew literature, with him we acquired a lot of basic knowledge of Hebrew, and others also expanded their Hebrew knowledge, and the Zionist activity of that period expanded.

I remember the national acts and fire engagements that were carried out with great beauty and pride. In particular, I remember the great celebration that was organized for the opening of the

Research University in Jerusalem. The whole town was under the impression of our celebration, which was organized with great splendor and which awakened in us a longing for the Land of Israel.

Under the influence of Mordechai Friend, we began to try our hand at writing songs and articles, and we read them aloud at our friends' parties. I remember how our dear friend Jacob (Yankele) Gruber Z.L. wrote a song about Hanukkah, which was called Hanrut Hallu, which he read at the Hanukkah event that we performed. Yankele read the poem with great enthusiasm and pathos. But the society was not greatly enthused by his poem and his reading, and began to make different comments. But our friend Yankele did not get confused, interrupted his reading for a while and said with his wonderful innocence: - What? You don't like that? It's not that dangerous, but let me finish reading it first and then we'll cut it. Upon hearing his words, which were uttered with innocence seasoned with a thin humor, a loud laugh broke out in Zol.

Mordechai Freind left Horodla after a period of many TET chains, and the teacher Kolodnicki from Bialystok came in his place. It seemed that he came to our city to study Hebi Reish. However, as it turns out, he had a completely different task. His attitudes were communist, and instead of teaching Hebrew, he fed his students with communist ideas, and without realizing it, a number of his students were infected with his attitudes.

When it became clear to us his true intentions, a large part of his students left him, and a small part stayed with him to teach, in the end he was left with none and he left Horodla. It was only a short time until a guest came to us from Harobyshov by the name of Tzvi Platt, who stayed with us for a longer time.

Time, as an active member of the Zion Workers' Association, he did not sit idly by. Krain of colleagues and societies and founded a branch of the Zionist Union, The forteikrein, which was a limited one for the first time. Worked a lot for the spread of the idea of a working Land of Israel among the Harodler youth. During this time, a part of the youth was attracted to the new party, and showed great interest in its work.

In the midst of all the tumult of activity and business, a novel was playing out between me and Zvi Platt - this is my husband, a novel that brought us here.

In 1930 we left Horodla. We left all our dear acquaintances there. It never occurred to us that the cruel murderer Hitler would appear and bring such a tragic end to the European Jews and among them to the Jews of Haradla. May their memory be blessed!

Haradla in the first months of the
war



Shmuel Friend (Tel-Aviv-AI)

Haradla in the first days of the war

A year before the outbreak of the Second World War, there was already a pre-war mood in Poland that stung and oppressed, and a fear of what was to come was felt in our city of Horodla.

The year 1939 was a full year of German pressure on the Polish government to agree to give up on Danzig and other territorial demands. Jews, because Hitler threatened European Jewry and the Polish Jews with total annihilation.

It is easy to imagine the great panic that surrounded our city - like all Polish cities - when large, red-lettered mobilization signs appeared in the streets of Harodlar.

I remember the day of the outbreak of war, when the first news came into the city through the radio and the newspapers about the heavy bombardment of the German planes on the big Polish cities, which was so sad that everyone around them took it! And the Horodler Jews began to look for advice and ways to avoid the coming storm. Horodla, which lies on the western bank of the river Bug, was sensitive and full of fear in view of the possibility that the city should become a long front city, in case the Polish army should withdraw to the eastern bank of the Bug and that the Bug should be transformed into a straight line, as in the past wars of Poland.

It didn't take much time and the suspicions turned into real fear, when the Polish soldiers were seen retreating before the advancing Germans, and digging trenches along the length of the eastern shore of the bow, could clearly see how the Polish soldiers were digging protective excavations of the village of Chernawke bin Ostile. It became clear that the Polish army was preparing for a longer defensive war near Bug" and that Horodla would become a captured front town by the Germans. The Harodler Jews were afraid of the possibility of falling in with the Germans, after it was already known to them about the



Haya Kulish

Cruel things that the Germans did to the Jews in the occupied Czech and Austrian lands. A few days have passed, and one could hear that the front is approaching, through the silence of the thunderous shootings and powerful explosions, that the Germans are approaching Harodla. The Polish army hastily retreated to the eastern bank of the Bug, and the German army, which has not yet entered the city, is firing on the side of the wall that overlooks the Bug and on the city of Ustila (Auschilog), which had a Many Jews. For several years

Horodla did not have any power. The Foliaks left the city and retreated to the eastern side of the Bug and the Germans were somewhere on the western side of the city and did not enter the city yet, but Hormats fired at Horodla, to the eastern bank of the Bug. . It was before Rosh Hashanah, and I decided to get some vegetables and fruit in honor of Yom Tov. I settled on Pilsudski street, but it was won by farmers who had green leaves gardeners and Seder. I continued my walk to the Polish school

And a mighty array of motorized forces appeared in the air. A large number of German tanks appeared in front of my eyes, which are moving towards the city. A loud exclamation caught my ear, and I instinctively let myself run to a shelter, and after gathering there for a while, I crept home through the vegetable gardens that spread on the north side of Pilsudski Street. . I still managed to see the German army marching into the broad market of Horodla.



Zippy Peel on Air Pan

When approaching from the front, the Horodlar Jews hid in shelters and in the numbered sturdy cellars that also served as shelters against the artillery fire. My family together with a number of other families hid in the house of Mendel Lerner which was a side house and we found them for Fasik as a hiding place. It is easy to imagine the fear that gripped the prisoners when I returned to the house and told them that the Germans had entered the city.

On the second day of their arrival, some German soldiers appeared in the room of Mendel Lerner's house, they looked at the excavations that we made in the yard as a protection against bombardment they called us to them, and told us that we made the excavations in order to shoot at the German windows from there, they told us to stand by the wall and raise the hands. We understood that they wanted to shoot us and we started begging them and explaining to them that the excavation serves us as protection. Fluzim, a German captain appeared and ordered the soldiers to immediately put themselves on the market. A lord wanted us to be killed and we were saved by a miracle. Later that same evening, the Germans made their presence felt in Horodla. They broke up Moshe Tenenbaum's shoe business, they threw all the goods into the gutter in front of the Poles who gathered with sacks to seize the Jewish property, and in a short while Moshe Tenenbaum's property, which he had worked on for a while, was destroyed. Many years.

The next morning, they broke open other Jewish shops and threw out the goods to the Polish crowd. There were a number of shops left, which it was difficult to break open, and the Germans gave up the effort to break them open. In about two days, it was Yom Kpur, we realized that the German army was retreating. One could see how they put together the telephone wires and tie their tents. We did not understand this

Motive of the preparation. The issue was clarified to us after a Russian military expedition group came! We understood that these statements were made without the arrival of the Russian army in Horodla.

It is easy to imagine the joy that surrounded the Horodlar Jews, when they thought that they had been liberated from the Germans, the morning after Yom Kpur, the Jews opened their shops (the ones that were not looted). And general relief dominated the Jews of the city. A large Russian army did indeed arrive, but it allowed itself to go to the direction of Horobyshev Kelem.



Moshe Tenenbaum

But the relief did not last for a long time, when a number of days passed (this was law). It became known about a Russian-German border survey, according to which the bow should be the border line, and Horodla on the German side. Fear and trembling dominated the Horodler Jews in view of the return of the Germans into the city, and a confusion as well as a lack of determination reigned in the city! A part of the Jewish inhabitants thought that one should take advantage of the opportunity and cross the river to the Russian side, while others argued that it is not logical to leave the property behind and to escape with nothing. It should be emphasized that the Russians

They announced that from now on the Bug will be open for a few days before its official designation as the Russian border, and anyone who wants to cross over to the Russian side can do so now. My brother Fishel and I decided not to stay even a single day with the Germans, and for Hosanna Rabbah we crossed the river to Ostile and from there we went to Ludmir, during my



Haim Drucker

My late father and my mother refused to leave their possessions and stayed together with my sisters in Horodla. When we arrived in Ludmir, we went to our uncle who welcomed us with great kindness. My uncle insisted that we should write to my parents and let them hurry over to us in Ludmir. I returned to Ustila and sent a letter to my

Parents at my uncle's request, I was in Ostile for a few days and every day I went out to the Bug Bridge, and I watched the coming of my parents and my family, until the last day before the explosion of the bridge, my parents arrived. And my sisters and to our luck, we crossed the bridge just minutes before its explosion.

It is worth stressing about the lack of decision and the certainty that dominated the Jewish public in those days. Not a few families were already on the Russian side, but they could not endure the life in the foreign country, the wanderings and the conditions.

which were difficult to overcome, and they returned to their previous residence, which was already in German hands. Among them was David Katshendler and his family, who were together with us in Ludmir and they returned to Horodla. David himself saved himself, after he showed how to escape from the occupied Horodla. Even after the border was closed, many more people appeared to flee from Horodla. Among them were found: R. Mordechai Shohat, Avraham Shek, Nette Perlmutter and David Katzhendler. But in general the border was closed, without the possibility of crossing. When we found ourselves in Ludmir, we heard about the severe decrees that fell on the Harodler Jews. The news brought Gentiles who arrived from Horodla, because it was easier for them to cross the river. With a heart full of fear, we looked forward to the fate of those who remained.

The Jewish refugees in Ludmir It turned out to us that in Ludmir we will relax from the war. In the first period, we enjoyed a certain freedom, the Jews traded with all kinds of goods, and we generally had a living. This situation lasted for about a year.

In one day, the local Russian authorities announced that the Jewish and non-Jewish refugees need to move 100 km from the border.

Without losing time, the refugees were put on train cars that took us to Siberia

After a long and tiring journey, we arrived at the end station in a labor camp 120 km from the city of Tomsk.

As it became clear to us later, (when the Germans attacked Russia), it was for security reasons and it was also a favor for us in the end.

We must also emphasize the good relationship towards us on the part of the Russian power, which tried to provide us with the necessary in difficult war conditions and in a general food shortage.

At first, our situation appeared to be hopeless and a despair dominated the refugee camp in our new place.

However, who knows what's going on! that the transfer of us by force to Russia was our salvation, because the majority of those who were not transferred or who escaped from it, were later killed by the Germans, when they opened a war against the Russians and when They captured Ludmir

In Siberia, we were employed in forestry work, sawing thick trees and processing them into logs of various uses; railway sleepers, telephone and telegraph sloops, building boards, etc.

A

hook

It was difficult for us to get used to the new reality, the endless Siberian steppes, covered with snow, we tried to get used to the new Virkleni chain and the new, foreign and ~~W&wame~~ Siberia for a year and a half, until we were reprimanded, according to a Russian-Polish opman, about the release of refugees from Poland. After their liberation, the Jewish refugees flocked to Russian Central Asia, from where the majority of Jewish refugees gathered. We spent the rest of the war years in Russian Asia and from there we left for Poland after the German defeat. When we arrived in Poland, we saw the great destruction that the German murderers had brought upon Polish Jewry, a

Shock gripped us as we passed through the cities and towns of Poland where it was buzzing with Jewish life for centuries, and we saw them emptied of Jews. The old Jewish churches were torn out and destroyed, and we were convinced that the end of the glorious Polish Jewry had come. We no longer wanted to stay in Poland, the country soaked in the blood of millions of Jews, and we continued our journey to the West, with the aim of joining the Jewish refugee camps, which were waiting for the possibility of immigrating to the Land of Israel. - The Altini Jewish homeland.

Land of Israel wolf

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About the situation in Horodla at the time of the German occupation and about the destruction of the Horodlar community, we became aware of it at the end of the war and after it.

I was not an eyewitness of the tragic events, because I managed to escape from the German hands and I escaped from Harodla right at the outbreak of the Second World War, and together with a number of families from our town we settled in Chernovka, a small settlement on the east bank of the river Bug;

In Chernovka, we were together with several Horodler families: Jacob Zuberman and his family, Aharon Asher and his family, Aharon Chaim with his wife, R. Mordechai Shochat and his family, Berl Stone, Chaim Mastenbaum, Chaim, Zelix's son-in-law, Moshele Miller (the painter) and his son We all lived near the Smolyarne

The living conditions in Chernivtsi were very difficult And one had to have an iron patience and a strong will to adapt to these abnormal conditions.

But Moshele Miller and his son, Haim Mastbaum, and the butcher's wife with her four children, got up one day and returned to the town.

(Her husband Rabbi Mordechai Shochat and his adult son stayed with us)

Those who returned claimed that it was difficult for them to live in Chernivtsi in such difficult conditions, and that in Horodla, in their homes, they would not suffer as much as in our new residence.

We heard that immediately after their arrival in the city, the Poles informed the Germans about this, and the Germans ordered them to meet in a nearby town the next morning, when they were on their way to the flat that was they arranged, are the

They shot two Germans and killed them on the spot. When people found out about their murder in Horodla, Chaim Mastbaum's daughter made a riot in the market, as it was full of Germans, and the Germans killed them in the market. The tragic fate of R. Fathi Blatt's son-in-law, and Shlomo's son R. Mordechai Shub's son; when we were in Chernivtsi, gentiles used to come to us to buy salt (a rare article at that time), and the salt they bought they transported to Horodla and resold it for a higher price. Once the Gentiles brought us a letter from R. Fathi Blatt, in which he informed us that he had Guy sent a boat to transport his son-in-law - who was in Ludmir all the time - and to bring him back to Harodla. He also indicated in the letter the place where the boat would wait (not far from our place of residence), and the time of the Transfer.

A day before their transfer, R. Féthiah Blatt's son-in-law came to us together with Shlomhle, R. Mordechai Shucht's son, and informed us that they were both going over the bow and returning to Horodla.

We tried to talk them out of it, but Shlomhle said that he heard about the great famine that prevails in Harodla and he wants to transfer food articles to his mother, as I learned that on the same day the Russian week changed At the border points near the Bug, I advised them not to try to enter the Bug.

But they thought otherwise and they decided to cross the bow at the appointed time

As soon as they approached the boat that was waiting for them on the designated flat

The Russian week discovered them, and thinking that they had just arrived with the boat from Horodla, she forced them to swim across the river backwards. As well as a guy, a former Polish official who joined them, were drowned in the river. When Shlomohe arrived in the town, he immediately left

In his mother's house. But he no longer found his mother and his brothers, and in their place he found the Polish barber - who turned out to be an ardent Nazi during the German occupation - and who handed him over to the Germans who detained him and refine him to death. This is what the Christian Stashka told us.

In one of the evenings, a guy from the village came to us and told us that the young rabbi (the rabbi's son-in-law) who had just arrived from Horadla was now with him. I immediately left for the Gentile's house, and I actually found the young rabbi there who told me that he had escaped from Horodla, and that there were many Jewish dead in Horodla and that the Germans had buried him before he escaped. The dead give birth. The next morning we went together and approached the bow. We saw the old rabbi from a distance surrounded by Germans who forced him to be buried in the Gehr-

Gotta. When the Germans saw us from a distance, they started shooting at us. We sneaked out of the place. The next morning, the captain of the Russian guard appeared and in his hand he held the turban of the young rabbi, which he had earlier ambushed during his escape. The story happened in 1940. Close to that time, an instruction was given by the Soviet security forces, that it was invited for the people inside to be on the nearest places of the border and that we had to pass no Russia, we then left our new temporary residence, and we went to the far Russia.

Holocaust-horror stories of the
survivors

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Fradel Schiffer (Perlmutter) - Canada The Haradler Jews at the time of the German occupation and their bitter end

Poland was defeated

Upon hearing that the Germans were coming, the Jews began to flee to the small towns located on the western bank of the river Bug, which then became the border between the Russians and the Germans, with the aim of crossing over. On the Russian side

The first to flee were those who showed that they knew the Germans and their cruel treatment in the occupied cities, although it did not occur to anyone that they would dare to destroy six million dear and good Jews in a terrible way, without any guilt or sin.

The German soldiers arrived in our town of Horodla in September 1939

After that, all the Jews of the city, whom they had not yet left, were found in Horodla

Immediately after their arrival, the Germans ordered to open the Jewish shops, and threw out the goods that were in them to the satisfaction of the Gentiles, who gathered from all parts of the city with sacks, and seized their property - the Jewish Process

That whole day they were busy robbing the shops

However, in the same night, the Germans retreated and the Russians, who had been in Harodla for two weeks, entered their fleet. - according to the political order - as a border between the Germans and the Russians

Our town Horodla, which is located on the west bank of the river, became a border town, occupied by the Germans.

Together with the departure of the Russians from Horodla, some Horodlar Jews fled, among them my aunt (my father's sister) Hana Tenenbaum with her husband Moshe Tenenbaum and their three children, my aunt Perl Zavidavich with her three sons, and my grandmother Zissel Zavidovich. My parents were scared and could not escape from the city. It was difficult for us to leave our small possessions, to which we came after many years of hard work, we remained in our place in Horodla, and only my brother Moshe was united with my father who fled to Ludmir.



Moshe Perelmuter, Dawid Seidel. Among those who remained in the city was also the city rabbi and his family. Not a long time passed and many troubles poured out on the heads of the Horodler Jews. The German soldiers broke into the Jewish houses and looted everything they could find. The Ukrainian mayor and the Polish policemen also took part in the investigation of the Jewish property.

People began to arrest Jews for forced labor. Bringing them to work was accompanied by beatings and tortures, and the work itself was full of hardships and sufferings.



From the right: Chaya Zisberg, Bracha Zavidovich (Chesner), Pearl Zavidovich, Hannia Tenenbaum, Bluma Goldberg, Moshe Zisberg, Pradil Pereltter, the daughters of Chaim David Zucker, Ikutiel Zaviavitch.

Beards together with the flesh of the face, the Horodlar Jews were pious and kept their beards with bravery and devotion, despite the fact that they were separated from the Germans. Humiliated and oppressed, we were ashamed to raise our faces, because we could not bear the sight of the Gentiles who were late and rejoiced at our situation.

After four weeks, we heard for the first time about the death march of the Helemer and Harubishuber Jews.

With brutality and brutality, the German murderers took out several thousand Jews (among them was Liebele Zuberman).

They were gathered in the market and they were taken on foot to Belzitz, while the murderers were riding by their side.

Tired and broken, thousands of Jews dragged themselves

During their time, their enemies oppressed them and persecuted them

Those who were behind were shot on the way, the unfortunate ones tried to help each other and stopped those who were behind on their hellish way, but no Belzhits arrived.

But the German murderers had no mercy on these unfortunate few either. When they arrived in Belzitz, they told the Germans that they could drink water from the city well, and when the unfortunate people gathered around the well to quench their thirst, the killers opened fire on them and killed them all.

This mass mausoleum cast a heavy burden on the Jews, and a great lamentation enveloped us all. The Jews of all the neighboring towns sat down and lamented the destruction that the Germans had caused.

A panic and an escape This murder caused a great panic on the Jewish street of our city. Everyone was convinced that remaining under the Germans meant destruction. The Horodler Jews wanted to escape to the Russian side and were also looking for ways. But it was already too late. A small number of Jews - among them was also my father Nette Perlmutter - appeared to cross the river. Gentiles have buried them in their slopes for a large sum of money.

Unfortunately, this rescue operation also ended with a terrible tragedy. Many Jews were looking for different ways to cross the border. In addition, they paid a lot of money to Gentiles who had slopes so that they could move the bow. These gentiles took advantage of the trouble of the unfortunate, and when they found themselves in the middle of the river, they overturned the slopes with the fleeing ones, some of them drowned and their bodies were found on the bank. The escape ended, and the majority of the inhabitants, who did not attempt to escape, remained in Horodla with the Germans.

Among them, my mother, I, my two brothers, Mordechai Yosef Elazar and Ikutiel, and my little sister Bracha Zirale.

Forced labor, torture and access The Germans ordered that women should also provide themselves for forced labor, and they imposed on the Judenrat " which was appointed by them to carry out their orders - to prepare the men for the work. I painted myself As the one responsible for our house and I got ready to work on my mother's place. In the very winter, in the coldest and iciest days, we, the women of the town, worked at sweeping the floors, the steps of the bathroom doors and windows. We had to do our work quickly in order to avoid the terrible misfortunes that descended on the weak workers. Samuel Rosenblum was killed by the misfortunes during the work (they called him in the town Samuel Bayles). At that time, people



Haradler girls at forced labor: 1) Sarah Mindil's, 2) Isaac Melris's daughter 3) Mirhle - Israel Fishel's daughter.

We were ordered to wear a white patch with a blue Star of David, and woe betide those who were caught and did not wear the Jewish patch.

The stop signal for Jews at seven o'clock in the evening was an invitation for Jews to find themselves on the street. It was a depressing decree, especially in summer because in summer this hour is still a normal day, and we had to lower the shutters from the windows, and lock the doors, and arrive in a stifling air in the closed rooms, lit by small kerosene lamps, not having the possibility to create fresh air.

Hunger and diseases The hunger and the lack brought the typhoid disease, which spread and almost did not pass through a single Jewish home. The city doctor was forbidden to visit the Jewish sick. There was also a danger in announcing the illness of a Jew, otherwise the Germans would find out. Due to the lack of medical treatment, Sarah Ite's husband and son died of typhus. The Germans also used to visit the Jewish houses and look for sick men. During one of these searches I was also sick with typhus. When my mother saw how the Germans were approaching our house, she quickly dressed me and placed me with a book in my hand, by the stove, so that I would look healthy. My screen itself was successful and the search passed safely. But the fear of the search had a heavy effect on me and I became even sicker. In such a situation and under such conditions, two years passed for us and the year 1941 came.

The destruction of the great synagogue In that era, the good old days, the Germans ordered to destroy the synagogue, which was built with strong and solid stones.

And they forced the Jews to work at the demolition work that was carried out by Polish constructors. This is how they also removed the stone tombstones from the Jewish cemetery. They destroyed the park that surrounded the house of life and the Gentiles began to graze their animals there. So they also destroyed the Jewish shops that were built with bricks.

It is worth emphasizing that the Poles started the demolition of the school, at first the skunks broke the high corrugated windows of the school, and they did it by throwing stones. After that, the Gentiles began to remove the wooden frames from the windows and doors

It is difficult to convey the pain and the agony that we suffered, seeing how our holy place, which was the temple for the whole city, was being destroyed. We saw in the destruction of the school a sign of the destruction of the small and old Horodler community.

In addition to the mental suffering, we suffered terribly physically, because while we were loading the bricks onto the wagons, the Polish architects liked to have fun "by throwing pieces of bricks on our heads. While the Polish and German policemen laughed out loud , and guarded and forced us to do our work with cruel blows.

The attack on Russia In June 1941, the Germans attacked the Russians, crossed the river and in a few hours they occupied Ludmir. Ludmir was a large and beautiful city, and the Jewish community, which was always considered one of the most important communities in Poland, grew in size during the war, after Jews fled there from other cities, due to the pressure of The German enemy. It is difficult to imagine the fear of the Jews in Ludmir when they again fell in with the Germans.

Immediately after the appearance of the Germans, they carried out a terrible massacre in our family. A German soldier buried my aunt Malka (my mother's sister) and her little seven-year-old daughter Bracha Gittel alive, and this is how the terrible event unfolded: Bracha Gittel ran outside in the evening, after the stop signal, and my aunt Malka was After I ran into them, they went back into the house, in this

At that moment, a German assassin came and fired with his gun and hit my aunt in the leg. The little girl clung to her mother out of great fear, and the murderer dug a pit and buried them both, my aunt's husband and her son appeared to come to them in the dark and they did not find them alive.

All Ludmir lamented the horrible murder and the two dear victims who were killed in such a cruel way. My uncle Matel Zavidovich was murdered a week later in the city of Lviv. Immediately after the German invasion of Lviv, they took him out to work and he never returned home. The death of the Jews of Ludmir became ever closer. Jews



Avner Zucker Zane Froy Malka (Zavidovich)



Sarah'sli, on Han'sli d'Mordechai Davidwich and his wife Techter von Perwisch

They hid in secret hiding places to save themselves. But the Judenrat was forced to send people to work from time to time, at the request of the Germans. On the eve of Yom Kipur 1941, the Germans took perhaps two hundred Jews out of the labor camp, tortured them terribly throughout the night, And they were then brought to the open space for the prison, they were called to dig graves

And they murdered them afterwards and buried them in the graves. Among these murdered was also my brother Moshe Perlmutter and Berl Grassburd.

At that time, the brothers Ben-Zion Züberman and Shimon Züberman and their brother-in-law Reuben Stein were also murdered. All three were caught burying war dead and they never came back from their work.

In fact, the situation in our town has gotten worse day by day. All

New decrees were issued on the Jews, and the Germans punished them with death for the slightest violation. The most common things were considered as violations, such as, for example, walking in the Christian streets, going outside after seven o'clock in the evening, having a little flour with you, etc. The food in the Jewish houses ran out, and no money was enough to buy new food, we survived thanks to the exchange of household utensils and clothes for food. However, after two years of lack and oppression, and after a long period of changing things for food, the house was emptied of valuables.

I was busy with these "change-businesses". In no way did I let the mother deal with it because I didn't want to put them in danger. I thought that if people will

Catch me in the exchange trade and people will kill me, my mother will continue to live for the benefit of my younger brothers and sisters. The cold winter and the lack of wood for heating, forced us to destroy the wooden barn, and when the wood of the barn's walls ran out, we destroyed the wooden parlage of our shop, the wooden stairs, and other wooden articles that were in our house. The Christians destroyed the wooden Stubl park and took it for themselves, so they destroyed all the parks that belonged to the Jews.

I remember how a well-known Pole by the name of Ladia, the daughter of Vladka (who used to heat the oven for the Jews on Saturdays) appeared in our house that day, and she demanded from my mother to sell my last winter coat. Coat that I went to put on. "Anyway, they will kill you soon," Ger argued, "and instead of your clothes falling into the hands of others, you should sell them to me." A shock gripped us upon hearing such words.

A depressed mood prevailed in the town. People felt that terrible things would happen. There were rumors from different sources that the Germans were driving the Jews to unknown places and from there they were never coming back. We have also heard that people are sent to the concentration camps. We stopped taking off our clothes before going to sleep, because of the fear that the Jewish houses would not be raided in the middle of the night. Just like they did in other cities. We prepared backpacks in order to be ready for the deportation. We turned around like the shadows. The bad rumors of other cities made our blood boil. The Passover of the year 1942 arrived in such a terrible situation.

Eight days after the holiday, our town suffered the same fate that was set for Polish Jewry.

The Jews are being driven out of Horodla! The terrible rumor spread quickly, the gentiles gathered - of course - to take what was left of the poor Jewish property and the Jews were forced to sell at low prices.

In addition, the Ukrainian mayor went from house to house and registered the house's belongings, so that they could not be sold.

I went to a farmer named Matevka Budniwski, and I proposed to him to buy our wardrobe

I remembered that he once, while he was with us, expressed that the closet was very nice.

He took the shape and promised a very handsome price

I wondered about this good friend, and I openly expressed my surprise.

Budniewski replied: This is the real price of the closet for you to pay a thousand zlotys.

I want to pay her price and don't want to take advantage of other people's trouble

I find it necessary to mention this fact, because due to the sale of the cupboard to the farmer Budniewski, my

Acquaintance with his family, which led to saving my life as it will be told later.

We were still hoping that people would prove to revoke the divorce law, by paying ransom money in the city of Horobyshev - the seat of the cross staff of the murderers; from where the decrees are issued from time to time. A number of people from the Judenrat "went to Harochishov to try to cancel the decree. On the way back - after their relations with the Germans were futile, they stopped the Germans near the village of Cable, and took out among them Rabbi Fethiah Blatt and killed him. Rabbi Fethiah was the first victim in Horodla. The news about the mission that did not turn in and the murder of Rabbi Fethiah Blatt oppressed the Jews of Horodla. A fear gripped the town. Jews complained and wept. We are alone



Di wedding von Josef (Yozha) Rosenblum

Gathered at the home of Sarah Mindel Rosenblum to recite the Psalms. (They lived in Sarah Mindlen's house the whole time after the outbreak of the war). We thought that maybe the murderers would recall the terrible decree.

But the decree was carried out. Eight days after Passover (in 1942), all Jewish men, women and children were ordered to appear in the city market to their



The sisters Sheindil and Pradil Ravenblum

Deportation. People who were employed in field work by landowners and farmers of the area were excluded from this order. The Jews ran to the farmers and asked them to take them to work without any wages, in many cases the unfortunate ones promised to pay the farmers for their work. A person can't imagine the horrible picture, how a whole community, men, women and children, are taken out of their

Homes and from their city, where they have lived for generations, are led tired and broken in an unknown direction
I remember how my mother and her children - her swallows - left our home
And when they had already moved away from the house, my mother turned her head to the side of the house, sighed and said: Do you know if I will see my house again?
I was among those who managed to get a job site, and because of that I stayed in the city
I hoped that I would be able to provide my mother with food after the nature of their deportation became known.
And when I said goodbye to my loved ones, it appeared to me that my heart had been moved from its place
I stood with a frozen look, and looked after my mother and my sisters, who became more and more distant all the time.
I returned from the empty market and I cried out loud
I wouldn't mind if the Germans hear my cry and kill me, I went I arrived at our home
But they didn't let me enter our house anymore
A Christian named Najali stood by the door and said to me: - What do you want here? From now on in my house and you have no right to enter
We, the survivors, asked to be given a house to cry in, and we got such a house.
All the Jewish houses were occupied by Christians, a large number of houses were disturbed by their occupants and the material was transferred to them.
The town streets have changed with a terrifying change
It seemed that the city and its streets were mourning the destruction
I look to the side of our house, consider the trees that were planted by my brother, and I see how they have bloomed and are covered with spring flowers.
My heart sank at their sight
A fear and dread in every corner
We were afraid to be in our town

In order to murder the survivors, a few days after the deportation, the Germans took out Rachel Blat, Avraham Seidel (the son of Rebecca Seidel) and Moshe Berger, took them to the Jewish cemetery and murdered them.

A few days later, the Germans sent Haim Weintroib with a letter to the village of Mach, and killed him there. Two days later, the murderers also sent Abraham - the son of Toibelen - with a similar letter to the village of Mach. When we told him to try to escape and hide, he replied: Where should I run and where should I hide, anyway I won't be able to escape and what needs to happen will happen anyway.

At the same time, they also killed Shmuel (Smulka), the rabbi's son, and buried him in the Polish school.

A fear and a fear and the lack of personal security reigned in every corner. Even our own shadow cast fear upon us.

The Lord Adler exiles in the city of Okhan, about a week ago, I found out that my mother and the children, together with the Horodler Jews, are in Okhan. We also heard about the terrible mass murder of the Okhan Jews. We were told that the Germans took many Jews out of Ochan, burned them at the Jewish cemetery and shot them there, among the dead were also twenty-two Horodler Jews. From among those who were led to death, only two remained, who were employed in burying the victims. They were: Jacob Seidel (Yankele, Rebecca Seidel's son), and Matel Sofris son-in-law (Rishle's husband). Their description of the barbaric murder that the Germans carried out hardened the blood.

The Nirus of the last ones left to Okhan eight days after Shavuot (in the year 1942), after completing the plani language work among the farmers, we, the young ones, were also expelled from Horodla, and we were taken to Okhan. We were chased for a break until Oban. How happy I was when I met my mother, brother and sister again in Ochan.



The children of Nette Fereltuter how happy I was to see how they run to me with pale faces and take me around and cry. Great was my luck, that I brought them in the cart that followed us and that brought the packages of the displaced, a pile of potatoes and wood for the heat that I received from the farmer Budniewski on account of the sheep that we sold him, with the promise that the rest that comes to us, he will send us when we write to him about our new residence.

The expelled in O Khan. The appearance of the Horodlar Jews has changed greatly during the years since they were expelled from Horodla. The twenty men were forced to shave off their beards, which greatly changed their appearance, except for Shatirv, who kept his beard until his last day.



Nitel fails in her children

Our poor little girl became less and less, our whole food supply dwindled for four weeks. The bread was moldy. This was the bread that was still baked in Harodla. And people ate it in small portions for the sake of thrift and prudence. Despite this lack, my mother did not forget to add some of her bread, from time to time, to hungry people who had nothing to eat, adding that in this merit, her children should be saved from starvation.

Worse was the lack of wood for heating. If we were already worried about what to do with a few potatoes, there was nothing to buy them with, my mother used to go into the forest - a distance of eight kilometers - to bring a small bundle of wood, setting her life, because we heard from time to time about Jews who were shot for the sin of "bringing wood from the forest". Despite this, the instinct to live was stronger than all the dangers. Hoped to overcome the gurus in the troubles.

The Destruction of the Haradler Jews We were not allowed to be together for a long time, a week after my arrival in Ochan - that was about two weeks after Shavuot.

24th day in Zion - the Horodler Jews were led on their last journey to the extermination camp in Sububar, one of the extermination camps set up by the Nazi murderers

The death march of the Horodler Jews is engraved on my heart and I will never forget it

On that bitter day, they took the Jews from Horodla, and they took us to Munich (near Zamashch) and they brought us to the train station of this city.

The murderers ordered men of a certain age to turn to one side, while the old men and mothers and children, forced them to climb onto the freight wagons with cruel blows and shooting in the crowded crowd.

Oh woe! There are no words to describe the shocking scene that I witnessed that day in Munich! With pain and regret, we look and we see our loved ones, who are pushing and pushing together to get on the freight wagons, to save themselves from the bullets of the murderers, and we, who are standing by the side.

Can we do anything to help them and free them from their trouble

The wagons are very high and it is difficult for the unfortunate to climb on them, one drags another, and helps him get out, and the murderers

Do not stop shooting at the unfortunate

Here and there human bodies slide down and fall out, which were hit by the killers' bullets when they climbed onto the wagons.

I see a kind of unhappy mother dragging her children and helping them get on the wagon, and in great panic she runs back to collect the food package and the bottle of water that we took with us when we left Ochan.

Meanwhile, she saw a German assassin and pointed his revolver at her

Here I was more content and shouted to her: Mother! Escape! Save yourself! Hearing my screams, the killer turned his revolver on me and fired

But then a strange thing happened, next to me stood Pious (Ali's; Idel's daughter) and she asked me to stop screaming.

In pulling me I was forced to bend a little, and this happened just as the assassin fired, and the bullet flew through my head.

The German made a hand movement and my mother meanwhile got on the wagon

The wagons are locked, and the train moves slowly, and goes with our tormented and unfortunate dear ones on a road from which they have no longer returned, while our hardened and overwhelmed eyes accompany them with sorrow and pain. The whole night we sat on the packages - while the bodies of the victims who were killed in this murderous action were lying around us - and we wept and lamented the bitter fate and end of our dearest and the Harrodler Jews who were liquidated in a cruel and terrible way by the German bloodthirsty.

The classification of the survivors on destruction and on work

The morning after the terrible event, a commission of murderers appeared, which once again classified those who remained, on the basis of

The able-bodied and the weak". The laborers - among whom I was also - were sent back to Ochan, while the weak were transferred to the concentration camp in Stow (near Helem). It was a terrible camp, the unfortunate ones were walked around the camp naked, as they were born. About the horrors of the camp, we were told by Jacob Seidel, who was also among the unfortunates who were transported to Stow, and who appeared to escape from the camp and unite with Together with Yaakov Seidel in escaping from the camp, Ichale - a grandson of Moshe Boymayil, the eldest of the camp - who was a Ukrainian murderer - realized that they had escaped, and while chasing them, he caught Ichelen, returned him, in the camp and hanged him in front of the arrested.

When we arrived in Ochan, I entered the house as my mother and the children used to while they were in Ochan. In this room I found souvenirs of my dearest ones, which moved my heart. Here lies the little hat of my younger sister. In a corner are the reading glasses of my mother, and the arrangement with the yellowed leaves of my mother's tears, here is the bundle of wood for baking and cooking, which my mother gathered in the forest, and brought it into the house, setting her life . I no longer had any strength in view of the souvenirs that reminded me of the beauty of my family, and I fell into weakness. I don't know how long I lay unconscious, but when I came to I found myself hugging the bundle of wood.

The remaining Horodlers were returned from Ochan to Horodla, and from there we were taken to work in the good station. There we found a number of Jews from the village of Strijen as well as some Jews who appeared to have escaped from the Warsaw ghetto.

It is interesting to mention the atmosphere that we found in Horodla when we walked through it, on the way to the good in Stashin to our work flats. It was a Sunday - the day of the Christians - when we, the survivors, arrived at Horodla. When the Christians found out about our arrival, they started running in panic. One could feel their dismay and their fear, perhaps we will be required to stay in Horodla and they will have to return the looted Jewish property to us. We have experienced their stormy and fearful looks. Only one Christian woman showed feelings of true joy for our return and especially for my return, it was Katya - the wife of the farmer Mati-Evka Budniewski, when she saw me, she embraced me, hugged and kissed me. Unaware of the hatred and angry glances of the Christians who gathered around us.

In the benefit of the internship, we worked all summer for our work, we received very tasty food, we could not change our clothes, because apart from our work clothes, we had no other clothing. From time to time we managed to cross over to Horodla and ask the Gentiles for food, at the expense of our looted possessions, not counting the great danger that was associated with such a walk, but one of us - Herschel's friend's daughter - was caught on his way to Horodla and was shot. When we were on the road, news came to us again about the Jewish ghetto in Ludmir and about its Jewish residents, Hannah and her family are still alive. Once I received a small letter from the grandmother, which was sent with a guy. It was the last letter and the last evidence of our family's life in Ludmir. Because in

A short time later, the murderers carried out another operation, "they caught many Jews and among them the survivors of my family while hiding, they took them out to Ptidien" (a place near Ludmir), murdered them and buried them in a Huge brother's grave, in which they buried the victims of the Ludmir community.



Pradil Zawizawicz the daughter of
Fishel Zawizawicz Fraril Tenenbaum
the daughter of Moshe Tenenbaum and his daughter

I really wanted to know details about my family and about the life of the Horodlar Jews in Ludmir, but after some time had passed, I was told that my old holy grandmother had survived the first great pogrom, but only the second one. In Pagros they were discovered in a bunker where they were hiding with other Jews and they were shot.

I was also told about the death of my two cousins, Moshe and Ikutiel Zavidavich - the sons of Levi Isaac and Pearl Zavidavich. During the entire war, these two relatives of mine hid with a Christian, and right before the end of the war, they were murdered by the same guy who hid them. This is how I also learned about the fate of my two uncles (my mother's brothers) Ikutiel and Fishel Zavidovich and their families who lived in the Warsaw ghetto until the uprising of the ghetto.

The escape The fall has come and the field work has ended After we finished the last field work, and we took the potatoes and other winter vegetables from the field, the order came from the Germans that we need to supply in the morning in Hrubyshov - the city of Krain.

I decided to run away

At night I sneaked out of the farm to Haradla, I went to the house of Matevk Budowski and I asked them to help me hide. It became easier for me when I heard a very good answer from them, and their approval Just to hide

His wife added that she had a feeling about my coming in. They prepared a shelter for me, they led me into the stable and they showed me the shelter they had made under the haystack, and what they They prepared it after the hay harvest

Katya - Budniewski's wife - added and told that my mother came to her in a dream, and asked her to hide me so that there would be someone left of me and her five children, of their marriage, and the woman became pregnant seven months after my coming to them, they therefore believed that this grace was done to them thanks to their hiding me Therefore, they guarded me and devoted themselves to me with loyalty until my release

I was lying in the shelter, which was generally dark, so I could see the daylight and what was happening on the street. Through a crack that was in the wall of the bar Heltenish, and I could hear the conversations of the farmers, and through that I learned the news and the events, that's how I learned about the bitter end of my colleagues, the Unfortunate survivors who worked with me in the internship and who joined the Harur settlement and did not escape. When they got ready in the morning, they were taken to Hrubishov and they were killed (this was on January 10, 1942).

That's how I found out in a few weeks - that a number of colleagues also escaped that night from the good but they had no way to hide.

These unfortunates wandered like abandoned animals, and no one was found who would take pity on them and provide them with a place of refuge.

Not only that: but the cruel gentiles handed them over to the Germans, after they found them hiding in the haystacks.

Among the impostors were some Jews from Strizhev, as well as three Horodlers: Fishel Shafak, his brother-in-law Mendel, Jacob Seidel

Jacob Seidel went through so many trials, suffered indescribable hardships during the war years and always escaped, at the last moment, from the danger of his life, he was betrayed by the Gentiles and was murdered.

Mirele Kapels was captured by Stach Schmitsky, who dragged her and handed her over to the Germans.

Two years in the house. The shelter in which I found myself for about two years was the largest of human beds. I was therefore forced to sit the whole time, because there was no place to sit. So I didn't talk to anyone the whole time and they didn't talk to me. The days and the nights went on slowly, and they got me

turned out to be infinite. In winter, I was very cold in my bedroom, so that the water that was in a vessel next to the bed froze. On the other hand, in the summer, a stifling heat prevailed in my shelter. The frequent searches that the Germans carried out robbed me of my peace. The fear of the searches completely oppressed me. I stopped eating. And I became thinner from day to day until I became completely emaciated, a sadness gripped me and I wept without ceasing, at the same time in the fate of my mother and my younger brothers and sisters, and in the fate of The Jews in general. The terrible appearances did not leave my memory, and all the terrible images and all the black appearances were always before my eyes.

Now I remember the horrible night in Munich. I see my mother trying in vain to reach her poor bundles and bring them onto the wagon. And just as the Germans are shooting on all sides and she is already frustrated and is forced to leave them behind, Flozim asks my younger brother Yoselet: Mom! Where are my Tefillin? And when he heard that the tefillin were left in the packages, Yasela rushes out to the packages, finds the tefillin, puts them inside his clothes adding a saying from Kiddush Hashem: - If I will still be alive tomorrow morning, If I need to lay tefillin, and he proved that he correctly assesses the situation. How dear the tefillin were to him! And how strong was his love for them! This is understandable, because he became Bar Mitzvah the previous Passover.

In grief and in bitter thoughts, I pass a hopeless year in my shelter. The year 1943 arrived and with it important news. It was learned that the German army is withdrawing from Russian soil. Thus a large camp of the retreating German army arrived in Horodla and prepared to take up a position on the border line along the river Bug. For me, the situation became worse, the Germans

They confiscated all the farms of the farmers, including the farm in which I was hiding. At night I huddled together and I exerted all my strength not to fall asleep so that the Germans who slept in the same barn would not find out about my presence. I had to be careful with the slightest movement.

The danger of discovering me was now greater, because the horses of the German army grazed and ate from the hay that lay on my hideout and hid me. The farmer Budniewski saw that until the next harvest the horses would eat up all the hay, so he started to cut off green hay to cover the flat of my hideout. This caused curiosity among his neighbors earlier.

In the last weeks before the liberation, I felt that my strength was running out and my strength of resistance was coming to an end. The front is thundering, there are fires and explosions. A bomb falls on a house and it goes away with the smoke. A great panic is felt outside and the farmers are running around here and there, the farmer Budniewski is preparing an emergency exit for my shelter, I should be able to escape through it in case of a fire. While I felt that my legs could no longer carry me, and certainly could not run. I can no longer hold on to the feet.

And now the Germans are running and pulling back, they have already crossed the bow to the west and they are leaving big fires under themselves, as is their custom when retreating. An order was issued to the residents that they must leave Horodla. Farmers pack their bags, a great noise and a panic all around, what will I do myself, if the farmers family - my welfare - will be forced to leave the city? The sound of the gunfire and of the bombs exploding gets stronger every now and then, and I also hear the panicked running of the Germans.

B a s r i n n g the fear thoughts don't let me go and
darken my consciousness... I want to fall asleep... that way
it will be easier... that's how I fell asleep in my fine.
When I woke up from my deep sleep, I

saw that the Russians had arrived in the city. Is there
really an end to my suffering? Has freedom really come? I
came out of my house tennis to create fresh air and the
daylight. I asked what day it was, and I was told that the
secular date is 23.7.44.

With uncertainty, I began to consider the situation around
me. The first thing I was interested in knowing was whether
there were any Jews left alive! Did my fellow sufferers show
up to date? My family, where are you?!

Countless people immediately gathered. Fish belt, Laibel
Berger, Shmuel Berger, Avish Berger, David Berger and Jacob
(Yankel) Motes Melamed's son-in-law, a lot of people from
a whole community. But how despicable are the enemies of
Israel, who have no remorse and no conscience, and did not
hesitate to extend their hand to the numbered survivors, and
killed two of us; David Berger and Jacob Matese's
son-in-law.

We said that we understood that we would not stay in our
Jewish pure town and we left for the West to unite with the
Jewish remnant of the refugee that gathered from the
shelters, from the forests of the Russian steppes. To my
luck, I also find my father, Nate Perlmutter, among the
unfortunate refugees. In our hearts, we all made the decision
that we should not stay here, and we started looking for
safer shores.

A postcard written by the girl Hanna Zavidovich (a daughter of Mordechai Zavidovich) to the writer of the work. In this card, the girl writes about the murder and the massacres that the Germans are carrying out, she reports that her mother and her sister Sarah were sent to an extermination camp, and she asks to write to Grandma Zisele that they go to the grave of the grandfather label and ask for mercy.

This card was written in August and was sent from the city of Lviv (Lemberg) to the good station, where the writers of this work worked. The full translation of the content of this card:

to Lviv

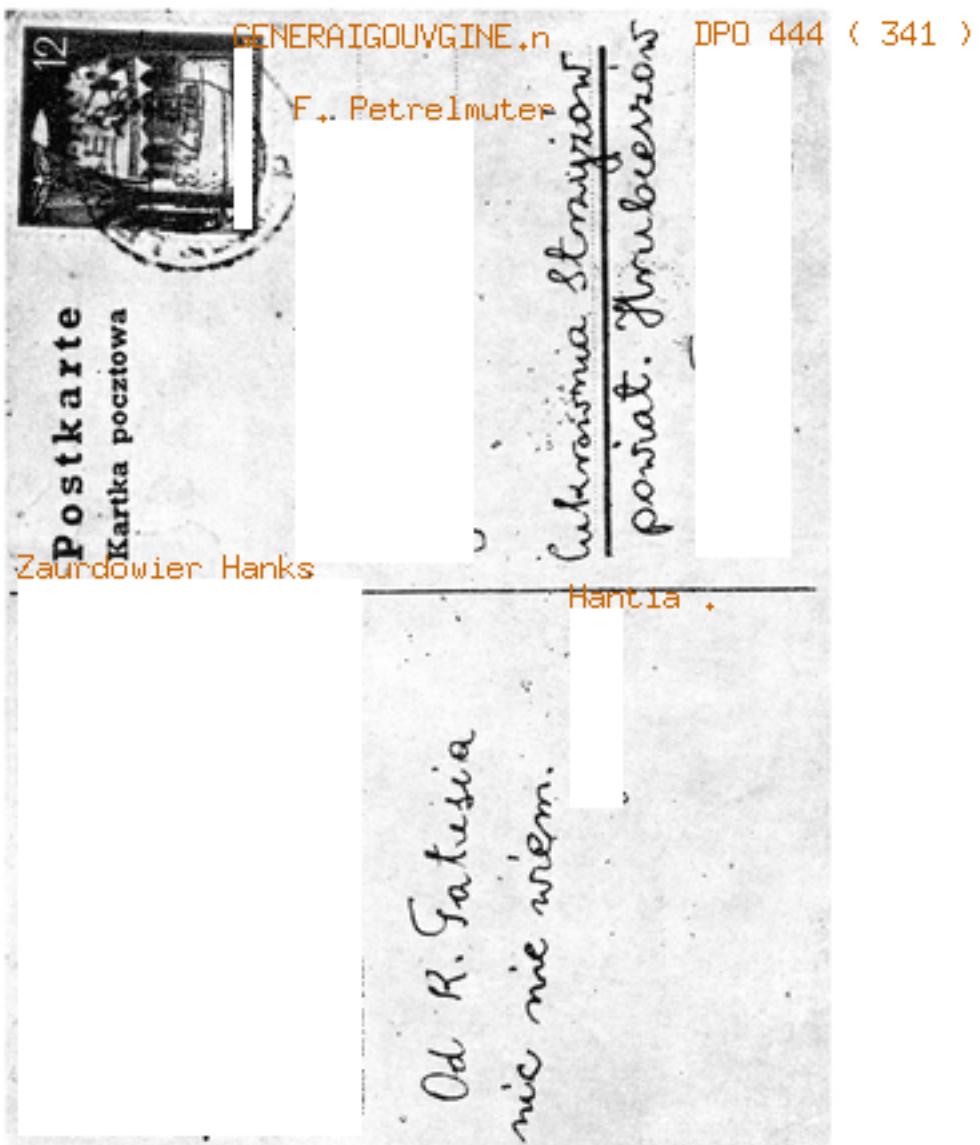
Love Pradl! I am letting you know that I remained an orphan just like you, the mother and Sarah went out on the day 10.8.1942 on the same road on which your mother was sent. I stayed with my mother's friend. I do not lack any food, but I am very unhappy. It is now with us madam slaughter. I don't have any news from Warsaw and that worries me a lot. If you write to the grandmother, you should ask her on my behalf to go to the grandfather's label and let him know everything. Write later, because I am lonely and your letter will comfort me a little. Goodbye, Your Highness

n. b. I have no news of my dear father.

Kochana Iradzie!

leto

Jak ei dnoesq rostaParz takasamq signot
ja ty. Mamusea ~ gata wyzechali 10/8 (take
jake twosie mama, ja rostakam u ma-
misi kolopiamki. Jedzenie mune nie
brakuje tykhe jentjem boimko niesiecz-
lina. Jerau u mas jest g. brachitom.



of the Kortl, and of the writer of this essay. The second side of the postcard, the address of the writer

Arya (Leon) Berger - Beer Sheva, Ai

The Haradler Jews during the war and their cruel death

When the first news arrived about the attack of the Germans on Poland and about the bombardment of the Polish cities by the German planes, fear and oppression dominated the Jews of Horodler and the Jews of the whole of Poland.

The fear of the possibility of a German occupation, whose hatred of Israel knew no bounds, was very great.

Although no general cruel destruction of Polish Jewry was imagined

It is understandable that the Jews in Poland and among them the Jews of Horodla heard about the rapid advance of the Germans and about the defeat of the Polish army about three weeks after the beginning of the war. Occupied by the Germans, and immediately upon entering the city, they broke open the fortified Jewish shops - at the direction of Polish workers - and threw the goods outside to the Poles, who gathered to catch the vibe.

I was in Pinchas Berger's house when the Germans broke into his house and looted his belongings.

The German captain who accompanied the soldiers who looted told us: because of the Jews we came to Poland, we will exorcise you as we exterminate mice.

Despite this, they still did not attack the Jews in Finland and they contented themselves with robbing the Jewish people and

In the morning, the Germans retreated to Hrubishov and the Russian army arrived in their place, but in six weeks around

The Russians returned to the eastern shore of the river, and the Germans finally arrived at Horodla.

A small part of the Horodla Jews took advantage of the opportunity and left Horodla together with the Russians, but their majority remained in the city.

Immediately upon their arrival, the Germans gave an order to provide them with a list of all the Jews in Horodla. Thus, an order was also given that each of you must wear a white ribbon on which a Star of David should be drawn. They also began to divide the good houses and the good clothes of the Jews from the Gentiles. The Jews were told to submit to forced labor every day, which was accompanied by torture and humiliation.

The Determining Kind of Judenrat "In May 1940, the Germans appointed a Judenrat", and imposed on him the provision of forced laborers according to their demands. On the 20th of May, the Germans demanded to provide them with Jews who would be suitable for physical work, in order to send them to work in Belzitz. A terrible panic surrounded the town upon hearing the demand. Because of the fear of being sent to Belushits, and the Germans turned around the Jewish houses to find hidden Jews, when I saw German soldiers knocking at the door of our house, I sneaked out of the house through the window that goes Entering the yard, I jumped across the fence from the garden to the side of the creek, and hiding among the grasses, I lay in my hiding place until the mobilization action was over.

Arrest and punishment

But I didn't always manage to slip out, one dark night there was a knock at the door of our house, when

We opened the door, broke into the house with the fifteen Germans who were leading with them R. Fathi Blas Z.L., they woke up our whole family from their sleep and they took us all out, including the mother and little ones. Children, in the garden that borders our house, whose eastern border ended at a curved wall that goes down to the bow, we were lined up and told: that they know that we have money for a sum of 30 thousand marks, and they demand that we hand over the money to them

When we replied that we had no money, they told R. Fathi that he should convince us to confess and hand over the money to them.

And all of a sudden they pushed me and R. Fathi off the high mountain and we fell down to the bow, we got crushed in the clods of earth, in the thorns and glass, so that we couldn't get up.

They were ordered to go back upstairs

My mother and the little children told them to go home, and my father and I took them to the commander's office.

There they tied me up, and began to torture me and hit my shoulders non-stop.

I fainted several times and each time they discouraged me with cold water that they poured on me.

My shirt was cut to fit so many beats

The captain told me: You won't find anyone alive if you don't hand over the money

You better save your life

I told him that he is hurting me for nothing, because I have no money, after that he took my father into a small cell that was specially built for torture.

We stood in the cell all night, because there was no place to sit while water dripped down on our chests.

In the morning, at 10 o'clock, the captain opened the cell and asked us loudly: have you freshened up a bit from the mascara?

We were ordered to leave the cell, we were driven down into the yard, and we were made to jump under the sports equipment in the yard, accompanied by Lef, and then we were released.

New war - break with Russia After the outbreak of the war with the Russians (June 1941) a new decree was issued that everyone must show that he is connected to a workplace at a Christian farmer, who will do this Not being able to show up means getting kicked out of town. The Jews ran to the farmers and asked them to take them to work, and to give them a fair amount of work for a proper payment. Our family and I were hired to work with Shvitlinski (the oldest of the town). The family of Fethiye Blatt were also hired by him, and thus they were temporarily saved from deportation.

Different decrees were issued every day, and whoever violated them was set to receive the death penalty, except for the decree of a curfew in the homes in the evenings, which everyone found after the curfew. If one put his life on the line, the Jews understood that their life had become a sacrifice for anyone who wanted to get over them. We are standing in Svitlinski's yard, and two German guys on bicycles pass by, and one calls out to the other: There are Jews! They came to the yard, pulled out their revolvers, and ordered my father, Avraham Seidel - who happened to be in this farm - and Fethia Blatt's wife - Rachel to go after them, they took them to the cemetery and murdered them.

The deportation of Lord Adele Yidden On a summer day in 1942, the Germans published an order "that all Horodler Jews should be deported to Ochan. This was the most terrible decree, for which we were all so afraid. Although not Everyone assumed that a general deportation meant the extermination of the Jews in the death camps. In accordance with the order, all the Jews: men, women and children, lined up in the market, and from there the whole community was led. No where.

It is difficult to describe the terrible picture, and the moments of leaving the town, where these Jews have lived, they, their parents and their ancestors for many generations, not knowing where they are being led and what the murderers are doing. Think with them to do. It was heartbreaking to see the unfortunate outcasts leaving the city dragging their feet to an unknown place. Tired, both physically and mentally and oppressed, the exiles arrived in Ochan, in a place. As there were thousands of expelled and refined Jews from the surrounding cities and from the nearby villages, they were arranged in tight little rooms, as other families used to live, and we waited with fear for what was to come. It was hard to imagine that the next station would lead to the Tut camp.

Even in Ochan, our life was free. In a day, some cars with s.s. agents. When they saw the gathered Jews in the market, they got out of the car and selected fifty Jews from among the evicted, they ordered them to lie down on the ground, and killed them with machine guns. After that, they ordered us to clean up the dead, while the murderers sat down and gave Brunen sandwiches to eat.

The deportation to the death camp that it has been eight days, an order was received, we need to gather in the market of Ochan, around two thousand people have gathered in the market. We were put on farmers' wagons that were specially brought, and we were taken to Munich, we were not told what the purpose of the trip was and where we were being taken. When we were on the road, the foreman - the gentile - asked me: Do you know how people drive you? You are taken to the crematoriums. I told the good words to the rabbi who didn't want to believe it. When we arrived in München - (a way to help at the 15 km from Zamość)

We were brought to the train station where there was a train with 15 freight cars. A group of SS arrived, murderers and gave an order that the women and children should quickly get on the wagons. The murderers began to shoot on all sides and at the camp of the unfortunate. It became a riot. There was nowhere to escape and many were killed on the spot. Next to me stood the rabbi Moshe Leib Haloy Berman ZTL - the Horodler rabbi who was shot by the Germans. He fell on me. The unfortunate women and children ran in the chaos and tried to get up with all their strength. Get on the wagons in order to



The shepherds of the congregation of Mary...
(Psalms 22) The German horses and their
sacrifices.



Sheba Hirsch the daughter of David Goldberg
Simcha's



Malka Wallach, the daughter of Rabbi Moshe Mandil

Save yourself from the shooting of the Germans. The wagons were filled with human sacrifices and left, while we remained standing in the place confused and our eyes closed accompanied the train that led our dearest to the crematories of Belgium, among which were my dear mother and her three Children, Mary, Gittel, Benjamin.

The fate of the survivors We stayed on the spot all night, not knowing what they wanted to do with us. In the morning, a group of Germans came, who took care of the survivors, and divided them into two groups. One group

which consisted of young people, women and men, and the second group - of the weak old people, and of boys and girls who are not yet of working age. The second group was once again torn away from us by force and they too were taken to the death camp, with this group was also taken my brother Yehuda, who was thirteen years old, who said goodbye with heart-wrenching cries.

We were told that the survivors would be sent to work in the agricultural colonies. On the same day, the owners of the farms appeared and they chose people from among us for the work and took them with them. The horodler and the strijver stayed and were not asked for work and the Germans told us to go work in a good that gives horodla. We returned to Harodla and we went to Stashin and we were hired there; we worked there for five months. I was chosen by the priest as his personal foreman. Because of this task that the priest imposed on me, I was a witness to a terrible and shocking murder event, from which the hair on the head stands on end, such that is difficult to portray, and which underlines the lowest level of cruelty the Germans are

complete. The horrible phase that does not disappear from my memory:

One day the priest invited me to go with him to Hrubishov. When we arrived in Harobyshev, in the middle of the night his affairs were settled, and I stayed to watch the cart that was standing on the street of the Jewish ghetto. On this occasion, I talked to a Jew who was giving the cart. Flozim waved to us Germans and asked us to go with them, we were brought to the cemetery and we were led to a group of Jews who were digging an excavation that we did not know why a short time later were brought

61 Jewish children, small, tied together by their small arms, one to the other, and their cries reach to the sky. After them, a German murderer arrived accompanied by a group of murderers, and after a definite preparation, he began to smash the heads of the apples with a stone and threw them into the pit.

This raging and fanatical riot shook all the Jews who still remained and completely oppressed them.

That it has been five months since we were in Stashin, the director of the economy Piszky came to me and told me that a German had come to ride a bicycle and wanted to talk with me. Of course, I ran into the field in a big panic and I didn't know what to do.

After meeting for a while, I returned to the economic director and asked him to find out in German what he wanted. After a while, the director returned and told me that the German had brought me a letter.

I went to the German, and he told me that he came from Ludmir, and that he knew my brother Tevel and he gave me a letter from him, in the letter we wrote my brother Tevel and my sister Rebecca, I should They come to Ludmir

They also tell me that you can communicate with the German. The German offered me a ride on his bicycle to Ludmir, of course, that I had thought about his service readiness.

I left the farm and went on foot on a road that had no road until I came to the bow

I went to see a man named Biletsky who used to live near the Bug, and I proposed to him that he should help me cross the Bug for a sum of money that I will pay him for that.

As he didn't have a boat, we crossed the bow by swimming I made two bundles of my clothes and belongings and I gave him the big bundle of clothes to keep

After crossing the Big, Biletsky returned to the other side taking the bundle of clothes with him, and I was left with the underwear on my body.

My area in Ustila and my coming to Ludmir. I left for Cheriniovka and slept for a night with a farmer named Tarbil. I got up quite early and I let myself go to Ostile. In Ostila, I met Eliezer Halperin's son, and he told me about the great troubles that the Ostila Jews also faced. I went to Austria



Shlomo Blatt and his family

Ludmir, and when I arrived in Ludmir, I immediately left for the Jewish ghetto. The first person I met was Mordechai Zuberman, and then I met many Haradlers, among them the family of Jacob Zuberman, Perl Zavidovich, and her sons Ikutiel and Moshe Zavidovich, Moshe Zisberg, and other families. I was four weeks in the ghetto. In the Ludmir ghetto I worked strange forced labor, but life had no security of existence and

Possibilities. Almost all day they were in action and Jews were led to kill any Pythians - a nearby need of Ludmir. It was clear that the Germans had given their word to destroy the magnificent Ludmir community with its many Jews, which was later enlarged by the Jews who fled to Ludmir, at the time when it was still with the Russians.

My Escape from the Ludmir Ghetto I arranged with Mordechai (Motel) Zuberman and Ichele Zuberman to escape from Ludmir and find a safe place in the Umar areas of Horodla. Matt pretended to be a paver with a box on his shoulder, while we left Ludmir dressed as we were.

We agreed to go our separate ways

The first problem was how to get in through the Russian police, who were guarding the military at the entrance to the city.

We tried to pass through the police front with caution, but to our great regret, a Ukrainian policeman saw us, and he shot at Ichelen, who fell on the spot, and he let himself run after me. I went through the fence with impulse, of the week, and I tried to hide behind the buildings

And every time the Ukrainian discovered me

Without a choice, I crossed the lower fork, I crossed the Hachvi - (a small stream)

Completely wet, I entered the forest, and stretched out on the ground, thinking that by doing so I escaped from my pursuer.

Of course, I send my gaze to the other side of the river, and I see how the Ukrainian takes off his clothes and enters the river, leaving his gun on the other side.

I decided not to run away but to fight with him

I chose a strong tree branch and challenged him to fight. But he immediately returned to the table, and changed himself, and left the place while my gaze accompanied with attention all his movements.

After I rested and calmed down a bit, I did

Continued my march to Harodla. How surprised I was when I met Matt Zuberman on my way, who told me that he didn't stop even once on the whole way, because all the passers-by mistook him for a farmer. When we passed Pitidian, we heard shots from machine guns and loud screams, the screams of Ludmir Jews who were taken to death to Pitidian, with pain and fear we continued walking, after that we went our separate ways. Matil went on the way to Helm, and I went to the economic internship.

A few times in the White House in the Economic Stazhin, I once again met Harodler, among them my cousins Abish and Shmuel Berger, Fishele Gertel, Bashe Berger, Pradel Perlmutter and others. I asked the owner of the good and the economic director not to inform the Germans about my return, and so I started working again in the good.

The order to leave St. Shin in three weeks after my return to Stazhin, an order was received from the Germans (approximately in December 1942) that we need to supply ourselves in the Commandant in Horubishuib. The morning after the arrangement, we went in a wagon that was provided to us by the owner of the farm. When we arrived at Horubishuib, I went to see my uncle who was then 74 years old. The uncle was surprised to hear about my arrival, and asked me why I had come to Hrubishov and why I didn't try to find a place to stay. By the way, Pradel Perlmutter, my queens Abish and Leibish Berger and Genie, did not join our trip and continued to hide. In the evening, they arrived at my uncle's: Fishel Girtel, Fishel Shek,

Jacob Seidel, and told that they heard that the Germans are preparing to carry out a great slaughter tomorrow, and according to their opinion, it is better to escape from Hrubishov.

We agreed to meet at 12 o'clock at night
At night we left Hrubishov on the way to Mruchin, we were forced to cross the water of

Lachevi", which was as cold as one, and at dawn we arrived at Horodla

We stayed near the grain and hay barns

And we searched a lot

We entered the shed of Vobrishbits, we went up to the hay loft and we laid down.

We looked for bread in the barn, and we found a piece of bread in the farmer's jacket that was hanging in the shed, and we divided it between us, we lay without moving for a whole day.

At night I decided to go into the house of Vabrisbein and ask for food

His surprise was great when I appeared in his house

I told him that we ran away from Horobyshev and we were looking for food, and he should also allow us to hide in his shed, he gave us food but he asked us to leave the shed because he was afraid of the Germans.

Having no choice, we left our shelter and went into the fields, a blizzard came and threw our faces with pieces of snow.

Without hope, we asked ourselves - where should we go? I proposed to go to Nakhomol to Stashin and hide in the floors of the long stoooles, because I suspected that people come to these stoooles only rarely and we would be able to stay there for a longer time.

We arrived at the station and hid in an attic of a building
We saw that below the horses were eating white berets, one of us went down and took them out

The trough a few bunches of beets and we ate. In the morning we hear footsteps in the attic that are walking and approaching, and we hear that those who are approaching are speaking Yiddish. We raise our heads and we see Ichele Strijever with his son and others

Three strijever Jews (I don't remember their names). They were afraid of us and started to run away. We quietly called them by name and they returned to us.

We are going to get bread. We have worked out a plan to get food and bread

One stray Jewer told us that he has some goods for a women's group and we need to exchange it for food at one of the farmers, who will go and carry out this business? We cast lots and it fell on me and Fishel Shek, but Fishel Gertal shared with me that he made a vow not to leave me and to accompany me on all my ways and he agreed to go with us. But we were told that three cannot go, because they can attract attention, so Fishel's check remained in the stable and I went with Fishel's belt.

We went to Harodla and we knocked on the door of a farmer named Jashka Meroni, we went in and offered the farmer the goods for bread.

The girl told us that she has no bread now, and advised us to hide in the attic of the shed for the time being, until she kneads dough and bakes bread.

A thing that will last for long hours

We did what she told us, the next morning at night, in the late hours, she gave us some bread for the goods, which she tied together with a rope, and we left Horodla and went to Stashin, I remember that We asked her for a bag for the bread and we promised her to return it, but she said that she was afraid that maybe they would kill us and she would lose the bag.

After we got into the road, a strong wind started blowing, and a heavy snow started to fall, which washed away the road leading to Stashin.

When we came to the brick kiln of Murcia, we found the road completely washed away

We have tried to adjust our path according to our own

Conjecture, but we revolved around the brick kiln the whole time and we confirmed this when it took days. I then told Fishelen that we would not be able to go further in the daylight, and we needed to find a shelter. We went to the stable of Vladka Dobrobalski, which was far from the house of this farmer, and we found the stable well maintained. Fishelen got on my shoulders, took out the straw bundles from the straw obviously, went inside and opened the back window of the stable, we went up to the attic of the stable and we rested there.

During the day we looked out through the cracks of the barn and we heard how Kwisniewski - Dobrobalski's neighbor - told Dobrobalski that he had seen a terrible thing today: he was passing today on his wagon through Stazhin and saw nine bodies of dead people, Jews, among whom he recognized Fishel Shek, Inkele Seidel, and Ichale Arnstein.

We heard that he said that the guardian of the economy discovered them in their hiding place in Stashin, and he handed it over to the Germans who killed them.

That's how we found out that the unfortunates were caught after they had gone through so much suffering and proved to be able to escape from so much trouble and danger, we knew that we could no longer return to Stashin.

In this temporary shelter - in the stable of D

- We lay there for about a week, and we fed ourselves with the bread we got for the goods, until we were discovered by the owner of Dar Stadale one night, and he told us to disappear from there because he was afraid, for the Germans. We were once again faced with the terrible problem of finding suitable shelter in the winter cold.

We remembered that near Shvitlinsky there are ash stables and shearers

We left in that direction, we went up to the attic

from Svitlanskit Stadale and we laid down there. At night, we used to come out of our hiding place and used to dare to knock on the doors of some farmers whom we knew to be more or less moderate, and ask for bread. Among them, we visited the farmer Tomki Biletsky several times and we always asked him to spy. Once he told us that he could not always give us bread, and he advised us to steal a bag of flour from one of the farmers, and bring it to him, he would bake us bread. We started thinking about how to get a bag of flour. This came against us the next morning at night, when we went to a farmer named Slabtinsky to ask for bread, we saw a sack of flour in the polderhoen. Of course, we have not entered the farmer's house, but we

took the sack of flour on their shoulders and brought it to Biletskin. Meanwhile, we saw that in the stable there is an underground cellar and a locked door on it. Fishelen managed to open the roof of the cellar with a special key, and we discovered winter apples that we refreshed ourselves with. In this shelter we lay sixteen weeks, and during this long time, which was full of dangers and

After all, our boldness and determination became stronger. The farmer Biletsky asked us to participate in the raid that he and his brother want to carry out at the economic directorate of Ribne. In addition, he taught us how to use a gun. And indeed one night he called us to go to work with them, and gave us two guns. The two billetskis told us to knock on the door of the economic director and enter his house, while they will cover us and will watch outside. We knocked on the door, - who is there? was asked from the inside. - Open! We answered in German. Turns out they took us for Germans, and the door was immediately opened by the (Zhandetse) economic director, who was against ours.

guns, we ordered him, his wife and another man who was in the house to turn with their faces to the wall and not move. Biletsky then entered and began to collect various household items and food, we loaded the Vib on our wagon, and we disappeared. When we arrived at Biletskit's house, we asked for a portion of the loot, the latter cut off a small piece of meat and gave it to us, and even the jacket that Fishel took from the director's house, he also took for himself.

Almost every night we used to go out and look for opportunities. One night we hear the footsteps of a man singing in German. We were watching him, and we saw a German soldier swaying like a drunk, and singing military songs, and when he got closer to us, we came out of our hiding place and ordered him to raise his hands. We took his fur jacket and his revolver from him, things that were absolutely necessary for us in our situation. We laid him down on the ground and we tried to pull off his boots by force, but this was unsuccessful, despite our efforts.

In one of our night walks, we were barely caught by the Germans. The farmer Lucila Farkabich, whom we also used to visit to ask for stone, pointedly told the Germans about us. One evening, when we went to Farkavitch. To take a little warm breath, we saw that it was dark in the house. This seemed a little reasonable to us. We became more careful, and we pricked our ears to hear what was happening on the street. Suddenly I hear a noise and a movement of people. We quickly bowed, and immediately a reflector lit up the environment, and immediately after that, hailstones hit us. We responded with fire from our rifles, the barrels of which made the sound of our shots stronger, so that one could think that we were firing with heavy artillery. The Germans did not

dared to approach us, and we stepped back with great caution. In Svitlinsky's stable, we arranged it. But here too we were discovered by the owner of the stable. The thing happened like this: one day Shvitlinsky's wife was milking the cow in the barn while I was standing feeding her. - It seems you! Her husband answers. After his wife left the stable, Shvitlinsky stayed, and we hear him say to himself: - Yes, it smells like human excrement in the stable. We see how he is looking for the cause of it and he comes to the place where we did our needs. He went up to the attic of the stable and discovered us. We asked him not to make any noise and not to tell about us. We asked him to allow us to continue hiding here. In the morning he came up to us and told us that he had strange and sad dreams about us at night and asked us to leave.

Once again we faced the problem of a shelter. This time we did not know where to go, and where to look for a hiding place. We entered the Christian cemetery, and we entered a burial cave of princes, after we broke open the door of the cave. We moved aside the two boxes with the dead, and we laid down there. We were only in the tomb cave for two days. We couldn't sow more there, because because of the bad and dirty air, we couldn't and didn't want to eat the food we had with us. We left the cave and we went to the manager of the priest's house to seek shelter. She suggested us to hide in the basement of the monastery, but we couldn't be there either, because at night vermin used to run around with flashing eyes that scared us again.

We left the church basement. We remembered the abandoned ruin that belonged to the farmer Kublokha, where no people come, the summer has arrived, the days were already hot, and we thought that the ruin would be suitable for a shelter for the summer.

We hid in the ruins and we thought that no one would discover us here, but we were also discovered by a sudden accident: Golamboski lived near the ruins, and he got lost going there. Golamboski called Kablachka's granddaughter to go up to the attic of the ruins and see if the dog was there. When she went up to the attic and saw us, she became very frightened and let out a fearful squeal and ran back in great fear.

Kablakha got up to see what had startled her so much, I jumped on him and calmed him down.

I told him that we were only hiding here, and we asked him not to make any noise

He went back down, and told the neighbors - who gathered at the screams of the girl, that nothing special happened here, after the neighbors went away, he went up to us, and took some hair from us. From our head, he set them on the fire, and called his grandson to stick their smell (without superstition, to take the fear of a people who was overwhelmed)

In the evening the farmer came up to us and told us, so that we can hide in his stable, and for that he demanded from us to bring him stolen things, during the nights we wandered around and looked for possibilities of providing stolen things for our welfare, and we used to bring him various things; flour, grain, clothes, and even a calf, while he used to prepare food for us and bring it to our shelter. His wife didn't know about us at all, and neither did Kablakha

was careful to tell you about our whereabouts. But she wondered about the many articles that her husband brings home and about his floating wealth, and she clearly decided to find out the reason. One day she came to the stable, something she hadn't done in a long time, and she discovered us. Her husband, who also arrived and met them in the stable, dropped some tea over her face. We were scared because of the family dispute that broke out over us, which could become an obstacle for us and we didn't let the woman go out until we convinced her husband to invite them over, and in our response they drank brandy and asked each other out. During those late-night walks, we were almost never caught by the Germans again. This was when we dared to carry out a robbery in the German commandant.

We knew that in the magazines of the commander there are necessary things: clothes, clothes and similar things. And we decided to carry out a theft in these magazines. We tried to break open the gate of the magazines, but the gate was locked with heavy locks, so he got up on my shoulders, and went inside through the small window of the magazine, and started throwing clothes and clothes outside. But when Fishel tried to go up to the window, to turn around, it came to him with great difficulty. But we did not know that the gate is connected to the alarm bell. It turns out that we touched the thread that moves the bell, because after we left the place and we moved a few tens of meters away, fire was opened on us from several sides. We lay quietly on the bed, and when the shooting stopped, we quickly crept out in the direction of the stable, with the bag of bread and bread, when we

When we cut the bread to eat, we found gun bullets in it. These were the bullets that the Germans shot at us and that hit the bread, and by a miracle they did not hit us. The next morning Kablokha brought us a German newspaper, and there was a description of our raid on the magazine, which was described as an attempt by partisans to rob the commander's magazines.

It showed us that we will spend in this hiding place until the end of the war. We then heard a lot about the defeat of the German army on the battlefield.



Jacob Gruber

Felder and I knew that the defeat of Germany was near. (The time: April 1944).

But due to a particular accident, we were forced to leave Kabalachka's stable. The thing was like this: two Germans were resting with their horses near our stadola shelter and one of them did the bundle of hay that represented

The hole through which we used to go out and in. And along with the bunch of hay, the revolver with our fosky slipped out. They immediately ran to the commander to tell about the case. We immediately ran away, and we ran into the fields in the direction of Murchak's brick kiln, we turned around in the fields and we didn't know what to do. In the distance, we saw a farmer with a wagon drawn by two horses, who was plowing the field. We approached him, and we recognized Dumeck Amandrich in him, who greeted us and said to us: Guys, hold firm, because the German defeat in Am is very close. The guy told us war news and about the destruction of the German army, news that made us feel a little different.

We were on the field until the evening, at night we left to try to find a hiding place with a guy named Michielka Kaschak. We told him that the war would soon end with the defeat of the Germans, and we would know how to reward him for his agreement to hide in the attic of his house. We convinced him and he also agreed.

This shelter was our last shelter. After a long period of a life of fineness and motherhood, a period of life in which we were hunted like animals. A few weeks have passed, and we saw from our hiding place an unusual military movement that was outside the normal framework, and a lot of troops with uniforms unknown to us are coming from the eastern side of the river, and the Gentiles appear in our hiding and announcing that the Russian army had captured Haradle and that the Germans had been defeated. We came out of our hiding place, and for the first time - after such a long and painful period - we saw ourselves out on the street in the middle of the day. We were lonely and unhappy. Everything seemed strange and depressing. - Where are you, Horadler?

Jews? ! we asked. Did the Jews still show up to get out of the annihilation! ? !

We went out to look for Jews, and in the course of the day, a number of survivors gathered, who appeared to have survived the flood, just like me.

We knew that Haradla could no longer serve as a place of residence. In a while, we left Haradla and we went to the west side, to the refugee camps, with the aim of reaching a safe

Avish Berger - Beer Sheva

The German occupation and the liquidation of the Haradler community.

When the Second World War broke out, I was a boy of sixteen. I still did not properly understand what the terrible war meant, and I did not foresee the bitter fate that awaits the Haradler community and the Polish Jewry in general.

A

The Haradler Jews during the German occupation until their expulsion from the city

The Germans captured Horadla on September 25, 1939

Immediately after their arrival, they introduced their terror regime, they started with forced labor, they appointed a Jewish Council "Fathi"; Blat Z#39;1

Mendel Lerner, Jr., Shmuel Berger, Jr., Shmuel Goldberg, Jr. The members of the council refused to fulfill the duties imposed on them, and because the people did not show up for work, the members of the council were beaten and tortured by the Germans.

In general, the Jews were employed in hard and shameful work, and they were humiliated in various ways.

The Jews were strapped into wagons loaded with earth, instead of horses, and they were forced to drag the wagons to the German commandant, who was in the Polish school, and they were forced to sing brave songs.

The working day usually ended with a terrible picture: usually the Jews were taken back from work in

A procession, people used to bring them to the city market, and they were scattered and shot on all sides. It is difficult to describe the panic and confusion that it used to break out, and the running of the Jews, who fled as long as they could. Sometimes S.S. used to show up, crowds from the Krain, and demanded a number of Jews to work. And those who were forced to go to work with them. They never came back. One night Germans appeared in our house and demanded my father to send his sons to work, attic, and we could hear how the father said that he did not know where we were, we were afraid that the Germans would search the house, and we quickly snuck out of the attic and we left into the night.

b. The expulsion

On a bitter and unexpected day, an order arrived from the German government in Harubishoib to expel the Haradler Jews. I remember how a Ukrainian guy showed up at Undu's house and proposed to the father that he should sell our house to him, because anyway the house will belong to others after the expulsion of the Jews. My father's answer still rings in my ears: I believe that Hitler will not be able to exterminate all the Jews, and the survivors will take revenge for the Jewish blood. We were taken to the city of Ukhan. In Ukhan we were concentrated in a sheepfold, and there we were for two weeks. Of course, the Germans did not provide us with food or other articles, and we sustained our lives with what a waste of food that we tried to bring with us from home. In Ochan we did nothing and we waited for what was to come with great trepidation. One day the Germans informed us that we had to move on.

And they led us to Munich, tired and broken, the deportees went, accompanied by our side by the German killers who were riding their horses. When we arrived in Munich, we saw how we were led into a storage room surrounded by wires. Entering the stable was accompanied by torture. German soldiers stood on both sides of the entrance and beat the incoming people with murderous blows.

At dusk, on the same day, in the evening, the Germans forcibly took out the women and children by force, put them on cargo wagons from a train that took them to Belushits - the horrible extermination camp, and from there. They no longer came back. It is difficult to describe the terrible horror and the cruelty of the murderers when separating the families. A bitter day, a black one that day, and the whole camp was shocked and was broken. The night descended. Each of us lay in his place full of shivers and fear, which stole the sleep from our eyes.

The next morning, a German commissioner appeared with a gang of murderers, and after a short consultation with the Germans who had accompanied us to Munich, they sat down at the table at the entrance to the second production hall, which we had not noticed until then - And they began to classify the survivors (the men remained, because the women and the children were no longer there). Each of us crossed from the stable through two rows of soldiers, I am the classification commission. They also transferred the Judenrat."

After finishing the classification, we were several hundred young people. The Germans announced to us that we would return

No one, and that we have to obey the instructions of the Judenrat. They also warned us that no one should dare to run away, and if any of us are missing, they will kill the members of the Judenrat. After the threats, they asked us to get up and return to Ochan, leaving our



Masai Eisen



C. in Ehrenholz



Rachel Ruiter

Parents and our dearest. We asked the Germans to let us kiss our loved ones and say goodbye to them, and they didn't let us do that. Accompanied by German guards, the young camp dragged itself along the road until arriving at Ochan, and we stayed there for eight days.

d. Owners of the big farms arrived at work, and they chose people for the work, from the camp. The directors of the businesses Keshinovsky and Stashin also came, and



Samson Sale



Eli Baraner

They chose Haradler Jews to work in their farms, me, my three brothers and my sister-in-law Genie (the wife of my brother Shmuel, they are now living in Haifa), and also Eliyahu Rosenfeld and his sons Mokel and Aharon, Eliezer, Hana'sche, Sara Mindel's daughter, Shafra Shek, Laibel Berger Fishel Gertl, Zalman Rosenfeld, Gute Rosenfeld, and other young people from Haradla, were chosen by the director of the

Economy station, at work. We worked in this business all summer.

God

This escape

At the end of the work season, one day the economic director came, riding his horse, called me aside, and told me that he had received an order from the Germans to place the Jews in the German Command tomorrow, who work for him.

I asked him if I could leave work in the middle of the day, and he said yes.

I went to the farm, to the place where the Jewish workers gathered to eat, and I told them the news.

I told them that according to my opinion we have to escape from here at night. Uncle Ali and his sons answered me that they no longer have the strength to fight, and let whatever has to happen happen. I agreed with My brothers and I tend to run away at night.

We prepared bread and other food and at night we escaped from the economy.

We went out into the fields and headed for the village of Yanki, three kilometers from Haradle.

We arrived in the village and we left in the area of the stables.

In the darkness of the night, in the silence, we entered a barn that was full of hay, and that belonged to a well-known farmer of ours.

We buried ourselves in the hay and we lay quietly, at night we used to go outside, but during the day we lay in our hiding place in the hay stables and we were very careful not to be discovered.

When we used to go out at night to look for water and food, we used to wipe our steps when returning to the stable. We hoped that we would be able to win here for a long time, and that we would not be discovered.

Once the Puerto's daughter noticed footprints that led to the stable attic, she followed the steps to the attic and discovered us, at first she was very scared, because she stepped on someone's face with her foot.

from the hidden and let out a scream, we calmed down and we asked them to be silent, otherwise the Germans will discover us. We asked them to allow us to hide Zia, as long as we will be able to do so. In about two days, the people told us that people in the village knew about our hiding place. And she asked us to rent the place. At night we left the site and went to the village of Cholki (7 km from Horodla). We tried our luck at a well-known guy, and we knocked on his door and asked him to let us out, but he closed the door for us, without telling us that he was afraid to do so, out of fear. For the punishment of the Germans, we agreed with him that he should let us stay with him for a day or two, to build up strength, but he did not give in to us. He gave us bread, and advised us to prepare shelters in the fields, because from his experience in the Russian army, he knew that in an excavation in the ground there is also winter warmth.

p. The Bunker We retraced our previous steps, and we arrived at the borders of Haradla. We turned around the brick kiln of Murchak (the brick factory) without finding any shelter. We discussed what to do, and we decided to dig a covered bunker in the ground, and we chose a side hill, where the people don't come there. The bunker we dug was suitable for a hiding place of four people, we furnished it with clothes and rags that we managed to get at night, and we began to live our lives below the surface of the earth. We only went out in the bath at night, under the cover of the darkness of the night, we used to enter the farms of the farmers, used to drag out chickens and roast them on a bucket in our bunker by a fire flame. Me

We also dared to go in at night to a farmer and ask him for bread and food, and so we lay in the bunker for the whole winter.

In one of the nights we went again to the village of Yankee We remembered that a farmer owed money to my parents, and we decided to go to her and her husband instead of bread and wine for the debt.

The guy hired a willing person to help us and she said she was going to bring us bread

But it has been a long time and she has not returned

We wondered and inquired about it, but we thought maybe she didn't have bread ready and she was baking a pastry for us in the oven.

Fluzim, to our great fear, appeared a number of relatives from the Gentiles and urged us to surrender ourselves to the Germans.

Without thinking much, I rushed to the door, broke it open, I jumped out, followed by my brother Shmuel, and we started to run away.

My brother Shmuel was caught by the end of his scarf, and to our luck, he freed himself from the scarf, which remained in the hands of the hunter.

We ran away in the dark of the night, and they heard us chasing

Summer in the fields. Spring came, the air became pleasant, and the snow began to melt. But this pleasant season created a difficulty for us that we did not foresee beforehand: our bunker, which was dug in the Baden descent, was filled with the snow water. We were forced to sit in cold water all day. Because we were afraid to go out on the surface, and we suffered terribly from the humidity and cold. It became clear to us that we will no longer be able to use this storage.

When night fell, we got up and went to the village of Ribene (3 km from Haradla). We knocked on the door of a poor farmer, and after agreeing and promising him that we would give him favors and bring him many things during the night, he let us go up to the attic of the stable and hide.

At night, we used to come out of our hiding place, and used to drag out chickens from the farmers of the area, also potatoes, and even grains of grain and we used to bring all this to our farmer, which made us appreciate it more and more, and even made us Boiled down chatter. The farmer showed extraordinary caution. Even his family didn't know about it

Us.

We stayed with this farmer until the month of May, and then we went out into the fields to seek shelter. We left for the fields of Stashin" - in the farm where we worked at first. We met the field keeper and we informed him that he had to pretend not to see our presence. And if he didn't show any Understood, we will liquidate him. We told him that we belong to a partisan company that counts 500 people. The guard really behaved as it should be. Stalling and milking the cows, and we roamed the wide fields. We were sheltered in the fields for two months.

We then met a gen, who told us that a Jew was hiding, just like us, close to us, and that he wanted to see us, and indeed at night Velvele Strijever appeared with a gun and joined us. Our confidence has increased a little. Our incursions into the peasant farms became violent terror, and the food we collected was of a sufficient amount.

H. The new one comes to Senis in winter. At the approach of winter, we were already able to place the above-mentioned farmer, without payment, for a shelter in his Ferdi stables, our shelter was now very comfortable, while our experience in shelters was a great one. During the day we used to lie in our hiding place and at night we used to move around a lot, and we used to bring the guy good things. In this shelter we spent the whole winter.

T. When the summer came again, we left our hiding place and we returned to the summer hiding place - in the fields. We could see that the roads were full of retreating Germans. We understood that the front was approaching, and we looked forward to our liberation by the advancing Russians. We hid well among the grain, and we were careful not to be discovered by the Germans who filled the whole area.

At night we used to come out from among the grain and we used to turn around to see what was happening in our environment. We approached the village of Lushkov, which was very close to the front. On the way to Lushkov, we saw a German car standing on the side of the road. We went with great caution to and we saw that the driver was sleeping strapped to the wheel and gave him -

His gun. My brother David cut the tarp over and took out the gun, and we quickly left the place and returned to our hiding place. We appeared to see the big arch bridge near Ustila burning and we understood that the Germans had already been kicked out of Ustila. My brother Shmuel and my sister-in-law Genie then left to look for stones in the economy of Ragl, according to what I was told after

The war, they then went to a farmer, and the latter told them that they could stay with him at night, because the front was close. In the morning he showed them how to approach the advancing Russians.

From then on we separated, and I did not see them again until after the war. Me, Velvele, and my brother David, continued to hide in the grain fields. In those days, we were not caught by the Germans: lying among the grain, an unusual movement of the grain stalks approached us, and when he raised his head to see what was happening, we were informed that two Germans Officers ride the grain into our side, we got up quickly and started to run away. The Germans shot at us with their revolvers, while Welwell took out a grenade from his chain, placed it on him and threw it at the side of the two Germans. The grenade exploded with a deafening bang and covered the Germans with a cloud of dust. We ran away as long as we could and we ran across the fields without stopping, until we arrived at our first hiding place - the "bunker that gives the Zigelia", and there we lay until midnight."

At night we examined the area and we saw that there was silence. We got up and went to the farm. We saw that the farm was abandoned.

"And that nobody is there. We went up to an attic of one of the stables to spend the night.

J. On the morning of the liberation, we saw that the front was thundering around us, and the restaurant was on the line of fire. We saw through the stables of the stable Germans running around like crazy, with their weapons, while the Russians bombarded the economy and shot lightning. Ours

The building started to burn, we jumped down from the attic in a nearby building, we saw a basement under the building and we entered it. In the basement we met dozens of farmers and their families who were hiding. They called us to come closer, and they gave us bread and milk. Someone suddenly announced that the roof of the building was on fire. All the hidden people fled from the cellar to the fields in a panic. The whole day we lay on the fields and listened to the sound of the shooting and the explosions.



Tova Zuckerman Garofan; Tova from
indigestion

At night we decided to cut through the front line and go over to the Russians. We considered that the Germans are in the village of Yanki "and the Russians are in the village of Lushkov". With great difficulty and with great caution, we began to open a path to the side of the Russian excavations, with great effort we managed to pass through the wire fences that were in front of the Russian excavations.

Stay standing! Someone shouted at us in Russian, and his rifle scope was against us, we raised our hands. Russian soldiers approached us and asked: - Who am I? We answered that we were Jews who were hiding

The Germans. They released us and they told us to continue from the front and go to Ostile, from there we continued our way to Ludmir. We could see destruction and desolation in the two regions - which were inhabited by a large Jewish population. In Ludmir we met a number of oppressed Jews. We saw that there is no place for this in this city



Yitzhak Ling



Shmuel Valonnoim

We therefore decided to return to our hometown of Haradla.

In Haradla, we once again met my brother Shmuel and my sister-in-law Genie, Laibel Berger, Peshel Gertal, Pradel Perlmutter, Zfura Zigler. Pradel and Zfura hid with Christian families during the whole war, and when they heard about our coming, they attached to us. We all lived together in Berl (DB) Grassburd's house.

We were still in Haradla for about a year, and during that year we also tried to trade with the farmers who came from that side. We used to go to Ludmir, and we used to buy horses from the Ukrainians and sell them to the Horadlar farmers, and sometimes we used to bring them to sell in Horobyshov. But this trade brought us a great misfortune: my brother David, who was the spirit of life and the most courageous in this trade, was captured by Polish anti-Semitic underground people, while returning from one of the trips. No Ludmir, and they killed him. We still mourned him a lot. After he went through so much suffering until the liberation, he fell a murderer.

We understood that there is no longer any place for the Jews in their birthplace, and we traveled to Horobyshov, with the aim of waiting for the end of the war and to join the rest of the Jewish refugees who went to the Jewish homeland.

Aaron Fox New York

Events that took place in Haradla in the years
1939-1942 (memoirs of an eyewitness)

The first German soldiers who were brought to Haradla after its occupation by the German army were border soldiers. Their main task was to guard the new Russian-German border, which was established along the river Bug. According to an agreement between the two countries.

These soldiers settled in the houses of the Jews, in the houses that the Germans liked, while the Jewish inhabitants were put out on the cold winter street of 1939.

A significant number of these Jews died of hunger and cold during the first winter of the German occupation.

I remember that in January 1940 the Germans began their terrible acts and their systematic persecution of the Jews. Along with the cruel decrees on the Jews, the Germans published notices that threatened with reprisals and with severe punishments, all those who will give help to a Jew, in any way.

During the period that continued between June 1941 - the time of the German attack on Russia - the German acts of murder were of a limited character and they did not carry out any mass murder.

In June 1940, the border soldiers left Horadla and in their place arrived other soldiers whose task was to introduce a Nazi regime in the city.

With the advance of the German army deep into Russia, the Germans began to worry about good roads and about the explosion.

Terung of new ways. In that period, they forced the Jews to remove the stone tombstones from the Jewish holy place and they used them to pave the road from Horodla to Stryjeun. After that

When the gravestones were taken out, the farmers of the area brought the animals up to the destroyed cemetery to be dressed. I also remember how the Germans turned the shed into a horse stable. Once, when it was a dead end, the Nazis forced the rabbi to arrange a funeral for the horse and bury him in a tallit at the Jewish cemetery. The conditions in the city, for the Jewish residents, have worsened day by day. A head of the congregation was then chosen who shbuld be responsible towards the Germans and provide them with workers according to their demand, but the demands of the Germans were high and cruel and the head of the congregation did not have the possibility and the will to fulfill them. Therefore, the Germans themselves used to raid the Jewish houses and catch Jews at work, and by the way they used to kill weak Jews and old people and anyone who did not like them.

In one of these raids (in April 1942), in the early hours of the morning, my father, the late Ben Zion Fox, was captured, along with four other Jews, and were murdered by the Nazis. This situation of access, decrees and murders on the Jews continued until June 1942. In June 1942, the Germans began the complete liquidation of the Haradler Jews.

In one day, all the Jews from Haradla and the surrounding area were taken out of their houses, they were gathered together at a concentration place and all of them were taken to Munich. When the unfortunates arrived in Munich, they were all concentrated near the train station. We were told that from there we would be sent to various workplaces.

And this is what happened to the Jews of Haradla and the surrounding area in Munich; we arrived in Munich in the late afternoon hours, and we found many Jewish victims scattered in the area surrounding the railway station.

These people were killed by the Germans because they could not get on the train cars quickly during the extermination action that the Germans carried out that day.

A day before we were brought to Munich, the Jews from the nearby cities were brought there: Ochan, Grabovitz, and other cities, and when we arrived there we still met the fifty thousand Jews, crowded together giving the train Station in a terrible crowd, because the place was too crowded for such a large number

Twelve freight wagons were parked separately at the railway station

The Nazis gave a new order to the trapped crowd to divide into two hosts

in the camp of Jews up to the age of 18 years and from the age of fifty years and beyond, and a second camp from the age of eighteen to fifty years

This was the most tragic moment for the Haradler Jews and for the Jews from the other cities, on their last way to the extermination camp.

The families were brutally divided and were broken up according to their age. The men and the children up to the age of eighteen years and the men and women from the age of fifty years and below were taken with cruelty and terrible deeds in the freight cars of the train that left in the direction of Savivar. The men of the second camp at the age of 18-50 were mostly also taken on other freight cars after the women of the same age were separated from us. I was then under the age of 18, and yet I broke down and was pushed into the fuller camp (50-18). Our train left from Mönzin in the direction of Heles at night and we arrived at Helem in the morning, in

They took us out of the wagons and they led us to the stove. When we arrived at Staro, Our camp numbered around 500 people. The guards - the murderers - led us into an abandoned flour mill. And they immediately brought me to work in the kitchen. The conditions in this camp were terrible and the mortality rate among the deportees was high. I knew that I would not be able to endure here and I decided to run away. After a lot of effort, I escaped from the camp and I arrived in Heles and entered the Jewish ghetto. Helped economically, and in the end I escaped from the ghetto. After my escape from the ghetto, I lived under an assumed name until the end of the war.

*

After the end of the war, I decided to leave this blood-soaked Poland, and I went to America, to New York. I live here with my oldest brother Shmuel, and with my oldest sister Sarah. My parents died in the Holocaust along with my young sister Toibe. Of my uncle's family, which numbered seven souls, none survived.

Pradl (Pearl) Skipper

STORY

The last way "the sun did a beautiful thing and appeared on the blue ash-blue sky horizon, which looked calm as after the sleep in a spring night, and she once again sent her rays and her light on the world's existence, just like All year, as if nothing had happened and as if nothing special could happen.

On the market of the ghetto in Ochan, we are standing, a large camp of Jews

And we are waiting for the late hours of the night, filled with fear that reads out of our eyes, and a question hangs in the air: - What awaits us? - What will it be? Although in truth the unfortunates knew what awaited them, even the little children felt it.

Here they stand the young trees, sleepy, shivering from cold and hunger and dressed in the badges of the hero, they should not be lost walking among the great camp of tribesmen, and they are silent, all around a general silence, except for a moan that breaks. Out of nowhere, accompanied by a question from a sick and weak person: - What will happen to me when the order to move arrives, that I cannot walk?"

Here and there the mothers shed tears that are swallowed up by their mailers, and they press to their little children who beg for bread.

Getting a piece of bread was an expensive endeavor for the ghetto Jews

A person who had a piece of bread with him was considered a blessed and happy person, even when he had frozen bread baked with bran and flour that was ground with stones (as people used to grind in ancient times).

The problem of how to

Getting a piece of bread occupied the thoughts of the ghetto resident and didn't give a damn while we stood for the last time in the ghetto market, and we waited for the order to move on our final way.

A fleeting murmur broke the general silence. - Here they come!, one told the other, and immediately one could see a number of German killers, racing on their horses, with clubs in their hands. A cold sweat broke out at the sight of their murderous faces.

My mother gathered her children and wrapped them in her arms, as if she wanted to protect them from the coming evil. And we, the children, pressed ourselves to the mother, and we hid one behind the other, just like the little ones that curl around their faithful posts in the sight of snarling wolves. - Up on the stove! Cut the silence of the camp by an order. With a terrible silence and submission, everyone fulfills the order and goes up on the furn. The peasant drivers throw their whips and the horses go forward. - Where? ! Everyone knows the direction, but people do not dare to speak the truth and to reveal this cruel idea. For a long time, we were not allowed to sit on the wagons, because on the way the foreman ordered us to get off the wagons, so as not to tire the horses, and the crowd, oppressed, hungry and thirsty, dragged themselves in the direction of extinction. .

I cast a glance at the camp of the displaced, which looks in my eyes like a camp of the dead who have just risen from their graves, to which they must soon return, but, even in these last moments of joy, the spirit of life awakens. Urges and ignites hidden hopes. "Perhaps something will happen soon and we will run away," a hopeful thought creeps in, and by the way, one begins to look at the sky and a shout from Shema Yisrael "breaks out in anticipation of the answer,"

And now the world looks on as they lead to the slaughter of innocent masses, and it also shines. The sun has warmed more and more with its rays as if it had made them strong, and they warm the thirsty camp, which throws off a garment after A garment, in order to lighten their fineness and their beauty.

Here we meet a small group of tired and broken Jews, returning from a journey similar to ours. These people are a small part of a Jewish camp that was led to extermination, but they were chosen for work and were temporarily saved. Run away! Run away! Do not go in the direction that you are being led! They shout at us, but how and where do people run away, when all the roads are closed and the Gentiles watch the Jews'; steps, and hand over the runaways to the Germans, and the journey begins...

The lunch hours have arrived. The sky is covered with clouds and a strong wind chases almost no waves, and begins to shake and storm the world. It has been shown that the forces of nature have come to the aid of the suffering thirsty people in order to alleviate their thirst. The wind strengthens and turns into a storm, clouds of dust and sand begin to cover the sky, one does not see the other, one hears exclamations and screams. The horses try to get out of their harness and do not follow their masters. The mother and I put our arms around the children so that the wind does not separate them.

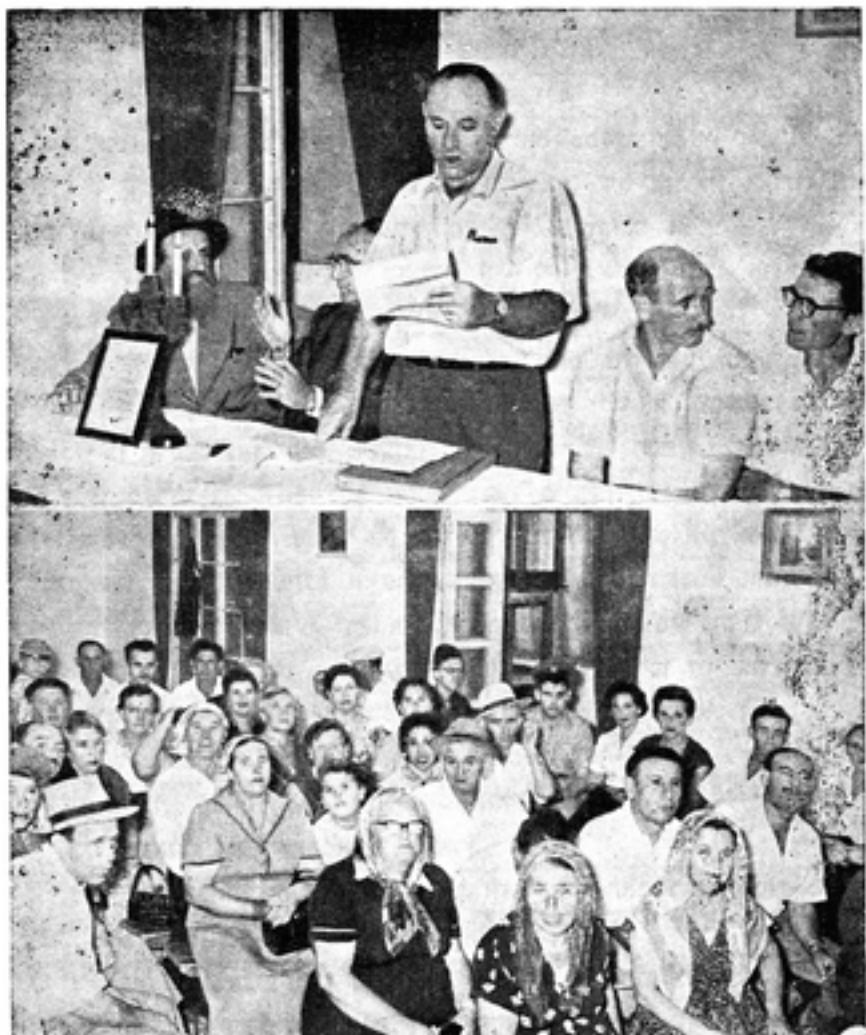
A hopeful thought arises: perhaps the storm will separate us from the German murderers, but when the storm is over we are convinced that we are still in the hands of our enemies. The night descended. We arrive at the station called Munchin, somewhere near Zamosc, darkness all around. Our feet are soaking in the deep mud, our clothes are

Moist and stuck to our body. My little sister asks to take off her damp clothes, because she is cold and wet... and the mother is struggling and worrying about how to do this, how to get clothes to change. But we were not allowed much time for thoughts and thoughts. The killers line us up, and they let us down with cruel blows and then proceed to shoot at the ranks of the unfortunate.

Confused, I ask the mother what the children are doing. You don't hear any screams or moans. The masses stand in lines so compressed that there is no place for the dead to fall. The last order: mothers and children should get on the dark wagons, and the young should stay! My last question to the mother: -- What should I do, mother!! Save yourself, my child! She answered, and she added: Perhaps a male will remain after my family. Her words were fulfilled. We stayed, a lot of boys and girls to work and to the maternity. However, during all the years of my life that I went through afterwards, my mother's words echoed in my ears. We stood, the survivors, and we watched with pain and sorrow as our dearest ones pushed themselves and climbed up with their last strength on the dark wagons, with the fastest possible speed for them, in order to escape from the German bullets that they They shot into their side. The wagons have been closed. That was the last time I saw my dear

Mother, my brothers and my sisters. The train started moving. And we, the survivors, accompanied with painful glances the moving train that leads so many dear and holy souls to the crematoriums of Savivar, which were set up by the horrible murderers, by the human waste. This was 44 Sivan of the year 572 (1942).

May the Haradlers be remembered where they should not be, and may the Jewish people be remembered, the holy and precious souls who were destroyed by the impure, without any guilt or sin!



I will remember Perzamitung Nach Di Haradler
Kadochim, Tel Aviv . Long live 577

Steer life and figures

Style of life and figures In this section, an attempt is made by a number of Haradla individuals, to describe a number of people who lived in Haradla, their figure and their characteristics, and to tell about events of those days, which can give a Concept of the Jewish and social life in the town.

The people who are described below were not unusual individuals in the town. On the contrary; with their character and their qualities, they embody the Haradler Jews according to their strata and status. Each person who is described in this section really represents the people of his position.

In Haradla, there were no people who could artistically describe the town and its characters, also those who write in this section are not professional writers, but they wanted to fulfill what is written in the chapter of the fathers: instead of people trying to be Ish "where there are no people, try to be a person"; True to this essay sage, those who write, try to tell and describe things according to their narrative possibilities, and to bring up on these pages the figures of the men and women who characterize the dear Haradler people.

The descriptions of this section were therefore written, not only to learn about them themselves, but they were written to give an understanding of the whole rule.

Yosef Haim Zavidavich - Land of Israel

The dearest and dearest a) R. Ari (Leible) Zavidovich Z.L. and his wife Zisele Z.L. His: R. Leible Zavidovich and his wife Zisele, were considered among the most interesting and central figures in Haradla, 'Label, the daughter of

- who was a rabbinic son-in-law, and so old Mera Datra Rabbi Hagaon, a descendant of a chain of rabbis, R. Ikutiel scholar, a link in the golden chain of rabbis for 24 generations. This alone determined their honorable place and position in the Haradler life.

Besides his family lineage, R. Leibel Zavidovich distinguished himself with his aristocratic personal appearance. His face of a son of Torah was decorated with a long beard. He distinguished himself with several high virtues: with beauty, with wisdom, with knowledge, a good heart and a good eye. Meanwhile, his wife Zisele, the righteous woman, was known for her honesty and modesty, and she distinguished herself with unusual wisdom. She was accepted for a noble woman. It is therefore not to be wondered at, that their home was a gathering place for the good people of the city, and various people who were satisfied with good advice and guidance, found it useful to consult about their affairs with R: 'Labels and sweets.

The family of my grandfather and grandmother was a branched one and its roots in the past were deep and many and its branches - multifaceted.

They had eight children, five sons and three daughters, and all of them were capable and of high character and qualities. The eldest son was Reverend Levi Isaac - my late father, who married Pearl



Rabbi Ari (Leibel) Zavidovich and his wife Zisele Biderman - my late mother, the second son was Rabbi Yosef - who moved to Vienna in the city of Ludmir, after he married his wife Rachel Fishel. From an important Ludmir family, - and her father, Ishai Fishel, was an honorable person, the third son, Ikutiel - who moved to live in Warsaw after his marriage. The fourth son Fishel, who also moved to live in Warsaw after his Marriage. The fifth son, Mordechai, (he was called Matl Zavidovich) - who moved after his marriage to Lutsk and then to Lemberg. The daughters: Haya, who married Neta Perlmutter, Malka, who married Avner Zucker and moved to live in Ludmir. The third

Daughter, Hannah, who married Moshe Tenenbaum. My grandfather, the late, was an expert in estimating forests and classifying wood. - a very respectable profession in those days - and was employed by the Heller brothers in Warsaw, who were forest owners and wood merchants. The brothers Heller greatly appreciated the knowledge and the professionalism of my grandfather and they agreed to pay his salary - which was quite high - in foreign currency (in dollars).

Because of his work, my grandfather used to spend a long time in Warsaw and other big cities, and used to return home on good days for longer vacations. Because of his living in big cities and because of his many trips to different cities, he acquired urban manners and a lot of experience in world practices. Of course, the appearance of the grandfather in Haradla, after spending many months in the big world, made an impression in the town and disturbed our home.

I still remember the great preparations in my grandfather's house, in our home and in the houses of the uncles, before the arrival of the grandfather. On the day of his arrival, our mother used to dress us, the grandchildren, in holiday clothes, and we ran to our grandfather to pick him up, who used to go specially to the railway station to bring the grandfather who was returning home. The grandfather did not return home empty-handed, and we, the grandchildren, used to look with curiosity at the large and heavy suitcases that were removed from the wagon and we tried to guess what gifts he brought his grandchildren.

With great respect and kindness, the Hasidic of Shtibel took my grandfather up, after saying goodbye, they sat him down in a dignified place and gathered around him to hear the world news and what was happening in the court of the Rabbi of Radzin. In the good old days, the grandfather was honored by saying "Tal and rain" as an expression of respect and affection.

The family manners that prevailed in Zayden's home were the manners of a noble, virtuous and pious home. It is etched in my memory mutual understanding. The mutual and loving relations of the grandfather and grandmother, their family life full of silence and nobility, were a pattern and an example in our family.

The grandfather and grandmother were the indisputable authority in our family and their opinion used to be accepted without any complaints. As we said above, the grandfather used to stay outside the city for many months because of his work. Because of this, have

We consider the grandmother - who distinguished herself with an extraordinary intelligence and great life wisdom - as a guide for the whole family. The family members accepted her wealth and her advice - which were always given with great wisdom and tact - with full confidence, and her house was a nest for the whole family.

Even after the death of the grandfather, the same honorable relationship to the home of the grandfather and grandmother remained, without any change, crowned with noble qualities. Also the children and grandchildren who moved to live in other cities, and also those who traveled in the distances, maintained their correspondence with the father and found it appropriate to write about their events and to listen Her opinion on various issues, and the grandmother did appear to write to everyone, to answer with details and to express her opinion in matters that required an opinion and guidance.

*

At the outbreak of the Second World War, when the grandmother had already reached a very old age, she was forced to leave her home and the town where she had spent her whole life and raised a large and beautiful family, and moved to Ludmir to be near her son and her daughter and their families. Oh, woe! The destruction of the Ludmir Jews did not escape them and she perished together with many family members by the German killers and their helpers.

b) My dear parents: my father Levi Isaac Zavidovich, my mother Perl Zavidovich, in their blessed memory:

When I was very young, before Bar Mitzvah, my late father passed away and left my mother with small children who lost their teacher and guide.

I was a small child at the time of his death. Of course, his dear figure stands before my eyes. I still remember his tall stature, his firm figure, his broad face that was covered with a blond beard, his high prominent forehead, and his kind-hearted and noble face. My father, Jr., distinguished himself with a limitless dedication to his family, to his wife (my mother and children), his love for us was a fatherly loyalty and at the same time with the determination of a teacher and guide. And we His children clung to him as eagle children cling to their eagle mother, and we approached him with care and love. In our eyes, our father looked like a hero, and we felt safe in his protection.

My father was loved and respected by the Haradler Jews. He counted himself among the Radizner Hasidic of the Stibel "and was the permanent master of the Kora of the Stibel"; my father raised his children to Torah and reverence heaven Even in the most difficult times, when there was a lack of livelihood in our home, when

He had to work hard to feed his wife and his five children, so he did not want to allow my oldest brother Moshe, the late Hid, to help him in the family life. - The children need to learn and become Torah children" - said my father, that's why he considered paying the rabbi for tuition, even in the most difficult times, when he had no income, as one of his most important livelihood duties. He makes sure that the rabbi's tuition is paid on time. Our father was a great man of confidence and did not worry.

Applied to human help

He believed in initiative and courage, and in this spirit he wanted to raise his children.

He wanted to see in us children of the Torah and that we should also be comfortable in worldly things, in the essay of the Sages: "Tob Torah with the path of the land of Shigiyet, both of them forgetting sin"; he saw the best path for a Jew, but also the general studies - he maintained - should be taught in such an environment and in such conditions, which should not affect the pious education.

Because of the taste

He accepted the possibility of studying in a Polish school. During the week, my father was busy with his livelihood while we, the children, spent the whole day in the classroom under the supervision of the rabbi.

But, when it used to come on Saturday, his father gave him a lot of attention

He listened to us in the study, with great honor and dignity. We stood in front of our father and listened to his questions, sometimes not easy ones, which required a great effort from us to answer them.

When my father passed away, it seemed to us that the whole world order would change.

The livelihood question was put before my mother in its full harshness

- How will I be able to support my children? - she asked herself

We, the children, even though we were small, we really wanted to help her in the livelihood.

Our livelihood consists of a haberdashery business, and we wanted to help you out.

However, the mat

strongly objected to interfering with our study in the classroom, but she took the entire burden of the livelihood. She worked in her shop from very early to late at night, she traveled alone to the nearby towns to bring goods, and she continued to teach us to be in the manner of our father. And when she used to hear from the rabbi that we were making progress in our studies, it was a great happiness for her. Her greatest aspiration was that her children should grow up Torah children.

On Saturday morning, my mother used to enter the synagogue

To pray, but it used to be too early, and we, the Beit Midrash boys, were used to getting up very early and to study a few hours before dawn. My mother used to listen to the help of women" - saying psalms at the same time - to the Gemara Nigin of her sons with happy feelings. For her, this was the greatest reward for her hard work.



Perl Zavidovich, her sons: Ikutiel and Yehoshua Zavidovich, Chaya Zisberg, Moshe Tenebim's son.

We have become more understanding and older, we have convinced our mother that it is time for us to also carry the family tree. But she was adamant that we need to continue the study, and she agreed to take on the business only our oldest brother, Moshe, who was already old enough and had already finished his studies in the classroom. With the entry of Our brother Moshe in the business, the burden became easier for the mother.

business trips, and he also showed mercantile skills. And it became a little easier for us in the livelihood.

When I got older, I took over the place of my brother Moses, who already wanted to become independent, and I helped save the coach's work and effort. I was young and energetic, and entered the trade. Work with great interest.



Mashvich and his daughter

But my mother demanded that I devote several hours a day to studying Torah. And at certain times she used to come into the shop and remind me that I had to go to the synagogue.

My late mother had a noble nature, she was for us as for others a model of modesty and righteousness. She was a righteous woman, she used to save money and her livelihood for charity and to help the poor. She was satisfied with Wincyk, and she raised her children to righteousness and to simplicity.

*

Year 1366 - 1368. The situation of the Jews in Poland is getting worse both politically and economically. Anti-Semitism is getting stronger and the living conditions for Jews are becoming more limited day by day.

I have decided to leave the trade and go on chalutize training in one of the halutsi kibbutzim of the Mizrachi chaluts, and immigrate to the Land of Israel. I consulted with my mother about this and asked her opinion. I saw that She justifies my step even though she didn't say anything. On the one hand, she was also aware of the hopeless situation in Poland, and she understood that I needed to - like all the youth - think from a safe shore, but on the other hand in My departure was difficult for you.



In 1939, Hitler orders Poland and his armies to march and reach Horadla in about three weeks. A fur that she sang and she fled with her children to Ludmir, which was in the hands of the Russians, and she united with our family relatives, like many Jewish refugees, my brothers and I Turned out that the enemy will no longer advance, and they will escape from the war in Ludmir.

Oh, woe! The terrible enemy was not restrained in his occupation and murderous train. In June 1941 he attacked the Russians and in a few hours he was in Ludmir - a city with a large Jewish community that was full of Jewish refugees. The German murderers and their associates killed and killed the Jews of Ludmir in a cruel and terrible way, and among them - my mother, my brothers, my old grandfather and the relatives of my large and branched family, a certain guilt.

c) My uncle (my mother's brother) R. Shmuel Biederman, late: R. Shmuel Biederman was one of the most respected Jews of Haradla, who was important to the whole city, and was undoubtedly considered among the best of the city. He acquired this position thanks to some virtues of his. First of all - his Hasidic figure, his eloquent Hasidic face, adorned with a long beard, with income), his daughters were respectable and important and his daughters were considered to be great children of Torah, and like them he also raised his only son Moshe Biederman (today in the United States) to Torah and God-fearing. Alone, studied Torah for many hours a day, in the home, in the stable and in the Beit Midrash, despite his intense busyness.

I still remember today his sweet Talmud song in the early hours of the morning, which used to be carried through the wall of our house, which was also the common wall of his house, and used to penetrate through it in the mornings and in the nights. When we, the children, used to sleep, his music used to caress and awaken confidence and enjoyment. Where did he get the remedy of sleeping for twenty minutes? After his many worries and occupations? - we always asked ourselves. My uncle R. Shmuel had Ashenko. During the day, he had business with hired Gentiles who, in their drunkenness, used to spit from their mouths, while he himself stood above the everyday life, and felt an inspiration for his noble spirit in the study of the Torah and in the experiences of Abey Varba. Every free time and in the evening and night hours.

R. Shmuel was counted among the important Radzine Hasidim and was known to the Jews of the city. About his position in the city, the following fact will perhaps testify: when I was still studying in the classroom, and we were learning about permitted things that a smart person should be careful about:

Metziya DF EG - Baruchot 10, Pesachim 25), and when the rabbi wanted to point to an example of an important person, he used to say: for example, a person like Rabbi Shmuel Biederman, and the example is was more than "instructive and understandable for the students. Rabbi Shmuel was a hard worker and he demanded a lot from his family, and from us. The youth, in the religious and educational area. The biggest detail. When our father passed away, while we were still small children and all the livelihood fell on my mother, my uncle took to heart the difficult situation in our home and about my mother's difficult marriage, and he was looking for ways to ease the livelihood of our house.

Despite his strictness, we respected him and loved him. We respected him because of his great righteousness and his conscientious behavior of a religious Jew, a behavior that could serve as an example.

h) R. Yosef Bernman (Yosele Bergman) the late: a broad-boned and small-sized, a round smiling face framed by a blond long beard, clever laughing eyes, a penetrating look mixed with kindness, that's how R. Joseph Bergman in the Horadler Horizon. A devout you, a Radzine Hasidic, R. Josale was also active and driven, active and full of original ideas about the economic establishment of Haradlo. His vision was: to transform Haradlo into a big city with Economic potential chains.

R. Yosef Bergman was full of economic plans that he used to present to the city institutions, despite the fact that some of them were "air tight", he did not stop believing in their realization. He used to organize fairs and convince the city -

council to take on the organization of the fairs, because he saw in the implementation of certain fair days great prospects to increase the income possibilities of the city of Haradla. R. Yosef Bergman had no means of livelihood and struggled hard to earn and support his large family. Despite his own livelihood concern, R. Yasele used to quickly succumb to help for another, because he had influence in the city institutions and the Polish government. Likewise, he knew the power functionaries of the Krain, and as such he could do and actually did asch to help others. Asch residents of the city turned to him in a bad moment and He met them with help according to his abilities. That's why everyone loved him in the city. Many consulted him and it was not his equal to find a solution and advice in complicated cases. He was a kind of an unofficial institution", but recognized and accepted by everyone.

7) R. Aharon Chaim Feder Z.L.: A householder, a Hasidic figure, a great scholar, a wise man with a degree of wisdom, a wise man with a sharp eye, was R. Aharon Chaim Feder.

In the Hasidim Shtibel "he was among the top and in the city he was considered one of the most honorable people, his sharpness and knowledge in the Talmud earned him honor and guidance among the young scholars of Shtibel", and it was difficult to compare with him in his sharpness and degree of intelligence.

R. Aharon Haim was one of the most exalted of Shtibel. After the death of Rabbi Levi Yitzchak Zavidovich Z.L. - the permanent master of the kura of Shtibel - R. Aharon Chaim occupied this honorable place. He loved to associate with scholars of his style, his closest companion and friend was Mr. Mendel Lerner - a sharp and knowledgeable scholar.

Like him with a sharp understanding, virtues that R. Aharon Haim highly valued.

For a long time Rabbi Aharon Chaim was the head of the congregation of Haradla and this crown suited him and was appropriate for him. Because Rabbi Aharon Chaim distinguished himself with a number of rare qualities: with oversight, with the right mind, and moderation, with firmness when needed, and with a practical view, he fulfilled his social mission with complete honesty and integrity. And thanks to his various virtues, he was respected by the people of the city who listened to his opinion and to his kingdom.

R. Mendel Lerner Z.L.: a definite scholar, knowledgeable in Shas and Fuskim, with a quick understanding and from the east "Jews of Stibel". A fighter for his opinions with great knowledge on the general areas, was R. Mendel Lerner Zi.

It was difficult to spar with R. Mendel Lerner and defeat him in a discussion. Because it was difficult to compare with him in sharpness and in a well-argued line.

At that time, new ideas penetrated the Jewish street, first of all the idea of Shabat Zion, the idea of the revival of the Jewish people, which captivated the majority of the Jewish youth, while R. Mendel - like the rest of the Radzin Hasids - Strongly fighting the Zionist idea, in which he saw a rejection of the accepted Jewish way, his battle was a battle of words, his richly-sharply founded polemics. It was therefore difficult to discuss with him. His teaching method was high and deep, when we, the young Stibel students, turned to him with a question about a difficult and complicated issue of the Talmud, he did not content himself with a direct answer to the question, but he helped us find the solution by clarifying and clarifying the matter.

We immediately found ourselves in Ashkelon and Trio with him, and by the way he brought comparisons from various sources, references to places, and the repentance came out on its own and is an understandable and enlightened light for us.

As we said above, Rabbi Mendel was among the opponents of the Zionist idea, and believed in the possibility of the Jewish people in the Diaspora.

Especially in Poland

It turned out to us that R. Mendel will not change his opinion
Before my aliyah to the Land of Israel, Rabbi Mendel sought an opportunity to talk with me

How great was my surprise at the nature of the conversation and to hear him full of new ideas

That time was full of individual politics

The Polish government began to carry out a policy of accessibility and decrees on Jews.

People have heard a lot that the Jews are a foreign element in the Polish economy

R. Mendel began to understand the Jewish situation in Poland and their unclear future, in view of the prevailing situation in Poland, he wanted to discuss with me about the possibilities of aliyah for his son David.

R. Mendel was not too available

I therefore advised him to find out about the possibility of aliyah for his son, within the framework of the religious pioneer aliyah, a cheaper but more difficult and longer way. No other ways were known to me, and I could not point them out, oh, alas! The tragic destruction came, and put an end to the Haradler Jews and among them, to the family of Rabbi Mendelen.

8) R. Isaac Arnstein (Aisik the tailor) Z.L.: R. Isaac was a simple man, a pious and God-fearing man. But with all his simplicity, he was a wise man, with a natural

and practical wisdom. Rabbi Isaac was a tailor and made a living from his profession.

As with all tailors of that time, his home also served as his workshop. Mr. Isaac was known in the whole area as a good tailor, if someone wanted a hood, a coat, or an

Suit, well sewn, he left for Eisikken. And since he was burdened with many assignments, it was difficult to talk him out of when to come pick him up. Therefore, we used to spend many days in his house, in order to hasten the completion of the assignment and by the way we listened to his professionalism and speed. Despite his great work, he lived a modest life, without special possessions or luxury. - I always have a lot of work and a good income, Rabbi Isaac used to say. Rabbi Isaac raised a generation of tailors. His sons helped him when they were young men, and in the course of time Zari became tailors themselves. Apparently, when they got married and worked for themselves, they continued to listen to the instructions of the father, and Isaac ran from one son to another and subjected them to his paternal help.

R. Isaac worked two shifts a day, which were considered a normal working day for him. He used to get up very early, used to run into the synagogue and pray very early, and after praying he used to return home, sit down by the new car and work without stopping, except for the interruption during the meal, while his wife Rose used to Breakfast and meals are prepared for him and he used to continue to work between Mincha time, then he used to interrupt his work and run into the Beit Midrash to pray Mincha and Umarib. In the Midrash, Reverend Isaac used to listen to the lessons of Jews who studied in the community: Talmud, Ein Jacob, Mishniyot, he used to listen and enjoy himself. In particular, he used to warm himself up and enjoy listening to the beautiful legends. And that a beautiful essay would be made that speaks with praise about a profession and about a craft, like about those who are self-sufficient, R. Isaac's face would light up with happiness. After returning home from Beit Marhat R. Isik began to be

Night work with fresh energy. After the evening meal, he filled the lamb with kerosene, patiently wiped the glass, lit the lamb and continued his work until the city entered the night. Reverend Isaac reached full Afro on Saturday afternoon. "Sabbath is not the same for me," R. Eisik used to say. "Who can feel the taste of Shabbat like a working person?" Soulful rest and exaltation. Isaac's face with the wise black eyes and the black plaited beard, shone with grace and happiness on Saturday.

T) R. Yosef Hecht, the late carpenter: tall and broad-boned, a face full of goodness and nobility, framed by a blond beard, innocent and laughing eyes, with strong hands of a carpenter, with this figure R. Joseph represents his fellow carpenters, for us, boys, every carpenter was considered a hero, because his hands are strong and his muscles are iron, while R. Joseph with his athletic build symbolized in our eyes wonderful hand strength.

At that time, Haradla still didn't know about mobile carpentry machines, and all heavy carpentry work used to be done by hand, with ash mi and harevanie. We used to like to look at the work of R. Yosef and his strong hands holding a rope that is longer than a meter, and R. Yosef swings back and forth and starts it with great energy, on the wood. Meanwhile, wide curled pieces of wood jump through the porthole, and the heavy wood gradually takes on a new appearance. The nimble and quick movements of R. Yosef Hecht surprised us. What strength and diligence with which R. Yosef was gifted!

During the week days Rabbi Yosef Hecht imagined his position, the hair-loving Jew who lives from his work, when it used to come on Shabbat evening, he used to shake off his hair-love and

Prepare for Saturday. On Saturday, he used to throw off all his motherhood and be like a son of a king. He used to sit at a table in the Beit Midrash and listen calmly to the study, to a beautiful aggadah, and enjoy himself. How interesting it was to see the man who represented the working man for a whole week, in his complete rest and peace on the holy Sabbath day. Rabbi Yosef Hecht was not like the rest of the carpenters, he had another profession, with which he was busy for a certain period of time.



Rabbi Yosef Hecht

of the year, and during this time his house became a center for Horadla, thanks to this profession. R. Yosef Hecht was one of the two bakers who baked the unleavened bread on Passover for the Haradler Jews. During this season, Rabbi Yosef used to take away the carpentry tools to dismantle the workshop, prepared his house for Passover, and the house used to be turned into a matzah bakery.

At the long tables used to stand women and girls from the town interested in helping in the household, as well as the family.

of Yosef Hecht, and working in two shifts at baking matzot, while R. Yosef himself fulfilled the most important task. Like a ship's captain, he stood at the burning oven with long ladles and with surprising speed filled the oven from one side with matzah dough, and with the same ladle took out the pre-baked matzah from the other side of the oven and put them in the large Kuish that was prepared on top of that.

Before Passover, when people used to bake unleavened bread, we used to go to Rabbi Yosef Hecht's house and watch the agility of the workers and



Label pike

The workers in baking the matzoh, all the work that was related to the mitzvah of baking matzoh, were done with amazing speed, with nimble hand movement and with a complete division of tasks.

Taking care of Mitzvos for the Haradler Jews was entrusted to the hands of two people; R. Yitzchak Melechs and R. Yosef Hecht, and they both did their holy work with faith and never disappointed.

R. Yosef Hecht as well as the other panelists and craftsmen were closely connected with Jewish life in Haradla, and they distinguished themselves with their Jewish simplicity and modesty.

J) The Bel-Eglaheim: the trade in Haradla in all its areas was mostly in Jewish hands, and the Haradlar shopkeepers bought their goods in the three nearby towns: in Harobyshov, which was 14 km to the west. In Ustila, which was 7 km away and was located on the other side of the river Bug, to the east, in Ludmir, which is also located on the eastern bank of the Bug, 18 km from Haradla.

In Ustila, the Haradler shopkeepers used to buy only small and urgent purchases, while the larger and important purchases were made in Horubishuib and Ludmir.

Four were responsible for the traffic between Haradle and the neighboring towns of Sohora: Hershele Freind, Ntele Shruber, Moshe Michael (or as he was called: Moshe Mechel), and Moshe Hak.

Back then, in the small towns, people didn't know about buses or any other moving means of transport. The roads were dominated by harnessed horses in four-wheeled wagons, led by an experienced driver, and through them you could travel wherever you wanted.

The communication area was handed over to the four masters, but during Hershele friends and relatives had

Good horses and strong wagons, with long, wide ladders that enabled the proper loading of goods and traveling in the distance. Moshe Mechel and Moshe Hak had weak, creaking wagons whose wheels shook to and fro and during the work, added Riltz, and were drawn by one weak horse, which was not properly fed. Therefore, it is no longer surprising that the two masters knew that they could only arrange themselves.

To carry out close journeys, am Ostile, for example. Therefore, in this line of communication remained as a monopoly "by Moshe Mechelen and Moshe Hak, who themselves used to go on foot to give the wagon, during the connection with Harobyshov and Ludmir, remained in the experienced and experienced hands of Hershele Freund and Ntelle.

Almost every day, two wagons left in both directions; to Horubishoeb and to Ludmir, led by the strong hands and by the happy masters, on which four to six shopkeepers traveled and they returned loaded with goods. . The departure and the journey of the master Eglal was patient and slow.

Even when the morning star used to split the darkness of the night, when it was still dark, the wagons used to appear in the middle of the market, ready to enter. The foreman loudly called out to the shopkeepers about their immediate "departure, and almost never did a wagon touch before ten o'clock or later, and did not return before twelve o'clock at night. It is therefore understandable that such a journey was an arrival despite the short distance.

There were still no proper roads, only muddy ones, and the wagon took three hours to Horobyshov and even more to Ludmir, and if you traveled after rain or winter on a snowy day, it turned out that the road does not end and you will never reach the goal, during such a difficult journey, you have fixed your gaze on the master and you have business confidence in his experience and safety.

The masters had different characters, and just as they were different in their character, so they were also different in their behaviors and in their customs. When it happened to you to drive with Netelen, he would immediately start telling you his jokes and his adventures on the roads, and you immediately entered into a light mood and forgot the mud and the hard road, by the way.

Ntele used to teach his worshipers the travel Torah. So at every razor cut of the hard road, at every mountain up the road, he took pity on his horses and he jumped down from his wagon, put his shoulder to the wagon ladder and pushed the wagon and its drivers.

In such a situation, will you dare to sit on the wagon and let it not burn your face? ! The drivers immediately jumped down from the wagon, and like him, they all put their shoulders to pull the wagon out.

Unlike him in his nature and character was Hershele. He was a short talker and a great thinker, when his drivers got on the wagon and the horses started to move, Hershele closed in on himself, his eyes looked into the distance of the road and his lips were business cards, Psalms that he knew by heart.

Hershele was known for his modesty and fairness, and a merchant who entrusted him to bring his goods, was sure that she was in good hands, because he used to make an effort to arrange the goods on the wagon, which would avoid nets. In rainy days or other damages

When the wagon and its drivers arrived at their destination - in the big city - the master of the wagon would immediately leave for his designated inn, the merchant-drivers went to buy their goods in the various large shops, while the master of the wagon immediately began to take care of his wagon and his horses and prepare them for the return journey.

He unharnessed the horses and placed them by the cart full of barley and hay, and while the group was eating, the master busied himself with the wagon, took off and fastened the wheels, well fastened the different parts of the wagon, and after a long time of preparation, he entered the hostel to eat warm.

At night, the merchants used to return loaded with large packages of goods and accompanied by porters who carried the larger packages used to hand over the packages to the cart owner, and he used to arrange them on the wagon in such a way that they would be protected from any damage.

In between, the merchants used to bury Merib, and eat their supper.

Meanwhile

The driver used to rein in the horses, again consider the condition of the wagon, urged the merchants to get on the wagon, because it was already time to turn around, sat down in his place, took the reins in his hands, and the horses have touched. The loaded wagon used to drive slowly, it was at night, all around - dark. The wagon used to pass through several villages, and the Ezuti-faced dogs used to pick them up with a strong and fearful barking and used to accompany the wagon and its drivers for a long way even after leaving the village, where a drunken guy would let his howling hoarseness be heard. Singing, while the drivers sat closed in on themselves and didn't even talk to each other, while the foreman didn't stop suborning his horses with the exclamations they understood. In the moments of such a trip, the drivers had one wish: to be at home as soon as possible.

After a three-four hour journey, the first pillars of Haradla appeared

The sailors used to wake up from their dream, and their spirits lifted

Light shot out from a row of poles

These were the trunks of the drivers, on whose return their relatives and families were waiting, a festive exclamation from the Dia! used to cross in the night silence of the great Haradlar market, and announce their return in peace, quickly the goods would be removed, and the owner of the sheep would rush home to catch a few hours of sleep, because very early he needed to be in the market again with His horses lead other shopkeepers into the big city, and he could not disappoint them

For partial rest, the shepherd used to come on Fridays, and then people would not go on long journeys for fear of desecrating the Sabbath.

On Friday, the foreman used to get busy with fixing the wagon and taking travel orders from merchants for the coming week, and he also helped at home to prepare for Saturday.

The shepherd used to come to Fulcomer's house on Saturdays On the holy Sabbath, he used to escape from his difficult trial and from a whole week

Waddling on the roads, used to be happy with his honest service and used to thank him for protecting him and the drivers from anything bad and damage on their journeys and while they were driving back home.

11a) R. Baruch Schmid Z.L.: a firmly built man, a middle-aged man, a dark broad face with a long black beard, a high broad forehead, which testifies to seriousness and learning, black and always smiling eyes, a friend of people, who likes to chat with them a lot - Rabbi Baruch Schmid was one of them

Rabbi Baruch was from the Jewish Beit Midrash, and he used to spend every free moment there studying Torah and catching a bit of Talmud, Mishniyot, Ein Jacob, Midrash, etc. There is no better thing than learning the Torah - he used to say, and he himself was a handsome demander and a handsome fulfiller.

R. Baruch's house stood far from the center of the town, on the road to Dabenka, almost at the edge of the town. Despite this, he did not bother to walk a long distance - through the gentile street - and enter the synagogue and return home most of the time alone. Rabbi Baruch was respected in the town and the gentiles also paid him respect. Even the wildest fools did not dare to harass him while walking on the gentile street, or when returning home at night after studying. The Jews who had to go through the long Gentile street on foot for the sake of livelihood, saw the two Jewish houses, which were isolated and distant from each other on the Gentile street - the house of R. Moshe Babes and the home of R. Baruch Schmitt - as if they were way stations, where one catches one's breath, the Jewish walker used to go in there to drink water or a glass of tea, and gather fresh strength to go on.

R. Baruch Schmid was also once a teacher of Jewish boys, and he was different in his method of teaching with it, which he did not see in his scholarship as a matter of livelihood, but he saw in it a mission and he Learned Torah for its own sake. We don't know how

So it happened that boys with hard heads studied with him, and he also taught them Torah with great patience. The relationship with his students was proper and equal and he did not see a student who had sinned, even when he was a gentleman or a sinner. It is worth knowing that usually the Haradler Jews were not favored by the gentlemen, but by scholars and Torah experts. Rabbi Baruch in no way wanted to understand the impatience and desire of the youth to leave Poland. He did not even want to accept as an argument the decrees and the discriminations against the Jews. The Gentiles will never be able to compete with us in our superiority, because the Jewish people are a God and our strength lies in the spirit", - explained Rabbi Baruch. You need to surround yourself with a mystical armor, he will not feel harassed by the gentiles." Rabbi Baruch used to say, and he himself used to give a practical example of his attitude, which was the attitude of the majority of Haradler Jews.

12b) R. David Joseph Zuberman ZL: The Zuberman family was a branched and varied one. The members of this family, who mostly lived in Horodla and some of them moved after the marriage to live in other cities, were interesting people and occupied a prominent place in the social life of Horodla. The leaders of the family occupied a prominent place among the Haradler scholars and occupied the upper level in the synagogue and in the stable, were among the Beit Midrash sitters, they were counted among the best of the scholars, and after they left the learning bank, and began to engage in worldly things, they stood at the head of the social and social activity in Haradla, and bore the burden of the Zionist work in the town.

Five brothers were the Ket family: Rev. David Joseph Zberman, Rev. Jacob Zberman, Rev. Zvi Zberman, Rev. Moshe Zberman, Rev. Aaron Zberman, and each one of them had his definite place in Haradler's life. The common feature of all of them was that they were all scholars, honest people and had general knowledge. They themselves acquired their spiritual baggage thanks to their desire for Torah and knowledge.

At the head of the five brothers went R. David Yosef with his tall figure and personality. R. David Yosef was a great scholar. He was interested in many things and was

An expert in many areas, and it was not known how and when he acquired his skills and knowledge.

He was a humble man and his simplicity and humility covered his knowledge and his skills.

He was always in the Beit Midrash, and for many hours he used to study in his appointed place

He was the permanent teacher in the Beit Midrash and his prayer was like an old Urgil

Even when he was sitting in his shop, he didn't waste his free time. Whenever there were no customers in the shop (and in the Haradler economy this was a common occurrence), he would immediately open One of his books that he used to always give himself: Talmud, Chomesh, Mishniyot, A

A

hook

And used to enter the spiritual world

Rabbi David Joseph loved the Hebrew language and its treasures and was content to immerse himself in intellectual matters and in research and scientific books

And when the Tzifira appeared under the editorship of Yosef Heftman Z.L., Rabbi David Yosef read the important and insightful articles of the newspaper with great interest and pleasure.

Along with his love for books, he also loved physical work. He used to like to engage in work that required physical effort, and he undertook such work in his yard and his home.

Simplicity and fairness were the hallmarks of his life. With such qualities that became his personal characteristics, he accepted his world view, and also made them happy for people.

It is therefore no wonder that he was loved by people and had no opponents, he used to give respect to others and was himself treated with respect.

Aharon Alach (Wallach) - Haifa

Unforgettable figures: a) R. Matthei the teacher (R. Mates Melamed) Z.L. R. Mates was my first teacher who started me to learn Torah, and in his classroom I spent a large part of my childhood, years. This time is deeply etched in my memory. The rabbi, the little students, the court, were an unforgettable experience, and the Torah lessons that Rabbi Mates taught me, have penetrated well into my memory and Became a girsa dinkuta "that you don't forget."

Today I heard in my ears the song with which we learned the parasha: Vani bboyi mfdan aram "with the beautiful explanation about the parasha, by R. Matesen. I remember that I stood out more than the other students because of my knowledge of the parasha And by handing over the rabbi's statement, for which I had the privilege of receiving a cane in the hand of the rabbi, my emotion was very strong, I told about the event my sisters and my colleagues, bragging about it and my pride over This expression of love stirred a long time.

b) R. Yitzchak, the son-in-law of Hen Stein Z.L. Study for yourself in the Beit Midrash. My father's opinion was that I should still have the supervision of you scholars, who should be older than me, and he did

Ordered for me R. Yitzchak, who was a learned Muflag and a Katz Hasidic.

During the winter we studied together and we achieved a lot. I studied with Yura Deh "and Hushen Shempat". When my late father returned home for Passover and listened to me in my Talmudic studies, I noticed his great surprise at my progress in learning.

My father's satisfaction did not last long, and it ended after the conversation he had with R. Yitzchak, after he told him that according to his opinion I had gone out into a bad culture, and he could no longer study with me. +

The great sin that he found in me was expressed in quotes from the poems of H.N. Bialik and Fireberg, two beloved poets of mine, who were written by me on the pages of various books in the Beit Midrash.

C) R. Mendel Lerner - the son-in-law of Herschel Naviszents ZL. In the school, I got close to the rest of my colleagues who studied there. I was not easily accepted into the circle of my fellow students, because some of them considered me a freebie and did not show any great desire to be my friend. The only one who supported me was R. Mendel Lerner, thanks to his influence I stayed to study in Stibel, and in recognition of his sympathy for me, I put blue in my tzitzit, in the manner of the Radzin Hasidim, without foresight. The oleh that I have committed against my father, who was a Gerer Hasidic, and who saw in my father leaving Gerer Hasidism and joining the Radzin Hasidism. Not being naturalized as it should be, I have already strived to acquire a general

Education, which I could not get in Haradla, and I went to study in Lido, which was given to Vilnius.

D) Zisele Z.L. - (She was called: Zisele the Rabitsent). Zisele, who was from the same generation and the best friend of my mother Z.L., was one of the most interesting Horadler characters. She was a righteous woman with many good deeds, very smart with an aristocratic attitude, and she distinguished herself with a good heart and a noble soul. I advise and she extended her help to every fallen and depressed person. Although women did not occupy a great position in the public life of that time, I still felt great respect for the elevated and honorable women whom Zisele represented. During difficult times at our house, Zisele used to appear at the right moment, and she extended her help with good advice and a good father. She was known for her wisdom and all

appreciated her advice.
Let me be blessed!

h) R. Shmuel Biederman the late. R. Shmuel Biederman was known in Haradla as an important and respected person. I didn't feel any extra love. Nevertheless, fate wanted you, Samuel, to gain my sympathy. And the story was like this:

During the time of the Austrian occupation after the First World War, Rabbi Shmuel Biederman, who was a Radziner Hasidic, used to pray during the week in the Beit Midrash. He used to come to the Beit Midrash in the morning, and after the funeral, he used to study tea in the late afternoon. I was then almost the only one among the youth who studied in the Beit Midrash until late

During lunch hours, and most of the time, we, R. Shmuel and I, were the only students during these hours, we sat and studied and hardly spoke to each other.

In one day, the Austrian police arrested people on the street for forced labor. When the policemen approached the Beit Midrash, Rabbi Shmuel Biederman was the one who quickly took me into Ezerat Nasim, and thus hid me from the police. When the policemen appeared on the threshold of the Beit Midrash, they Rabbi Shmuel reported that there is no one in the Beit Midrash besides him. This action would have greatly affected him, if the police conduct an investigation and find me out. My surprise was very great in view of the self-sacrifice and care shown for me, on the part of Shmuel.

F) The Mera Datra, Rabbi Moshe Leib Halevi Berman zt'l zi:
The Mera Datra, the Haradler rabbi, distinguished himself with great virtues and lofty qualities that go beyond the usual frameworks, he was A great scholar and God-fearing and he was known and famous for his proficiency in Shas and Fuskim, he composed important Torah books, and at the same time he was modest in his attitude.

His sayings and his sermons in Rosh Hashanah for blowing trumpets and his words that he gave on other occasions, left a deep impression on me and awakened in me feelings of honor and respect for him.

The late rabbi and my late father maintained a correspondence in which they discussed and agreed on halachic and Talmudic issues. To this day, I still consider it a great honor for me that I served as the messenger to transfer these atrocities. There were letters from two scholars who were superior to each other in Halacha, but who were at the same time

Imbued with mutual feelings of respect. Friendship and companionship reigned between them the whole time.

Haradla was a small town, and its pride in its great rabbi was very great. The spiritual influence of the rabbi on his congregation was great and visible, and the whole city was proud of his Torah greatness. He was He was revered by everyone and everyone listened to his word and his Torah.

7) My father, the late R. Moshe Mendel Wallach: in the town he was simply called: R. Moshe Mendel. He conducted his daily life with simplicity and humility. He was an excellent family man, and he loved his home with a noble love. His relationship to my mother was full of honor and respect, as it was then. As pious Jews, he did not call my mother by my name, but in spite of this there was complete understanding and mutual respect between them. His daughters - my sisters, was a paternal relationship full of magnanimity.

On the other hand, he approached me strictly, with strong discipline, because he demanded a lot from me, and expected a lot from me in the field of education and studying the Torah.

But I was also entitled to compensation, this was in a moment of approval and desire, on the eve of Yom Kpur, before going into the shill to fulfill my vows. In these trembling and emotional moments, without drawing attention, he called me into his room with a wink, put his hands on my head and blessed me in silence. His tears that fell on my cat affected me

Like dew on my soul. And every time I remember this experience, I am moved to tears.

The last time I saw him was on a day in November 1939, it was in the city of Heles, when I was getting ready to cross the border in the direction of Russia.



Rabbi Moshe Mendel Wallach and his daughter Esther

About the extermination of the Jews by Hitler, and the fear of what was to come caused a panic on the Jewish street. But my late father continued his methodical way of life. Interested in general issues, having confidence in the superior and handing over his fate in his hands.

My town Lord A. D. La. After years of absence, I returned to Haradla. This time it was in very sad circumstances, completely different from those that prevailed in her years ago, when I left her. Gone are the years of peace and stability, and the town found itself under a terrible war - along with all of Poland - riots and in terrible conditions for the Jewish community. I arrived in Horadla on a Friday afternoon, in the month of November 1939, with the aim of crossing the arch which was then the German-Russian border. The master Eglal - with whom I traveled to Haradla - stopped before entering the city near the Polish school, because he was afraid to drive into the city with me, without me leaving him, and tried to enter the city through side streets, about, taking all kinds of precautionary measures, so as not to meet the Germans.

Full of fear and without strength, I arrived at the house of Gitel Rose. A number of friends and relatives came to see me when they found out about my coming, and they advised me to leave the city immediately the way I came, despite the fact that it was close to night. These dear Jews told about the serious riots that prevailed in the city, and claimed that I could bring disaster on me and the Jews of the town, if the Germans would find out about my arrival. The people were full of fear and dread, and a depression reigned in the city. The Jews were afraid to go into the shul to receive Shabbat, and locked themselves in their houses for Shabbat prayer. By the beauty of the modest Shabbat light.

At the beauty of the Saturday lights, which were visible from the Jewish houses through the windows here and there, filled with longing for the distant days, full of fear and pain, I quietly crept out of my town - From my birth nest, with feelings of loneliness and abandonment, and without the company of friends and relatives, I continued to look for an escape to my tired soul.

Israel Barg (Tel Aviv)

Rabbi Mattihu (Mathes), the Dredki teacher. Dedicated
to his holy memory)

Not like all the teachers, our Dredki teacher was. All those who had no income became teachers, and the parents handed over the children to them, so that they could teach the little children the Torah. In different ways, the teachers used to fulfill their mission, some with the Kanchik, and some with a simple stick, and so the children used to absorb Torah and Klep simultaneously. Our Rabbi, like the other teachers, did not prevent us from using his staff, but His way of learning was completely different, because he acquired his profession thanks to his experience of work and teaching and he was very proficient in his profession.

Our rabbi began his work as a mentor of teachers in the cities of Galicia, and there he received the training to become teachers just like the teachers in our time. He had diplomas, recommendations and awards in his teaching field. We really liked the study with the explanation of the holy language in Yiddish. The rabbi knew how to make the lesson enjoyable for us, he understood us and brought us closer to his Torah. And so he had the privilege of standing up scholars who used to argue with him and say to their children: Go my son, go to Rabbi Mates! I, your father, also studied with him, and in this love lay all his greatness.

In general, he was a cheerful person, understanding and wise, good natured and happy in his lot. He was able to win the love of all classes of our city: both the scholars and the common people.

people, and adapted his conversation to each individual, according to the understanding and knowledge of his Mitch Mueser.

I remember when we learned in Parasha Amor "about the ruling of the priest who is not allowed to approach a dead person or deal with him, except for a dead mitzvah", as in the case when a priest is walking on the road and finds True, he must do everything in order to bring him to burial according to the law

Fluzim fell silent in our small classroom and the rabbi's voice was heard: Please, dear children, I have a question for you! - What is the ruling that a priest is walking on the road and he sees a dead person running, can he deal with him or not?

There was silence in the classroom

We did not know what to answer

This just happened in the presence of a guest, while the rabbi wanted to get rid of us, his good students.

It was quiet

Each one of us sat and thought, looked at his friend, and that one at the third A

A

hook

Finally, we turned our gaze to the rabbi, with the request that he should answer his sharp question, without embarrassing us in front of the guest.

We didn't make any mistakes

The rabbi quickly came to our aid, and so he began to say:

This is your nature, when someone enters the room, you do not listen at all to what I am teaching you.

Because if you listened properly, you would immediately ask: - Rabbi, can the truth run?

And so we were saved from a trouble that we didn't know how to get out of

When the guest got up and left, we all started to tremble with fear and we waited to receive the gift from the Rabbi's hand, which was rightfully ours.

But this time we had a mistake

He didn't give us a lesson, just a portion of morality: shame on the Gentiles! It's a shame every penny that your parents pay for you from their precious money, which they don't earn so easily, and it's also a shame on my powers and my great teaching experience, which I put in you!

Closes the five-year-old and goes to herd animals

"We all sat as if stoned, we acknowledged our guilt and we justified his behavior

We have for him

Wanted to fall and ask for his forgiveness. We wanted to hug him and kiss him in admiration, but we were afraid to move from our places. Therefore, we remained seated with lowered eyes. We were ashamed, and he came to our aid again. Enough! Go eat and relax. I will try one more time, and if you don't change, I will let you go and run away wherever my legs will take me." And could, and the rabbi who witnessed this said to us: You see, I did not make any mistake in you.

My opinion was correct, that if you want it, you will succeed and everything will be fine." He was very happy with our step forward and with his great expertise in the laws of teaching.
The order of study was as follows: the first three days of the week we all studied together, and the next three days each one studied separately.

I remember what he told me when I was already outside his permission. In a winter night, the rabbi stood in front of the pillar in the Beit Midrash and prayed, two of his students stood far from him and talked to each other: Tonight we need to study separately. We do not know the Pentateuch as it should be and the

Rabbi will surely beat us. If I had a knife, I would have thrust it into his shoulder. The two of them came into the room in the evening, took them in, according to their heart, he promised them good beatings, both for not knowing the fives and for the knife and for the immersion in the river. When finishing the story, the rabbi drew a Moral: despite the beatings, their children also learn from me. I am like our father Abraham when he converted the Gentiles, and I make little nobles out of the little ignorant children." And the teachers who come after me get a full breakfast." He had no peace in his family life.

gave birth to him sixteen children of whom only three daughters remained

I remember how one of his daughters died and his wife almost touched by grief, and how his youngest son died, whom the rabbi loved very much and he was his beloved child, this boy. Should have said Kaddish after the death of the father, the death of this child had a heavy effect on the mood of the rabbi, then came the butcher Rabbi Jacob Z.L. and in order to console him, he told him the following story: Both sons of Rabbi Mayer died in the day

His wife, who did not want to share the news at once, met him at the entrance of the house, while returning from the synagogue, and she asked him: A few years ago, a man came to me and gave me a very expensive pawn. Watch

And I was happy that the pawned property was with me and I considered it as if it were my private property, and today that man came and asked me to return his pawn, what do I need, according to your opinion? Do? Rabbi Meir I immediately replied: Of course you have to give him up.

They took him to the children's room and he saw his two dear children dead

He raised his hands and said: God gave and God took away, the visit and the fur of the butcher had a good effect on the rabbi and he felt

comforted and began to return to his usual life. Just like the request of Jacob our father at G: Bread to eat and clothing to wear." A few other rooms. He also had good advice, especially for the Christians of the area. He had a rich brother in Ludmir, a sister in America and a brother in England. And they did not forget that they had a brother, a teacher, " he always used to tell about a dream he had, that his father came to him and he gave a bookcase for him and a bag of money for his brother in Ludmir. Therefore he remained a poor man

Melamed and his brother a great wealth. Many times he used to complain about his difficult existence, despite the help he received from the various sources mentioned above. He used to compare his situation with the situation of other Jews whose situation was not higher than his in everything, and yet they found their bread in a nice way. Me too - he used to say that he wants to enter the Beit Midrash and learn Torah for himself and not to make an akrdum out of it. As a result of this thought, he once tried his luck in trading. And it was like this:

At the time when Poland was under the Austrian occupation, the authorities allowed to cultivate tobacco without a special permit.

The rabbi also cultivated tobacco for his own use as well as to sell to individuals.

At the same time, people started to trade tobacco and to sell it to Lemberg, and Jews engaged in the tobacco trade with great success and made a lot of money.

The merchants of the town remembered the rabbi and urged him to try his luck in the tobacco trade.

He entered under so many influences

He searched and he found a partner for his trade, in Moshe the carpenter, and after Sukkot (between the times, before the learning time) he borrowed money from all his landlords, they wanted with all their hearts that the rabbi would succeed His and also he should taste the taste of a merchant

He also added his own little money, and his partner also added some of his money

Both, the rabbi and his partner, worked together to buy the tobacco, they drove a wagon drawn by two horses and set off on the road to Cracow and Lemberg, accompanied by the good wishes of their acquaintances.

In the middle of the road, it started to rain a lot and pour the earth and everything on it, and the wagon overturned and the rain forgot and made a pile of everything, of course the rabbi couldn't go any further, because from where will he get masters on such spoiled goods, and with great shame they

Returning to the town, they arrived at night, so that the people of the town would not notice them. Entering the house, the rabbi said: Oh, Moshe, Moshe. You spent your money and your time and everything on my fault. I forgot to tell you before our trip about a dream I had about a bookcase I received. I must continue to be a teacher, and continue to make our sons good kosher Jews. I will never succeed as a merchant, because teaching is my mission forever, and you, Moshe. Forgive me for the damage I caused you."

And so the rabbi returned to teaching, and continued to do so throughout his life, and he died as a teacher in our small town in Poland. May his memory be blessed!

His disciple Barg in Israel.



R. Matthei (Mates) Melamed and his daughter Findel

My hometown Haradla,

It is a little difficult - after thirty years of absence - to write memories about Haradla and its Jews. And in truth, I would not write any memoirs at all if there were still Jewish Haradla. But the terrible destruction that befell European Jewry and the Polish Jews, in which six million Jews were murdered by the Jews, Hitler, and his murderers, among them the Haradler Jews; our parents, our brothers, Our sisters oblige us to write memories about the town and its dear Jews. Let the following descriptions serve as words of remembrance for the Haradler community and its dear Jews, who were and are no longer.

The Haradler Jews in the month of Elul. The closer the month of Ab came to its end, one could feel in the holy air that the month of Elul was approaching. The Jews of Horodla pretend to be vigilant and sanctify themselves in the worship of the Bible. They get up early in the synagogue and in the Beit Midrash for Torah and prayer. In the evening, they hurry to leave their shops and their trade and rush into the shill, as they bring in the Torah and prayer in the night hours in the cities. When it approaches the time of forgiveness. The sanctity strengthens, and the atmosphere of forgiveness becomes more and more powerful and dominates the town. Black works with whatever

He was busy for a whole year. Laibele was the one who used to wake up God's people in the late hours of the night to pray. Who of the Haradlers doesn't remember how Libeles used to roam the dark streets of the town, in one hand he held a large sledgehammer and in the other - a wooden hammer with which he used to give three strong blows, the echo of which would blend together. With his dry and loud voice when exclaiming: - Jews! Stand up! He prepares himself for the worship of the Bible and his awakening voice used to echo in another voice from the distance in the dark night. Fire splashes from the kerosene - lamps that light up in the wake

Jewish houses look out through the windows. The grown-up members of the household get up and hurry to arrive at the beginning of the prayers. In a short while the shells are filled with Jews filled with awe and at the same time imbued with confidence and anticipation for the arrival.

Thick new year. R. David Yosef Zuberman, - the permanent Master-Kura in the Beit Midrash, this universal you, the kind-hearted and righteous who on all days of the week you are used to seeing him with the Pentateuch in his hand as he learns one of the Tisha Shavuot and prepares to The reading on Shabbat. He is the right and trusted messenger of the public in the days of mercy and forgiveness. He is getting ready, he is holding himself in a tallit, and his voice is heard in the darkness of the night: Justice and judgment, grace and truth, first of all, "...

In view of the Holy Days and Yom Kpur, the holy tension in the town rises and strengthens. The Haradler Jews do their soul-searching and spend most of their time in heavenly things, they purify themselves and purify themselves before their Father in heaven, and are sure that the one who hears prayer "will receive the prayer of his people Israel."

The cantor R. Kalman Neiman Z.L. A very important task was performed by Slichot days and during the Yams Nuraym R. Klman Neiman, or as he was called in Haradla,

Rabbi Kalman Moshe Babes. The permanent cantor of the Great Shil was R. Kalman, and with his emotional prayers and strong lyrical voice he moved the hearts of his listeners, like a conductor he stood in front of the column surrounded by a group of boys, and during his powerful A voice thundered: Ashari hem yodei teruah... the crowd in Shil did this immediately, and knew that his messenger Zabur was a believer. R. Kalman stands in front of the Amur, touched with enthusiasm, and his strong and pleasant voice dissolves in the praise of Shil, he prays to the public that sent him: I pray before you and beseech you for your people Israel... and you will accept my prayer. The prayer of Elder Virgil ", and the congregation is touched and moved by the enthusiasm and devotion of Rabbi Kalman. At the end of the prayer, one could recognize in the expression of the congregation a spiritual pleasure and an admiration for their son-in-law, , the cantor.



Rabbi Kalman Neiman and his family

Nest Kreten, the face of Herschel Bel Eglia shines with panic today, with special importance today he takes care of his horses and the wagon and prepares them for the journey, paying attention to every detail.

He saddles up his horse and rides with joy to the train station, because important guests have to arrive in the town today.

This sounds like Herschel's voice rushing under his horses It sounds off and is heard in the distance, his horses follow him and he knows that he will arrive at the railway station on time, and indeed he returns in a while with the important guests who were absent from the town during This summer, and were in Warsaw and in Lodz on business, and now they are returning home for the good days.

And that the carriage shows up with the guests when entering the market, the Haradler Jews appear at the doors of their shops and from their stalls, to fix their gaze on the guests. Here is R. Laibel Zavidovich with his imposing and aristocratic figure, with heavy wallets containing holiday gifts for his family members and extended family.

His wife Zisele goes to meet him, and receives him with great honor and joy

Here is R. Moshe Mendel Wallach, the great scholar with the aristocratic face, here is the handsome Eliezer Tongue, and Laibel Kulish, the connoisseur and scholar, and more and more The appearance of the important guests in the town and their return home, after a period of absence, makes the impression of a good news, leads the town out of its normality and gives it a grace and beauty.

New Year's Eve. The preparation for the holiday is getting stronger and can be felt in the whole town, the women are busy baking the challah and good pastries, and cooking the holiday dishes, the very good smell of which spreads over the market. The men clean their holiday clothes, polish their shoes, and offer their help to the busy women before going to the city - take a clean bath - and immerse themselves in a pure mikvah.

Moshe Berer is especially busy for the holiday of Moshe the Beder. In the early hours of the morning on the eve of Yom Tov, he begins to fill the mikvah with clean spring water, after he has emptied the previous water. Moshe Beder stands at the wooden bucket in the early morning and pours them into the wooden gutter that leads them to the Mikva Torah. For long hours he is busy collecting water, without stopping he pulls up the bucket and empties it until the mikvah is filled with water. Finished filling, he heats up the steam, glides over the stones. In the late morning hours, the first Jews from the city begin to come, bathe and clean themselves in honor of Yom Tov.

Zelik the Gabbay One of the busiest people in the Eve Yom Tov days is Zelik the Gabbay, who with his black long aristocratic beard used to arouse awe. R. Zelik was an inseparable part of the Haradler panorama, and was respected by everyone.

He carried an important public task on his shoulders for a long time: R. Zelik was responsible for the order and cleanliness of the Great Shel. R. Zelik fulfilled his task faithfully, and he used to help clean, rub and polish the large heavy copper hanging lamps with his own hands, while cleaning the water hand basin and filling it, and he did not stop working until the shell glistened with its light and purity, and he also did not forget to prepare drink and honor for a Kiddush Rabbah after praying - Be honorable and drink, Jews! - Cheers, Jews! Cheers! And his face lightened with great satisfaction.

*

Oh, woe! To the Holy Church, to all the dear ones who were killed without guilt by the German murderers. May the holy memory of the Church and its saints remain forever!

King of Schachter (Ert Israel)

The heroism of Isaac Saler.

In memory of my deceased brothers
and their families, David and
Mendel Schechter

Let me tell you the life path of Yitzchak Saler Z.L., of course you will wonder why I found it necessary to count the life story of this Yitzchak and describe it, more than any other resident of our town? If I answer you that I do this because he was my closest neighbor, I knew him better than anyone in the town, I saw him often, and I knew about his motherhood and his difficulties in finding a living.
I can point out that I lived in his neighborhood for over twenty-five years

He was a middle-aged man, tall and thin, with a blond goatee. You, like all Jews, an honest man, with a pure and kosher soul All day long he used to wander around the villages around Haradla looking for a living for his family

He used to find sustenance for himself and his children by buying a lot of wheat or barley from the farmers in the area, a little pig's hair, a piece of a slaughtered calf, and selling them to others.

So he also had a mother at home who gave him milk and he also traded in tobacco

In short: he was a poor man just like that

Most of the Jews of the town. He used to walk around from morning to night with an open hood, from which his chest was visible, he used to sing a Hasidic song under it, and at the end he used to . He loudly croaked with his hands and said: Oh, God, my divorce! And what will we do? , people

You have to prepare for Shabbat, and you also have to live on Shabbat. At home there is no fruit to split and after all the troubles, the good holy days are approaching. And then comes the long cold winter, and the children go around torn and locked, oh! What will I do? Who can understand G-d's will asher yahob yakohim " (whom he loves, he chastises); - That's how he used to talk to himself.

He rarely talks to anyone else

There were only two who knew his mood, and with them he used to talk and pour out his bitter heart for them, these were Mendel Lerner and Nette Ziseles, he used to talk with them about the Torah and save himself about a difficult issue. This is how they used to share with each other about the state of their market business: the rising price of wheat, the cheapening of barley, the lack of tobacco, and similar matters.

I knew this Jew well

It was enough for me to catch a look at his face, in order to know if today he earned enough money to be his family or not, if divorce helped him and he earned something, he used to walk away and smile and By the way, the guest said: - Well, Melech, did you bathe in the river today? , and what do you hear? And then I used to say - with a smile - to him: - Now Isaac, what is the smile on your face, and what is the joy? * And he used to answer me: - Go, you're still too young, if a Jew earns something, with God's help, to maintain his life, he should be happy, and he used to hum a song under his breath, but without He used to be very happy that Saturday had come and everything was necessary in his house, then he would take off his Saturday hood and the black velvet cap, he would comb out his red beard and go into the shed - in the Radziner Shtibl " - pray

He had a wife, her name was Hashe, and three children: Moshele (a dumb one! Not for us), his second son was Shmuel.

He also had a flaw - he had sick eyes that used to ooze, the father could not help his son, because he did not have the money to pay the doctors, he also had a little daughter who was healthy and Perfect, this is Rachel. Now I want to tell you about some sad events that happened to this Yitzchak Saler, I remember a sad case that happened to him in the middle of the burning summer days: his only goat died the Jew's eyes filled with tears :- Oh, what are we going to do now! Half a house's livelihood was lost for us. So our children at least had some milk. In the same way, I was able to sell a part. * I saw clearly how Isaac's face became dark and how his hair also started to turn silver.

And here is a second incident that left a strong impression on me. This was after the good old days. The first signs of the coming winter have already begun to appear. It started to rain, the sky darkened. And when it took days, while the whole town was still sleeping, we heard a bitter cry from the direction of the river. I got up and ran there out of breath. When I arrived at the river, a shocking image appeared before my eyes: Yitzhak Saler and a guy are both standing in the river water up to their necks, holding a full sack, and each one pulls the sack in order to sweat it out of the other. When he saw me, he started shouting with all his might: King, save me! That I started to scream " ! And asking for the help of the police, he asked me:

- Don't scream, but help me sweat the sack out of this earl. You know that people shouldn't know what's in the bag. Here is all my livelihood, my blood and flesh, " - To tell the truth, even though I knew that this was a bag full

With tobacco, and that is Isaac's entire livelihood, I had absolutely no desire to go into the water, so I grabbed a big rock, and I started to threaten the guy and shout at him: - Or you leave the sack, , or I'll kill you on the spot! Run away, and hearing the screams, some Jewish neighbors gathered to help him, he dropped the bag and started to run away in his fishing boat to the other side of the river. We immediately caught up. The bag that was full of tobacco, and heavy because he had soaked in quite a bit of water, and we took him in the direction of Isaac's house. On the way, he asked me to take the bag to our store and not to his, home, because he was sure that the police would search his home in the meantime and if they found the tobacco, they would take away his source of income and, apart from sentencing him to some

Year of imprisonment. We took the bag into our magazine and hid it well and covered it with rags and pieces of wood.

After that

I asked him: - How did you get to this bad situation? - And he answered me: - "A farmer from a nearby village came to me, Miasia", and said that he wanted to buy from me. Thirty kilos of tobacco. After passing through the free, the guy asked me to help him carry the bag down to his boat that was on the river, and there he would pay me the money. As the guy was sure that I would Don't cry for help, because the goods were forbidden to trade, he wanted to rob me."

- I will tell you the truth, he continued:-- If it was only my money, I would not risk my life trying to save the bag. But as I deal with money that I get from all kinds of places Loans, only one thought flashed in my brain: - Lord of the world!

Will I take to pay back my debt?, and I don't have any money at home to share."

*
This is how it happened that this young man Yitzchak Saler, who had never done anything wrong, a weak man who did not even bother a fly on the wall, who suffered hardship and hunger and kept silent so that people in the town would not know. How great is his need, who never wanted to accept any favors, the one whom everyone called Isaac Han, a man who did not mix with people and was not interested in politics and the rest of the issues that happen around him. Him, this man was able to show in his last hour an exalted bravery and courage that was not heard of.

At the outbreak of the war in the year 1939, when the Nazi boot stepped on Poland and also arrived in our town of Horadla, our Isaac's situation was very bad.

He was resigned and hopeless, it hit him like thunder in broad daylight.

He didn't have any money in his pocket, to deal with what is not, obviously the Nazis didn't allow it in those days, he walked around locked in himself and said: - And what will happen to us now? How will we get out of this trouble? Trade, the Germans will certainly not be paid and to earn to live will certainly not be fun, and where will I get food for the children?" - He still could not imagine that the Nazis would not only demand the money of the Jew but the most precious thing that a person has: his life

And so he used to ask his wife, when he saw that there are still people who leave the town: - Well, Hashe! What are you doing now? Where are you running away to? True, we still have two hundred kilos of barley and some tobacco, but how long will we be able to survive on it? - And what will we do so that this will end?

Then we will run out of hunger. Perhaps it would be better for us to move to another city where there is a larger number of Jews." - And his wife used to answer him:

"Well, what can I say. You are a man after all, and how should I know what we have to do? In my opinion, we don't have to leave our home. What are we going to do on the road, it is difficult for us to waddle across the road and drag our children along. We fought so hard until we got this house, and now we should leave them to HFCR? - And yet you are hidden in the affairs of the Gentiles around us. They already know us, and they also know that we have no money. You don't have to run away. This is a useless thing that will not bring any use. And then he would narrow his eyes and say: What do I know? Maybe you are right. Where will we escape? - The winter is coming, maybe God will help us and there will be peace in the world. Maybe! However, if the situation worsens, we will flee from here in the summer" -

But the future showed that neither escaping nor staying in the place could save the Jews. Their bitter end was sealed, as it is now known to us, the remnant of the Haradla refugee.

When the Nazis invaded Haradla, they found in the Gentiles their best and most loyal friends, and just as it happened in any other place in Poland, it also happened in our town.

Among the lowest and greatest gentiles were the three brothers Partsyani-Imach Shamm, the three brothers Sarabakovitt, not supposed to be them, Bianek Donchek, and especially the lowly heartless Zigmund Szymnicki, these and others found their pleasure in robbing the unfortunate Jews from the town. They used to go through the Jewish houses and say: - Listen to me, I can do what you don't need today

Working for the Germans

Well, of course, for a fixed price" - a second time they used to say: - Today the Jewish funds are being taken out, give a fixed amount

And I won't show them where your hideout is." Or they used to say with a threat: - Give so much and so much, if not, I will tell them where you hid your goods" - so they used to step by step and systematically, weigh out the money and the blood among the Jews

At the same time, Zygmund Marchaniak entered Isaac Saler and addressed him with the following words: - Isaac! , give tobacco!" - Isaac answered, at first with a smile: - You want tobacco, where should I get you tobacco? - You know that since the Germans entered the town I have no tobacco" - But the guy stood his ground , and said, while the lightning flashed in his eyes: - Sir, Isaac

I know where you hid your money and your gold and also where your tobacco is

You are rich" - What are you talking about, dear Sigmund! Where did I get money and gold?

You know that I am a poor person and that I have always struggled to find my bread, and especially now" - Sigmund told him, gritting his teeth in anger: If so, I will immediately bring the Nazi police, they will already Cover it up, and then you will no longer see the light of the sun You will go where many of your brothers, the Jews, have gone, straight into heaven."

Isaac thought about his threat for a while and said to himself: - Good, Sigmund, I still have something from that time, a hundred grams. You know that I have to have it too. Take a little and leave me too, there is nothing to eat. At least let me smoke." - His wife was sitting in a corner, while the children were holding :

Their heads in her purse, and wept bitterly, while listening to this dialogue, she said to her husband in tears: - Isaac, don't give him, because you won't take to this sadistic beginning

No end. It is worth noting that such things were daily occurrences, every guy found his own person, over whom he used to ride like a parasite and suck his juice.

And so was the end. On a day in the month of Nisan, Sigmund entered Isaac Saler's house with a Nazi policeman and informed him:

- Isaac! We received an order to make an examination at your house, after it was known that you are hiding gold and money. Give it to us kindly, if not, your death is near. " - Of course there was a panic in the house. Heartbreaking cries of the children who were clinging to their mothers. Isaac tried to prove that he had no money and no gold, and that he lived on what the Gentiles gave him. Neighbors, Zigmund, Yamach Shmo began to do the examination in the most terrible way. He tore the bedclothes, broke the furniture, he even threw the stove that was in the house. In the end, when he got angry After the examination in the rooms, he turned to the policeman:

- Stay in the room and make sure that the wife and the children don't take anything out -

Afterwards, he turned to Isaac with firmness, while a devilish smile played on his face, which was red with anger:

- You take me to the magazine! When they entered the magazine, Sigmund began to break and push with anger and madness whatever came under his hand, but even then he found nothing, then Sigmund began to break this floor;

In that second, the ashamed Isaac became pale as lime. It turns out that in the place where the earl broke the floor, the tobacco and the barley that he hid for a time of trouble were found. And just as the guy was bent on the floor and kept breaking the boards, Isaac understood that his last hour had come, and that there was no escape for the enemy. The last hour has struck for him and his family.

Without thinking, Isaac grabbed the heavy stones of the scale that was standing there, and gave a blow with force to the lower right until he split his head and a lot of blood flowed from there. It turned out that the guy died on the spot. And Yitzchak, like a wounded lion, which at the sight of blood seems as if he has come down from being, with a leap of a leopard and as easily as an eagle, broke into the house, and before the Nazi appeared a touch to Toon, he pulled out his gun and hit him with the handle. The German rolled over and immediately fell with his face to the ground, while the blood was pouring from his mouth. In a flash, Isaac threw himself at him and stabbed him with the edge of the gun. And with the same quickness and ecstasy of revenge, he wildly shouted at his wife and children:

- Come! - and listening to the river, a face with the idea of cutting through it and

In order to save himself and his family, he did not look behind him even once. But his family ran along with him. Arriving at the river, with the same enthusiasm and without thinking, he grabbed his children and his wife and threw them into the river. He knew that they could not swim, but as it turns out, he thought that this was the only way to save them. After that, he threw himself into the river. This is how the family of Isaac Saler died, may their memory be blessed!

Mordechai Herbst - (Argentina (

Haradler figures

A group of Haradler countrymen sat on a rainy Sunday evening, in the house of Jacob and Rebecca Medderdrot, and gave the writer of these lines memories of the small Polish Jewish town of Lublin province, Haradla, about a number of characteristic Christian types and about Episodes that happened there. Outside, it was pouring a heavy rain and here, in the house, the figure that was brought out of the cut-off town, through the mouth of his surviving sons and daughters, who carry it deep in their hearts, with longing and sadness, was shining and warming. Each countryman remembered himself in a different type and in a different episode, and from all the broken descriptions and brief characteristics, he got a glorious picture of what Haradla was: a town full of Torah and good deeds, and a Proud

embraced me, from being born in such a place. And I thought for a long time and came to the conclusion that it was not for nothing that such great geniuses and lights came out of such small towns that illuminated the Jewish world, and that is why we still draw our spiritual inspiration from those small Jewish towns in Poland, Lithuania, Hungary, Russia, etc., who soaked and dipped in the best qualities of our nation.



In this conversation, a whole gallery of various Haradler Jews floats up, each one of them could serve as a central figure of a book about Polish Jewry.

We will only convey a few short features of each one of them, and the reader will immediately create a picture of these local Jewish characters:

A) R. Chaim Hirsch Weintroib, the Saltim An official task fulfilled R. Chaim Hirsch. He was the recognized Saltis of the town and of its Jewish community. If the authorities of the town (the town council, the police), or the community leaders wanted to inform the Jewish public about an issue, a regulation or an order, they used to do it through R. Chaim Hirsch, and he could also call no No pleasant decrees and they cancel making.

Rabbi Haim Hirsch was a man of charity and kindness, one of the first to enter the synagogue, where he used to spend many hours in prayer and reciting Psalms. And when a guest used to come into the town on a mission from a Yeshiva, he used to eat at Rabbi Chaim Hirshans's. R. Haim Hirsch distinguished himself with his health. His trot was firm and straight, and his frame that of a strong man. Before eating, he used to take a glass of strong brandy, which burned his lips, and he lived with it. He also used to honor with such a drink the guest who ate with him, and that person used to cough because of the strong drink. To the great surprise of R. Chaim Hirshen.

Almost every day Rabbi Haim Hirsch used to engage in charity and charity. You could see him walking around the Jewish houses with a sack on his shoulders, collecting bread and money for the yeshivas - who saw in him their faithful representative, the confirmations and the receipts he received from the yeshivas for the money and the Bread that he collected, he kept in a special bag that was appointed to be bought for him after one hundred and twenty years, according to his will. When a messenger came down to the town who kept

During his sermon in the Beit Midrash or just a sermon, Rabbi Chaim Hirsch used to say Kaddish "in a loud, strong voice, which was answered with an Amen" by a choir of children, which he trained to answer "Baruch Ho Baruch Shmo" and Amen" after the blessings of the cantor.

Rabbi Haim Hirsch was a healthy and strong Jew even in his old age. During all his years, he stood on the watch over the city and over the Beit Midrash and over the charity and benevolence matters in Haradla.



Issar Peretz from Aderdrot

b) R. Jacob Boymayil. An honest man, a God-fearing man and a master of good deeds, was R. Jacob Boymayil, he was a simple and innocent Jew, and he made a living from his work, he was a knitter and led a righteous and modest life. . With his own strength, he established a charity house at his home, for a poor man or a guest who used to get a night's lodging there, and these always found a roof over their heads with him during the winter nights and rainy days, with With his great innocence and righteousness, he preserved the great mitzvah of Knesset al-Ghoshim all his life.

c) Gittel Mederdrut (Gittel Isr's) a pious woman of many good deeds. A woman who strove to do charity and good. She observed a number of charity mitzvot in a definite way. Every Friday and the eve of Yom Tov, they used to go over the Jewish pillars and collect candles to light them in the shells, and she also collected charity to give Matan Baster, and she used to be well received in every Jewish home. Everyone appreciated her charity and even the poorest used to give her their charity. About the kindness of the Haradler Jews, Rebecca Medderdrot tells: that when she used to visit the Jewish houses to collect challah and bread for the poor of the town, she naturally wanted to avoid the hardships of the poor. Used to be the last to come to the house. With a challah in his hand, with a claim: Why are you avoiding my house Rebecca! My house is also a Jewish home and I also want to give charity." And they used to leave their donation at my place.



Rabbi Yitzchak Hirsch mails his wife Elka, their grandson Priim

- In such a righteous and modest conduct, not surprising and inspiring? How much goodness and humanity lies in it, something that is able to reach the heart and soul and awaken there the innermost fibers and strings!

d) Rabbi Yosef Shmuel, the teacher. Rabbi Yosef Shmuel was the teacher. He mostly studied with adult boys who had sufficient knowledge of the Talmud and who were able to learn with depth. Boys. Those who went to study with Rabbi Yosef Shmuel were considered to be those who can learn even a page of Talmud, and come to Rabbi Yosef Shmuel to learn a higher level of learning, of acuteness and depth.

Rabbi Yosef Shmuel had permission to teach, and in a case when the city rabbi was not in town, people used to turn to Rabbi Yosef Shmuel with questions about prohibition and permission. He had many manuscripts with Torah innovations, which he used to write with a common pen. At that age, a group of his students found it their duty to support and endure him.

Rabbi Yosef Shmuel, who devoted his whole life to Torah and God's worship, gave birth to many disciples and Torah scholars.

H) R. Yaakov Shub (R. Yaakov Chetner): R. Yaakov Shub was a great scholar and a true God-fearer. Both outwardly and inwardly, and was careful about a small mitzvah as well as a big one. He was very guarded and was careful even about things that people had, and just as he was guarded in the mitzvot of Shabin Adam to his place, so he was also preserved in the mitzvot of Shabin Adam to his friend. Most of his time, he was engaged in Torah worship and charity. In most hours of the day and of the night. He could be found in the Hasidim Stibel learning Torah. And that you used to pass in the late hours of the winter nights

Through the "shtibel" and you looked inside, you saw Rabbi Jacob bent over the Talmud. Not once did he study there all night long, and that in the morning he wrapped himself in his tallit and tefillin and stood up to pray, you saw for yourself. A holy people.

His innocence, his honesty and his modesty were a model, and he was rightly considered a Hasidic and Pharisee, and was crowned with Torah and fear. With the virtues of humility and piety, he also earned a place among the Hasidim, and all the Jews of the town approached him with honor and respect.

f) R. Joel Yitzchak Zucherman (R. Joel Iche). One of the most pious people was Reverend Joel, a master of prayer with a pleasant voice and also an expert mohel. And with this holy work, he was busy mostly without money. The Jews of the neighboring villages used to invite him to be their children, and Rabbi Yoel used to go to fulfill this mitzvah with speed and with the joy of mitzvah. His prayer was full of warmth and enthusiasm. And when he used to pray in front of the pillar on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kpur, he made the hearts of the worshipers tremble with his prayer.

Z) Rabbi Shmuel Herbst. R. Shmuel Herbst was known as a master of prayer who brings awakening and impresses the congregation of worshipers, as well as a distinct Radzine Hasidic. It was especially pleasant to hear R. Shmuel's prayer during the good days. He especially remembers his singing lessons.

Shavuot, which were said with wonderful melody by R. Shmuel. When the city rabbi - the genius Rabbi Moshe Leib Haloy Berman zt"l used to kosher the sugar factory on Passover (in the village of Strizheon), he used to appoint as trustees and overseers: Rabbi Shmuel Herbst, Rabbi Yosef Bergman, and Rabbi Yehuda Bitterman. With their supervision, the rabbi was sure that the kosher in the factory was in trusted hands.

H) Bashe Yankles, and Haya Toibe. It is worthwhile to mention the two righteous women who considered themselves experts in the field of medicine, and many readers appreciated their knowledge and accepted their medical advice. Mostly they were hidden in children's diseases and colds. In such cases, they used to indicate the mother's home remedies, and their doctor's instructions received a relationship of trust.

T) The Haradler Youth. The Jewish youth of Haradla distinguished her with her seriousness, her knowledge and education, which she gained with effort and through her own education. These youths were also known and seen in the nearby towns. This was an active, creative youth who was known for her work, and along with it, she distinguished herself with her seriousness and honesty in all areas: in commerce, in society, in her public work and in her relationships. his friend The Haradler youth in the majority were



Von Leuchts: Hana Sturm, Zvi Zuberman, Yekutiel Weyzavitch, Seine Gruber, Zvi Zaleman, Fishel Gertel, Tova Goldberg, Moshe Robar, Rachel Blum.



From the right: Rachel Datelgeld, Joseph Zbidovitz,
Charne Halpern, Eliezer Lerner Pradel Zaviavitch,
Joseph Rosenblum Zion File, Fine Gruber.



From the right: Charne Halferin, Rachel Dotelneld, Tsise File, Haya Zisberg.

Idealistic. A youth who inclined her ear and her heart to good ideas and ideals, the personal and social ernhofi tik for her stood above materialistic calculations and the feelings of mutual brotherhood and willingness to help were among the main features of the Haradler, youth

Her strong desire for Torah and knowledge was extraordinary. The skills and the education of the Haradlar youth, which she has acquired under inadequate conditions of financial resources, arouse admiration and respect, because the town really used to rhyme with its youth.

*

I am describing these short features of Horadla Haraki terrorist figures, and while doing it, it seems to me as if I have drawn the most beautiful pearls of our past on the string of memories and it also appears to me that the town of Haradla in a sparkling A pearl that is worthy of fitting into the golden crown of the history of Polish Jewry.

Mordechai Herbst Argentina (

The Sabbath prayers

Whoever wants to know what Shabbat is, its importance, its essence, should turn a page in this Siddur and read into his prayers, because in them he will find the soul of the nation and the soul of the Sabbath. From this exalted poetry, which easily emerges from the black fire of its letters, he will absorb the people's spirit, he will listen to the beating of his heart, he will fill out the depth of his soul.

He will convince himself that on the Sabbath only the body rests, but not the spirit, the soul and the heart. They work "on the Sabbath, awakening aspirations, longings, love, memories, blessings, and all this from the elevation of the soul, soul, joy, rest, holiness..."



You welcome the Sabbath with love, with singing, Ashira that flows out of love and a love that flows from poetry. Therefore, the opening of the talk on the eve of Shabbat with Mincha: "The Song of Songs", a song of love between the Knesset of Israel and the Holy One, blessed be He. And the love is so strong in the heart of the Jew, until he goes over to the friend of his soul "and here it bursts into being." So much so that my soul is sick of your love. "My soul is sick of your love," and he longs to see the splendor of his strength. After the love corridor, the powder room, you enter the drawing room, the hall of the prayer: Lecho Narnana, the soul outpouring of the Naim Zimirot Yisrael "flows out of his mouth through some chapters of the Psalms". It fills him with great joy, joy

From a bridegroom who accepts a bride, and with enthusiasm, he cries out, "Come on, bride, get up, bride!" During this exaltation comes out of his mouth: psalm for Shabbat

It's good to thank her

A song of Shabbat, it is good to give thanks to God
11

He is overflowing with gratitude, the ego, for these exalted moments, and now he remembers himself in the fourth commandment of the Ten Commandments: "And the children of Israel shall keep the Sabbath" and thereby feels the sanctity of the Sabbath, "and the greatness of this day, which was created and commanded to be kept, and was sanctified and blessed after the six days of Genesis, because God blesses the seventh day and sanctifies it because it is a Sabbath for all his work that God created to do." "And he blessed the seventh day and sanctified it, because in it he rested from all his work that he had created, and therefore he is happy in himself and spends as it is written: Ishmachu in Malkuch Shomri Shabbat ukurai eng, and He prays with intention: "God bless our fathers, please grant us rest" and he tells about the greatness of God who is the protector of our ancestors in his words "and he is the God who has no mercy, who rests for him on his holy Sabbath day" he gives what is not like him he gives you "His people in his holy Sabbath, and therefore before him we worship with fear and reverence for his name, we will serve him with fear and awe and give thanks to his name."

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He goes home with joy, after pouring out his prayer in the shell. And here he meets important and pleasant guests of God's angels, and he gives them a warm and hearty peace, he knows that the Lord of the world also loves him, just as he loves the Most High, and therefore he Angels were sent to him to bless him (peace be upon him) and to watch over him (for his angels will be with you to guard you in all your ways). He escorts his guests out in peace and prepares for the Sabbath feast.

A lightness and cleanliness has spread over the house, and a pleasant smell of spices can be felt. He remembers that this

is his wife's work and a song of praise comes out of his mouth: wife of a brave man.

He makes Kiddush on the wine and feels G-d's friendship: "For you have chosen us and made us holy from all nations, and you sanctified your Sabbath with love and our inheritance." Therefore, blessed is the temple of the Sabbath. "Blessed are you who sanctify the Sabbath."

He has fulfilled the mitzvah of the Shabbat feast and with goodness in his heart he sings: All the Shabbat Temples and knows that every Shabbat observant of the Shabbat religion will be greatly rewarded, so that whoever Be-rof-torwekerahim-im+his+great+reward. Satisfied and contented, he ends the reception of Shabbat with the blessing of the food, and he expresses his desire for a day of understanding Shabbat and rest for the lives of the world. To the eternal day of Sabbath and rest.

*

He cannot forget Zion in his prayer and he prays and he asks: When will you reign in Zion? "When will you, O Lord, already reign in Zion?", and he hopes and is sure that soon in our day you will dwell in the world. days, will forever when your Shekinah (in Zion). When he remembers himself in Zion, his national consciousness awakens in him and he is proud that you did not give the Sabbath to the people of the countries, because you gave it to Israel. His soul in this while connected with the whole of Israel. He mentions the holy congregations who gave their lives for the holiness of God, "he prays for a divorce, may he bless the holy congregations and all those involved in the needs of God." He brings up in his memory - in longing - the radiant past of his people: "Technat Shabbat, you will find its sacrifices", and he carries one request in his heart: "Stetelnu sichcha lorznu vattenu bgbulnu", Do bring us freely to our

land and plant us in our borders "so that we may be worshiped before you in love".

He ends the Musaf prayer "with the song of honor", which tells about the greatness of divorce and its action, and he tries to say, "Please pray for me, because my soul is moved to you." "May my prayer be acceptable to you because my soul longs for you."

During the feast, he blesses and praises the superior again with the hymns Baruch al-Elyon asher natan rekhm, "Blessed is the superior who gave rest".

At Mincha, after a day of spiritual pleasure, before the Sabbath leaves, he wants to relive his impressions about the holy day with these words: Rest in love and kindness, rest in truth and faith, rest in peace and tranquility and peace and security, rest in peace that you desire.



The sun goes down, the darkness descends, the Sabbath disappears... The week presses again, the troubles turn around. Once again the exile is felt, and then the soul of the Jew is filled with the psalm: Elijah the prophet... soon he will come to us with the Messiah son of David..."

Israel Mountain - (Tel-Aviv) the first theater performance in our city. When the adult youth of Haradla decided to organize a theater performance for the city's residents and especially for the youth themselves, it was not one of the easy things. The only thing she possessed was the will of individuals who wanted to give us cultural food, the lack of which was felt in every corner. As it is said: "In Lech Dever Heomed Pene Hertzon", you have nothing that can oppose the will, and it was decided to work for the preparation of the performance, an outside director and the artists were invited, were the youth themselves, of course, that everything was done in the biggest secret for the parents, and God forbid there was someone to remind them about it.

And so the trials began in the abandoned house of the Russian priest. The feeling of those who knew what was being done in this house was one of awe. And when they passed the house, they knew that there, In one of its rooms, there is the culture, the secret of life, into which we have not yet entered.

The evening of the performance was approaching, and Friday night, that is, the night before the performance of the performance. The secret has become public. A boycott was called on all artists. Those responsible for the success of the performance imposed martial law on all its participants and quartered them in the house of the execution. Children! Stop the firecracker! "In the town it was felt that a

Struggle between the people of progress and between the conservative generation that preserved the inheritance of the parents and the tradition without any change

The opposing side, those who wanted to be equal to cultured people, knew that this day and this performance would be the test between the two forces. If this performance is not carried out, it would mean a complete defeat for All the aspirations that we strived for, beyond the limits that our parents indicated to us, and this youth without any experience of a cultural struggle, decided to stand up and fight for freedom of ideas and mainly for the culture.

The Lord, blessed be He, exclaimed as Moses did in his time: My God! ", and all the pious Jews immediately gathered and among them the butchers and the regimental leader Eliyahu Idel's, and on the other side - the youth, and among the craftsmen and the regimental leader Yehiel Sherer

These two captains "knew how to give two portions to one when needed."

The Sabbath was filled with great excitement, messengers from both sides were waiting in front of the entrance of the house where the performance was to take place.

Each one of the two hosts tried to investigate the mood that prevails at the opposite camp, in this situation we found ourselves until after Ma'rib and Havdalah.

After all, we were also the children of the generation that opposed us, and the tradition and the sanctity of the Sabbath flowed in our veins.

When the Sabbath ended, the two hosts of men began, as if according to an order, to wander in the direction of the familiar home, and after them two hosts of women who had one thought in their hearts: to star and To prevent bloodshed for a minute, so that one should raise a hand on the other. When the two hosts met, face to face, a sharp battle of words began. But, thanks to the women who stood on the watch, the fire was extinguished." The thing was done.

On a float and with such an absolute mystery. Until the men from both sides couldn't stand the test and were ashamed of themselves, there was silence. Everyone remained standing in their place, holding their hands up in the air. Just like petrified.

The people who had entry cards in their hands were admitted by the organizers inside the theater, the doors were closed and the show started in a good hour.

Our captain Yehiel Scherer received his reward together with Gitel File, he attached the ribbons for the benefit of the foundation

And the dear Jews who were outside, and did not understand what was happening, began to go home little by little.

In the end, one loved the other and sought only their favor. Only one person remained outside, his face turned towards the east, he stood and prayed quietly and with the intention of G-d, and of course he probably asked for mercy also for the boys and girls who were harassed.

This was the rabbi, who thought that with his help and with the help of his followers, the performance would be hindered, and who knows how much time he would have stood and prayed, if not for the Christian Basque, the Invalided from the Polish war, who turned to the rabbi with the words: Panie rabbi, there is no one left, everyone has gone

You have proven to drive everyone away, why will you stand in the cold for nothing? * - Thank you, thank you, Fanya Baski, I don't know what happened to me, yes, yes, everyone went home, after all, they are good children, they are only a little naughty

And so the performance ended with great success

The whole truth was only known the next morning

And here and there one fought with the other, but to no avail
The thing was already done

For the first time we looked into the world of culture, and we stumbled

Joseph Ari Herbst - (Argentina) (Recollections of the
away time

Once there was a Jewish life full of content and beauty! I say this not only because of romantic demand for the past, as it often happens with people who start to look into the distant past, but in view of today's life, and making an objective comparison with what was in the spring of Our own life, the past grows to great heights. Then our parents, their daily deeds, their Shabbat holidays, their chastity and charity came out. So you get caught up in your memories about them, and you begin to understand their beauty in their way of life, and their nobility in their Judaism. Yes, my friends, this is more than romanticizing the past, this is only a sober assessment of a vanished era, with the perspective of time. With the benefit of years of life experience, and in the prism of today's reality.

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My father, R. Shmuel Herbst, was dear to you, a warm Radziner Hasidic, an enthusiastic man of prayer, whose songs were sung. My mother, Toibe, was a pious woman, well-known in our town. For a very wise woman, she was the real wife of courage, who took care of our home, she was a modest woman, a pious person who did not fail to pray all day. As I said, my father was a Radziner Hasidic, from the prominent family of the rabbi, and like the gentleman, he used to travel to Warsaw to see him. Over to the good times.

Once the father became ill, due to an accident that he had suffered, and if that was not enough, the livelihood was not as good either.

As usual, at that time he also went to see the rabbi, Rabbi Mordechai Yosef Elazar zt'l, in Warsaw. Not wanting to show this, the rabbi asked him: - How is your income? , my father answered: And walk around extensively, that is to say, that very nicely, and tried to cover everything with a cheerful face. He did not allow this. Since he used to put his whole heart and strength into prayer, which was a famous thing. When the father stopped going to the rabbi because of his illness, the rabbi used to ask the other Haradler distinguished Hasidic, Who came to Warsaw to see him: - What is Shmuel Haradler doing there with his wanderings? (i.e. with his livelihood).



All these years, my father sang "Shavuot Akdum" with a special melody (not said in the traditional style, but sung with a melody). His "Akdum" singing is still remembered to this day, and awakens sweet memories.

When he became ill, and did not dare to sing, his Hasidic enthusiasm drew him to pray and sing again and this time he also wanted to pray, then Shmuel Biederman approached him and addressed him: - Uncle, the rabbi didn't tell you to pray and sing, but the father, in his great Hasidic zeal, didn't want to know about anything. Then Shmuel Biederman wanted to restrain him a little more strictly and did not allow him to pray.

Because of the concern for his health. The father became a little upset. But later, at Kiddush, Rabbi Shmuel invited him over.

*

In the afternoon of Simchat Torah, after praying, Hasidim used to go around to each other. Eat, drink, and be merry. In Simchat Torah, The father went to sleep in the afternoon, because he was tired. Chassidim came and carried him out of bed, sleeping in the small Talit, to R. Leibel Zavidovich. And there they rejoiced until the evening, until they sang Hasal Siddur Pesach as it was "... (one used to find Simchat Torah already connected with Pesach, combining one mitzvah with the other).

:

:

*
With us, in the shill was a throne of Eliyahu. Because it was a custom that every newly born Jewish child was placed in a shill and on this chair the Sandak used to sit. During the World War, the This custom, due to fear, was canceled. When my son, Mordechai, (the translator of the book of remembrance) was born, the Trisker rabbi Mishra'le Tverski, from Lublin, was just then in Haradlo. The rabbi Moshe Leib Halevi Berman zt"l, who was a charity and a mohel, refused the rabbi the charity. When I went to the rabbi, to invite him to the covenant and to honor him with the charity, this the Trisker rabbi demanded from Me, I should renew the throne of Eliyahu "in the shell, as it was done from ancient times, I then fulfilled the Rabbi's request, it was Rosh Hash Tammuz, and the custom was renewed again.

*

Oh, woe! Now I am writing my memories of the beautiful past that was so eloquently wiped out, and my Mordechai is sitting on a memory book "After Haradla..."

Rachel Zuberma Bergman - (Argentina)

A reminder about my family. I want to convey here memories from my earlier childhood, about my grandfather Joel Iche Zuberma, with his sons, daughters, sons, sons-in-law and grandchildren.

I was four years old at the time, my grandfather Yoel Iche and my grandmother, Hana Reizel, lived in Lishkev in a large, comfortable apartment, they had granaries for grain. My grandfather had a lot of fields, but he didn't work there. The grandfather used to work in the nearby forests and used to come home only on Saturday. When the grandfather came home, we, all the grandchildren, surrounded him and were very happy. The grandfather gave us a pinch on the cheek and used to make us laugh. The grandfather studied Torah for a whole Shabbat. He was a scholar, moreover, a good-hearted person. The grandmother was also a loving mother to everyone, they had 10 children; 5 sons and 5 daughters. The voice of the Talmud always sounded in their home. The best teachers were considered, there were also teachers. All the children could study well. Even the aunts could learn. The house was immersed in learning. The grandfather and the sons were Hasidic of Radzin, hit the uncle Jaske, who was a Hasidic of Trisker.

The oldest of the children was Aunt Haya. She lived with her family in Vyslevich, later in Helm. She had five children. One son lives in North America. The rest were killed by the murderers.

The second was Joske, David Joseph Zuberma. His wife was Ribche, David Nette Moshe's daughter, they had seven children. Only

One child, Moshe, lives in the State of Israel, and a grandchild, Shoshana, survived and lives in Israel. Uncle Joske used to sit in the shop by a candle and study.

I had the impression that my uncle is not happy when the customers disturb him in his studies.

All the children could study well, at the same time they were immersed in world literature

Uncle Yankel lived in Horadla with his wife Haya Sarah They had nine children

My uncle Yankel also loved to devote his free time to the book But he really had a wonderful time

They had a branched trade and were always busy, they supported the needy of the family, as well as strangers, they raised good children, and all could study, they died in Ludmir, of them only two sons survived, and a daughter

The next one, according to age, was the aunt Moradel, with her husband Yoel, with their five sons, daughters, sons-in-law, grandchildren, they were killed in Ludmir by the Nazi murderers.

My parents won in Horadla

My unforgettable father: Hershke Tzvi AH

My father spent a lot of time studying Torah

The beautiful melody still rings in my ears

My father was a kind-hearted person

Also my dear unforgettable mother, Bayle

was a loving and kind-hearted woman, a Ludmira, David

Schreiber's daughter, my two brothers, Hen and Moshe, were both great scholars

My unforgettable hen was a genius

When Rabbi Yosef Shmuel used to come to listen to my brother, he used to say: - Rabbi Hershke, your son is growing into a genius.

He was also known in secular literature

There were libraries with books and shops with my

sister-in-law, Hannah, she was a daughter, they had two little sons: David and Yankele.

My youngest brother, Moshe, was also a very nice, intelligent guy and could learn. Their young tender lives were cut short in Ludmir.

The aunt, Bird Fige, with her husband Shmuel and their five children, sons and daughters, were all killed.

The aunt Hema, my husband Fishel and their three children, who lived in Helm, were all killed.

Our aunt Esther was the youngest of the big and beautiful family, she lived in Ostile, with her husband and two children, none of them remained.

Aunt Mary, uncle Moshe's wife, with her children were saved, they live today in Israel and America. It was a family of scholars, people of prayer, with one word: Torah and goods.

Argentina, Hirsch Zoharman

Surname Aza, style Ashkenazi.

Around the year 1855 in the village of Lushkov, 4 km from Haradlo, my grandfather, Joel Isaac Zuberman, was born.

As the only son of my great grandparents, he was raised in a strict Hasidic pious Jewish spirit. After marrying a daughter of Helm, from the Radziner Rabbi's family, he went to study for two years at Druchot Chaim "ZTL".

It was only after the death of his grandfather that the firstborn was born, who was named after him, David Joseph Zuberman A.H. So came after him: a daughter, Pradel, after me, my father Jacob A.H. A daughter Haya, a son Zvi, the father of one only daughter, Rachel, who actually lives in Buenos Aires, daughter Nachma AH. Son Moshe Aharon, Fige and Esther AH.

The children were brought up in the village among only Ukrainians on the Torah and the work. Even the daughter Pradel used to participate in the discussions of a difficult flugta in the tractate.

He married the first son to Haradla. My father and my mother, Haya Sarah, from Grabavits, stayed in the village. The daughter Pradel also stayed in the village.

My grandfather, one of the biggest mohels in the area, was actually the mohel of his grandchildren. He married two daughters to Helm. The daughter Fige, from Haradla, also stayed with us in the village. Ludmir's son Zvi also stayed with us in the village. Moshe was married to Vislovitz. By the way, in

He was the only one whom the Russians took into the army, and fell into captivity with the Hungarians.

Everyone started to kindle. This is how my mother AH gave birth to children in the village: 6 sons and 2 daughters

The grandfather was a dear master of prayer. There was a special Menin at Son Tzvi, but on bad days they went to the nearby town of Ustile.

I was no more than four years old then, but I still remember like today the happy Saturday evening, at three feasts. At the time, Each son and son-in-law was greeted by the grandfather with a song. We, all the grandchildren, danced and danced in the dark until there was a knock on the window. This was given by the Gentiles, that there are already stars in the sky, and my father they are already opening the cross and selling them kerosene.

The grandfather was highly esteemed by all the gentiles of the village and even by the authorities. So that once he refused to take an oath in court and he was released from it.

That's how we lived next to each other, until the flood of 1914 arrived: the Russians, retreating, burned the village. We then had to look for a new home, first in another village and recently - in the town of Haradla.

There we participated in all the sufferings and joys of the town. We gave the town of Beli Tefilut, Beel Kora's, Mohalim, Bible owners, and just students. At the end of the war, when my brothers were crying, and many young people from the town began to leave the bank in the "shtibel" and in the Beit Midrash, and began to devote themselves to Zionism, Hebrew, pioneers. Have the Zubermans with the Goldbergs, Lerners, Zavidwiches, Herbst, Stowes, Biedermans, Berbans, and many others, formed the so-called intelligentsia Sin Shtetl. But, how beautiful life was!

And such thousands of families in the style of Ashkenazi, and in the style of Spain, the enemy, the German, put his dirty hands on them and killed them, ours should never be forgotten! May their memory enlighten us until the end of life! And the enemy should also never be forgotten, to mockery and revenge!

The N. K. M. A. L. after the
Haradler Church in Jerusalem,
Israel.

;

In memory of the Horodla community (Horubyszow district - Poland) God will remember the Horodla community

and Judea, and we will avenge the blood of our dear brothers and sisters who were destroyed together with their rabbi - their leader Tiferat Benim Ltd. - and the law of Moses by the Germans and their followers in the holocaust of European Jews in World War II. Horodela expatriates in Israel and the Diaspora

Memorial after the Haradler Church on Mount Zion in Jerusalem

Yosef Chaim Zavidovich - Eretz Yisrael memorial after the church in Haradla, on Mount Zion in Jerusalem,' YHK

In the month of Ayr 1989, a delegation of Zionist businessmen from the United States came to Israel, and among them, Berman, the son of Haradler Rabbi Rabbi Moshe Leib Halevi ztzel, this delegation Visited many historical places, and also climbed Mount Zion in Jerusalem, the Holy City.

mountain After the delegation walked around the beautiful past of the Jewish people, and absorbed the beauty of the place and the clean air, which is full of the secrets of the beauty of the Kingdom of David and the heroism of the Jewish heroes of yesteryear, as well as the bravery of the Jewish fighters of the war of liberation, she went into the "Holocaust basement", the Holocaust cellar and looked with sorrow and pain at the documents of the great extermination of the Jews from Poland and from the other European countries, remnants that were collected in the death camps in Poland and Germany and were brought to Mount Zion.

With trepidation, the members of the delegation considered the terrible documents and the magnificent memorial tombstones that are embedded in the basement walls, which tell about holy churches that were destroyed by the German murderers and their accomplices, and which bear witness to the suffering of European Jewry, which was killed by the enemy. Then Hen Berman came up with the idea to perpetuate this

Remembrance of the Haradler community on this holy place, where the Jewish prophets, the Jewish kings headed by King David of Israel, and where the Jewish heroes defended Jerusalem in the past, as in the last war of liberation. When Hen Berman returned from his tour across the country,



Hen Berman is received by the President of the State of Israel Yitzhak Ben-Zvi

He told me about his idea to erect a memorial for the Haradler community in the destroyed basement. "Memorial tombstone,

On the same day, we brought a specially decorated stone cross to Mount Zion, and after the officials over the mountain and over the

Keller determined the location of the stone and gave us the direction of the execution. We dictated to the technician the inscription that he should engrave on the memorial stone.

After the craftsman finished the engraving and placed the stone in the wall of the "Horban basement", next to the tombstones of other churches, we left a group of Horadler Landslite. Together with Hen Berman, we went to Jerusalem IHC, Z. Nissan Tashi, "Z", and we went up on Mount Zion, united to be with the memory of the saints of Haradler Jewry, and the saints of European Jewry - in the basement of the Shoah." With a holy shudder, we turned our gaze to the direction of the old city of King David, which is in the hands of the enemy, to the direction of the Temple Mount. The place of our former Temple, and to the direction of Mount Hatsuf, and

We considered the Zion wall, which reminds us of the Jewish fortresses and Jewish heroes. Taken from the sanctity of the place of the memories of our great past. Memories about the period of the kings of Judah. Memories about the greatness of Israel in the past, about our prophets and visionaries, we continued our way to the holocaust basement. Fine: Holy Torah books soaked in the blood of the sacrificial saints. Shrouds of the Torah books that were defiled by the terrible enemy, holy books that were soaked in tears, and boxes of ashes of the saints who were burned in the crematoriums by the unworthy, Nazis. With silence and trembling, we stood and read the words engraved on the memorial stone after the Haradler church and we united with the holy memory of the Haradler martyrs and the Jewish saints in general.

While the cantor of the *mountain arranged the memorial after the saints of Haradla, give place as it rests David king of Israel, while he was with his

He began to say in a loud voice, "God is full of mercy," and mentioned the saints and saints of the Haradla community. Holy places shrouded in mystery, in the eternal city of Jerusalem.

you asher

Rela Hadla is the beginning of his uncle

וְעוֹלָם

Renza Decorating Kamenzichot Lakrot Cold Radzin Tolich
in Poland Rotner Tzer Hanazim began

113A brides

last
Without a doubt

And to the sea every nation



The Aradler tombstone and many tombstones of Yiddish communities, there is no basement of the Holocaust on Mount Zion, there is Jerusalem.

I growl . . .

Fradel Schiffer (mother of pearl)

Canada.

A sad story;

I will sing a sad song for you, my heart is like a stone.
Let the whole world resound with this. How
murderers let us go out.

When the Germans came to us, no one knew how they
our lives and killed us in the streets for nothing.

They put white rags on our hands. His face burned for
shame:

This is how our mothers and fathers went. The murderer
should recognize us quickly.

All days they were just thinking about how to deal
with this. And so they made us die of starvation.

In Lauern they caught men. Tortured there without
bread. Tortured and beaten for so long. Until the
day came.

Even more they attacked us, we were told to leave our home. And they took us to Mianchin because of what happened to us there!

We were separated from our parents. We saw everything. Before our eyes, half of them were soon killed. We were silent, only gritting our teeth.

A dark train soon arrived. - Why did this happen to us! The mother and the children were taken out there and the train started to leave.

Oh, woe is to my life! I was left alone like a stone. I could not believe that I would never see my mother again.

Alone, alone, we were now left without father, mother, without a home; we were driven to hard work. We no longer have any strength to walk around.

A star fell from the sky and pierced the earth like this... The crown of the Jewish daughters that adorned us so beautifully was removed.

But after the work - what happens now? The murderer also calls us to shoot.

His bandits listen to him all the time and
blood.

God! Take away our tears take away our goo
one wants to listen to us - when will salv

People could swim in my tears and divorce helped me
need; Christian Badniewski took me to himself and
from the dark death.

Pradel Shisser (Perlmutter) Canada.

A prayer in the grave.

Stand up my pious mother and look even now how
the people who run and pray for your only
child are white from Jewish blood.

The world is so beautiful and I don't enjoy it. I lie hidden, alone, woe is me.

You should accept my tears and according to
the request to God that my love should not be
lost, he should accept my commandment.

Stand up my young brothers and don't be
silent anymore. Don't make a fuss, it
shouldn't be your blood.

Take arms in your hand and run and fight!
Makes all of Germany, I want to experience the
revenge.

Fradel Schiffer (Perlmutter

Canada,

I miss home.

When the Germans came to drive us, they killed us immediately. I had to go to Russia because I parted with my mother so young.

I left laughing, I left my sweet home

I did not know it would take years and I would not able to see my mother.

Bad letters, I remembered that they are tortured there; at home with the children, she lies hidden a life inside is so difficult.

When there was peace in the world and I was sitting home, time passed like a dream. But I can't this.

I also remember my town. My homeland, oh how beautiful! I miss my mom, when can I see all thi

And by the water I stand. The neighbor is the
bow after all. Don't let me go home, let it
all be enough!

The war made it so bad that the sun set for us.
Those times I can only find them with light.

List of the Haradlar saints



List of the Haradler Jews

Men, women and children who were murdered by the Nazi Germans and their allies in the catastrophe of European Jewry during the Second World War.

Eisen Pinchas, his wife Hannah and two children: Elka Joseph, Iron hat,

Ornstein Isaac and his wife Rose, Isaac Leibush, his wife Malka. The children: Bracha, Fige, Meir.

Orenstein mineral, Orenstein
Orenstein Shmuel Orenstein

Eisen Hana and her two children, Iron Solomon and Hinde and their children, Iron pigeon in 3 children

Blat Fethia, his wife Rakhil, daughters Bracha and Hana Charne, Berger Pinchas, his wife Esther and their two children: Benjamin and Masha, Berger Moshe, his wife Sarah and their six children. Bitterman Hannah, and her daughter Esther and her husband, Brenner Avraham, his wife Sheba, Grandma Moshe, his wife Grandma, their daughter and their son-in-law and his son Shmuel, Bloom Isaac, his wife Leah, and their children: Malka, Rachel, Elimelech, Moshe, Blay Fishel and his wife Sarah.

Page Aaron, his wife Blume, Bergman Yosef, his wife Sarah and four children: Moshe Haim, Shmuel, Hayharke, Dina.

Berger Rachel and four children, Berger Aaron Asher, his wife Zirl and their son, Berger Joshua, Barnholts's Dinah, Solomon's daughter, Blach Israel, his wife Rashe and three children, Berman Shmuel, his wife Sarah and three children: Mordechai Yosef Elazar, David, Zvi Hirsch, Rabbi Berman Rabbi Moshe Leib - the Mera Datra, his wife, the rabbi Rebecca, Boimail Moshe, his wife Fige and his family, and the grandchildren Sarah and Isaac.

Berger Yehiel, his wife Sheba and their children, Yehiel, his Troy Dishke and their children, Berger Jacob, his wife Blume and five children, Barely Es Bareilly Pigeon, Page Solomon and his family.

Gertel Mordechai, his wife Rebecca, Goldberg Leib wife Nachama, Groysburg Deb, his wife Tahila and children, Grandfather Moshe, his wife Hannah and children, Groysburg Tzvi, his wife, Goldenberg Mo wife Reizel and six children, Goldberg Eliezer, H Malka and two children, Goldberg Simon, Goldberg wife Fige, Goldberg flower, Goldberg Dove.

Goldberg Shmuel, his wife Fige, the son Shimon, the daughters: Blume and Dove.

Gruber Joel, his wife Mary and their children, his wife Haya, Gruber David, Gruber Jacob.

Printer Sarah Datelgeld Freide, Datelgeld Me and two children, Datelgelach Rachel.

Hak Moshe, his wife Feshe and two children.

Hirsh Haim, his wife Hinde and three children, Herbst Mendel, his wife and two children: Leib and her daughter.

Autumn dove, Rose and two children: Blume and Israel, Halperin Eleazar, his wife Sheba and their son Moshe, his wife Nachma and their son Avraham and his wife Bayle and their daughter Charne and their granddaughter Iche.

Halferin Mendel, his wife Freide, Hecht Yosef, his wife Hinde and their sons Shlomo and Leib, Harpin Samuel.

Harpin Fye, her son Moshe, Mordechai Sherer, t of Shmuel Herbst.

Wine grape Avraham, his wife Sarah, the children: David Mindel, Gedaliah and Shulamit.

Weintroib David, his wife Rebecca and two children: Avraham (the son of Moses), Warman Israel, his child.

Warman Finche and his wife, Weinroib Shmuel, his wife Fige and three children, Weintroib Chaim Meir, his wife Leah, the children: Bayle, Zlote, Reuven Rachel, Isaac, Sarah

Weintraub Shmuel and Moshe Weintraub
Zvi on Zane Family Winrush Malka

Grape David, his wife Rebecca, Vinnj Avraham, his wife and three children,

Grape Shmuel, his wife Hannah, Wallach Moshe Mendl's wife Haya Sheindel, Wallach Rachel and her husband and their children, Wallach Esther and her husband and their children, Valach Malka and her husband.

Zberman Joel Isaac, his wife Hana, Zberman Jacob, his wife Sarah, their son Isaac, Zberman Moshe, his wife Yochab, the children: Aaron, Rebecca, Haya, Zberman Shmuel and his wife and son Haim Muni, Zberman Bayle, her son Moshe.

Zberman, his wife Hannah and their children: David and Jacob, Zisberg Joshua, his wife Fige and two children.

So be it, Zisberg Shlomo, his wife Mirl, Zeidal's wife Reizel, the daughter Breina.

Soap Avraham Aharon, Joseph Joseph, his wife and their children, Zilberberg Moshe Michael, his wife

Sweet David, his wife Leah, the children: Meir, Zavidovich Perl.

Zavidovich Moshe, his wife Bracha and their daughter Rabka, Zaviavitch Ikutiel Zisberg Moshe, the son of Shlomo and Zirl, Zisberg Haya, the daughter of Shlomo and Tzirl, her husband and an infant, Zaleman Ettel, her son Tzvi.

Zuberman David Yosef, his wife Rebecca, their son Shimon, Zuberman Ben Zion, his wife Haya and two children: Dina and Hanna, Zuberman Tzvi, his wife Michael and two children,

Rabbi Zisberg Shmuel, his wife Blume, Seidel Rebecca four children, Zisberg Malka and two children, Zis (Yankel), his wife Basha and their son Meir, Silver and his five children.

Seidel Tzvi, his wife Gitl and their daughter, Seidel Avraham, his wife Henie and their daughter, Zavidovich Zisl, the wife of R. Laibel Zavidovich (the daughter of Rabbi Ikutiel).

Zavidovich Ikutiel and his wife, Zavidovich Fishel and his family, Zavidovich Mordechai, his wife Malka and their two daughters, Zavidovich Malka, I am Avner Zucker and their sons, Zavidovich Joseph, his wife Rachel and their daughter (in Ludmir).



Through Ezekiel, Dove Zucker

Rabbi Jacob Chesner, his wife Mary, Tenenbaum Moshe wife Hannah and three children, Tenenbaum Deb and children, Tierstein Sarah Mindel, her husband and children.

Yank Malka Rank Zelda, Y

Katshendel Haya and her three children; Sania, Rachel, son.

Lerner Mendel, his wife Sarah and five children, L his wife Esther and their children, Lerner David, Fige, Lerner Isaac, his wife Sheindel and son Elie

Link Shmuel Live, Link Yaakov (Bat-Zvi), Link Yitzhak,

Merenstein Chaim Leib and his daughter Feige and his son Nathan, Merenstein Yitzchak, his wife Vittal, and their children; Sarah Rebecca, Aidel Jacob,

Masmit Haim, his son Hinde and the children, Masmit Shmuel, his wife Mirl, and their two children; Abraham and Rebecca, Mastenbaum Zeitl and her daughter Deborah, Masmit Shlomo Tadres and his wife Sime, Mastenbaum Haim and his family, Meddrut Gitl, and her two children, Meinheim Motl, Zn, Mrs. Nana, Mlinek, his wife Mindel,

Mlinek Rab - the rabbi's son-in-law, his wife Pradel,
the rabbi's daughter and their children.

Mabe Tzvi, his wife Pradel and two children; Mak
Medderrut Avraham, his wife Hannah and three ch

Neiman Blume and her two children, Rabbi Naftali Eberstark
(the Rabbi's son-in-law). His wife Rachel and their
daughter Chick.

Stove Hannah (the daughter of Eli) and her hus
is standing.

Stone DB and his girl, Saler Isaac, his wife H
children. Writer Israel, his wife Sarah and si
Scribe Shlomo, his wife Nachma and two childre
Yehuda Ari

Enk Tobiah, his wife Leah and their two children
Rebecca, Honest Rose, Honest message.

Friend Zvi, Feather Aaron Chaim, his wife Sara
his wife Elke and their son Samson, Fayder Mir
daughter of Reverend Kapell.

File Avraham, his wife Pearl, the daughters: Rebecca Toibe. File Sarah, the wife of Zvi.

File Zite and two children. File Gitl and Moshe, his wife and two children.

Flax Moshe, his wife Sarah and three children. Friend Tzvi, his wife Haya Feige and four children. Perlmutter Haya and her children: Moshe Yitzchak, Mordechai Yosef Elazar Ikutiel, and Bracha Tzirl.

Fivishkekhe Bat Sheba, and her son Gershon have, and his family. Isaac's friend, his wife Ed daughter. Friend David, his wife Hannah and two File Avraham, his wife Henie and two children, his wife and two children. Friend Zife. Friend Isaac, his wife Haya and four children.

Brick Jacob, his wife Ethel and two children. Br his wife Haya, the children: Sarah, Hania, Tzig wife Dina. Tongue Ephraim, his wife Rachel. Zimm Mordechai, Abraham's tongue, his wife Malka.

Zucker Haim David, his wife Rashe and their child Zuckerman Dove.

¶ Little Abraham, Kremerman Joshua and

Kreiner Avraham, Kreiner a

Copperstock Joshua, the sons: Ephraim and Eli
Shlomo and his family. Knal Golde and her fam
animal.

;

;

;

Rosenfeld Samuel, his wife Reisha and seven children, mature
dude Rosenblum Shmuel, his wife Sarah Mindel, the daughters:
Scheindel, Hanna, Pradel, Rosenblum Isaac, his wife Hinde,
Rosenfeld Elijah, his wife Sarah and five children.
Rosenfeld Zalman and five children, Rosenblum Joseph and his
family. Red Rachel.

Rosenberg Jacob, his wife Fige and their children, Aaron
Rosenfeld, his wife Frumet and two children, Rubinstein
Simcha, his wife Blume and four children: Ravshke, Zanvel
Esther and Dinah

Sher Ephraim, his wife Chaike, Rough figs. Sched
his wife Ite and their children, Tailor Israel,
Leah.

Shek D., his wife Fige, Rabbi Sher Hillel Schmidt Baruch,
his wife Bayle Bracha, their daughter and their son-in-law,
Smith Eve, Sher Nathan, his wife Teshe.

Shek Jacob, his wife Elke and four children, Shafir Raziel, his wife Tsif and his wife Rebecca, Shek Altar, his wife Shulamit, their daughter's grandmother, Shafir Raziel, Sturm, her daughter Hannah.

Barber Mordechai, his wife Mary and three children, Shek Avraham, his wife Gitl and five children, Black Isaac, his wife Kyle and three children, Shruber Nte, his wife Pearl, their children, and Nte's sister, Shek Fishel, his wife Sarah.

Shek, his wife Matt and three children, Shechter David, his wife Mindel and two children, Butcher Ephraim, his wife Malka and the children; Kalman and Sarah, Shek Jacob (Shabti's son), his wife Elke and four children, Shek Jacob (the son of Moses). His wife Haya and their children Shurmacher Leibish, his wife Hama, their daughter Rebecca, Sheir Mordechai, his wife Miriam and their daughter Freida, Check Ephraim Eli, his wife Pradel.

Stein David Stein Dov.

List of the saints of the village of Strizhev who were killed by the German murderers.

Orenstein Yitzchak (Iche), Zane Frau Leah, and two children:
Rivka, Judith, Bumblebee . Uncle

Ornstein Sarah (Yitzhak's mother), Ornstein Z
(Welvel), Ornstein Reizel, Ornstein Dove, her chi
Joseph, Israel, Organ Eleazar and his children. E
his wife Hannah, the children: Israel, Rebekah

Boyer Leibisch, his wife Fige, Boyer Shlomo, hi
his boy, Boim Simcha, his wife Brindl, and thei

Gruber Joshua Gancher Christmas and
flower.

Herbst Leibisch, his wife Hanna, the children: Moshe, Ma
Isaac, Autumn ite. The children: Mendel, Kraine, Fele,
Genendel. Herbst Joshua, his wife Dobe, the children: Is
Israel.

Young DB (bearish). His wife Hannah, their child Leib Johansson's life. His wife Bracha; their children: Israel, Esther.

Milstein Avraham, his wife Toibe, the children: Joseph, Eliezer, Pinchas, Zalman and their daughter.

Milstein Meir, his wife Mary, the children: Dove, Isaac Milstein Joseph (the son of Meir) and his wife, Mural Menachem Mendel, his wife Sarah, the children: Zav, Deb Perl.

Fox ben Zion, his wife Haya Rachel, their daughter Dove. Fox Zalman, his wife Reizel, the children: Isaac, Dove, Ethel, Leah, Samuel. Freinr Tzvi Baba, the children: Hana, Sime.

Caranteller Haim, Yehoshua Kleinman, Zein Froy Miriam, Di Kinder: Yitzhak, Zvi, Beyla, Berel.

Schnal Zav (Welw~~ell~~l), his wife Sarah, the children: Isaac Pearl. Shafran David, his wife Hana and two children.

A stone watch

In this section, three circular letters were printed that were sent out to the Haradler citizens in the State of Israel and all over the world, in which we called the Haradler citizens to write about the town and its people. To provide us with the names of the victims of the Holocaust, as well as pictures of the murdered. In order to put them in the reference book, all the material that arrived at the commission was printed after proper editing and correction, according to what was necessary. The circular letters served as an urgent appeal to the Haradler countrymen to write the memorial book, and as a request to provide us with the appropriate help and to make a joint effort to publish the book. When completing the reference book, we found it necessary to include the circular letter in the book. The editorial commission.

Circular in the council of the Haradlers in Israel, and the committee in Buenos Aires (Argentina), decided to set up memorial creations, after the Haradler saints: our parents, sisters and brothers who were killed by the German murderers. Among other proposals and decisions, it was decided to write a book of remembrance, which should give a picture of the Jewish life in Doradle in the past, and in the years of the last war and in the great catastrophe.

But already at the beginning of the work, we face a lack of documents of Haradler's life, a lack of pictures of people and events, which is the main material for such a work, we also do not have a list of the Jews who lived In Haradla close to the war, and also no news about their tragic end. That's why we turn to all readers, and ask them to send us material that can be used to create this book of remembrance, such as: Brion, documents, pictures, etc.

A

hook

We ensure that all documents are returned after the transfer
We ask us to write memories of this town and its Jews

Send Ogden pictures of the rabbi, of the Shil, Beit Hamdrash,
dear brother! Save a few hours from your work, and write us
memories, and with that you will help create a memorial work
for the Haradler saints who died so tragically.

Please send this material to the following address: Sh
Friend, Beit Hapoel Hamizrachi, 108 Ahad Ha'am St., Tel
Aviv

Doer, a

A

hook

בנ' יי'ז

Yosef Zaviavitch.

Horodla (Poland) expatriate committee

Elul 2744.

Circular B A / GB, n. In view of our circular of the month of Nisan 2014, in which we announced the peace of the council in Israel and the Argentinian council, to issue a memorial in memory of the Haradler saints, who were killed by the German murderers and their accomplices, S., which must include among other materials - the list of the Haradler Jews who were killed or died in the war, I am attaching a form in which you must enter the names of your family members and relatives who died or are Died during the war, it goes without saying that whoever does not hurry to send us the list of his relatives, will cause their names to be missing and not appear in the book. If you know of families that have died and there are no relatives left, we will ask you to list them in the list, and by doing so you will fulfill a sacred debt to the memory of the saints and the pure.

Please write the details in the list, in clear handwriting, in Hebrew or Yiddish, as well as add details in the observations section.

With great respect and blessing, Yosef Zavidavich.

The address to reply to: Shmuel Friend, Tel Aviv St.

Horodla (Poland) expatriate committee

Sivan 1957, (June 1955)

Circular G1 In our two previous circulars, we wrote to you about announcing the decision of the council in Israel and of the Argentine Jewish community and its saints, who were killed in the last world war by the German murderers and their accomplices. And we asked you to send us the material for the book.

With the second circular, we sent you forms to fill out with the names of your relatives, colleagues and neighbors who died, so that we could write them in the book, and thus place a modest tombstone for the saints who are so dear to you and us. But today we did not receive the material from you.

The Haradler Committee at its meeting of 11.11

5) Deal with the issue of printing the book, and decide to inform those who have not sent in the lists today, that those who will not send us the lists by 14 Elul 1777 (September 1st), will themselves cause So that their relatives should not be mentioned in the book, we will send you the forms again, and request that you fill them out and send them back to us immediately, so that we can print them.

In the Book of Memory. We ask you also to write down memories about Haradler and about its people and send them to us immediately. Please send us group pictures of Horadler people, and after copying them we will send them back to you. Remember! That the end of September is the last deadline for this material, and after that, you will not be able to come to us with complaints.

a. Kolish M^{ר' ז' ז' ז'}, Zberman S., Freiner Y.,
Zavidavich A. dill

Par Material Address: Q. Friend, Tel Aviv, Ahad
Hapoel Hamizrachi, Y. Zabidovitz, Bnei Brak, M

Hasidic Jews in
Israel





Haradler Committee in America.



Horadler Jews in
Argentina