

Secret Meeting Of The Nieznanski Family In Romania



This is our secret meeting in Romania - my brother, Jozef, came unofficially with his wife Guta from Israel to Romania. We - me, Feliks Nieznanski, my wife Henryka and my son Witold went there from Poland. It was the only way to see each other because in the 1970s Poland had no official relationship with Israel.

My brother was born in 1911. His name was Josif, or Jozef. He completed a business school. He worked as a salesclerk at a Jewish textile store on Nalewki Street. And besides working there, he got increasingly involved in political activity, contracted the disease of communism. He joined the KZMP, the communist youth organization. He received several sentences before the war, and by 1939 had spent four years in prison. The uncles didn't like that. It was that kind of family in which such things were unwelcome. They didn't like the fact that he was a communist, was in jail, that we sent him food packages, fatback.

My brother had a wife, a Jewess, and three kids. His wife's name was Guta Rozenfeld, the kids - Michal, Hadasa, and Rachela. They lived in Zoliborz. In 1954 - they can no longer stand it, because that daughter, Rachela - she's dead now - was a typical Jewess, dark-skinned, pretty eyes. They harassed her in school. She hit herself on the head, had to be treated psychiatrically. So they say, 'Enough! We can no longer stand it here!' A decision is made to leave Poland. My brother comes to me and says, 'What do we do? Only the two of us have been left.' I say, 'I'm in the army, I'll go and tell them to dismiss me.' They still pretended to be nice then. They say, 'So what that your brother is leaving? But you have a wife, the army needs you, we won't dismiss you. It doesn't matter that your brother is leaving.' I say, 'What do you mean it doesn't matter? I know the rule is if you have anyone abroad, you yourself will never be permitted to leave.' 'No, nothing of the sort!' My brother says, 'Well, you have your family, you'll do as you like, but we're leaving.' And thus we parted. In Israel my brother worked in the Carit kibbutz.