

Surca “meets” Favish

Many remembered that day—though their recollections were far from identical. The year was 1925 and it was spring—one of the 8 middle days of Passover. The Seder’s were over for the year, but Matzoth was eaten in place of bread. Some Jews worked, while others visited family and friends. The air must have been crisp and fresh, and I hear the clatter of wagons.

Inside the Ferdman home the air was charged. Shlomo's old army buddy, Menashe, was coming to visit. (Shlomo hadn't seen him in years.) He would be accompanied by his son Favish , and there was a matchmaker involved. Surca was the prospective bride.

The youngsters of the household assumed that the couple was meeting for the first time, and that the fathers would talk about a possible shidoch (a match.) Since Shlomo and Menashe had warm feelings for one another, since they would like being machatoonim, it would be hard for either to say “No” if the other wanted a match.

Manuel waited anxiously.

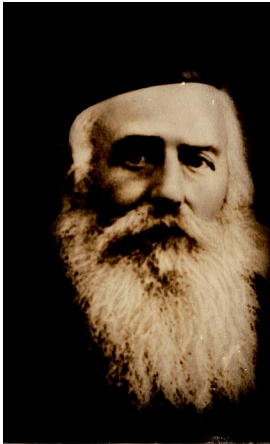
There was a knock at the door.

Misha hid under the table.

Shlomo opened the door, and Menashe walked in.

“Nu, vas sukst du Shlomo?”

"Nu, vas sukst du Menashe?"



Menashe was a tall blond Hassid with a long beard and a black silk coat. Manuel waited for the tall blonde son who would be following him. He was fooled. (He wondered if his father had been fooled too.) Because the son didn't look like the father. He was handsome and pleasant. But he was short and dark. He wore a hat.



Rifka saw the hat and wondered if Favish was bald. She had Misha knock the hat off.

Favish had a full head of thick dark hair.

Favish and Surca looked at, one another and decided to take a walk.

Introductions were made. With Menashe was his brother who lived in Torchin and a shadchan, a matchmaker. Kaila served refreshments.

MENASHE Manuel realized how quickly lives can change. He always wanted to go to America, and he knew it would be virtually impossible if he had a wife and children. He saw his sister on the verge of a betrothal minutes after she met a man. He remembered the story of Sracheel and the dogs.

After a while Surca and Favish walked back in.

"Well?" Shlomo said looking at them.

He got an affirmative nod.

"Mazel Tov." he said to Menashe. He took out a handkerchief. Each man grasped one end of the cloth.



And it was official.

Shlomo Moshe

Fay: They came Chol a mod Pesach, I remember in the evening. And they came into the house. So they started talking:

'Vus sukst du Shlomo?'

And he asked 'vus sukst du Menashe?' Suk de "llama nemen a bissel brofen?" (Why not take a little whisky?)

So they took a drink. In the meantime they said to Surca and Favish they should go outside and take a walk and talk it over.

So they came in. They said 'Well, Maz el Tov.'

They got out the handkerchief.' and they mekabel kenyon, and that was it. And I remember Manuel.. We were both kids. He was crying. And I was crying. We couldn't understand what happened. And that was it.

Fay: The wedding was a year later. They got married in our house. (On their



wedding day) it was raining buckets. The street had round cobblestones. The other side was mud up to the knees. The Chupa was by the big shul, outside. As they walked back from the chupa the sun came out. It was so cloudy and all of a sudden the sun came out. They got married on a Friday. That Friday The rebbezen Achenstein's brother

came into town. Yonkav Laibele was his name. He stayed across the street from us at the Aaron Shochet. When they had to go to the Chupa, beside the Torchina Ruf, they decided to ask Yonkov Laibele to give chivra kadisha (to read the blessings under the chupa.) So he came to give chupa kadisha. Yonkov was the Triska rabbi's son. And Favish's father was a Triska Hassid.

Fay: See, those rabbis used to have a territory like a salesman. Yonkov Laibele had the Torchin territory. (For the Triska Rabbi.) There was going around a rumor that they didn't getting along, and he (Yonkov) came special to Torchin. And his droshky was staying in front of the shochet's house (accross the street.)

Fay: On a nice day the whole town went to the chupa. I went to every chupa. It was exciting. I remember when a fellow who used to live in one of our stores got married. It was a big snow. They lived a good distance away. The bride walked to the chupa. The groom walked to the chupa in front of the shuls. So the smart aleck town kids made



snow balls and threw them at the groom. I was standing under the chupa and everytime..... a snow ball. At that time under the chupa there were 2 rabbis too. A rabbi from Lacotch and our rabbi Ben Zim Suker. Our rabbi had a voice, that, when. I go to a chupa here I can still hear his voice. His voice was unbelievable. So the two rabbis shared the bruchas. So when the other rabbi gave his bruchas, my friend Sruvic Stern who now lives in Israel, shouted "Unser rabbi kan besser." *The*

Wooden synagogue przedborz Poland built 1760

The shul was a wooden shul. It was sort of in the middle of town. The ceremony was in front of the Shul. The Shul was on a side street. It was all foot traffic.

The ceremony would block off the street. The shul had a sky ceiling. Like a 2 story building. Real high.



Fay: Everyone came to Surca and Favish's ceremony. But afterwards we were limited in how many people we could have back to the house. We emptied out the store in front of the house, and we emptied out the house. But we were still limited. We served very good food. We had a woman who cooked and baked for a week in our house. The strudel and fluden were so good. I can still taste them. Fluden was better than strudel. There was dancing inside the house. We didn't have any musicians. It wasn't too elaborate. They sang. They talked. They had a comedian who did jokes, and he was doing dirty jokes, and Sara told him to quit. And that's all I remember. I was young. Sara and Favish rented an apartment in Torchin. Sara had a store. And he started working. And then we had another building so they moved over on the business.



Surca: We were engaged the 3rd day of Holamod Pesach. I remember. Favish's brother was after me. I used to have a little store. Whenever I came to the next town (his town) to buy merchandise he found me. Then a friend of ours got married. He knew the boy and I knew the girl so he came to Torchin. No matter whatever he talked, he talked about Favish and he praised him. Favish was in the army at the time. The brother praised him so much that I almost knew all about him. *Then the* brother sent a shadchatah.

I said "No, I'm going to America." I didn't like him. After Favish came home they sent the same shadchatah. She said, "So now, I have somebody better." She talked to the parents.

I said I only know what his brother said.

"In the meantime I went to Lutsk to make myself a dress for a wedding. The friend of my brother-in-law, the one that got married; they took me to a show. So we come to the theater (and) Favish was there. That's how we met for the first time. I liked him. He went away with other girls. He went to a dance. He was busy. Especially when he was in that uniform he was a big shot.



Then came the shachantah. I said I saw him once and I was interested. Then came another boy and he gave a greeting.

And we met and we got engaged Hol a Mod Pesach.

Favish: I was in the Polish Army from January first 1922 to January first 1924. The first day I came to the army they gave us carbines. An officer came around and started the drilling. He said "Who knows how to speak and to write Polish?"



So I raised my hand. What helped me was my handwriting. I happened to have legible handwriting. I went into the office.

They said "Write something."

"I wrote: 'My name is Favish Krywat.'

And he said "You stay here." I've never seen a gun since. I got out of the army, and I never knew how to (fight.)

I had a special uniform made because I was managing the military office for my army, for the 20th infantry. I was lucky. I don't know if it was luck or because I had the ability to work in the office. They sent me around every time they opened up a new division. Sometimes I worked in the city hall in Krakow. I had an office there. Then I worked in the draft board. I spent my whole 2 years doing bureaucratic work.



I was born in the little town Rozychsze in the area of Lutsk, the state was Volyn. My father was Menashe. He was a Hassid, a disciple of the Triska rabbi. That stimulated his children. I still think of the Triska Rabbi. People used to come to the rabbi and learn how to behave between man and man and God and man.



Every Saturday when we were refugees in Rowne...we were refugees in Rowne..between 1915 and 1918. Our town was burned to the ground... And while we were refugees we lived next door to the Rabbi and his children who included the wife of Rabbi Eichenstein of St. Louis. She was a little girl of 2 of the time. I used to go in every Saturday night and observe the Chasidism. And to this day I feel like I'm feeling in that It really affected me.

My father was a 6 ft. 2 inch tall blonde man. He was my teacher. Most of the time on Saturday we used to sit and eat and he'd give a d'var torah. He used to tell us stories from the Gemorah. We used to wait for the day when he'd tell us something.



My mother was a housewife and a mother. She had to work around with five boys and 2 girls, which was plenty work for her.

Favish: My father was a contractor with the government to supply meat to the army and to the military hospitals in the town of Lutsk which was 20 miles from our little town. We had an office there. Also we used to buy meat from White Russia, as far as Kaztkin, Chacov, where there was a lot of meat. They used to send(it) in by train. and (we also got meat) from the area where we lived around.

When people had meat he used to send them into the central office of the army. And when they brought a receipt back for 1000 lbs of meat on the account of Menashe Krywat, (the supplier)(he) was paid for that. We had a contract for all year around for one price whether it was good or bad. We had to supply so much meat at that and that price. I was too young to work with my father at the time.

We didn't have a telephone of our own, but we lived across the street from the telephone company. So Menashe used to walk over there and they used to call him back if anyone phoned. He didn't go to Lutsk often. He only went when he had to settle the books, or something with the government, or to collect money or to deliver certain papers. Otherwise everything was done automatically.

He was with Shlomo Moshe in the army. They met there. Menashe was lucky enough to get out before much time. There was a time in the Russian army when they let 10% go free every year, because they had a surplus of people. Every year they had a lottery from every division in every area. Menashe won the lottery and got out of the army after 3 months.

As a matter of fact, Menashe ran away from the army. He went to the Triska Magid (they called him Magen Avraham), the Triska Rabbi's father. He said "What should I do? To go back, they're going to arrest me. Not to go, they'll find me eventually. Or they'll look after me. So what should I do?"

(The Triska Magid) he says "You go back. The next week is going to be a lottery. And when you go back you're going to win...the lottery.. It's going to be your number."

So he went back. Luckily the sergeant didn't report him. He even beat him up. He said: "Because of you, now I cannot report you." It was too late. "I should have reported you within 24 hours that you disappeared, and I overlooked, and I didn't report you. And once I didn't report you (I couldn't) So I'm sitting and waiting, maybe you'll come back. Now you're back." He even threatened him that he's not to go to the lottery. "I'm going to leave you here." And they did. They left him in the barracks to clean.

On the way (to the lottery) they stopped and there was a recount. And a general came around. And they had to give him a report. And he found that one is missing. So they sent for him. And they brought him up. They even helped him to clean up his uniform. And they brought him back. And they got him in. And when he took a ticket they said "You're free"

So he turned around to the sergeant and he said "How do you like this."

And they let him out through another door. And he never saw the sergeant again. But Grandpa Shlomo, he stayed there 2 years. He wasn't that lucky.

In the army only food they gave enough. They cut off your hair. And beyond food they gave you 5¢ for polish for your shoes. And they didn't give you cigarettes. You had to buy your own.

I first met Surca a couple of years before (our engagement.) She was very young. (It was) right after we returned from Rowne. The war was over, (WWI) and we went back to Lutsk; and I needed a birth certificate; and the county office was Torchin. Torchin was smaller than Rozychze..we had a train passing by, but they were the county office.

So I asked my father what would I do in Torchin on a hot day like summer. (There) was no inns, there was no places..restaurants, hotels. . to go in and cool off; and it's hot in July, and I'll probably have to wait in the county office for hours.

He says "You go and ask for Shlomo, Yisrael-Cheel's--Shlomo the son of Yisrael Cheel. "And



tell him that you are the son of Menashe. This is enough.”

So sure enough I got to the county office, and they told me to come back about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. And here (I had) to walk around the town with no place to go in and sit down (or) rest up. So I thought I'm going to go and look up that Shlomo. So I walked through (the town.) I asked people (Where Shlomo lived). They said here is Shlomo. This is Shlomo Sracheel's. There were 4 or 5 wooden stairs in front of the house. He was sitting. It was warm..and he was napping a little. So I walked over and sat down next to him.

He said "What do you want young man?"

I said "I am the son of Menashe."

“Oh,,,” he said, "Menashe". He yelled out "Chia Kaila" To the wife, “Chia Kaila, "See whether he needs something. Maybe he wants something to eat or something to drink. Come into the house."

I says "I'm not hungry; I'm not thirsty."

But they did give me a glass of tea. And what I asked for was a place to stretch out and take a little nap. It was a hot day.

SURCA 1930

They gave me a Kop Venkel. That was a little bench with a wooden shape for the head. It was for someone who wanted to nap. So I laid down on that venkel, and I had a little nap.

While I was laying, whether I napped or not; my (future) wife Sara was a little girl and she washed the wooden floor. She rubbed it with burlap. I was looking and I thought: my goodness, this is a strong little girl that she can wash such a big floor...and the way she worked. That's all. I don't remember whether I talked to her or not. And I left that place.

Two years, three years later I went to the army. And I came back on furlough to Lutsk (where) I had all my friends. (I knew) a number of girls. And we walked around. And I didn't know that my brother took her (Surca) out. Then he walked over while I was with a gang of girls in the middle of the street. We were on our way to the theatre (a movie.)

My brother came over and said "Do you recognize, this girl?"

I said "Yep, I know who it is. I remember her from several years ago." And we walked all together. I didn't break away from my gang, from my company. My brother walked with her.

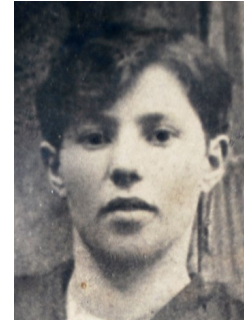
The next day a woman came over. We lived in her house. She was our landlady. And she has a proposition for me, to take out this and this girl.

I told her, I says, I don't need (an) introduction to take out that girl.. I know her and I knew her from before.

She (the landlady) was born in Torchin (and) she heard that my brother takes her out, and she heard that somehow...she said you know you would beThe landlady (who was a shad Chan) said to my father and mother "Your

boy, you know, Favish, would be a perfect match for Shlomo Sracheel's daughter.

SURCA



As a matter of fact, (the shad Chan says) (Surca) comes down here to do some shopping every Monday morning. Tomorrow is Monday morning. If Favish would go downtown he would see her there and there." That was an area where Torchin people used to meet. And I was there and I saw, I recognized her. And I talked to her. From that time we met more often.

Favish: When it came to be Pesach Father said how about, between the first holiday and the second holiday, going down to

Torchin. (I would say I met Surca a half dozen times before then.) It was half way decided already, but I wanted to see the people. I wanted to see the house. So we went there. My uncle was there. My uncle, my father's brother lived in Torchin. CHAGALL

When I came to that town I stopped at a friend's house. She sent me a note: You're invited to come over. So when I saw from her hand writing, she wrote a very beautiful Yiddish, I understood what she meant. And I was over.

My father, of course, was sitting in the house with Shlomo Fredman, and since I didn't have what to discuss, so I said to Surca "Let's take a walk instead of sitting around."

She said alright.

We knew what was going on. I knew what I was coming for. She knew what I

(On the walk) we talked about what the parents are sitting around and discussing. We discussed where we want to live and what we want to do. I wasn't professionally ready for anything. But I said I'm capable to do anything what will come in. She proposed that we open a store. It was called over there gallerteria. Here you call it notions, supplies.

Then I said "I agree. I can meet people. I can talk to people, and I agree."

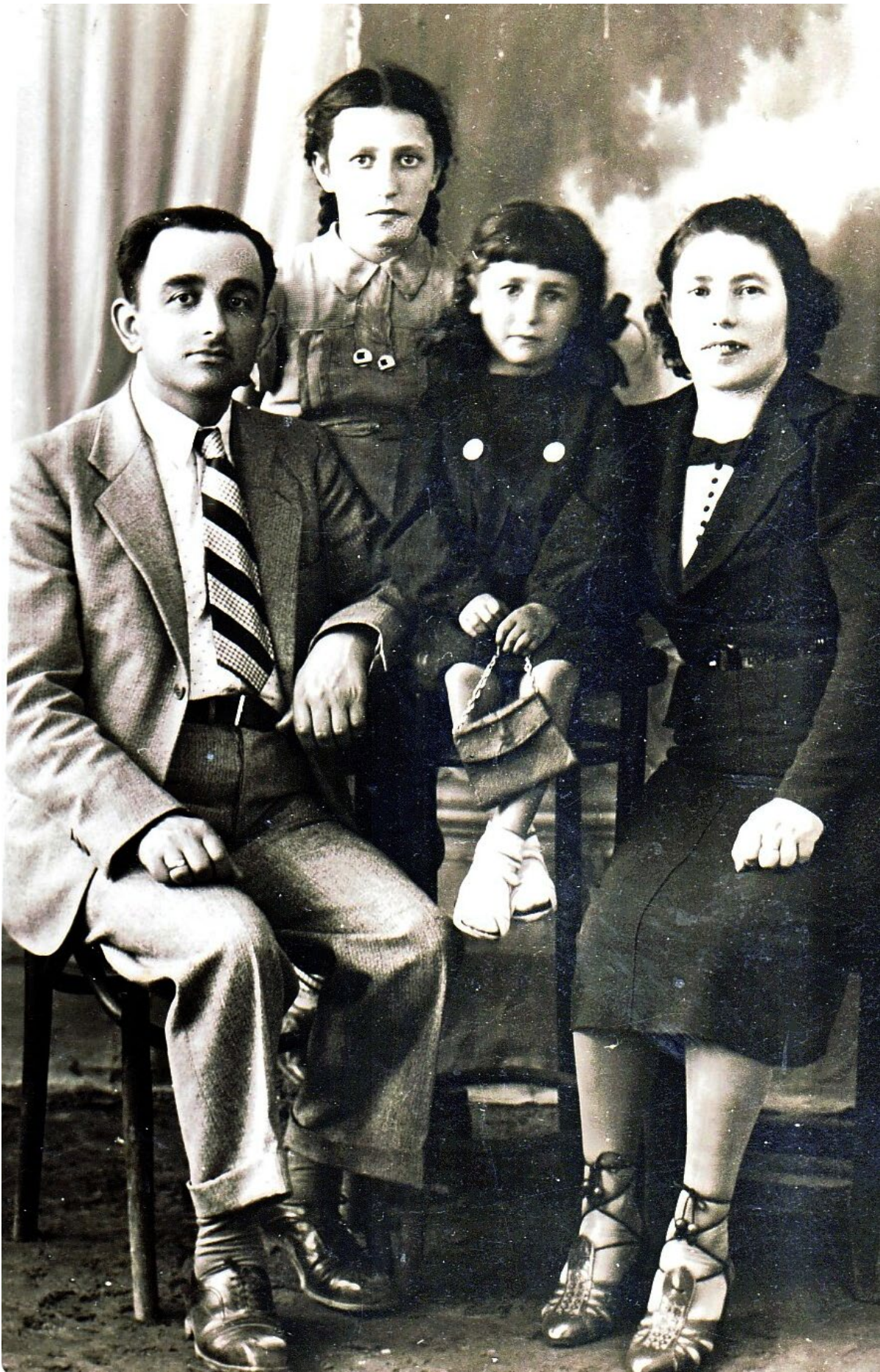
And we did. She had already a little store. She had a store with a girl friend. They made clothing. They (had) closed it. They liquidated it. She did have a store with groceries and some other odds and ends. After we were engaged we decided to open up a real store. We took stock. There must have been between \$75 and \$100 in stock.. I said "I'm not worried. I can multiply the stock two times100 times." And I did. I was very successful in this respect. And we opened up and we got to the point where we were one of the largest (stores in town. There was one store bigger. That was Kupman's. We were doing very well. (We were) very popular. Three times a year I used to go to Warsaw. We sold wholesale and retail.





MARKET DAY
CHAGALL THE SHOP IN VITEBSK 1914
CHAGALL VILLAGE STORE







Lutzk, Polônia - Família Krywat

Em pé: Favish, Ruchl Leie, Avrum Leib

Sentados: Peisach, zeide Menache, babe Reizl, Pessie

Crianças: Chassie (Acácia), Leib (Luis)