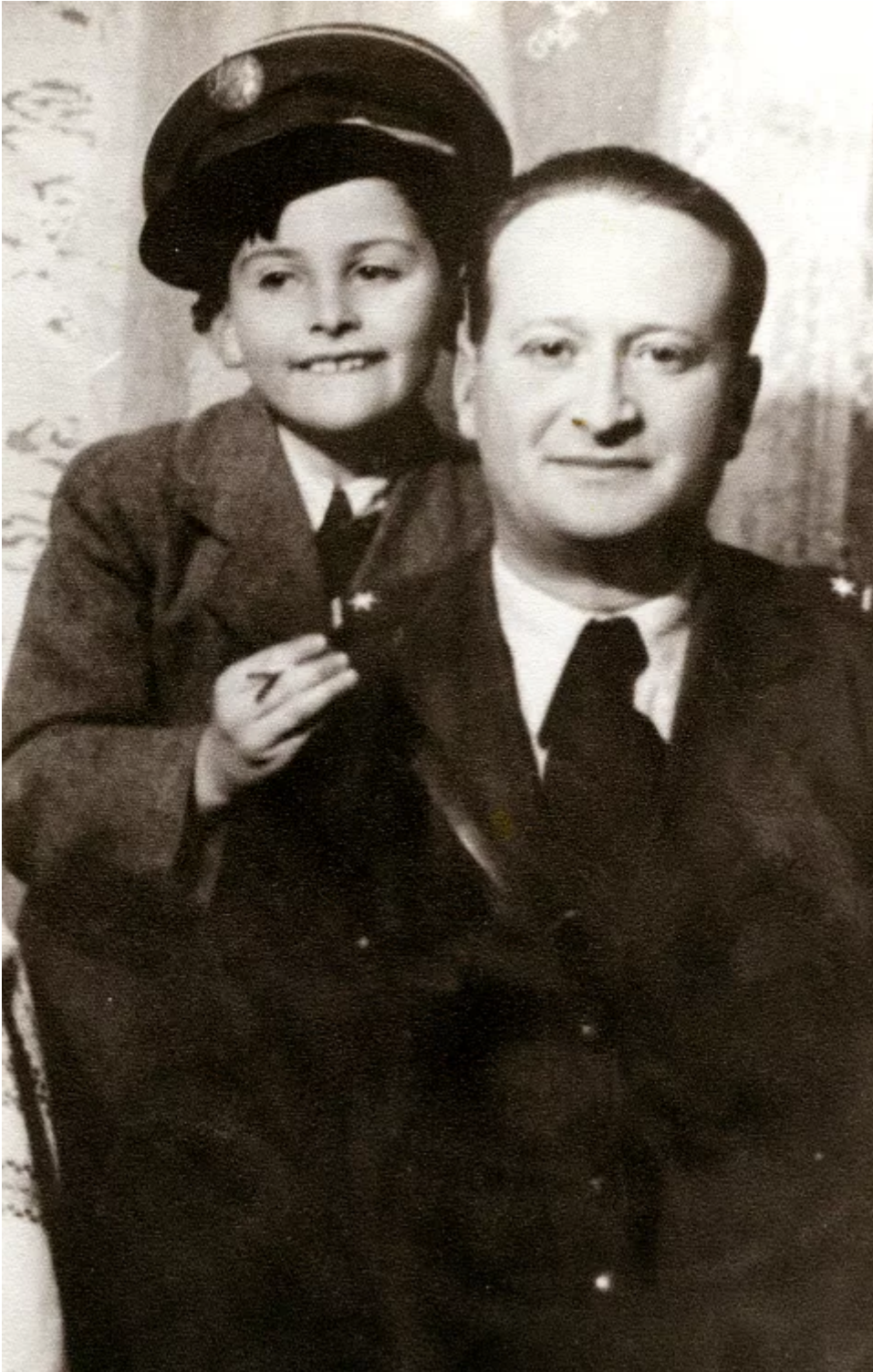


Henryk Lewandowski With His Father Dawid Garfinkiel



This is me with my father, Dawid Garfinkiel, wearing his uniform of Betar. I wear my father's hat. I think this photo was taken in Zamosc about 1938. My father was active in public life. Father was a Jabotinitist. Jabotinsky's movement had a nationalist-fascist slant, meaning they did not believe in the possibility of gaining the Jewish statehood in Palestine through negotiations, or thanks to the mercy of the British. Jabotinitists believed independence could be won by means of armed struggle

with not just the Brits, but the Arab movement as well. So they looked for allies. One of those allies was Mussolini. Italians were elbowing around in the colonies and always looking for a chance to mess up the British. They felt Palestine was one such chance. For what I know, Jews selected by Jabotinsky were admitted to the navy military school in Civitavecchia, in Italy. It was a secular organization and, as far as I remember, well developed in Zamosc. At the 3rd May and 11th November parades, the military units were always followed by the Jabotinites, in their uniforms. I didn't attend the demonstrations, I was a child, but my father did, he used to lead that column of the Zamosc Jabotinites. As far as I remember, no-one had beards there, or payes, they were all dressed the secular, European fashion. You can't say the organization had a particular social class prevalence. The members were both sons of the rich families and the extremely poor ones. I remember that because there was this Palestine emigration thing, they wanted to prepare people here in Poland for working in the kibbutzim, as farmers. My father wanted to move to Palestine, too, although in the more distant future I guess. In the meantime he organized trainings for future kibbutzim members, some of them at Grandpa's estate in Danczypol. As I was eight or nine, Father took me with him to a training like this, to a village called Kolki, between Volodymir-Volyns'kyi and Kowel. The village administrator was a Jew, he had that 'horse tooth' - as he closed his mouth, a tooth stuck out. Father had his meetings all day long and I played with the kids. It was a big training for a crowd of Jewish farmers who would become kibbutzim members. I remember an autographed portrait of Jabotinsky hanging in my father's office. Father was a member of the national executive of the Revisionist Zionists Union, I don't remember if it was on the central level, but I know he knew Jabotinsky personally. I know that when they held the last Jabotinites congress before the war, in Vienna, in 1937 I think, my father went there. I remember exactly, because as he came back from Vienna and was driving from the railway station in Zamosc to the brewery he realized he hadn't bought any presents for us, so he stopped downtown, went to a shop owner he knew who sold toys and that sort of things, and he bought me some kind of a motorbike, which I was very proud of. A couple of days later I saw he'd bought it in a shop in Zamosc.