

1. Zada Sracheel - the grandfather



Dave Fredman : In the 1700s they named an ancestor **Ferdman** (**Pferde means horse**). He was a Baal agallah, a teamster. He taught his son a profession so he would stay at home because he must have been tired of traveling.

By the 1900s the Ferdman's were followers of the Hassidic Karlina Rebbe and were deeply religious.

My great-grandfather) Moshe was a melamed. People owned their own school in their homes. They had a sleeping room and if people liked you they sent their children to you. Moshe was a tall man. The wife of Moshe was a short person and she came from short stock, so her children, including my grandfather and his sisters, were short. My father, Shlomo, knew Moshe his grandfather.



My Zada, Sracheel, was born in 1830 and died in 1914 when he was 85 years old. I was named after (his grandfather) Haim. Yisrael Cheel was a short man.

He had 2 sisters. One lived in Torchin and was married to Yisrael Pesach, a melamed. She was a real quiet person. Maybe I heard her talk a half dozen times.

The other one lived in Lacatch. Her name was Leah Rachel and she was so smart that when you heard her talk you thought a man was talking, such an educated voice. She was married to Wolf, a business man in grain.

The home of my father's youth had been in the family for five generations. Aunt Fay remembers: we went to court with our goyishe neighbor. They took away some of our land.. But somehow we found a plan, how it was laid out. On that plan it was written Shmuel Hiamovich Ferdman. The plan was drawn maybe 100 years ago."

Shmuel Hiamovich Pferdman----- wife

Shmeel Moshe ===== wife

THREE CHILDREN

Daughter---married Yisrael Pesach

Daughter --Leah Rachel---married Wolf a melamed

Son --**Sracheel**- married Baila Tzeena. After his first wife died Sracheel married Bossie, a widow with children.

Dave: "Sracheel, in his young days, he liked to loaf. He went to the Karlina Rabbi and stayed in Karlin for 6 weeks at a time." The family legend revolves around a young Sracheel who was studying and praying at the court of the Karlina Rabbi. He left behind a young wife and two toddlers who were living in the home of his father Moshe. Most people who tell the story point out the frustration his wife must have felt.

Dave: "One day Sracheels wife heard the (Karlina) Rebbe was going to be in a certain town close to Torchin." Most stories emphasize her trip alone, a single vulnerable woman walking along the country roads of central Poland. She must have had great resolve to have made the trek to the court of the Karlina Rebbe.

"So she wanted to go to talk to him.

So the Rabbi's Shamash wouldn't let her in.

She took a stick and broke a couple of windows in the building where the rabbi was staying. (That got his attention.)

"So the Rabbi asked "Who's the woman who's breaking our windows?"



“So the Shamash told him “She wanted to come in to talk to you and I told her she couldn't. So she must have gotten upset and broken a few windows.”

“So the Rabbi said “Let her come in.”

“So she came in.

“So the Rabbi said: “Woman, what do you want? Why are you breaking windows?”

Then she told him that her husband loafed with this rabbi and he doesn't tend to his family. He left her with 4 children.

Dave: "The people who followed the rabbi were like disciples. They wanted to be near him so they could just hear him now and then.

“So he asked “What's his name?”

“She said Yisrael Cheel. "I think he's around here.

“Call him in.” he told the Shamash.

“So he called him in.

“Yisrael, this is your wife. How come you neglect your wife and children and follow me?”

“Sracheel was a young man and he felt embarrassed. ‘What shall I do?’

“Go home and start a business.”

“I don't have any money.”

“You don't need any money. You'll get credit. But give good weight and give good measure.”

Dave: So he went home with his wife and they started a business.

It so happened that those few years--at that time the Russians felt if they could set up German farmers, the Russian peasants would learn from the Germans how to farm. The Russian peasants had just been released from slavery, and they didn't know how to farm. The Germans were getting big crops. So 40 families came down and opened a colony. The land deeds were given to them free by the Russian government.

The Germans learned that my grandfather gave good weights and every family came and started doing business with my grandfather. He started doing a big business. In fact he was so busy that one time he was too late for Mincha. He said 'I hope the traffic cuts down.' Once his granary burned down and all the farmers in the area had so much respect for him that they rebuilt it for him. He continued being in business until his wife Baila Tzeena died, around 1898-1900.”



Uncle Harry (Usher): Zade Sracheel was a sportsman. A nice cane was his hobby. He had a lot of sruum in the attic. Sruum is what you don't throw away. You accumulate (it.) What you do with it is a good question.

Then he had a pile of canes. He was a pipe addict. If he saw you, no matter how big you looked or whatever, and you *had a nice pipe* he would want to trade you for it. For a youngster it *was* interesting.

(Man with a pipe. Herman Struck.)



(Man with pipe by I)

(I remember one day a wanger) came by Wangers were the rough necks, the rough Pollacks. They used to cut horses so they could jump, but they didn't produce. (Anyway this wanger) came by and he had a big, nice pipe. So this grandfather of ours, Zeda Sracheel, would get acquainted with him and buy the pipe. He would say: 'you know I have pipes (of) such variety. If you'd see (my collection I'm sure) you'd find one you like better than yours.

Harry: "A couple of boys from one family went to Odessa, to school. They came back for a visit. When they got back they wore long palaranes, graduation (gowns.) And they wore fancy hats. And they'd go by the street.



And Zeda would see them and he'd feel like they were spoiling the youth in town. So he'd stop them. "When you come for a visit wear your regular clothes. Don't show off. I don't like your hat.



His hobby was to sit and learn. I remember when I had-typhus. I was 3 years old. I was the 5th child. I was sick. The family, the father and the mother, worked around me. And they wore out. So one night the Zeda Sracheel took over. He sat down with a candle. He looked and studied the Gemorra. And I was lying in bed. And my fever broke. I turned over and sat up. And he made a Boruch Hu.

Harry: "When we were children we used to go to the farms and pick cherries. In the earlier years Zeda Sracheel went along. He knew how to overcome the dogs. The farmers' dogs were all hot. (Sracheel) He had a long cane. Every time a dog wanted to come near us he kind of waved the cane and the dogs wanted to grab the cane and they didn't get close to the families. "

Sracheel's second wife, Bossie, was a widow with daughters. She was small, thin, tough, full of energy, and very determined. She made money by selling pots. "Bossie was wonderful family. When somebody got sick or hurt she was on the job. When I chopped my finger. You wrap it around with leaves from a tree. She was on the job. Once Dave fell in the lake." and Usher..Harry..fished him out and brought him to Bossie's home.



(woman selling pots in Lida)

Harry: "I brought him in and put him on the pakeluk (the three foot high crawl space located above the baking oven... the special brick oven that was fired once a week, on Thursday to bake bread for shabbos. It was a perfect place for a half frozen child to dry out while his grandmother dried out his clothes.)

Harry: "Bossie took care of any family problems. We lived under one roof." (Only a thin partition separated the apartments of Shlomo, Eliyah, and Sracheel) "We lived in one room. The front was a store. When the family grew we had to have the front room. It was a dining room, living room, bedroom combination. So we went to put a floor in there.

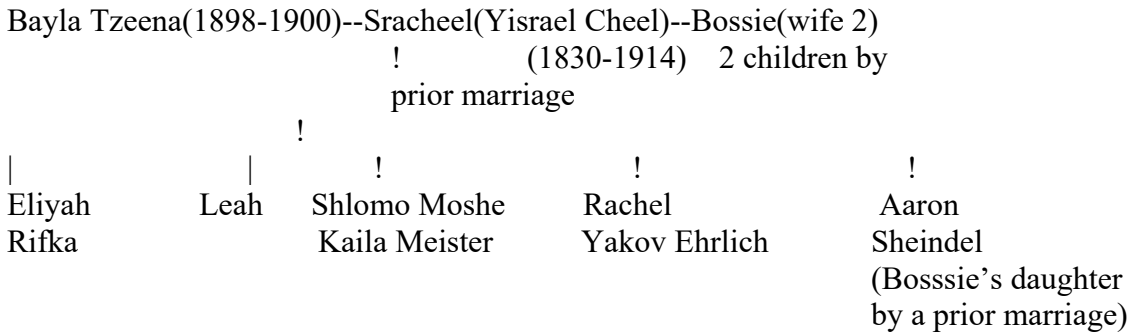
One of Bossie's daughters (from her first marriage) married Sracheel's son, Aaron. "Bossie had another daughter she wanted to marry off. It takes money to marry off a daughter. She brought grandpa (Sracheel) (to the apartment of his son, Shlomo Moshe.) Shlomo had dug a ditch to put in supports for the floor. She said to Sracheel: You get in that ditch and stay there until they give us naden (dowry money) for my daughter. He didn't have to get in. Shlomo gave her the money. He couldn't complete that job until you came up with the money"

One other story of Bossie's persistence took place during the Austrian occupation of Torchin early in the First World War. A group of Austrian soldiers had confiscated the family horse. Kaila was upset. The horse would be needed to help the family escape. They could ill afford to lose. But what could she do? They were soldiers with guns. Bossie was not afraid. She grabbed the neck of the horse, and the wiry little woman held on for dear life shouting "Gevalt" and creating a commotion.

Eventually an Austrian officer rode over. He asked what was going on. He was told the soldiers were confiscating the horse. He asked the soldiers for their confiscation papers. They had none. The soldiers were told to let the old woman keep her horse.

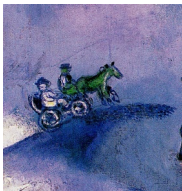
Sracheel's family

Shlomo Moshe was the oldest son of the 5 children of Sracheel and his first wife, Bayla Tzeena.



The family home was divided into three apartments: Sracheel lived in one, Shlomo Moshe in the second, and Eliyah in the third

2. In the late 1800s Schlomo, a single young man in his mid 20's returned to his home after having served in the Russian army for a time. He heard about his future wife via a shadchan, a match maker. The woman, Chia Kaila, lived near a nearby Shtetl called Ozditich.



One day Shlomo and his father Sracheel rented a horse and wagon and drove to the farm of Yitzhak Meister, Kaila's father. When they arrived Kaila was standing on the porch. The young-man she saw had a dark beard, and he looked old. She must have been shy, curious, and more than a little afraid of the change in her life that was about to be negotiated. I envision her stare..cold, hard.

The woman on the porch made Shlomo and Sracheel uncomfortable. She had red hair, and redheads were supposed to be hot tempered. She was obviously the wrong woman. Shlomo told his father he didn't want to marry her. Sracheel agreed.

When they drove up to the farmhouse the visitors' wagon was surrounded by yapping dogs. Yitzhak probably came outside to greet them and invited them in. They sat and talked. During several pauses in the conversation Sracheel rose and walked to the door as though he was going to leave. But before Shlomo could join his father, Sracheel had returned to the table. (According to custom, if the father of the groom isn't interested in the shidach (the match) he leaves. But if the father of the groom stays and stays, it is a sign of acceptance. Eventually the father of the bride will bring out a bottle of schnapps. He will open the bottle, pour a glass of schnapps for the visitor and propose a toast "L'chayim." The drinking of the toast means the match is acceptable.)



And that's what happened. Sracheel stayed. Yitzhak got out the wine. And they drank "L'chayim" Then the details of the match were negotiated.

Later, when Sracheel and Shlomo were driving home, Shlomo asked his father what happened. I saw you get up a couple of times and walk to the door. But you never left. You never went outside and got into the wagon. What kept you?

The dogs (Sracheel said.) Each time Sracheel approached the door, Yitzhak's pack of dogs had clustered around outside snapping and barking: They had frightened Sracheel, and he had decided not to leave, not just yet.



Sarah Breindel Shpaler -- **Yitzhak Meister**---- Leah (2nd wife) (died age 18)

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Rachel **Chia Kaila**
1871-1960)

SHIA ASHER RIVKA ?Yesiah(Goldie)
(Menasha Klein)

|
Misha (Edith)

Shlomo's wife, Chia Kaila was born and raised on a farm outside Beheta, not far from the village of Ausditich. (**Ozditich**) Her father, Yitzhak Meister, was a farmer before the Czar pushed the Jews off farms and into the city. When Chia Kaila was only 6 weeks old her mother (Sarah Spaler) became deathly ill, delirious, and ran a high fever. She said nothing but continued to care for her new daughter. She died within a few days. The neighbors found her dead. Her baby was still in her arms trying to suckle.

The neighbors nursed Kaila and raised her. When Kaila's father remarried and had more children, Kaila became their second mother as well as their sister.

Fay: "Schlomo was 26 when he got married. Chia Kaila was an orphan. Her mother died from that sickness the rats bring in, the Cholera.



(Fay) She was 18 years old. My grandpa (Yitzhak) was away. She was baking bread. She had the baby... 6 weeks old. And I guess the baby was crying, and she took the baby and lay down on the bed to nurse her. And the neighbors found her dead on the bed with my mother lying next to her and nursing. My mother was raised by the small town women. In those days there were no bottles. Every woman took her in for a day. Grandfather got married, and her stepmother used to throw it up to her that her hussan(husband) is an old (man). He had already a beard like night."

Later, when Kaila was to come to America, she needed papers; proof of time and place of birth. Fay, Kaila's youngest daughter, found that proof on a tombstone in the Jewish Cemetery in Ozditich.

Yitzhak moved to Ozditich in the early 1900s, probably around 1905. He bought and sold horses; his profession was similar to that of a used car dealer today. He wore a hittle (a cap with a beak), had a full, nicely kept beard, and wore a long gray coat. He was honest and a man of his word. (During the First World War an emaciated Yitzhak moved in with Chia and Shlomo, and he lived with them for the next 10 years. He was 5 ft. 8 inches tall. His face was handsome, his hair light brown, and his eyes were brown too. He was strong and "quiet spoken." He never argued. He settled problems diplomatically. He was a smart business man.)

Two of Yitzhak's brothers were sent to Austria to escape the years of service that Jews frequently spent in the Russian army. In those days gullies...special agents roamed around the Jewish communities, looking for young, unmarried teenagers. If they found them and could capture them, they took them deep into Russia and sold or gave them to Christian families. Here they served as servants until they were old enough for the army. Then they were sent to military camps. By the time they were released, up to 25 years later, few returned to the Jewish traditions of their youth. It was to escape this that two of Yitzhak's brothers went to Austria and lived with family or friends until they were too old for the army. When they came home they kept their assumed name, Schwartz. Their descendants came to America and settled in Southern Illinois.

Harry: "We used to go to Ozditich to visit Zeda Yitzhak. He was a horse dealer. Generally there were a few animals; and he would say: how about you taking them (the animals) to the water. So I would take them to the lake. Then he had a nice big garden. We used to have pleasure there. Then, all at once, I made acquaintance with (his) neighbor girl. And before I left for America I thought I was in love. (But) I left for America and the war broke out (and) that was the end of it.,, Zeda Yitzhak had 3 children by his second wife.



Shia was the oldest. He was medium sized, pale, and had 'a small, neat beard.' He was never well dressed. He was a poor business man and something of a schlemiel. During WWI a group of soldiers sold him a bag of (?something) cheap. When he got home he discovered he had purchased a bag of rocks.

Usher was the second son. He was of medium height, dark, and Asiatic looking. He was bright and a good business man. He dealt in horses, at first with his father and later on his own.

Rifka, the daughter, was tall, blonde, and very pretty. Her husband was a tall, educated, scholarly young man. He fell victim to tuberculosis shortly after he married Rifka. He dwindled over their first years of marriage, and he died shortly after his only son, Misha, was born. At the beginning of WWI Rifka fled Ozditich. The pack on her back contained her infant son. As she was rushing down the muddy, refugee filled, road she suddenly noted her burden had grown lighter. She frantically checked her backpack; her son was missing. She found him in the mud, by the side of the road, healthy, unharmed, and very dirty. She came to live with Chia Kaila, her half sister. There are stories about her arrival with her mud covered urchin. She stayed with the Fredmans during WWI and for many years thereafter. Her son, Misha, was raised as one of the children.



Kaila was remembered as a tireless, frugal, hardworking wife with a good sense of business and an open heart. She loved to give charity and to share her good fortune. And none of her sons ever characterized her as being hot-tempered. (Though I must admit, I never asked.) Shlomo Moshe and

Chia Kaila were married and lived in Torchin for almost 40 years. During that time they watched their world changing. Kaila bore 8 to 10 children. A baby died during the First World War. Yankele, a cute bright little person died of some disease and was never forgotten. 6 survived.

Kaila age 55 and Shlomo Moshe



Once, much later, the American Fredmans pledged \$500 naden(dowry) for each of Elya's daughters. The matchmakers, who cleared 5%, were busy. They found a young man from Lacatch who was a good candidate. He wanted \$600 for the daughter in question. The custom was to give the groom 2/3 down, and the balance at the ceremony. Kaila didn't have the money. She took her lantern, a candle surrounded by a glass, and went to the hat makers that night. She borrowed \$400 at 10% a month. The girl got engaged. 2 weeks later the boy made up with his former girlfriend and called off the deal. He paid the \$400 + a \$200 penalty, as was the custom.

Shlomo's sister Rachel married a man named Yakov Ehrlich and moved to Rozysce, a nearby town. Her son Zev was the first member of the family go to Israel. (It was then Turkish Palestine.) He became a bee keeper. His grandson, Ahouvia, lives in Avi Hayel, a moshav near Netanya. *(see chapter Ehrlich)*

The youngest brother was Eliyah. Eliyah was a quiet man (he didn't like to stay after shul and shmus). He had a complaining wife and 5 daughters. He made his living by buying cattle from farmers, dragging them to town, and reselling or butchering them. Young Eliyah was a handsome man with a dark beard. He was the same size as Shlomo, though he always seemed a little poorer, and he was no-doubt, troubled by the burden of 5 dowries. By the time he was in his 40's Eliyah was bent over. Two of his daughters escaped to Argentina in the 30's.



The others perished with Eliyah when the Nazis occupied Torczyn. *(chapter 34)*

ELIYAH RIFKA



Elya and family just before two daughters left for Argentina
 back row: Meyer (son in law), Daughters: Bluma, Malka, Gitel, Shlomo's daughter Fay, Favish (son in law)
 Front row: daughter Baila, Yaakov grandson, Leah, Meyer's mother, Elya, Rifka (Elyas wife)
 And Shlomo's daughter and grand daughter: Lillian, Surca

Dave: I remember that morning when Shlomo's brother, Aaron came back from the army. He had served in Southern Russia, in Tashkent. My mother took me and Usher(Harry) and dressed us, and took us in to show these two children to Aaron. And we were little fellows. Usher must have been 2 and I must have been 5.

In 1900 Aaron got married. He three children Beryl (Ben), Beila, and Shlomo (Sam.) In 1905 Japan and Russia got into war, and by the middle of the summer they were calling reserves, and he (Aaron) was in the reserves. And he ran away to the U.S. Shlomo was just a baby in 1905. His mother carried him in her arms.



Dave: "When the (Russian) fleet that went out of the Baltic Sea, went out to fight Japan, the admiral Makarov said that "Our country is big enough to cover them with our hats." One man would get a paper, and everyone would sit around him and he'd read it. Everyone wasn't able to read Russian. The Japs met him in the Indian Ocean and sunk his fleet."

Dave: "Why did the family come to St. Louis? In the 1800' s there was a man named Spilker. (He still has some relatives in the dress business, Spilker and Kravitz.) Spilker didn't pay for his passage. Certain concerns like the railroads and gas companies needed men to dig, lay sewers; They used to advertise. They pay them and give them a job. Spilker was a Yeshiva man. When he came here he didn't like that

kind of work. He had the freedom to quit if he wanted to. He came through Galveston Texas. A lot of immigrants came through Galveston. They became the first group in Galveston. The Jews had a network. If they couldn't get people a job in Galveston they sent them to Texas, etc. That's the way Jewish people operated. Spilker came to St. Louis. Since he was a Hebrew scholar, he was able to become a shochet. However, in those days the more religious crowd wanted someone to be a shochet and a butcher. He was a shochet and sold chickens, lambs, etc. This Spilker, his father-in law was still in Europe with Spilker's family. The old man came (to America) with these daughters, one of whom was the wife of Spilker, who was already here. The father-in-law to this Spilker, the man who came over later, was a brother to Bossie, Zeda Sracheel's second wife.

Dave: "So Aaron came to St. Louis. And he got himself acquainted in Bellville because Spilker had relatives there named Tennenbaum. I remember the old lady Tennenbaum when she was a young woman. She stopped off to see her sister, this baba Bossie. Mrs. Tennenbaum and Baba Bossie were both sisters to this man Spilker who came here.

Dave: "Aaron stayed in Bellville 5 years. He brought a little money back to Europe. The Russian government didn't look for people who ran away..In America Aaron was a peddler:

Harry: "When you come to America you don't know the language. We had this family in Bellville, Joe-the shoemaker. They were related to Baba Bossie. When Aaron come they got him acquainted with the junk dealer and the junk dealer gave him a horse and wagon and he went out peddling. And that's how he made a living.

Harry: "Aaron was a cabinet maker. He had a shop where he employed 5 or 6 people. When I was little he went to America. It must have been before 1905. It must have. been 5-6 years after he came out of the army because he already had a little shop. Before he went away he was successful.

Harry. "When he came back from America, Aaron probably had maybe a couple of thousand dollars, maybe less. When he came back he was under a scare because the Russian army could put him in jail because he escaped. So he was a bit scared. In order to do something he bought a horse and he went down buying skins, furs, and cowhides from farmers. He even bought cattle occasionally. He had a beautiful horse. I used to ride him occasionally.

Harry: "After his money was all used up Aaron had to go back to America. He no doubt would have stayed if he had a successful business, because he had a family, 3-4 children. But he didn't make it."

Dave: "Aaron stayed 2 years in Torchin and decided to go back to America;

He left Russia with a wife and their father Ben aged 14 along with daughter Baila and Shlomo, Sam, who was a baby. They entered the U.S. in 1913 in Boston, then traveled to Bellville. Aaron and Sheindel had three additional children in the U.S.: Izzy; Phil; and Hy. Sheindel died in 1919 giving birth to Hy

Izzy and Aaron were in the junk business.

Lillian Anderman remembers visiting Aaron's yard and feeling as though it was filled with old stuff.

Aaron also had a lot of scrap iron, and he made money during World War One.

When Sheindel died Aaron married Sarah, a cook. She was a widow from St. Louis with three children. (One of her sons had been gassed in the First World War). A daughter, Elizabeth, was sent to an orphanage because they could not afford to care for her.

Baila, Aaron's daughter married Hershel Friedman. They moved to Pittsburg and had 6 children (Al, Joe, George, Avery, Bess, Goldie.)

Phil **L: Sam Jesse**
R: Phil
Frances



JESSE AND SAM



Leaving Torczyn

Though quite young at the time, Manuel remembered the day oldest brother Dave, left Torchin and headed for the godless land on the other side of the ocean. This would be a permanent move. Dave would probably not return to the Stetl nor see his family again. The occasion was sad and painful, but the trip made sense. Dave had been a hot headed teenager; it was only a matter of time before the Russian army or the local matchmakers appeared on the family doorstep. And Dave would not be traveling alone. Uncle Aaron was going back, and he would teach his nephew the ropes...get him started.

Aaron had been there before—had lived in America for a number of years. The first time he left without his wife and young son. The czar was getting ready to go to war with Japan. Aaron, an army veteran, faced a few additional years in the military, and he wasn't willing to be cannon fodder for mother Russia.

Harry: "Aaron was a cabinet maker. He had a shop where he employed 5 or 6 people. When I was little he went to America. It must have been before 1905. It must have been 5-6 years after he came out of the army because he already had a little shop. Before he went away he was successful.

"When he came back from America, Aaron probably had maybe a couple of thousand dollars, maybe less. When he came back he was under a scare because the Russian army could put him in jail because he escaped. So he was a bit scared. In order to do something he bought a horse and he went down buying skins, furs, and cowhides from farmers. He even bought cattle occasionally. He had a beautiful horse. I used to ride him occasionally.

"After his money was all used up Aaron had to go back to America. He, no doubt, would have stayed if he had a successful business, because he had a family, 3-4 children. But he didn't make it."

Dave: "Aaron stayed 2 years in Torchin and in 1913 decided to go back to America; and I was 18 yrs. old, and I thought I'd like to go to America. So I went along. I wanted to go, and I felt it was a good time to go... On August 12th I arrived, in Philadelphia on a boat out of Hamburg, Germany, the Graf Valderzee-German American line.



Harry: "When you come to America you don't know the language. We had this family in Bellville, Joe-the shoemaker. They were related to Baba Bossie. When Aaron come they got him acquainted with the junk dealer and the junk dealer gave him a horse and wagon and he went out peddling. And that's how he made a living.

(Aaron lived in Bellville and was in the junk business. He made money during the First World War selling scrap iron. He had three more children, but in 1919 his wife Sheindel, died giving birth to son Hy. Aaron later married Sarah, a cook.)

Q: "Do you remember when Uncle Dave left for America?"

Harry: "Yes I do."

Q: "When he left how did everybody feel about him going?"

H: "Well. There's a little story attached to it. For one thing father, (Shlomo Moshe) was in the army in Russia for three years. After 3 years in the army you know the language strong. We were in the butcher business and we raised cattle. And someone would come in, a Russian, for whatever his mission was. They'd look so things were clean. He'd talk to them. They didn't appreciate (the fact that) Shlomo put 3 years in the army. They'd ignore it. (They would treat him like a second class citizen, a Jew.)

When Dave got to the age where he would have to go (in) to the army that was the thing to do, to leave the country."

H: "Of course there was another reason. (Dave) was keeping company with a very nice girl. They later moved to this country. But her father was a tailor, and that was a little ...ah..non fit to our mishpacha, it wasn't the yichas of our family. You see Zeda Sracheel used to go to visit the Karlina Rabbi and he stayed there until grandma, his second wife got tired of looking after the children..."

Then there was an incident: One day a non-Jewish farmer came to town looking for a cow thief. One of his heifers was missing. He had checked his land and was convinced the animal had not just wandered away. When he got to Torchin the farmer checked the butcher shops. It so happened that on the previous day Shlomo had slaughtered a brown and white cow and the hide hung outside the shop for all to see. The farmer looked at the hide and knew it was the skin from his cow. He called the police and Shlomo was arrested and taken to jail. It was a serious offence. Shlomo protested his innocence but to no avail. He was a Jew. His complainant was a Christian peasant. His fate seemed certain.

During Shlomo's incarceration Noach, a Jewish ganif (thief), visited Shlomo. Shlomo explained his plight. He reaffirmed his innocence. And Noach believed him. So Noach went to the farmers land and searched the fields. He found the brown and white heifer and brought it to town. Shlomo was freed. The day was saved. But the incident taught Dave a lesson, and apparently strengthened his resolve to come to America.

Q: "How did the family feel when the time came for Dave to come over?"



Harry: "The family was agreeable. Dave was peculiar (independent), because he went out to do a little "handling," on his own. And he was putting time in with the girl, and that was against the family. When he decided (to let her go everybody was happy about it. He went out to do a little "handling". We used to go on the farms and buy cattle and (then) sell them to the butchers (in town after bringing the cattle into town.) When he left (Torchin) it looked like he wasn't too much missin. (He was independent and making his own decisions etc. already.)"

Manuel remembers the whole town turning out one Saturday night to see off Sheindel, Aaron's wife. It was a sad night. She would probably never see her mother or family again. And she was going to a strange land far away. She traveled with her three children to Lutsk by wagon. Then she took the train to Cherbourg and the boat to America. Aaron and Dave snuck across the Austrian border to Galicia, and traveled to the boat via a different train.

Lillian Anderman: I once asked my father about the boat trip to the U.S. He told me the only thing he remembered was that they had plenty of rye bread and herring.

Dave: "On about Aug 15, myself and Uncle Aaron arrived in St. Louis from Philadelphia. The year was 1912. We visited the Niederman family which formerly lived in Torchin. After some of the meetings that we exchanged, Mr. Niederman suggested that if I couldn't find a place better than his that I, stay at his house till I got myself established.

Dave: I was then able to find a job at a concern. I became acquainted with some fellows in the neighborhood, and one suggested that I get a job with him and we go to work for Leon Meches who then were strictly junk dealers; and there I learned to sort metal; and I worked there from August until sometime in November. By then I had learned a little about the English language, and I managed to get a job that was easier. This kind of work was kind of dusty and dirty. So then I got a job through a landsmann that was a presser at a lady's clothing factory. They made skirts and jackets. I learned to press. I worked there at a better pay from November until about April. In April the workers, tailors, pressers, seamstresses went out on strike. So I stayed out of work for about 3 weeks. And then I had decided to go to work for a fellow who was making wheels for casting, a wagon factory. We made an agreement to work on 40% and 60%. He got 60 and I got 40 because I didn't understand the work as good as he did. I worked with him until about the next November. Which was about 7 months. I then sent some money that I had saved to my father to pay off that 300 rubles that he had to pay for me not joining the Russian army, and I also sent \$350 for my brother Harry to come over, which I remember that I wrote a letter to my folks, that I wouldn't be lonesome, and the two of us could get together and go into a business I had in mind. So by the end of 1914, which was close to Easter, my brother Harry came over."

Harry: "I don't know how they felt when I left, but when Dave came to this country he was, uncomfortable to the extent that he's alone.. You see Uncle Aaron lived in Bellville and Dave worked in St. Louis. And he kept bombarding I should come to . . . he kept bombarding me in letters: "If you'd be here we can have a room where we can do our own preparing. He knew me, that I'm good around mother. Sara came later, so I was the house girl. Whatever had to be done. Mother had to give birth and it was 2 o' clock in the morning, to get the mid-wife she woke me. She didn't wake Dave. More or less he wasn't too much a homerecognized by mother that he was missin, or father that he was missin), but when he came here, he kept (asking me to come in) every letter. Then he bought a ticket and sent (it) to me, see (to convince me that) I should come.

Harry: "The parents got the letters. They felt bad because he's lonely. And there was my ageI'm already going to be 19. If I don't leave (soon) I'll have to serve (in) the army. Then we (had) a neighbor next to us. The man was in America. And the family was being asked to come to this country

(the U.S.), and they had a couple of girls. And they wanted me to come along with them. And the parents didn't like that; but at the same time it created (a lot of pressure for me to) go to America."

Q: Did you want to go?

Harry: "Let me say this: When you're young and you're not connected to anything... see.. I was already doing the same that Dave did (Handling). I'd go out and...for some reason I made a following, business wise. Naturally you go out of town. You go out into the country. You come to the place and knock on the door.

Farmer: 'What do you want?'

H: I want to buy something. A lamb. A calf.

F: 'Well actually we don't have nothing to sell. But since you're young, let me sell you a couple of lambs.'

Whatever price they asked was good enough because they would keep (the animals) from fall until late summer. So the animal would double itself in value.

They'd say: '\$6 apiece.'

H: 'good.'

I took out the money and paid them. "I'll pick it up in 4 months. 3 months."

F: "Whenever you're ready for them, come."

Harry: When I came they didn't know which ones they sold me. When you have a bunch of lambs you don't know which ones you sold. So they would pick out the biggest ones. They wanted to favor a young fellow. I was always able to smile along with them. So that's the business.

Harry: "So whether I liked to go (to America) or didn't like to go wasn't the question. "You go to America" (Dave would write) "and you'll do good in America. "I'll be working. You'll be working." Dave didn't think of business in those days. What he was doing only amounted to so much a week. First he was a presser. While he was a presser they went on strike and he lost his job. (Then) Dave was a wagon wheel maker. He lost or quit the job after I came for some reason. He decided to learn a trade. He started to become a shoemaker."

Harry: "We used to go to Ausditich to visit Zeda Yitzhak. He was a horse dealer. Generally there were a few animals. And he would say: 'how about you taking them to the water.'

So I would take them to the lake. Then he had a nice big garden. We used to have pleasure there. Then all at once I made acquaintance with his neighbor girl. And before I left for America I thought I was in love."

Harry: "But I left for America, and the war broke out (and) that was the end of it.

Q: How did you leave Torchin?

Harry: "We snuck out of town. At nights... see... 5 of us. We rented a wagon. We had to go over the Polish. . . We were on the Russian (side). We had to cross to the Polishto steal our way across. First you go over the Galician border. Then you were a free man.

(Galicia is an area that no longer exists. It corresponds to the present area of northern Austria and Southern Poland. It was part of the Austrian Empire.)

We went to the little town behind the Galician border. Once you got there you dealt with the fellow who knew how to (proceed). The one that brought us across the border knew the (next man.) He told us to go to this and this; and this (person) is going to set up for you where you get on the train (that will take you to) Antwerp Belgium,, where you catch the boat.

When we got on the Galician side you had to go through Germany. The Germans looked at my ticket, and I didn't have any papers. So they recognized me as a German. And they already knew that war was going to (come.) They didn't let any young people out. So since I didn't have any papers to show I wasn't a German they took me off the train. So my group traveled on, and I went to the German

consulate. So while we were dealing with Germans (in business back home in Torchin), I could talk a little. (German.) Maybe they thought I was talking good enough. You're a German.

No I'm a Russian, see. We're under Russia. Russia. I'm a Russia. And I'm going to America; see. See I could talk in German. I could talk. Why are you holding me?

We know different. You're trying to leave Germany and we don't let people out.

I says, I'm a Russian.

So one comes over and two more come over and they want to tell me I'm a German. I'm in the consulate; a big office; they had about 30 desks and lots of people.

So how can you prove to us you're not a German?

I says give me a piece of paper, and I wrote a Russian slogan. So they couldn't read it. So they took it to one desk, then another desk and a third desk, and nobody could read it. So they let me go.

**ПРОДУКТЫ
КОФЕ
СЛАДОСТИ**

I get to Vienna and there the ship company man was already waiting for his passengers. The company that you buy (the ticket from) they had a representative. He said we can't take you until you have papers with your birth date and so on.

So they sent a wire to home. At home we had a man who was involved in the consulate side. He was a secretary. A Jewish man.

So he picked out a name that was dead, and he sent it. He wrote some-thing under a dead name. My name was there, on the books, but he was born on that and that date. I was supposed to be 2 years younger than I was. I was supposed to be 19 and the papers said 17. That was the only date that was available.

Harry: "I came to this country on June 17, 1914. When I got to this country the war was on already. See, I was seven weeks on the boat.

The boat I was supposed to go on I missed. So I went on a cattle boat. In place of being on the (ocean) for 6 days, I was there for 18 days. I arrived in Canada."

Surca: "When Harry left] Sracheel took him around and kissed him and he said 'I want to give you a Broocha. If you'll keep shabbos and you keep your religion you're going to be blessed with everything you ask for. 'not to forget you're a Jew.' America was a goyishe land.

Lillian Anderman said that Harry told her that when he came to America he was in the bottom of the ship. There were cows in first class, so there would be fresh milk for the first class passengers. But the ship did not supply milk for the passengers in the lower decks who had babies. Harry thought this was wrong and at night he and a few friends would climb to first class, milk the cows, and bring back milk for the babies. The next morning the ships people came to milk the cows, but the cows were dry. They never knew why.

Harry: On June 17, 1914 I arrived in Canada. "We were stopped because there was sickness on the boat. So we were stopped on an island. Three more boats had sickness on them and their passengers were on the island. We had a lot of young people. We were there for 12 days before they found that everything is OK, and I could go across to Canada. But we were only 2 days out of Canada on that island by boat. So you're on the island and you're limited by... I kept my religion... I couldn't eat anything they served.

And a big German comes to me with a big roll of beef and he says "That's kosher, that's kosher; can't you see that's kosher."

So I didn't believe him. So I got along on bread and milk. They didn't give you too much bread. So at night three of our boys get up, and crawl out of the camp, and we went to the bakery, and we'd buy

a big loaf of raisin bread. And we'd catch a cow and milk him. And we had milk and bread, and we could sleep over breakfast.

Harry: So after that we went through customs. You go through exams. They look at your eyes, look at your hair. When I went through for so many weeks I didn't take a hair cut. We were bathing in the (ocean) so we washed up.. (They wanted to check my hair for lice) they wanted to look and see if I'm lousy.

I ran my hand through my hair and some of it fell into the fellows face and he said" get the hell out of here." He couldn't find not.

I took the train out of there, changed trains, and went to St. Louis.

Surca: "Harry was on the way to America when Sracheel died. Sracheel called me and said 'go and ask mother if she cooked fish for shabbos. And mother gave me fish. And when I came back (there) already was (an) alarm that he died. He was 86 or 87. He died with his full sense. Manuel remembers that night. Sracheel didn't feel well enough to go to shul. Manuel went with his father. When they returned Sracheel was dead.

