The Synagogue Journal

1856-2006

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View the Contents of Issue 16 at
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Issue 16
Holocaust Remembrances

Selected Art and Writings of Fred Terna

Ramp to the Ovens, Pen and ink drawing, 6" diameter

The Ovens, Pen and ink drawing, cover art for *The Scroll,* 1995

Biographical Notes, 1993 Letter to Professor Edith Raim, Landsberg, Germany

About the Artist
Remarks written for the LA show, September 1999

"The UN International Day In Support of Victims of Torture" - CUNY Graduate Center - June 24, 2000
"I shall not tell you the details." Fred Terna explains what leads humans to devastate one another and what can be done to prevent it.

"The Last Expression: Art and Auschwitz" – Brooklyn Museum of Art - March 6, 2003
"It is nearly impossible for me to view this exhibition calmly." Fred Terna discusses art as part of his healing and as a vessel to contain and convey memories.

"Yom HaShoah - 2003" – Kane Street Synagogue
"It is up to us, the survivors to go and tell what happened." Fred Terna gives some details, especially of "spritual resistance", of luck and of a father's sustaining lessons in ethics, philosophy and history.

"Yom HaShoah - 2004" – Abraham Joshua Heschel School
"You are lucky to be alive. Go and live. Forget the past, and, above all, don't bother us. Go away. go." Fred Terna discusses memory, its inevitability, its uses and its limits. "Inside of me there is an unpredictable bass player playing an ugly tune. Over the years I have learned to play the fiddle above it so that there should be some harmony to my life."

Yom HaShoah Program Notes – 2003
Rabbi Sam Weintraub introduces program speakers, Dr. Robert van Pelt and Fred Terna (Fred's speech is reprinted in the journal) Dr. van Pelt, spoke about his testimony as an expert witness in the case of British Holocaust denier David Irving vs. Professor Deborah Lipstadt and Penguin Press" and the architectural history of the death camps.

"Yom HaShoah"
Credit: *The Scroll,* 1995
Article contains accounts by Samuel J. Levy, Lauren Wojtyla and Glen Shepard, and an interview of Bob Rabin by Gabriel Wasserman.

"A Joyous Occasion: Scroll Dedication"
Credit: The Scroll, April 1986 – A 120 year old Czechoslovakian Torah Scroll from the Holocaust was presented to the congregation to be used primarily for B'nai Mitzvot to symbolize the triumph of a continuous Judaism over its enemies.

In this issue …

This historical journal has one obvious purpose, to show us our past so that we may understand who we were and are and how we connected to the possibility of a future. This issue focuses on historical study as a means to create a future. The safety and robustness of the Jewish people, their religion and culture, depend on their survival in a fair and just world. For this purpose no period in modern history commands our attention more than the events known as the Holocaust, a term our friend and fellow congregant Fred Terna correctly deems inadequate. No museum, monument or word conveys the past as compellingly as the testimony of a witness. Fred Terna survived. His memories, some of which are recorded in this issue, are shared, not for personal reasons, but to inform especially the youngest among us to remember and to tell our grandchildren about those who perished. "Let your deeds and your remembering be the memorial for them."

For a number of years, the Brownstone Brooklyn congregations have gathered on Yom HaShoah, the twenty-seventh day of Nisan, to remember the holocaust as a community. The date marks the anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising. This year eight congregations are participating in a program Monday, April 24th at Union Temple. After a commemorative service, Helen Epstein will address the topic: *Children of the Holocaust: The Next Generation*. Ms. Epstein is the author of *Children of the Holocaust* (1979) and a memoir, *Where She Came From*, *A Daughter's Search for her Mother's History* (1997).

Our journal includes a selection of work by Fred Terna and several articles about the Holocaust from the synagogue's newsletter, *The Scroll.* The 1986 issue invited the congregation to a "joyous occasion," the rededication of a Torah Scroll that was rescued from a Czechoslovakian synagogue in a town outside of Prague where the entire Jewish population was exterminated by the Nazis. The Torah Scroll was rededicated in memory of Otto Huttenbach by his family "to be used primarily for Bar and Bat Mitzvah occasions to symbolize the triumph of a continuous Judaism over its enemies."

"The Synagogue Journal" will address the Nazi Era in its fall issue, "Wartime".

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About the Journal …

"The Synagogue Journal" is a one-year online publication at www.kanestreet.org/historical_journal.html, designed to highlight the three periods of the Kane Street Synagogue congregation: the first fifty years as Congregation Baith Israel at both the Atlantic Street and the Boerum Place sites; the middle years (1905-1956) with Rabbi Israel Goldfarb as spiritual leader of the consolidated Congregation Baith Israel Anshei Emes at the present location that was first known as Harrison Street, and the last fifty years, as the synagogue evolved to be the Congregation that we know today.

We welcome submissions of reminiscences, letters and photographs to help shape the BIAE story. For a list of upcoming Journal themes or to read past issues, see "Archives," located under the Journal banner.

Special thanks to: Fred Terna, Rabbi Samuel Weintraub; webmaster Dugans Martinez; Brooklyn Daily Eagle Online™, Brooklyn Public Library; www.brooklynpubliclibrary.org/eagle

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Biographical Notes
By Frederick Terna
(From a 1993 letter to Professor Edith Raim, Landsberg, Germany

Dear Professor Raim,

Thank you very much for your recent lines. I appreciate your interest about my personal story. It would take more than a few pages to give you an outline, and I'm not sure how much I should elaborate on it here and now. I do hope that the occasion would present itself, perhaps, when you plan to be in New York this coming December. Obviously, I'm also curious about you, and what made you delve into that forbidding subject of the camps of Kaufering and Muehldorf.

You emphasized the importance of letting others know about my past. It took many years before I found it possible to talk about some of these matters. I have been interviewed on audio and video tape. The video is part of a Yale University archive. The Yad Vashem in Jerusalem has some tape about me. I was interviewed by the Public Television's MacNeill/Lehrer program, there are video tapes occasioned by art shows about artists works made in Terezin (Theresienstadt) where I talk about that place. To the extent that I can, I speak to students in schools and colleges.

The obligation to tell my story weighs on me, yet I also have to maintain my equilibrium. It is a delicate balance, and I've learned to pace myself. I have been asked repeatedly to put some of these memories on paper, and I agree that I should do that, but to this day I find it difficult to start.

In lieu of the above, let me answer your questions in a mechanical chronology: Born 1923 in Vienna to a Prague Jewish family. The family moved to Prague soon thereafter. The family solidly middle-class, financially comfortable, but not wealthy. I had a brother who was born in 1926. My father, a doctor of law, a rather typical Prague intellectual. I went to school in Prague until 1939 when I was not allowed to continue, then in a Realgymnasium. Early in 1941, and about 17 years old, I was taken in by the Gestapo, and questioned for nearly an entire week in a rather unfriendly way. The reason quite obscure to me, and I feel it was so to the Gestapo too. It was a difficult stretch of days.

On October 3rd 1941 I was taken to my first camp, at Lipa, in Bohemia, then called Linden bei Deutschbrod. From there in March 1943 to Terezin, or Theresienstadt, then to Auschwitz in October 1944. After a few weeks of Auschwitz by train to Kaufering 4. Liberated in Kaufering 1 on April 27th, 1945. Upon liberation I weighed about 35 kilos, and for a while it was touch and go whether I would make it. Later I was brought by an US Army outfit to Bad Woerishofen to a hospital set aside for camp survivors. In summer 1945 repatriated to Prague. I was the only survivor in the family.

In Prague I married another camp survivor early in 1946. We left Prague in Fall of 1946 with false documents and went to Paris. I worked in Paris for the Joint Distribution Committee. We left for Canada in 1951, and in 1952 immigrated to the USA, living in New York City. My first wife died of cancer. I remarried in 1982. We have.a little six-year-old boy. I am a painter, artist. My style semi-abstract, symbolic. I lecture quite a bit. Currently I teach a course at The New School on "Art in Jewish Life". My last major effort was a large, 12 x 12 feet, stained-glass window for a synagogue in Panama.

Here, then, is this bare outline, a temporary substitute for a detailed account still to be written. Even this attempt to be brief deteriorated into two pages. The thought of elaborating on it awes me.

I hope that the above could give you an inkling about me. Thoughts, ideas, feelings, attitudes, all that will have to wait for a while.

Please excuse this use of my computer, that infernal contraption of our time. Using a computer makes it, however, unnecessary for you to decipher my scratchy handwriting.

Looking forward to hearing from you,

About the Artist
By Frederick Terna
(From remarks written for the LA show, September 1999)

At some point in the past I remarked that for me the Shoah is like a crazy bass that is playing all the time. I have learned to play the fiddle above it so that there should be some harmony to my life. There is not a second, however, that I'm not aware of it. Painting is one of my fiddles.

In 1943, in Terezin, as one of a group digging ditches I was waiting for a downpour to end. We were standing under an overhang seeking shelter. I found a scrap of paper and a pencil stub in my pocket, and started drawing trees in the rain. From then on, with only a few interruptions I kept drawing, and eventually, after the war, I started painting.

While hospitalized after liberation I drew from memory images of Terezin, Auschwitz, and the Kaufering camps, people walking inside barbed wire compounds towards a dark chimney, people at the edge of a shooting pit. This was just a short phase. I had realized that in my mind I was still in the camps, and I stopped transcribing visual memory. I started on semiabstract paintings. It did not take me long to see how many walls there were in my paintings. I came to accept the idea that the experience of the Shoah was going to be a part of my painting.

When dealing with the memory of the Shoah I do not, indeed cannot, illustrate events of the past. I try to render feelings, moods, attitudes, commenting rather than reporting. Composition, color, line, surface, and the traditional ingredients of painting aim to communicate on the Shoah where words seem to be wanting. Some of the symbols I used years ago are now commonplace: fire, the chimney, and barbed wire, bloody walls. I too use them, though much less so today.

Paintings, which have the Shoah as an explicit theme, are only a small part of my work. Some of the themes, such as the Binding of Isaac led me to an inquiry about my pictorial antecedents, and a search for Jewish Art within our tradition. This allowed me to explore the many facets of pictorial tradition, translating them into a personal and contemporary mode.

These few sentences are but the briefest comment on half a century of involvement.

The UN International Day in Support of Victims of Torture
By Frederick Terna
(From a speech at the CUNY Graduate Center, Saturday, June 24, 2000. Dr.Yael Danieli asked me to record my remarks as I remembered them.)

Among the speakers here I may well be the oldest one. My earliest contact with torture victims goes back to the early months of 1933 shortly after Hitler came to power in Germany. We lived in Prague, today the capital of the Czech Republic. I was a little over nine years old then. We had a guestroom in our home, and I don't remember that room ever to be unoccupied. The guests were refugees from Nazi Germany. Every now and then an injured person would arrive who needed medical attention. We children were not informed about the cause of these injuries, but we understood soon that these were victims of torture who somehow succeeded in their escape from Germany.

On March 15th 1939 Nazi Germany occupied the remnant of Czechoslovakia. As Jews we were immediately affected by the oppression of Nazi edicts. In the summer of 1941 the Gestapo, the German secret police, arrested me, and interrogated me in a rather unfriendly way. After one week I was suddenly let out. It was perhaps because of my age, I was seventeen then. I was very lucky. Very few Jews left that building alive.

On October 3rd 1941, the same year, I was taken into a concentration camp, from there to Terezin, also known as Theresienstadt, from Terezin to Auschwitz and from Auschwitz to a sub-camp of Dachau. I was liberated near Landsberg, west of Munich on April 27th, 1945, after three years, six months, three weeks and two days on concentration camps. I weighed 35 kilos, and looked very much like one of the shuffling skeletons of which you might have seen photos.

I shall not tell you details, this assembly does not need them.

There are two considerations that are very much on my mind. What were the causes of these occurrences, and what can we do about it?

I see two main causes. One is the plague of nationalism; the second one is the claim of possession of the "Truth". Rabid nationalism killed millions during the preceding two centuries. The plague of nationalism is still in its virulent phase in parts of this globe. Various religions each claim to know the "Truth", so do politicians, and so do philosophers. Whoever opposes their "Truth" is a liar, and is evil, and deserves the harshest treatment. There are other, secondary and minor causes, summarized perhaps best as greed, stupidity, and lust for power.

What can we do? This assembly is an example. Make noises, publicize, and get involved. The sin of our time is that we do not want to be involved, we do not want to be bothered. If enough citizens of Germany in the 1930's had participated in public affairs then Hitler might not have come to power.

It was luck that allowed me to survive my years of persecution. I'm the only survivor in my family, and it is a lucky family that one survived. The years 1939 – 1945 are with me at all times. But I have learned to live with the past.

Today I'm married to a lovely and wise woman, we have a thirteen-year-old son, I have enough food to eat, clothes to wear, a roof over my head, and a vibrant community to live in.

I have made it.

Notes for remarks at the Brooklyn Museum show: "The Last Expression: Art and Auschwitz." March 6, 2003.
By Fred Terna

It is nearly impossible for me to view this exhibition calmly. I don't have the serenity to stand back. When I was asked to talk to you on this occasion I consented. I should have been reluctant, knowing from experience that I was going to test fragile feelings. Please bear with me if I should falter.

This exhibition touches more than my visual memory. I hear the sounds of violence, the dull blows of physical abuse, the cracking of whips, the barks of attacking guard-dogs, the ebbing cries of a dying inmate. I taste on my lips ashes raining from crematorium chimneys. I can smell the stench of unsanitary barracks. All that and more is summoned forth while viewing the well-mounted and annotated drawings.

You may well ask how one continues functioning with this experience. The only answer I have is a very personal one. At the onset of the war I had long discussions with my father, who, through his way of teaching, tried to prepare me for what was to come. That foundation, and a lot of luck, allowed me to find my bearings when conditions became difficult. After liberation, in due time, I learned that my past would not go away, that it is a part of me, that I would have to live with it. Some time ago I described that past as a crazy bass playing a wild and unpredictable tune inside of me while I have learned to play a fiddle above it so that there should be some harmony to my life.

After the war, a mixture of inclination and circumstances conspired in my favor, and I became an artist. My past became a part of my work, though not the exclusive one. I do not, indeed, I cannot, illustrate my experience. I use composition, line, color, and surface to express feelings and attitudes.

We, survivors of concentration camps carry two burdens: the memory of the experience, and the tacit promise we made to each other, to observe, to remember, to record, and - above all - to tell what it was like.

Today we know that it is impossible to summarize the events for which the world has that convenient term "Holocaust." Such a term might be needed, but we survivors do not use it when talking with each other. We know that no one word, no number of books, pictures or films can do more than illuminate but one minute facet of the horror.

The drawings shown here in the Brooklyn Museum go beyond the traditional scope of art. The work of these artists is testimony, commentary, and also a warning. Their message: There is no value higher than human life. We are all responsible for each other. We have to strive for an open, just, and fair community if we want to avoid the recurrence of their fate.

Yom HaShoah – Kane Street Synagogue 2003
By Frederick Terna

Any statement about the Shoah, and thus also about resistance must be very precise about the date and also the place. What was a true statement about Ghetto Theresienstadt in 1942 could be quite wrong in 1943. Events in Lithuania in 1943 were thoroughly different from those in 1943 in occupied France.

From the earliest days of Nazi occupation of my hometown Prague news and access to information were rigidly controlled. Information needed by the Jewish community was by word of mouth, and edicts handed down by the local Gestapo, the Nazi secret police. These decrees were enforced with extraordinary brutality. Any transgression by an individual brought harsh punishment on the community. At regular intervals posters were mounted throughout the city giving names, and describing the mode of execution of non-Jews who had acted against the German occupation. Resistance was in the air, and a serious concern for the occupiers.

If the definition of resistance is the opposition to force, then Jewish resistance began by choosing to be a viable member of the community, by maintaining the ethical precepts under a rule that assaulted every aspect of our lives. After the war the phrase “Spiritual Resistance” was coined. It includes the continued teaching of Jewish children under the threat of severe punishment, the performing of music, writing, painting and lecturing in Ghettos and concentration camps. At the other end of the definition of opposition to force is the armed active resistance to Nazi rule. There is also the middle ground of harming the German war effort. Jewish resistance took many forms, but it had one modifier, our knowledge that reprisals would affect the entire community. The Nazis publicized in great detail the fate of the Czech village of Lidice in Bohemia. In 1942, as a reprisal for the assassination of Reinhard Heydrich, the top Nazi in Bohemia, all males of Lidice were executed, all women and children sent to concentration camps, Lidice was leveled. None of the inhabitants of Lidice were Jews.

A general remark: Spiritual Resistance was activity ignored or tolerated by the Nazis. Since the individuals involved were known, and slated for death within a short time anyway, no special action was taken. Active resistance to the Nazis required anonymity. This included e.g. partisans in the forests. Active resistances in ghettos or concentration camps were doomed efforts. Location and membership were known. Effective armed resistance or economic sabotage requires anonymity. I shall expand on that when talking about Kaufering farther down.

The phrase “they went to their death like sheep to slaughter” forgets that while we were in trains to death camps we did not know where we were going. Plans for the “Endloesung”, the “Final Solution”, were a closely guarded secret by the Nazis. Armed Jewish resistance was attempted when it was quite clear that death of all Jews in a particular location was imminent. Yet, there were no survivors of the Bialystok Ghetto uprising. Even before being shipped to death camps sabotage on a smaller scale was routine. Opposition to Nazi rule was achieved in subtle ways.

The prevention of sabotage and rebellion was of prime concern to the Nazis. It was their fear, their obsession. Any action by inmates was first viewed in that light. The Nazis spent large amounts of energy and resources on deterrence and control.

In March of 1939 when Nazi Germany occupied the remnant of Bohemia I was 15 years old. In an earlier note I recorded details about the immediate repression of the Jewish community. I don’t know whether resistance was contemplated by anybody at that time.
There was total conviction that, eventually, Germany would go down in defeat. Jewish resistance began by the evasion of orders. As mentioned in a different set of notes my education continued in a carefully planned manner. Every effort was made to circumvent anti-Jewish decrees, and to soften their impact. There were about 25,000 Jews in Prague, a highly visible group in a city of about one million.

From early in 1940 to the summer of 1941 I lived with false documents on a farm in Lobkovice, a village north of Prague. While there I was careful not to get into a situation where I could be found out. There were no Jews in the area I was aware of. The Czech population was quietly co-operating with the German rule. There were collaborators in the village who were willing to betray anybody for small favors from the Nazis. One of them suspected the validity of my documents, and I had to return to Prague in haste. Soon after that, on October 3rd 1941, then just about 18 years old, I was put into a labor camp in Lipa, in German called Linden bei Deutsch-Brod, a place in the highlands between Bohemia and Moravia. It was run by the Gestapo and by Nazi storm troopers. We were a group of a few hundred young Jews, almost all around twenty years old, slave labor working on a huge farm, in the forest, building roads. There was a wire fence around the camp. Escape would have been quite easy, yet no one tried. A chalk line around the camp would have done as well. The Nazis had the names and addresses of our families, and any attempt to escape would have endangered them. The “Wansee Konferenz”, the secret meeting of the highest officials of the German Reich where the systematic murder of all

Jews under German rule was planned occurred in January 1942, months after we were shipped to Lipa. We, of course, did not know about that meeting, not then, nor anytime during the war. With perfect hindsight of today we should have done many things differently in Lipa.

Resistance: There were very few areas where we could do anything serious. Damaging tools or equipment could have had lethal consequences, and we knew that. Sabotage was done in a very individual way. It was not done on a major scale so as not to endanger other inmates. In another set of notes I mentioned how we continued studying, teaching each other. It included clandestine performances, lecturing to small groups; it included a choir of eight voices. We were hungry, tired, and dirty, but our minds were soaring.

In March 1943 all the inmates of Lipa were shipped to Terezin, Ghetto Theresienstadt.

The fervor of the discerning life of Ghetto Terezin comes to mind when the expression Spiritual Resistance is invoked, that passion for life while surrounded by affliction and terror. I was fortunate to have been able to attend many lectures, to be able to listen to performances, to have met many fine artists there. Teaching and schools were not allowed, but there were literally hundreds of lectures presented by some of the finest minds of Central Europe. I remember well the various lectures of Rabbi Leo Baeck about philosophy. Operas were performed in concert form sung by some of the great voices of the time. Instead of an orchestra an old piano on wooden horses had to serve. The list of such activities is too long for these brief lines. If armed resistance was contemplated, and planned in Terezin then I was not aware of such projects. In the workshops, set up by the Nazis as part of their war effort, slow and shoddy work was prevalent, tempered by sensible awareness of limits.

In the fall of 1944 along with thousands of other Terezin inmates I was shipped to Auschwitz. Upon arriving there and filing by Doctor Mengele a few able-bodied young men and I were waved aside as slave labor; all the others were driven into the gas chamber. We remained in Auschwitz for a limited time. Auschwitz was being evacuated; the Russian army was drawing near. While in Auschwitz flight and resistance was contemplated; yet recognized as fantasy. Before long we were driven into railway cattle cars. After a long and difficult journey we, the survivors of that trip, found ourselves in Kaufering #4, a sub-camp of Dachau.

Kaufering was the worst camp I experienced. Other notes record more detail about Kaufering. It was Kaufering that gave us the anonymity to sabotage the German war effort. We were in thin pajama striped uniforms, and looked much alike. The work was on a huge construction site building aircraft factories. There were two 12-hour shifts. There were a few possibilities of resistance. This may have shown itself as no more than the claim not to understand commands in German, making it necessary for the Nazis to assign more guards to each task. Each additional guard meant one man less fighting against the Allies. The best opportunities for sabotage arose during the night shift, and in particular during air raid alarms, when all lights were turned off, and the guards went into shelters while we had to remain outside. While I was on a work detail unloading cement from a train, during darkness I would take a fist-full of sand and toss it into oil boxes lubricating axles of boxcars. It would take some time but eventually the axles would get pitted, seize, or run hot and cause a fire. We jammed railway signal switches. Someone knew how to tamper electrical fuse boxes. These small actions did not end the war one minute earlier but they gave us the satisfaction of active involvement.

We were liberated in April 1945. Executions, death marches, beating, starvation, exhaustion, and epidemics killed almost all concentration camp inmates who had managed to survive into 1945. I was one of the very few alive, barely alive, when liberated April 27th, 1945.

Some of you know me as a member of this Congregation. Today, however, I am speaking to you as a survivor. This allows me to fulfill a small part of the promise we made to each other in Auschwitz, in Dachau, and in so many other places, as there are fewer and fewer of us: “If you should live through this, go and tell the world.”

For more than a generation the world did not want to know or to be reminded, and we, the survivors, hurting and isolated, complied, and kept silent.

Today, when we are searching to give substance to that sentence, ‘Six million Jews were murdered’, we are numbed by that number, and so we let the words ‘six million’ stand in place of the unbearable attempt to look at the life and at the death of each individual killed. Even today, 37 years later, I cannot bring myself to find the words to tell about how all those around me died. Rather than talk about ‘Six Million’ I would rather remember particular individuals. I will tell you about two people who were part of the Jewish community of Prague, the city in which I grew up: Jenny Taussig, my grandmother, and Erwin Boehm, a friend.

In 1942 Jenny Taussig was put to death in a gas chamber in Treblinka. I am aware of the horrors imposed upon her during the last two years of her life, but when I think of her I remember her for her kindness and love, the authority of her wisdom, and the details of her daily life. She knew by heart all the telephone numbers of her sisterhood, and those of many friends. She gently guided my brother and me to the love of chamber music and opera. She told me stories about her own grandmother who was born in the 1830's.

Erwin Boehm was killed in February 1945 in Kaufering, a sub-camp of Dachau. What I remember about Erwin is his wild sense of humor, his wit, and his energy. He was an ardent Zionist. He was handsome - and he knew it - and he was something of a ladies' man. A few weeks before his death, then starved and nearly a skeleton, he recited to us a poem he had written in his head in which he w as explaining to an imaginary girlfriend why he was not looking his best.

I am here because of a series of improbable statistical accidents. When every tenth person was shot I was number nine. Arriving in Auschwitz, still young and physically fit, I was not herded into a gas chamber, but selected for slave labor. On a long march luckily my shoes did not fall apart, so I did not lag behind to be shot. On a long train ride in a jam-packed cattle car I somehow did not die of thirst. These are just a few examples of the randomness of survival. Yet all these lucky circumstances would have been of little help if my father had not taught me ethics, philosophy and history. I was well prepared emotionally and intellectually to deal with whatever came my way. I knew what was right and what was wrong, and I was totally certain that evil would not prevail, that the Nazis were doomed, that liberation was a certainty.

I was not quite 18 years old when these events started for me on October 3rd, 1941. Three years, six months, thee weeks and two days later, on April 27th, 1945 I was liberated in Bavaria, mostly skin and bones, and near death. Several months later, barely able to walk, I returned to my hometown, Prague, only to find out that I was the only survivor in my entire family. When I tried to get back some of the family possessions, the response I got was: "How come you didn't die like all the others?"

Only about one tenth of the Jewish community of Prague had survived the concentration camps. It is as if only the front section of this sanctuary had survived, among them not one child, not one single adult over middle age, and even that small battered remnant was largely ignored when they returned to their former home town. Liberation did not guarantee survival. Many could not heal from their wounds. A frightful number committed suicide.

I am sure that you know about some of the atrocities committed by the Nazis. These are too painful for me to talk to you about. I would rather talk about how we reacted to the conditions imposed upon us. We, Jews under Nazi rule, were like any other community of Jews at any other given time in history: some were wise, some foolish, there were women and men, young and old, scoundrels and heroes. No matter how difficult the oppression, events were constantly discussed, option weighed, the morals and politics of any situation evaluated. Resistance, open and hidden, was planned with care whenever possible. This was not a demoralized mob waiting to be slaughtered.

Crime and unethical behavior was negligible. We well knew that human values were survival values, and that destructive behavior at the expense of others inevitably brought death to those who had betrayed the moral code. Even after liberation, when vengeance was possible, we did not return to kill our former oppressors, we had not been corrupted into imitating their ideology. We Jews are not murderers.

It is up to us, the survivors, to 'go and tell what happened'. A few of us have become writers. Some of us have become scientists or artists, or articulate and visible in other fields. The world does not see, however, that much larger group, now close to old age, still battered and bruised and hurting, transplanted to different countries and cultures, with memories that still haunt them. We have no tombstones for our unburied dead, and so it has become fashionable to commission memorials in stone and in bronze, symbolically or explicitly saying "Six Million". These monuments make me vaguely uncomfortable, they seem inadequate, denying the individuality of those who perished. It is not a substitute for the concern for the living. Communities must search out those survivors, now mostly old, who need love, care, and attention.
I want to end by speaking to the youngest among you. You may well forget the details of what is said here today, but I want you to remember one thing, and to remember it well: In 1982, when you were in your teens, you met a survivor, and you talked to him. I want you to remember this for sixty years, and then tell your grandchildren. It will then be one hundred years from the time in which one third of our people perished. Let your deeds and your remembering be the memorial for them.

Yom HaShoah 2004 - Program Notes
From Rabbi Sam Weintraub's introduction to program speakers Robert van Pelt and Fred Terna.

We are privileged to host this year's Yom HaShoah Commemoration. I would like to welcome my Rabbinic colleagues, our distinguished guest speaker, Professor Robert Jan van Pelt, and all of you, Congregational leaders, members and friends to our service and program. Twelve nights ago we celebrated the Passover Seders, declaring, "In every generation, one must see oneself as if he or she personally came out of Egypt. The Haggadah provides an eternal framework for each of us to experience the Exodus from Egypt, in the most personal way. The Shoah was one of the greatest, if not the greatest catastrophe to befall our people. We seek in these services to honor its victims. As with the Exodus and Passover, it is not just a matter of intellectual acquaintance. Many of us have long been familiar with the grim history, the statistics, the crimes, the technologies of the "Final Solution".

Tonight, on Yom Ha Shoah, as on the Seder night, we try not just to tell the story, but to participate in the loss. We open ourselves to share in that long and horrific night. We rely on the testimony of survivors, the eyewitnesses to tell their stories. We pray that tonight, and at other times, we will absorb what they have to say with every fiber of our being. We listen now with particular reverence, and particular urgency because of the progress of time. As a Rabbi, I am now starting to officiate at the Brisses and Simchat Bats of Jewish babies who are of the fourth generation. That is a blessed experience, but it also reminds me that there will be a time in the next couple of generations when the only ones left to tell the story will be those who did not live through the events. It will fall completely to succeeding generations Lirot to see themselves, non-survivors, as if they themselves were there.

Therefore, tonight we have chosen through liturgy, testimony and teaching to focus on the issues of memory. We begin our Service with the responsive reading on the first page of your text, which will be led by Rabbi Serge Lippe.

Fred Terna
Our survivor testimony tonight will be delivered by Fred Terna. Fred has been a beloved member of this Congregation for many years. He is a painter and artist of international renown, and many of his works focus on Holocaust and Jewish themes. He has been a central and popular adult education teacher in our community, especially about subjects related to Jewish thought and to the challenges of moral freedom. A significant part of Fred Terna's Holocaust writing is included in the Shoah Archives of the Abraham Joshua Heschel School in Manhattan. Fred will speak tonight in two parts. It's my pleasure to invite to the pulpit my dear friend, Fred Terna.

Robert Jan van Pelt
Our guest speaker tonight, Robert Jan van Pelt, is a Professor of Cultural History at the School of Architecture, University of Waterloo, Ontario, Canada. He also holds the title of Faculty Fellow, reserved for teachers of exceptional dedication whose scholarly work is internationally respected. A citizen of the Netherlands, Dr. van Pelt received degrees in Architecture and in the History of Art from the University of Leiden. His numerous publications include two books written with Dr. Deborah Dwork, "The Holocaust: A History, and Auschwitz: 1270 to the Present". These have won numerous awards, including the National Jewish Book Award. Dr. van Pelt is one of the world's leading experts on Auschwitz. In 1995, a documentary about his research, "Auschwitz: A Blue Print for Genocide" won Best Documentary in the European Television Festival, and was shown in England, the U.S., Canada, Australia, and Israel. In 1997, as a representative of the World Jewish Congress, Anti-Defamation League, and U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum, Dr. van Pelt developed a future plan for the Auschwitz site which was presented to President Kwasniewski of Poland. In 2000, he was called before the British High Court as a key expert witness in the case of British Holocaust denier David Irving vs. Professor Deborah Lipstadt and Penguin Press. His four-day, 750-page testimony significantly influenced the Court's final rule against Irving.

Dr. van Pelt's research focuses on the physical and architectural history of the Auschwitz camp and its environs. He has written: "I realized that the architectural history of the death camps was an extraordinary lacuna in our understanding of both the history of the Holocaust and the history of architecture. Auschwitz is a United Nations World Heritage Site. Auschwitz was designed by a Bauhaus-trained architect and developed by a group of university-educated engineers. And yet the camp was not mentioned in a single general history of modern architecture. It was as if the profession was either totally ignorant or willfully oblivious. In either case, the issue of professional responsibility for murder could not be ignored." It is my pleasure to welcome Dr. van Pelt to our Congregation and community.

Yom HaShoah Featured in "The Scroll" – 1995
Articles by Samuel Levy, Lauren Wojtyla, Glen Shepard and Gabriel Wasserman illustrate the spirit of Yom HaShoah at Kane Street Synagogue.

Community Foundation, Federation of the MetroWest, 901 Route 10 East, Whippany, New Jersey 07981.

May the memory of her life be preserved in the studies made in her name.

A Message from Dan Wolpe

Every Shabbat, as we are about to begin the Torah processional, we recite a line of such beauty and depth, I am always astounded that we tend to ignore it. As we bow, the Chazzan intones, "gadlu LaShem Eti, unnerommah Shmo yachdav— Proclaim the Lord's greatness with me. Let us exalt God together." In that simple line of only six words lies one of Judaism's greatest messages—we cannot praise God alone. The Jewish way of approaching and praising God lies in the community. There is a reason why we need a minyan to daven, why even the birkat hamazon, the Grace after meals, requires three people to recite the traditional opening. When one has eaten at a table of ten people or more, we add a word. What is that word? Elokenu, our God. Where there is community, there is God. Where there is no community, there is no God.

This is not to say that one cannot or should not have a personal relationship with God, but in Judaism, the individual and the community stand together. This beautiful verse reminds us of this with it's opening clause, "Proclaim the Lord's greatness with **me.** The individual me must praise God, but I cannot do it alone. I need the second half of the verse, "Let **us** exalt God together."

Kane Street Synagogue is also aware of this. I have been consistantly impressed by the community feeling here, in the truest spirit of gadlu LaShem Eti, unnerommah Shmo yachdav.

In his son, "I am a rock," Paul Simon tells us that a rock feels no pain and that an island never cries. The Jewish people, in realizing that no one is a rock or island unto oneself, has experienced great pain and cried oceans of tears. But we have also experienced great joy as a community (a fact to which anyone who was here for Purim will attest). That is why we exalt God together and why I thank every member of Congregation Baith Israel Anshei Emes for allowing me to be a part of you.

YOM HASHOAH

Yom Hashoah contributes to the remembrance of the Holocaust. More importantly, it testifies to the miracle of Jewish survival. On April 26th, 1995, Kane Street hosted an unforgettable Yom HaShoah event.

In this spirit, the following three arcticles, spanning generations and continents, among our own Kane Street members are offered. As we ponder the mystery of Jewish suvival, these stories may provide some insight into the bright sustaining light of Judaism and the tenacity with which we grasp it.

The first was written by former members, Samuel J. Levy and Lauren Wojtyla shortly after returning from Mozambique. The second is by Glen Shepard concerning his grandfather, a holocaust survivor. The third is an interview of our beloved Gabbai, Bob Rabin, by Gabriel Wasserman. Each article in its own way bears on the question of Jewish survival and testifies to its mystery and awesomeness.

The Editor.

Good-byes are never easy, and leaving Maputo and the Jewish community there was no exception. In August 1994, just before we left Mozambique, the community met to discuss its agenda for the upcoming year (e.g., we had never done any fundraising and needed to start) and to plan for Rosh Hashanah. A lot was accomplished in those few weeks.

Sam had worried for a long time about who would prepare the services and read the Torah when we left the country. He need not have. About three weeks before Rosh Hashanah, a young American economist whom no one in the community had ever heard of showed up on Shabbat. He was doing field research in the northern province of Nampula and had somehow heard that there was a synagogue in Maputo. Soon after shaking hands he expressed an interest in reading the Torah portion for the holiday. Too good to be true? In fiction such devices feel contrived, but the Maputo congregation, itself existing against the odds, is accustomed to the incongruities of divine intercession.

Paul Strassberg's offer was gladly accepted. With Philippe Bellaiche, the French doctor, blowing the shofar, a full Rosh Hashanah service was assured. Ditto Yom Kippur, which we heard was a spiritually satisfying event, and a Sukkot observance, too. At the Sukkot service, the Prayer for Rain figured importantly. In a rural country where good rains mean the difference between famine and plenty, the seasonal supplication is a particularly important religious duty. Since the rains in Mozambique are supposed to begin in October, the timing of Sukkot is perfect.

But our account of the holidays in Maputo is secondhand; we left Mozambique in late August. Although we stay in relatively close touch with the community, this is an appropriate moment for us to sum up our experience in Mozambique and close that chapter.

The historian Arnold Toynbee was said to be perplexed by the very existence of the Jews in modern times: by the patterns of history as he understood them, the Jews as a people ought to have ceased to exist long ago. And while it's easy to ridicule this peculiarity of Toynbee's theory, it's even easier to sympathize with his underlying marvel at the survival of the Jewish people from antiquity to the present. If history were no more than a pair of pinking shears, the remnant called the Jews might have long ago been swept from the factory floor.

Take the tiny Maputo community. A handful of Jews from distant and disparate places -- Vilna, Istanbul,

London, Marrakech -- struck out for greener pastures and wound up in a small colonial port on the Indian Ocean. After a generation or so of gathering in each other's homes for prayers and community events, they built a little, one-room synagogue. The community's fortunes rose and fell on the tides of history. During the Second World War, refugees from Nazi-occupied Europe swelled its numbers; the end of the war begins a long, slow demographic decline. Independence in 1975 brought the nationalization of property and the outlawing of the private exercise of the professions. Most of the remainder of the community left; the synagogue was confiscated and turned into a warehouse, the cemetery and its dead were abandoned to vandals and time.

That might have been the end of the story, a sad but familiar variation on an ancient theme of the Jewish Diaspora. That possible ending recalls to Sam a visit to the island of Santo Antão, a former Portuguese colony off the coast of Senegal, where there was once a small Jewish community. For whatever reason, all that is left are a few gravestones (lovingly tended by a local resident) and a road sign by the sea that reads "Sinagoga." How did that community begin? Why did it end? The graves are taciturn -- names and dates only -- and the beach at Sinagoga mute: there aren't even any ruins to speculate about. Communities live, thrive, decline and die: in historical terms, it happens all the time. But as Jews of the post-Holocaust generation, we find it particularly painful when a Jewish community dies, even when that death comes naturally.

Perhaps that is what's most wondrous about what has happened in Mozambique: a Jewish community dwindled and died and then was resurrected. From a little personal advertisement in the local newspaper in 1989, the Maputo community has grown to perhaps 40 souls. Mozambicans who knew next to nothing about their Jewish heritage started showing up, eager to reclaim a part of their identity. They began meeting in the synagogue on Saturday afternoons to study Hebrew and sing Jewish folk songs. They were joined by non-Mozambican Jews living in Maputo, mostly staff of foreign aid programs and Western embassies. Many of this latter group had only limited contact with Judaism and synagogue life in their own countries, but in Maputo, where their Jewish knowledge, however limited, usually exceeded the Mozambicans' they found themselves looked to for information and leadership.

Antonio Santos, whose grandfather is buried in the most elaborate grave in the cemetery, and Gerald Verbeek, a Dutch Jew working for the Maputo city water company, began meeting at the cemetery on Sunday mornings to clean the grounds and restore the gravestones. Others joined them in what became a community project. Holidays were celebrated, and successive seders helped build a sense of communal identity and Jewish history. From only the faintest embers of Jewishness -- a dilapidated one-room building that had been a synagogue, and a recessive awareness of Jewish identity, if not the content or significance of Judaism-- a community extinguished was fanned back to life.

Why go to all the trouble to affirm and pursue one's Jewishness?

Such a phenomenon begs the question "Why? Why go to all the trouble to affirm and pursue one's Jewishness?" It seems more compelling when asked by and about Jews on the fringes of organized Jewish life, people for whom there is no social pressure to conform to any model of recognizably Jewish conduct (e.g. synagogue attendance, family observance). And it resonates more still when asked at the fringe of the fringe, where a person may know she had a Jewish parent or grandparent but little or nothing else. Why?

Do we appeal to the psychological theories, supposing that personalities in need latch on to "Jewishness" the way a barnacle binds to a passing ship? Do we invoke some peculiar ancient pollen that causes even the smallest grains of Jewish spirit (whatever that is) to carry across otherwise ignorant generations until they find a fertile spiritual space? Do we affirm that it's part of the working out of God's plan for the Jewish people, the ingathering of spiritual exiles that precedes and portends the messianic climax of history?

Do you really expect an answer to this question?

Teiku! When Elijah comes, we can certify the matter to him. Until then, we are left with the fact itself: there is in the very idea of Jewishness a compelling quality that can awake in the most attenuated of Jews a sense of identity with the Jewish people. When that identity is affirmed despite the difficulties and dangers of being Jewish, and despite Judaism's acknowledgment of the multiplicity of paths to God, it is hard not to feel awe. It isn't necessary to psychoanalyze the people who come to love the Judaism they discover late, or to perceive the fine details of God's design for humanity, in order to feel grateful wonder for the spiritual pilgrim who find a Jewish home. And when that pilgrimage results in the resurrection of a dead community, as it has in Mozambique, the wonder is magnified accordingly.

We worry about the Jewish community of Mozambique. It is so demographically fragile, so various in its composition, so new and relatively untutored in the Jewishness that is its reason to be, that we wonder how it can endure. The need for education and more contact with the greater Jewish world is acute. But then, if something could come from all but nothing, as this community has, then that same something, duly nurtured, can abide. And if it isn't part of the divine plan that the dry bones of the Jewish community of Mozambique live, why did God revive them?

Any reader who wishes to know more

Yom HaShoah – "The Scroll", April 1995, Page 7

about the Jewish community of Mozambique is warmly invited to contact Sam Levy & La Any reader who wishes to know more uren Wojtyla at 133 East Palisade Avenue, Apt. D, Englewood, NJ 07631.

The following biography was submitted by Glenn Shepard in honor of his grandfather, the opening of the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum and the 50th anniversary of the liberation of Auschwitz. He will be glad to guide those interested in making a donation of archival material to the Museum in the required legal documentation.

I am proud to present the U.S. Holocaust Museum with a taped conversation and transcript of my late Grandfather, Mr. Jakob Uszerowicz, who was a survivor of the Sachsenhausen concentration camp. I made this tape when Jakob turned 90 years old, believing that his vivid experiences and strongly rooted values were best documented and woven together by his own voice.

I knew my Grandfather very early in life as a self-made man who was unafraid to discuss his hardships and tales of endurance. He was well respected by his family for his integrity of character, commitment to honesty, and love of Judaism. Jakob's radiant and outgoing Jewish identity was a hallmark trait that reflected his inner strength and perseverance, particularly in the structive forces of Nazism. Moreover, his survival instinct for building community connections served him well all across the globe.

Let me sketch a biographical portrait of Jakob to frame the worlds that he inhabited. Jakob was born in Skierniewicz, Poland in 1895. He had two older brothers and one younger sister, who died at an early age. One brother died of typhus during the plague that occurred around World War I. His other brother moved to Argentina prior to World War II. Jakob's father, Menachim Mendel, was a Rosh Yeshiva in Poland during the turn of the century. His mother was a shop keeper who was murdered during a robbery attempt when he was three years old.

When Jakob was in his adolescent years the typhus plague was raising havoc in Poland, so he emigrated to Germany, where he worked in coal mines, as a border guard and as a baker. Over time, he made his way to Berlin, where he married Kayla Cendrowicz, on October 22, 1922, who was also of Polish descent.

Jakob and Kayla thrived in the well established Jewish community in Berlin. By the time he was thirty-seven, he had a clothing store where tailors produced clothes from fabric he purchased. They were middle class and lived in an apartment above his store. They had a son, Martin, on October 27, 1923 and a daughter, Helga in 1932.

During the rise of the Nazi party in the 1930's, Jakob's store was patronized by young Nazi officers, whom my grandfather befriended. Nonetheless, on November 9, 1938, Jakob's storefront was shattered by the Nazis during Kristallnacht. Sensing increasing danger to himself and his family, he arranged to have his son and daughter sent to London via the Kindertransport in March, 1939. They sojourned with cousins, whom Jakob paid a vast sum through the black market. In the middle of the night of September 13, 1939, Jakob was rounded up by the Nazis and taken to Sachsenhausen concentration camp.

When he discussed his experiences in Sachsenhausen, Jakob was tormented. "The Nazis treated you like a dog," he said. They randomly shot or beat people to death, and Jakob was often forced to leave the bunk with the other prisoners to perform calisthenics in the middle of the night. He lost 44 pounds in twenty-one weeks and one of his toes was frostbitten.

Because his store was frequented by local Nazi officials, he knew a great many of the SS in the camp. Some secretly gave him gave him chocolate to help him endure. While incarcerated, Jakob recalled dreaming of his father, who reassured him that all would be well.

My Grandmother, Kayla, had the courage and determination to visit the Nazi SS and lobby for her husband's release on the grounds that he did not have a police record. We believe that she lobbied Himmler directly to secure Jakob's release. We don't know what favors or bribes she provided the SS in exchange for this. But Jakob was liberated from Sachsenhousen on February 7, 1940, after 21 weeks of dehumanization.

Jakob used the one-way ticket Kayla had purchased for him for Shanghai. Kayla herself went into hiding in France, and may have avoided being sent to concentration camps by hiding in convents and sanitariums throughout the war.

Meanwhile, Martin drowned in England and his sister, Helga, hid in the Underground with her Aunt during the regular bombing raids on London. All foods were rationed, and she was educated at a boarding school with other English schoolchildren.

While in Shanghai, Jakob was an entrepreneur who sold pearls and fabric for a living in the Jewish ghetto. His strong sense of community and unfailing devotion to the synagogue kept him well connected in the ghetto. He kept active throughout the war and was reunited with his family in 1947 in Paris, less his son. My mother and her parents lived in the Pletzel in the Fourth Arrondisement, until the Korean War broke out in 1950. At that point, Jakob did not want to risk being exiled and dislocated and arrived with his family in the United States aboard the S.S. Liberte in 1953.

Jakob settled in Brooklyn, New York with the help of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society (HIAS) and opened a clothing store on Ninth Avenue a year later. He lived in the same apartment in the Boro Park community, which was composed of European Jewry up until the 1980s. His grandchildren and daughter frequently visited him to share Passover Seders and Sunday dinners. Kayla died in November, 1971 at the age of 74.

I spent evenings and summers with Jakob listening to his stories and enjoying his company. It was a mutual friendship and love that sustained him until the age of ninety-two. Jakob died

twelve days after my wedding in December, 1987. His memory lives on in the hearts and minds of all who knew him.

An Interview with
Bob Rabin
by Gabriel Wasserman
October 23, 1994

WHERE AND WHEN WERE YOU BORN? I was born in Ptzera, a tiny town in the Ukraine on the ides of March, 1913.

WHEN DID YOU COME TO AMERICA? I came here in 1923 and settled in Brownsville.

WHY DID YOU COME TO AMERICA? There was a pogrom in Ptzera. Most people were killed. My father had a non-Jewish friend who sent my family to another town so we wouldn't be killed. We found that there was a pogrom there, too. So we ran away from that town and got to another town that turned out to have a pogrom. We went from town to town on foot. This went on and on until we got to Roumania. We stayed in Roumania a little while. My father died in Roumania, at age 31. I believe it was from pneumonia. After he died, we walked across Europe to Cherbourg, France. We were going to take the boat to America, but we did not have passports. We didn't even have birth certificates: in the Ukraine, a Jew wasn't considered born. We had to bribe the workers on the boat to get on. We went third class. We were in Ellis Island for about a week.

HOW WAS AMERICA DIFFERENT FROM YOUR COUNTRY OF ORIGIN? Here we have freedom; there we had nothing. Here we have education, something we didn't have there.

WHAT DID YOUR FAMILY DO IN AMERICA? We went to New Rochelle for a few weeks because I had an uncle there. We then moved to Brownsville. My mother was a seamstress. Then she married a Rabbi, and he became our father, which I speak of him as being. We moved to Borough Park.

My father's philosophy was: "If you have fifty congregants, you have fifty bosses." So he refused to get paid. To make a living, he was a shochet. Since his last name was Rabin(owitz), I changed my name from Bob Priaslovitz to Bob Rabin. We (the children) went to school.

WHAT WAS SCHOOL LIKE WHEN YOU WERE GROWING UP? There were no women at City College. I got a B.S. from City College, an M.A. at Yeshiva University. I'm a certified Hebrew Teacher, and I'm also a certified public school educator. I majored in chemistry and biology. I was accepted to dental school, but I couldn't afford to go.

During my first two years of college, I got straight A's. During the Great Depression, my father's shichita business wasn't doing so well, so I had to teach Hebrew school. Since I had to teach Hebrew school, I had no time to study. If it weren't for that, I would've gone to Yale.

HOW WAS AMERICA DIFFERENT THAN NOW? Then there was a depression, and I had to work while I was at school. Now, I feel better, have time to study, and am doing well economically.

After he died, we walked across Europe to Cherbourg, France.

WHERE ELSE IN THE UNITED STATES HAVE YOU LIVED? Because of a job offer, I moved to Buffalo, NY. I was a Hebrew school principal. The people at the synagogue I was working for were leaning towards Orthodoxy and the Rabbi was leaning towards Reform. I was somewhere in the middle. The president spoke: "We may be a divided congregation, but there's something on which we allagree: We want you to stay." I answered, "I know you all agree that I should stay, but I can't stand the fighting." I left. I moved to Fall River, MA. They gave me a two year job. I wanted a five-year job. So I moved to Flint, MI. After Flint, I found a job in South Baldwin, NY. In South Baldwin I only got a one year contract; I got bad teachers, and the job didn't pay much. I moved to Manhattan and taught public school. That was my favorite job.

During the high holidays I worked as a chazan in a synagogue in Cartaret, NJ. Once I sang Hineni and the synagogue president remarked: "My chazanim (he had several) sing so beautifully, and you sang that more beautifully than all of them."

One day when I was teaching second grade, I got a phone call. The Rabbi in Cartaret had died, and I was being counted on to do the funeral. "I can't do the funeral," I told the president. The assistant-principal of my school heard me and said, "Go ahead. You can do the funeral." "But what about my class?" I asked. "I'll teach it," she told me. She was a very good assistant-principal. The next year she got promoted to principal.

In 1979, I moved back to Brooklyn, and bought a house on Union Street.

"CHIPS" Plans to Renovate

Kane Street Synagogue has had a long standing and warm relationship with Park Slope Christian Help (CHIPS). CHIPS has been serving the poor and hungry of Park Slope since 1972. It serves 250-300 hot meals and 200 sandwiches a day, provides beds for 12 homeless women during the winter, distributes clothing and emergency groceries and serves as a training site for developmentally disabled children from NYC pulic schools.

CHIPS desperately needs to renovate their space at 200 Fourth Avenue so that services can be provided in a safe and sanitary environment. Architectual plans are almost complete and construction will begin by late spring, if the needed money can be raised.

Please send contributions to:
The Renovation Fund
200 Fourth Avenue
Brooklyn, New York 11217

We encourage Kane Street members to support CHIPS in their building efforts.

“A Joyous Occasion: Scroll Dedication”
Credit: The Scroll **April 1986**

A JOYOUS OCCASION: SCROLL REDEDICATION

On Saturday, May 3rd as part of the regular Shabbat service, the membership of Congregation Baith Israel Anshe Emes is invited to share in a unique simcha sponsored by the Huttenbach family--the rededication of an old Torah Scroll rescued from the ashes of the Holocaust.

The 120 year old Scroll has come to Kane Street via the Westminster Synagogue Memorial Foundation in London, England. The Scroll is one of 300 sacred Scrolls miraculously recovered from Czechoslovakia after World War II. It is Number 2 of the collection and comes from a small Jewish community that once thrived outside of Prague, before the entire Jewish population was exterminated by the Nazis.

Four generations of the Huttenbach family will be present to dedicate the Scroll in the memory of their husband, father, grandfather and great-grandfather, Otto Huttenbach. They look forward to being joined by all their friends and fellow congregants.

The Scroll will be used primarily for Bar and Bat Mitzvah occassions to symbolize the triumph of a continuous Judaism over its enemies.

Henry Huttenbach