

## Jozef Nieznanowski With His Family In Israel



This is the family of my brother, Jozef Nieznanowski. They lived in Israel. My brother is in the middle, his wife, Guta, nee Rozenfeld, is wearing sunglasses. Their oldest daughter, Rachela, drowned in a swimming pool. They also had another daughter, Hadasa, she is a teacher now, and a son, Michal. On this picture you can also see the Rudawski family. The photo was taken in the 1950s.

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. His daughter, Rachela, went to the swimming pool once, wanted to take a swim, they didn't notice, she drowned.

I was twice in Israel, in the 1990s. Once at my brother's initiative, who had died but left a wish to that effect and brought me and my wife to Israel. He had died sometime earlier, in 1987. I visited his grave, it was in the Carit kibbutz, in the south of the country.