

Henryk Prajs' False Military Certificate

Komisja poborowa w m. Góra-Kalwarja Wzór Nr 18.
 Komisja poborowa dodatkowa w -
 Starostwo w Cymru
 Nr listy poborowej 884

Zaświadczenie.

L. Zoladek (nazwisko i imię) urodzony w roku 1915
Regimencie 11. Mazowiecki (nazwa jednostki wojskowej)
Woj. Mazowiecki z Górnego (nazwa województwa)
z siedzibą w Górze Kalwarja (nazwa miejscowości)
 zamieszkały w ul. Olszewskiej 10 (dokładny adres) stanął dnia 8 maja 1936 r.
 przed komisją poborową w m. Góra-Kalwarja i został uznany za:
zdolnego do czynnej służby wojskowej kat. **A**
 (pieczęć pow. władzy admin. ogólnej) Góra-Kalwarja, dnia 8 maja 1936 r.
 Podpis Przewodniczącego Komisji Poborowej
 Drukarnia Państwowa Nr 87931. 10.1.36. 272 000.

This is one of my false papers, which I used during the war, when I was in hiding. My false name was Feliks Zoladek. This is a certificate which is written in, that Feliks Zoladek is able to military service. I got it from a friend of my neighbor, Mrs. Wasilewska, when I ran away from labor camp in Olszewo. After my escape, somehow I managed to get through to Góra Kalwarja. I went to my neighbor, Mrs. Wasilewska. She immediately started to plan what to do. We went to Osieck together, to a parish priest, Kuropek was his name I think. He issued a birth certificate for me. Later I got myself a kenkarta, in the name Feliks Zoladek. You had to do it with the help of friends and friends of friends. Because the priest gave me the certificate, but not the kenkarta, naturally. A friend took the certificate, went to one of those doing funny business, that is, people who fabricated false IDs, and had them make me a kenkarta, that's how it was done. It wasn't legal. I lived in the country, staying with different farmers and tailoring for them. One told some other he knew a tailor, and so I kept going from one person to another. Some of them knew I was a Jew, they figured it out, but well, I did survive. I stayed in one village, returned to another, kept in hiding for some time, had to run away on another occasion, one was always looking for a safe house. I've been exceptionally lucky. They told me: 'Heniek, you don't look like a Jew at all.' I also spoke correct Polish, more or less, I mean I had the right accent, because as for the grammar a peasant wouldn't notice. I could quite safely assume I wouldn't be recognized by anyone. Plus I was a soldier, I was brave. That's why I took risks, I probably wouldn't otherwise, just like many others. You can't imagine, you could be killed any time, and not just you, but also the person harboring you.