

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1 page *hay*

2

3 **Introduction**

4

5 The world says: “Not everything can be written down—and not everything that is written
6 is permitted to be printed.” So, I did as much as possible like what my father taught me,
7 “Sit tight and don’t do anything more than is necessary”—I haven’t printed everything
8 that I’ve written. I also follow my father’s dictum not to tell everything that I know,
9 because I could make myself look like a half-wit in the eyes of the good Jews. His *rebbe*,
10 the Insdorfer *Rav*, once admonished him not to talk about things he had revealed to him
11 during the First World War in regard to the Coming of the Moshiach. As he writes in his
12 work, *Toldos Shmuel*, (Ch. XI)—in the time of war, “And the Master went by himself
13 and he closed the door and discussed with me various significant issues; and he
14 admonished me to be faithful and transparent, and not to hide anything.”

15

16 My father was well known among the students of Insdorf, and he was following in the
17 tradition of his *rebbe*. Regarding the issue of the Redemption--*hayn goaltee eschem*
18 *achariss k’beraishiss*,”--which we say every *Shabbis* in the “*Keser*” prayer, my father
19 taught me at every opportunity that the translation of these words means that we will be
20 redeemed from the last exile with the same trials and tribulations as with the First Exile
21 [of 586 BCE]. And, indeed, we saw this and survived it. Because of this I am giving

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

22 myself the power and the license to articulate my own personal experience, and describe
23 it the way I saw it with my very own eyes, and how I felt it in my body and soul, because
24 I take to heart my father's words, being his child. And just as we saw the test of the exile
25 being actualized, so also do I believe that the redemption from the exile will take place
26 speedily in our time.

27

28 I am by no means a talented writer. I also don't have the energy and the time to dabble in
29 all the details and all the memories, like a polished writer. In my book many facts are
30 dealt with in brief.

31

32 Even when I was a young man in the yeshiva I would jot down notes and keep a diary
33 about various thoughts and occurrences. I continued to do this during the war period. I
34 took notes of facts and important

35

36 p. vov

37

38 personal experiences. When I discussed these things with my father, it made a great
39 impression on him. I came to understand that he profoundly understood the human soul.

40

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

41 The diaries I kept about my life at home were lost during the war. Immediately after the
42 war, when I found myself among the survivors of the *Shoah* in Germany, I started jotting
43 down notes of those facts that I still remembered.

44

45 What I'm trying to do in coming out with my work is not so much to tell the story of my
46 personal experiences or my courageous deeds, but to convey what I had learned from my
47 father and the providential aspects of my experiences.

48

49 A. In *Toldos Shmuel Chaim* I write the biography of my father, may the memory of
50 the righteous be for a blessing. Actually, I could write a whole book about him,
51 but I'm writing only facts, and only those things that he told me about his life.

52 And this alone I consider providential--that a child from an assimilated home
53 would end up in a [leading] city and nation of Israel [*ir v'am b'Yisroel*] like
54 Munkatch.

55

56 B. **In My Childhood Years** I contemplate the idea of *malchusoh d'areh k'ayin*
57 *malchusoh darkeeyah* [the work here on earth is like the work in heaven]. This is
58 what the Torah teaches us--that pedagogy begins even before the fetus is formed
59 in the mother's stomach. As soon as a child can speak he is taught to say [the
60 prayer] *Torah Tzeevah Looni* ["The Torah that we were commanded..."] And just
61 as we carry the banner of the The Holy Blessed One, who chose us to be his

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

62 soldiers, so it is necessary for us to instill in children a love of learning, which
63 was difficult for us at that time to do. What’s more, we saw by the czar and also
64 by the communists and the German-Nazi barbarians—who according to our
65 tradition are Esau and the Amalakites—that they wanted to annihilate us, and
66 conscripted our children into the army. But we remained loyal soldiers, in spite of
67 all the pain they inflicted on us.

68

69 **C. Memories of the War.** We say in the *Kaboolas Shabbis* prayers [Friday night],
70 *sof*
71 *mahseh bemachshoovas tchilah* [the completion of the deed begins with the thought]. We
72 also know that in the Torah, Chapter *Ki Soovoi*, it says, “And God said to Moses, I see
73 that the nation *chazah v’chanach* [?] are a stiff-necked people...And Moses our Teacher,
74 may he rest in peace, prayed and defended the Community of Israel and said, “ Because
75 they are a stiff-necked people.” What he was saying is that this is not a dysfunctional
76 characteristic of a people, but indeed a virtue. They are an obstinate people and they will
77 not permit themselves to be led off the Righteous Path. The Holy *Zohar* [*kabbalah*] says
78 that the souls of those who went out of Egypt will be repaired [*tikkun*; i.e. resurrected] in
79 the time of the Righteous Redemption [i.e. the messianic period]. And that’s what the
80 *mishnah* [original text of Talmud] in Tractate *Sanhedrin* means, where there is an
81 argument between *Rebbi Akivah* and *Rebbi Eliezer*, on whether the generation of the
82 desert received a share in the World to Come. If the Redemption had taken place before

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

83 in an earlier period they wouldn't have received a share in the World to Come, according
84 to *Rebbi Akivah*. But now that the Redemption comes *b'etah, zenen di chevlay moshiach*
85 *zayer tikkun*, [need help with translating this] according to *Rebbi Eliezer*, they do have a
86 share in the World to Come.

87

88 **D. In Germany**, where I was situated for a considerable time after the Holocaust
89 among the survivors, we would ask each other, How is it possible, that on this polluted
90 earth, where our parents and family were annihilated, we have found an asylum more so
91 than in any other part of Europe? So we had to come to the conclusion that the souls of
92 our martyrs were the ones who went out of Egypt, and their souls were still with us there.
93 *Soolam moitzav artzah v'rushoo mageeyah hashmeemeh v'haim oilom v'yurdim boi.*
94 *Eehu loi chazi avul mazli' chazi.*[?] The Germans, our greatest enemies, submitted to us,
95 and were the first to help us during the wars with the Ishmaelites [Arabs].

96

97 **E. My Coming to America.** In this chapter in some places I say "Thou" and
98 sometimes I say "You." This is a separate chapter, which is a traumatic reminiscing of
99 my life with my first wife. The Talmud says, "A person who loses his first wife, it is as
100 though he experienced the destruction of the Holy Temple." (Sanhedrin, 22). I lived
101 through all this, and witnessed the destruction, and I hope that with the Help of God, I
102 will live to see the Coming of the *Moshiach*.

103

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

104 Shimon ben Shmuel Chaim Deutch

105

106 Pages 2-8 are in *Lashon Kodesh* (Classical Hebrew). I am not competent to translate this.

107

108

109

110 p. 9

111

112 I began to observe the piety and wonderful deeds of my father when I first started

113 studying Talmud in *cheder* by the *rebbe*. The *rebbe* was a pious Jew, a God-fearing Jew,

114 but also a thief! After giving us a good beating for not knowing or bad behavior, he

115 would say to us: “I don’t get paid for teaching you, for this I’m not allowed to take

116 money. [I only get paid] to hit you and to train you how to comport yourself in the way a

117 Jew needs to behave.” He would tell us stories about righteous Jews and the Thirty-six

118 hidden Jewish saints. He toiled with the children from 6 AM until 8 PM. He lived in great

119 poverty, barely eking out a living and owning no luxuries. May his hands be blessed, but

120 they caused me much pain.

121

122 When we would ask him why it was necessary to torture us so much, from early in the

123 morning until late in the evening, and we needed to review the material with bellowing

124 voices, so that even the walls would shiver, and so that our voices could be heard from

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

125 three blocks away--this *Yeed* would inform us that the Torah was given with great noise
126 and thunder, *ve'al y'day shechfa aleihem h'har chagigiss* [?] and so to be a Jew and to
127 remain a Jew and be able to be able to suffer and endure the pangs [*khevlai*?] of the
128 messiah which we are waiting for [this is a sentence that needs work and assistance with
129 Hebrew translation]. So all of us little boys need to start to labor [over the books], to
130 review the page of *Chumash* [The Five Books of Moses] or the *Mishnah*, so that we will
131 never forget it. And this is how they prepared us for the time, which, as one of the
132 Talmudic rabbis once expressed it: "I want the Messiah to come but I hope and pray I'm
133 not around to meet him."

134

135 At home I always saw my father rise early in the morning, go to the *mikvah*, [ritualarium]
136 come back home and say morning prayers,

137

138 p. 10

139

140 word for word to the very end. Then he would hand me a pitcher of water so that I should
141 wash my hands. For his lunch he prepared himself in the same way that he did his
142 *davening*. When he said Grace after meals he would break out in tears. People would
143 stand up when he entered the *beis medrish* [synagogue/House of Study], and waited for
144 him when they came to *Shmah Yisroel* [Hear O Israel] and the *Shemonai Esreh* [Eighteen
145 Benedictions]. At night he would invariably study a page of the *gemorrah* [Talmud] in

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

146 the small *beis medrish*. After dinner he would pour over his [holy] books until late into
147 the night.

148

149 Children used to say that if you see a person with many wrinkles on his forehead--this is
150 a sign that this is a Jew, a *tzaddik*. *Shabbis* when *davaning* in the *beis medrish* of the
151 *ADMOR* [an honorific addressing a Chassidic *rebbe* that stands for *Adoni*, my Lord,
152 *Moreini*, My Teacher, *Rabbeini*, My Spiritual Master], *ha-Rav* Hatz, may the righteous
153 be remember for a blessing, who was recognized by all the children as the most pious
154 person in the city. So one time I went up close to look at the wrinkles on his forehead,
155 and indeed he had many lines and wrinkles. An argument breaks out among the boys, my
156 contention being that my father performs more *mitzvass* and good deeds than the *rebbe*,
157 may his name be for a blessing. The children were certain that the *rav* was the greatest
158 *tzaddik* and the most learned--even more than my father--and that's why he's the *rav*. I
159 stuck to my guns and continued boasting about my father—that he too was a *tzaddik*.

160

161 Later, when I was older, my father sent me to the yeshiva in Galanta, where I studied for
162 a number of years under *ADMOR*, *Harav Ha-Gaon Reb Yehoishua Buxbaum*, may the
163 righteous be remembered for a blessing (and who died a martyr in the *Shoah*). He taught
164 us Torah, ethics and *chassidus*, and set us on the Righteous Path. Only then was I truly
165 able to understand my father's ways and good deeds, because everything I learned from
166 books about how to live an ethical life I saw by my father.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

167

168 In between semesters, coming home from yeshiva--I was at that time 16 years old—I was
169 thinking about how I could honor my father,

170

171 p. 11

172

173 when I arrived home. I considered myself very privileged and proud to have such a
174 devout Jew, who was thoroughly immersed in Torah and Fear of God, for a father. On the
175 way a Jew, a traveler, approached me. He noticed a young boy traveling by himself, so he
176 wanted to get a little *shmooze* in with him.

177 “Where is the young man from?”--he asks me.

178 “From the yeshiva in Galanta,” I told him with a full mouth.

179 “And where are you going right now, young man?”

180 “Back home to Munkatch,” I replied.

181 “And who are you in Munkatch?”

182 “Shimon Deutch is my name.”

183 “What is your father’s name?”

184 “*Reb Shmuel Chaim Deutch.*”

185 “Pray tell, are you really *Reb Shmuel Chaim’s* son?”

186 “Yes, *Shmuel Chaim’s* son.”

187

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

188 After giving me some consideration this Jew gets up from the place he was sitting and
189 says, “*Reb Shmuel Chaim’s* son!”

190

191 (My mode of dress wasn’t quite like the standards of the Chassidim, such as long *payis*
192 and a round flat hat the way my brothers dressed, because this is how my father wanted
193 me to dress.)

194 As soon as one brings up a righteous man.

195

196 “Shimon,” the Jew says to me, “do you have any idea who your father is? I don’t know
197 another Jew like this in the whole world.”

198

199 (Here, as an aside, I should point out, that I also always wondered why my father didn’t
200 permit me to wear more than little *payis*. When I came home from the yeshiva with
201 longer length *payis* he told me to shorten them. He said to me: “I know you better. Also
202 regarding the clothes he wasn’t so meticulous.)

203

204 What did I learn and see in the yeshiva, and what did I see by my father? The *ADMOR* of
205 Galanta led according to Chassidic teachings. On *Shabbis* he would put on a *shtreimel*
206 [fur hat] and a *bekeshe* [black silken caftan], Friday night he sat at the table with his
207 children and about 300 to 400 followers. He distributed *shrayim* [food that the *rebbe*
208 tasted first then distributed the “remains” among the Chassidim], of fish but only to a

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

209 selected group of Chassidim, for the most part, those who pushed and shoved to get to the
210 *shrayim*, because the *rebbe*, may his memory be for a blessing, didn't have a lot of fish,
211 and this was his main meal. Also, sometimes it was difficult to obtain fish for *Shabbis*. A
212 prominent *baliboos* of Neuhausel, Mr. Kahn, whose children studied under the *rebbe*,
213 would often send a private messenger to deliver fish to the *rebbe* for Shabbis. It was
214 fortunate [for the *rebbe*] that the preponderance of students came from Germany and
215 Austria [meaning, came from non-Chassidic backgrounds] and didn't feel compelled to
216 be pushing and shoving for *shrayim*.

217

218 Now, by my father's table there was something to see and to learn, and especially to learn
219 how a Jew should comport himself. My father always used to say, "He who doesn't know
220 how to learn, doesn't know how to eat." *Reb* Shmuel Chiam knew how to eat and he
221 knew how to learn. I learned more from him than from all the ethical works put together.
222 The first *Shabbis*, as a young man back from the yeshiva, I got to truly understand and
223 recognized this *Yeed*: The *kiddish* with tears in his eyes, the blessing "...Who made us
224 holy with His commandments..." said with a broken heart, and the sheer joy of the
225 *Shabbis*—all of this is difficult for me to articulate in writing.

226

227 He did an exhaustive amount of traveling, and generally didn't eat very much. Who is
228 even talking about meat and some of the more essential foods needed to survive--with the
229 exception of the foods my mother prepared for him. And how much could he take along

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

230 that would last for a whole week? A *tallis* and *tefillin*, a Talmud and a bottle of water—
231 this he carried around with him—in addition to the heavy suitcase with samples of the
232 merchandise of his trade (chocolate and candies). The joy of the arrival of the *Shabbis*,
233 the arrival of serenity, shone from his face. He ate with great diligence like a true *tzaddik*.

234

235

236 Bottom of page 12

237

238 **My Father's *Shrayim*** ("Remains")

239

240 [*Shrayim* is "holy food," which the rebbe distributes among his *chassidim* at the *Shabbis*
241 *tish* (table) after touching, eating and blessing it.]

242

243 My father helped me conjure up old memories, and asked me in all innocence if I knew
244 the reason for *shrayim*. He then conveyed to me what our *rebbe* had told us about the
245 holy *Sanzer Rov*, may the memory of the righteous be for a blessing. Since most of the
246 boys of that time were Ashkenazim [in this context the word Ashkenazim means ultra-
247 Orthodox non-Chassidim, primarily from Germany, Austria and Hungary], and had never
248 seen a *rebbishe* table, and the whole concept of grabbing *shrayim* was alien to them,

249

250 p. 13

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

251

252 so the *rebbe* told us about the time a *rav* from abroad came to visit *ha-Rav, ha-Tzaddik*,
253 the Holy *Sanzer Rebbe* [the leading *Galitzyahner rebbe* of the mid-19th century] for
254 *Shabbis*. Post-*Shabbis*, for the *Melaveh Malkeh* feast, the visiting *rav* was sitting next to
255 the *Sanzer Rebbe*. When the Chassidim made a dash for the tables and benches to lunge
256 at the *rebbe's shrayim*, which consisted of borscht and potatoes, the foreign *rav* was
257 disgusted with what he saw; he was outraged that because of the mad rush he was being
258 squeezed in. The Sanzer tried to explain, and this is what he said to him: “We find in the
259 Talmud that if a denier [of God and the Commandments] bites into a whole bread, the
260 whole bread should not be eaten [by the pious]. So the question is, Why is the bite of a
261 denier even more anathema than, say, mixing meat and milk? The answer is that by all of
262 these there’s a limit, like *bootel b’shisshim* [one in sixty; i.e. if by accident there is less
263 than one part meat in sixty parts milk] *k’dai kleepah udder niteeleh*, [?] and the food of a
264 denier should be entirely thrown out. But the answer is, because the denier who comes
265 from the earth, is crawling in all the garbage, for this reason he gives the bread the taint
266 of a strong and powerful pollutant, which is *kasha lishkashe*, worse than other
267 prohibitions. But a Jew who has a pure body—he doesn’t think about what’s not
268 permitted, he doesn’t do what’s not permitted, doesn’t smell that which isn’t permitted.
269 Here, where this type of a Jew eats from this type of bread--it’s the other way around--
270 each piece of bread has a certain elegance. After hearing the teachings of the Sanzer the
271 foreign *rav* started licking his plate! My father tore off a piece of meat and handed it to

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

272 me. And this is how he comported himself at all feasts, and he would give me *shrayim*
273 from every type of food.

274

275 **My Childhood Years**

276

277 I looked like other little boys from traditional Jewish homes—long, curly hair—which
278 awaited cutting off when the [Jewish] toddler turned three—with round

279

280 p. 14

281

282 red cheeks, which were ample enough to give a *knip* [pinch]. And *oy* did I have my share
283 of *knippers*! My father would take me along every *Shabbis* to the *rebbe's bes ha-medrish*
284 [synagogue/House of Study], *Ba'al Minchas Eliezer*, may the memory of the righteous be
285 for a blessing. As soon as we entered the *bes medrish* a tall Jew with the long red beard
286 and silken hat would come over to me and show me that he has some candies in his hand.

287 I already knew that he was waiting for me. He would take me by the hand, lift me up and
288 place me on a bench and then he would give me a pat on the cheek. I would quickly pick
289 my hands up and try to cover up my face and sometimes this would hurt a lot, but I didn't
290 cry.

291

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

292 As was customary by us, my hair was cut on *Lag B'Omer*, even though I wasn't quite yet
293 three years old. (I was born in the month of *Av*, [this month usually corresponds with
294 August] and my mother would tell me how difficult it was to purchase meat for the
295 circumcision feast, which came out on the day before [the fast day of] *Tisha B'Av*. I was
296 left with small *payalech*. I was given a small *tallis kooten* [better known as *tzitziss*], a
297 new silk suit, and a *koppel* [*kippah*]. Early the next morning my father took me to the
298 *cheder*. The *rebbe* was a short man named *Reb Yaakov*, who held in his hand a thin stick
299 and standing next to him were two little boys with whom he was teaching the *alef beis*
300 from a big *sidder* [prayer-book]. My joy was great; I saw a whole bunch of little boys
301 looking at me, and all were smiling at me. The *rebbe* gave me a pat on the cheek and
302 asked me what my name was. Then he sat me down next to the other children.

303

304 And this marked the beginning of my adolescence.

305

306 The *behelfer* [teaching assistant] would come pick me up every morning and bring me to
307 the *cheder*, and then drop me off back home during lunchtime. After lunch he would
308 come again and with my little pack in hand we, and a bunch of other little boys, would
309 march off to the *cheder* again. These were wonderful adolescent years. My father still
310 didn't hit me, and the *rebbe* also didn't commence yet with beatings. And if I didn't feel
311 like going with the *behelfer* I would receive some small change from my mother or a
312 tasty apple and then I would be "reconciled".

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

313

314 Two terms (a term was generally six months) I learned under the *aleph-beis rebbe* until I
315 knew the Hebrew in the *sidder* without the use of vowels. By the time I was four I was
316 sent to the bigger *cheder* in town to learn under *Reb Sender*, where we were already
317 taught how to *daven* and learn *Chimish* [Pentateuch]. The *rebbe* was a tall, strong Jew,
318 and he always kept a stick in his hand. The kids would always say that he was a
319 policeman in the First World War. I wasn't especially afraid of him because he was our
320 next-door neighbor.

321

322 This *Reb Sender* was well known as a very sober-minded person. The walls of the *cheder*
323 had a chalk-like white finish and the floor had an oily sheen to it. Every child had to have
324 a handkerchief or a little rag in which to blow his nose, clean hands, and nails that were
325 trimmed. Every Sunday morning he would make an inspection, and every student had to
326 show the handkerchief in their hands. He would also look into your mouth for bad or
327 loose teeth. When a child had a loose tooth he would stick one of his thick fingers in his
328 mouth, just touch the tooth, and then hand it to the little boy. "Throw it into the mouse
329 hole," he would say. When a boy's hair was too long he was cut it with his own hair-
330 cutting machine. He would usually charge for the haircut but would never take money
331 from the poor children.

332

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

333 The *cheders* came under the auspices of the *kehillah* [Jewish communal structure].
334 Everyone had to register his child in the *kahal's* administrative office, and they would
335 determine which child should be sent to which *melamed*. Our *cheder* belonged to the
336 *Machzikay Ha-Das* consortium of *cheders*, located on Dankoi Street, where many of the
337 children of the city studied. It was a lovely looking edifice which the donor,
338
339 p. 16
340
341
342 *Reb* Yitzchak Fuchs, may his memory be for a blessing, had built. It consisted of ten
343 rooms, with a large courtyard and trees and where we were able to run around and play.
344 Every morning each student had to clean out his room.
345
346 There were also other *cheders* in the further sections of the city, which belonged to the
347 *kehillah* (Jewish communal structure). And there were also private tutors who were
348 outside the jurisdiction of the *kehillah*.
349
350 By *Reb* Sender the *Chimish melammed* [Bible *rebbe*] I excelled in learning. He didn't hit
351 me hard, and never make me lie down on the table [for a spanking], like with the other
352 boys. He had me come to the front table for an examination. If I didn't know I would be
353 whacked over the feet with his stick, but not hard enough to make me black and blue. At

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

354 this stage my father also wasn't very severe with me, when he would examine me for
355 *Chimish* on *Shabbis*. If I didn't know he would deprive me of the "*Shabbis*-fruits."
356
357 A couple of seasons went by, and when I was five and a half I graduated to a higher class,
358 where they already studied a couple of chapters of *Chimish* with *Rashi* [commentary] and
359 some *Mishnayis* [the original and main text of the Talmud, which is also easier than
360 *Gemorrah* the second part of the Talmud, which is commentary on the *Mishnah*]. This
361 was a *rebbe* who had just entered the profession. He had just started learning with
362 children (and he didn't even have a nickname among the kids). He established a
363 reputation as a good *rebbe* who doesn't hit. He only kept around a thin broken little stick,
364 which we would make even thinner when he forgot it and left it on the table.
365
366 My father wasn't all that happy with me being placed in this *rebbe*'s class. He wanted me
367 to go a class where the *rebbe* was an even more severe taskmaster. He even requested
368 from the administrator of the *Talmed Toireh* that I be placed in a *Gemorrah* class. "Only
369 one term will your young man be able to hold out, because every *rebbe* needs to have
370 students"—was his response. [Preeva, I don't quite understand this last sentence—it's
371 ambiguous.]
372

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

373 In the middle of the term I had already attained a level of achievement so that I had to
374 go—according to government law—to a school for secular studies. I was very happy—it
375 made me feel like a grownup,

376

377 p. 17

378

379 and I would now receive various books with pictures. My mother was also very satisfied,
380 hoping that I would become a *mentch*. In school one has to listen attentively, behave
381 properly, and be dressed decently. Indeed, for the occasion of my going to the school she
382 went out and bought me a new suit. I received a nice haircut and had to brush back my
383 *payalech* so that the teacher wouldn't make fun of me and call me a "dirty Jew."

384

385 The first day of school finally arrived. Dressed up in my new outfit, nicely polished
386 shoes, with great pride, accompanied by my elder sister and together with some other
387 children--we marched across the bridge (to Rosvigov) to the school, to the first grade
388 class.

389

390 In school all the children had to take off their hats, and remain seated bareheaded. We
391 were seated according to gender, one side the boys, on the other side, the girls. The
392 teacher spoke Czech and we don't understand even one word. But one girl who had
393 already endured the first grade and had flunked, and for that reason had to take this class

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

394 all over again. She already knew a little bit of Czech from the first year, and knew what
395 the teacher was saying—so she translated for us into Yiddish. The teacher often smiled at
396 us, [and he was] not like the mean-spirited *rebbe*s in the *cheder*. He also didn't have a
397 stick. When the break period arrived the clock started to chime; and also when we were
398 going home. All the children would stand up and they would form two rows (the girls in
399 front and the boys behind them); and in this manner we would march out of the room into
400 the street.

401

402 I come back home and I see my mother looking at me with great pride. She tells me to
403 greet her in a pleasant way when I come home. “Now that you're going to school you
404 need to know how to greet people when you go and when you come, and not grow up to
405 be a *katshelev*!” [? This is not a Yiddish word.] I was ashamed of myself for not behaving
406 properly. I needed to walk out the door again and reenter the house and say, “kiss your
407 hand, mother.” My mother wants me to take off the new suit. She doesn't want me to

408

409 p. 18

410

411 smear it. She had bought it only to dress me up for school. I don't permit it. I have such a
412 great desire to go to the *cheder* and show the other boys that I'm already going to school.
413 Nothing helps and I stick to my way of doing things. When I came home after lunch from
414 *cheder* in my light-brown suit with the short pants (as was the fashion in those days),

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

415 looking like a little *yekkeleh* [dandy], the *rebbe* starts to laugh: “This is in honor of the
416 school!” He picks me up with his large hands and takes me to the window of the other
417 room in the *cheder*. “You see, *Reb* Mattis,” he says, “In honor of the school... This is *Reb*
418 Shmuel Chaim’s Benakel.” I didn’t take this the hard way because I knew that my father
419 was also satisfied that my mother had bought me a nice outfit, and it fit on me very well.
420 “Does one have to look like a *rebbishe* child?” my father would often say when he saw
421 other children with heavy silken overcoats and long disheveled *payis*. On *Shabbis* I
422 wasn’t allowed to put on that outfit; I had to wear the dark-blue suit.

423

424 The difficult times for me commenced gradually. My father became a bit more strict—
425 since I’m spending half the day in school it was imperative that I study even more
426 diligently in the *cheder*. Six-thirty in the morning my father would wake me up. My
427 mother would plead with him: “Let him sleep a bit longer, it’s still early in the morning.
428 What do you want from the child?” It was to no avail. He would bring a pot of water for
429 hand washing and a basin in which to pour the water to the bed. “Shimon, get up! To
430 *cheder*!” I would open my drowsy eyes, crawl out of the warm bed, wash my hands and
431 get dressed. In this manner I would go to *cheder* in the summer and in the winter. I was
432 usually the first one in *cheder* to *daven*.

433

434 When the school opened at 8 AM, the *rebbe* first had to let those children leave the
435 [*cheder*] class. I would have to rush to get to the school because many times the teacher

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

436 would punish me for coming late. For this reason many children didn't come to prayer
437 services in the morning. But nothing helped me.

438

439 When the school hours commenced during the other half of the day things were even
440 worse. We were dismissed from *cheder* at 12 PM, I would

441

442 p.19

443

444 run home, grab a bite to eat and scurry off to school. At one o'clock the bells tolled. We
445 left school at 6 PM and then we went back to the *cheder* until seven thirty. When there
446 were a bunch of boys in one *cheder* in the same class sometimes we would go off and
447 play ball, or just go out into the street for a half hour or an hour, and sometimes
448 completely forgot to go back to *cheder*. We needed to stick together and come up with an
449 excuse for not coming back to the *cheder*. Woe was us if the excuse wasn't good enough.
450 Also, among us there would be an occasional snitch who would scream: "*Shkootzim*
451 [male *shiksas*; literally: vermin] that you are! Not only do you spend a half day in school,
452 but you also waste time hanging around in the streets!"

453

454 At home I was now being less and less pampered. In addition to all the beatings I took
455 from the *rebbe*...my father would examine me every *Shabbis* on the *Chimish* with *Rashi*
456 [commentary] and Talmud. So, as long as I was a little boy he treated me mercifully and I

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

457 would get away with only a little slap; in an even worse scenario, my father would tell on
458 me to the *rebbe*, who would “honor” me with his stick. The older I became the more
459 rigorous the examinations became. First of all, on Friday nights my father would go to his
460 bookcase and take out his old *Chimish* with *Ohr ha-Chaim* [commentary] (of which all
461 the pages were torn out of the binding), which he used to examine my two older brothers,
462 who were already a long time studying in the yeshiva. I had to read every sentence of
463 *Chimish* with *Rashi*, and if I knew, that was great. Sometimes he would read together
464 with me and help me along. Or, what would happen quite often, if my father was tired
465 from traveling all week he would fall asleep in middle of the examination and I could
466 *adurch tzi shvertzen* [?] a difficult *Rashi* or a sentence of *Chimish*—this was “holiday”
467 for me—and no one could possibly be more overjoyed than I was. By the way, we were
468 both happy if I passed the exam satisfactorily. But if God forbid not—

469

470 p. 20

471

472 may the Lord in Heaven protect me. I would leave the table with red swollen cheeks and
473 a stooped head. I still had one glimmer of hope that maybe the next time when I’m
474 examined I will do well, but I couldn’t get a restful sleep. *Shabbis* night after the meal my
475 father would take out his Talmudic works from his bookcase. I am turning the pages
476 slowly, my heart is beating rapidly (who knows what the outcome will be?...). It was, *oy*
477 *vey*, if I didn’t know.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

478

479 And if I had an ill-tempered *rebbe*—and which *rebbe* wasn't ill-tempered where I was
480 learning?—I was in deep, deep trouble. He knew that my father was a supervisor of the
481 [ultra-Orthodox] *Machzikei Ha-Toireh cheders*, and when he said something the
482 *melamdim* listened attentively. The *rebbe* would *nebech* bang away at me mercilessly,
483 never sparing the rod, even more so than the other children. I was also different from the
484 other children when it came to being hit. When the *rebbe* “honored” them with the stick
485 they would let out with loud wailing and hysterics, and he wouldn't follow up with more,
486 and so they received almost nothing. But I was a wise guy and very stubborn—and I
487 wouldn't even let out a *pipsh*. The *rebbe* would forget where he was...he was gasping
488 for breath by the time he was through with me. After a number of these whacks--and
489 even though I was black and blue--I would burst out with loud laughter. The *rebbe*
490 threatened more than once that he “would peel my skin to the seventh layer.” It's not as if
491 I'm not toiling enough from the morning until late at night.

492

493 And so at every opportunity he would “honor” me instead of the other children. Every
494 Thursday was for me like *Tisha B'av* [a fast day when the Temple in Jerusalem was
495 destroyed]. I already knew and counted the days leading up to the Thursday. And the
496 same thing with many other boys but especially with me, because I was treated like an
497 only child. I was always envious of the girls at home who could play gently and didn't
498 have to go to school.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

499

500 At school there were also things I needed to endure, but not all the teachers were ill-

501 tempered

502

503 p. 21

504

505 and went around hitting the children. For the most part we had female teachers and the

506 situation at the school could by no means be compared with the hell of the *cheder*.

507 Indeed, I was a good student and in certain subjects I was outstanding. But when it came

508 to the Czech language and grammar I always had problems, especially since no one in the

509 family used this language, and we only heard this language at school. In this regard, we

510 children from religious Jewish homes were far behind. We also had less time to study and

511 do homework. We got home at 8 PM and after dinner went right to sleep. At six o'clock

512 in the morning we had to get up and go to *cheder*. During the summer term, when it was

513 still light outside, we wanted to play or go to the lake to go swimming. Our parents

514 weren't too concerned about our secular studies homework. They weren't able to help us,

515 because most of the Chassidim sent their children to the government schools, and the

516 parents didn't understand the Czech language. There was also a Hungarian school but

517 few Jewish children went there, only the pro-Hungarian patriotic types. There were also

518 some Russian and German schools, which many Jewish children attended. For them the

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

519 language barrier was not as difficult, because most of the population utilized this
520 language.

521

522 And since I was so stubborn in school, and was shaking in my boots like the other boys—
523 that is also how I comported myself in other areas of my private life. When it came to
524 fighting I never backed away, and kids were afraid of my fists. The kid called me
525 “*Peepelhoit.*” [?] When we had confrontations with the gentile kids, when they attacked
526 us with sticks and fists, and sometimes also with knives, I was the first to go into the fire.
527 I dished out plenty, and also could take it. And when someone got a feel for my fists they
528 called out to their “mama and the cantor” to help them. I very rarely fled the scene of a
529 fight.

530

531 p. 22

532

533 At home sometimes I would do risky things. When the circus or some performance group
534 came to town—in addition to the fact that I didn’t have any money and I certainly
535 wouldn’t have been given any money for admission—I would come up with an idea, and
536 manage to get in just like all the other guests. I would leave the house late in the night,
537 knowing full well that at home no one was worried about me—but I had “my bones
538 covered”—I would return home stealthily when everyone was already sleeping.

539

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

540 My father would also wink to the *rebbe* so that he shouldn't be too tight with the noose. I
541 would sense this often in the way that the *rebbe* would relate to me vis-à-vis the other
542 students. He would, however, threaten me—"Woe to you if you can't pass your father's
543 exam on *Shabbis*—nothing will help you then!" I for my part would study harder during
544 these periods, especially when I had a peaceful week without beatings.

545

546 At age eleven I was studying under a weird *rebbe* whose name was *Reb Alter*. He was a
547 Jew a Talmudic scholar, and a competent master of the [Talmudic] page [meaning he was
548 also steeped in the commentaries on the page]. My brothers, who were already students at
549 a *yeshiva*, had also had him as *rebbe*. His *cheder* was in a small room. Older students and
550 *bar mitzvah* boys also studied under him. He would also study Hebrew grammar with us
551 Sunday afternoons. He would rarely hit the older boys. I, however, was the exception.
552 When he got angry he was like an artist, using only his hands and without a stick. He
553 would pinch your hands and thighs so hard you came away so black and blue you were
554 ashamed to go to the mikvah [ritualarium]. I also got a "feel" for his pinches;
555 nevertheless, he was a good man.

556

557 When he felt that he had crossed the line [by going overboard with his punishment] he
558 would resort to various anecdotes and aphorisms, and everyone had to laugh. And the
559 culprit, with swollen face and hands, also laughed. It didn't take long before I adjusted to
560 his hands and nothing helped. I let him pinch me to his heart's content.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

561

562 p. 23

563

564 The *rebbe* didn't like my attitude one bit.

565

566 One lovely Sunday morning after *davening* my *rebbe* showed me his new "patent." He

567 had removed the rubber wheel from a child's bicycle and made some knots with

568 it..."Now, my precious one, what do you have to say about this 'bargain?'" he asked me,

569 and then he "honored" me with a shot to the back for a *halootzeh*. [?] This was a painful

570 blow and and I deeply resented it, but I maintained a stoic pose and held back my tears.

571 The *rebbe* said something funny and everyone laughed except me. The *rebbe* took great

572 pride in his "patent" work. Since it was already time to go home for breakfast I decided to

573 be quiet, but I was raging mad inside. I made a dash straight home and returned with

574 heavy tools, smashed the *rebbe's* box, removed the contents, tore them up to bits, and

575 then placed the box on the *rebbe's* chair. Then I cut off one leg of the *rebbe's* chair, let it

576 stand there, and then ran home. We lived not far from the *cheder*. I came back to the

577 *cheder* when all the children were already sitting at their tables. I immediately noticed

578 that something was amiss—everyone was staring at me..."The young man is here." The

579 *rebbe*, not asking any questions, picks himself up from his place, goes and locks the door

580 and comes rushing over to me raging mad...He starts to "crawl" with his two hands and

581 all ten fingers over the thick parts of my hands and feet. I couldn't move from the spot—

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

582 but I still wouldn't cry. I refused to sit at the table. He kept pinching me hard but he
583 couldn't make me cry. I didn't want to hit him back. As far as I can recall there never was
584 a case where the student hit a *rebbe* back. But I worked up some courage and said: "If I
585 go out you will never hit me again!" The *rebbe* kept the door locked until lunchtime. At
586 noon I went out with all the other students, but didn't utter a word to anyone.

587

588 p. 24

589

590 Everyone understood that if Shimon is silent it's a sign that the *rebbe's* gone overboard.

591

592 Also at home I didn't speak to anyone. I realized that my parents weren't exactly all that
593 overjoyed with all the stripes on my body, like the ones I had received that day. I wanted
594 them to find out about all this from the *rebbe*, [the pounding] which he had rained down
595 on me that ordinary Sunday for nothing. Two o'clock that afternoon I took my lunch bag
596 and a *Chimish* and went off to the city garden to sit by the lake. I thought things through
597 and resolved that from this point on I would no longer let anyone beat up on me. Up to
598 this point—but no more! I will no longer permit myself to be humiliated in front of my
599 classmates. That evening I came home acting as if nothing had happened and ate my
600 diner. When my father was already in the *bes medrish* I make a display in front of my
601 mother as if I'm getting undressed to go to bed. I showed my mother and sister all the
602 blows I had sustained that day, and then broke out crying. This was for me (in those

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

603 years) a very unusual occurrence. “I am no longer going back to this *rebbe*,” I protested,
604 and then immediately went to bed. I was sure that the *rebbe* was going to meet my father
605 at the *davenen*. He knows quite well what he has done [It’s not clear who the parties are
606 here]; my father doesn’t like this; everything has its appropriate time and boundary. Six
607 o’clock in the morning, as usual, my father wakes me up. I make like I don’t hear him. I
608 notice that his voice is not like it always is; it is calm and low-keyed as he is pleading
609 with me. I get out of bed with a drooping head and say to him with half swallowed
610 words—“*Tateh*, I don’t want to go back to this *rebbe*.” I show him my hands and feet,
611 and he takes a look at my scars and the black and blue marks. My father pleads with
612 me—“Go back—I’ve already spoken to him—he won’t hit you anymore.” In the end,
613 respect for my father prevailed over my stubborn nature. I let bygones be bygones, but I
614 managed to convince my father not to make me go to the *cheder* in the morning for
615 prayer services.

616

617

618 p. 25

619

620 Nine o’clock in the morning, accompanied by my father, I went marching into the *cheder*
621 room. My father once again said a couple of words to the *rebbe* and I, with a veritable
622 gaunt and pale face, quietly pushed my way among the remaining students. The *rebbe*
623 avoided talking to me for a while. But in the end we had a reconciliation. He no longer

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

624 laid a hand on me! Also, my father avoided hitting me and didn't subject me to rigorous
625 examinations. In this way when I turned eleven I was already a big boy.

626

627 p. 26

628

629 **Secrets of the Cheder**

630

631 The *melamed Reb* Burech of Danke Street in Munkatch, had a nice big red beard, and
632 after lunch when the students were reviewing the *Chimish*, he would catch a nap by the
633 table and his large beard would take up half the table. For the boys, the students, it was a
634 grave sin to permit the *rebbe* to sleep so peacefully so we would bring red *treeb-wax* [?]
635 and with a burning candle we would glue the *rebbe's* beard to the table. When the *rebbe*
636 *nebech* awoke half his beard was left on the table...

637

638 The *melamed Reb* Aaron Yakov had a habit, when he got furious with someone he would
639 grab a thin bamboo, stick it in his own mouth and bite into it, in order not to resort to
640 using the weapon when he was in a grumpy mood. So we boys kept rubbing the stick
641 with garlic and other bitter herbs, in order for the *rebbe* to get a "good taste" of the stick.

642

643

644

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

645

646 Bottom p. 26

647

648 **On a Friday I Buried the Czech Teacher...**

649

650 When I was about eight or nine years old, and in the third grade in the Czech school, we
651 had a weird teacher whose name was Navutnik. He had a nice trimmed red beard and
652 long hair like an *archimandrite* [Eastern Orthodox priest], which one rarely saw among
653 the Czechs. He would fulminate at us with bitter and deadly Czech curses, and he would
654 conjure up the son of the mother...He would scream that we weren't in a Jewish *cheder*
655 here.

656

657 p. 27

658

659 He was a great sadist and he would hit the boys and girls on the soft flesh with a thick
660 stick. We would come sulking to our parents, and we also told our *rebbe* in the *cheder*
661 that the *goy* hits us harder than the *rebbe*. But the thing that disgusted us most of all was
662 the fact that he used to hit the girls and this wasn't nice.

663

664 When he knew that strangers were coming to the class, like the school administrator or an
665 inspector we would observe that he hid the thick stick, and we bitterly resented this. So

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

666 we started to plot a strategy on how to get rid of this human disaster. Try going to protest
667 against him was a case of *v'nesaneh toikey* [which means, “this is what I’m teaching and
668 you shall learn from this”—I’m not sure how he’s using this term.] So I had a huddle
669 with some of the other bitterly resentful boys, that we were going to have a funeral for
670 this guy and send him off to *Yeneh Velt* [the World To Come]. So I made a small figure
671 from cement that looked like the teacher with the beard, and we prepared a casket in
672 which to bury it. Everything was ready! Friday afternoon we would be dismissed from
673 classes because of the *Shabbis*, and we didn’t have to go to the *cheder*. We dug up a
674 grave in the courtyard of the school, said *Vayehee Noiam* [the prayer that God should be
675 kind with us] seven times and *Yoshav Basayser* [“Sitting Concealed”]. With an alms box
676 in hand everyone threw in some small change and said [the prayer] *Tzedakah Teetzal*
677 [“Charity Redeems”], covered up the grave with the statue, and said *Kaddish*. And we
678 took off jubilantly from the “funeral.”

679

680 Monday, when we went back to the class, a snitch went and informed on us; he told the
681 teacher that on Friday we had “buried” him. We were terrified, and the red teacher
682 became ever redder and paler. He picked himself up from his chair and started to cry. He
683 was pleading with us little boys to understand that he doesn’t hit the boys, God forbid, to
684 cause anyone harm, but to make good people out of us. But we told him to spare us the
685 good intentions—we have good parents and also a *rebbe* from whom to learn. “If that’s

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

686 the case,” he said, “I won’t be your teacher anymore.” Two weeks later he and his family
687 hightailed it out of town.

688

689 p. 28

690

691 **The Shoemaker of the *Chevreh Kadeesheh*** [Burial Society]

692

693 By the lumber market in Munkatch, there lived an old shoemaker. During the period of
694 his vigil [as a member of the *Chevreh Kadeesheh*] he would wear *tahareh shteevel* [a
695 special type of shoe in the purifying room]. When someone died in the hospital the
696 *chevreh kadeesheh* had to do everything. The old shoemaker would take along with him
697 to the purifying room his shoemaker’s chair, the threads, some nails, and a sack of shoes
698 so that the time he was whiling away there would be taken up with mending shoes.

699

700 There was a gang of wise-guys, who wanted to pull a prank on the old shoemaker, so
701 they called him up for vigil duty. One of these punks lay himself down on a board and
702 they covered him with a shroud like they do a corpse. The old shoemaker, as usual,
703 occupied himself with mending shoes, and with his hammer was banging in patches.
704 Suddenly, he notices that the corpse is rising up. The old shoemaker didn’t give things
705 much thought—he whacked the culprit over the head with his hammer and screamed: “If
706 you’ve already died once, lie still!”

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

707

708 **Shtern, the Newspaper Hawker**

709

710 Shtern, the newspaper hawker would run around in the streets and cry: “Buy a paper!”

711 Years later, he became very rich. He built himself a big house in the Lotretzeh Courtyard.

712 One time someone in the Great Synagogue hollered at him: “Shtern, you *meshiggener!*”

713 So Shtern turned around and said: “I am the *meshiggener* and you are the smart one, but

714 who has more money?”

715

716 **The City Meshiggener “Meir Sitz”**

717

718 Why was he called “Meir Sitz, Your Mother Was a Girl”? In the large *bes medrish* in

719 Munkatch we he would always lounge around,

720

721 p.29

722

723 He once stuck around after the *Ma’ariv* service and sat himself down at a table where

724 some men were studying *Chimish* with *Rashi* from Chapter *Tetzaveh* [“God Commands

725 the Children of Israel...”] and he heard when they said “*v’aseesa tzitz zahav* [“And Thou

726 Shalt Make a Plate of Pure Gold”], Meir chimed in, “*Feh*, Jews, *feh!* To learn about such

727 things”... [Tzitzkiss are women’s breasts.]

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

728

729 On a big market day the *goyim* from around Munkatch were coming into the city to go to
730 market, and on the way back home they would leave on wagons harnessed with a couple
731 of oxen. On the way to Karapetz they passed the cemetery, and the peasants noticed that
732 there were many candles burning and a large figure was shaking near the candles.
733 Terrified, they got off their wagons and soon the whole road was full of peasants fearful
734 of going further on this road. So they [Jewish observers of the scene] had to run to the
735 *Chevrah Kadeesha*, and the *Chevrah Kadeesha* folks came running with long sticks
736 because they understood that someone was pulling off a practical joke; they very well
737 knew that the dead don't molest anyone. They open the gates and edge forward towards
738 the burning candles where the apparition that kept shaking was located. To their utter
739 surprise they saw that it was none other than Meir Sitz, and he's shaking and *davening*.
740 Since he always went to celebrations and funerals, on this occasion he happened to have
741 been at a funeral and he got lost. In the meantime the gate was locked down and Meir
742 Sitz couldn't get out; and when it came time to *daven* he collected all the burning candles
743 from the cemetery and placed them on one spot, and started shaking by the *davening*. But
744 from a distance it looked like some kind of monstrosity.

745

746 In the Small *Bes Medrish* on Purim

747

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

748 In the Munkatcher small *bes medishel*, there was a custom among the young boys that on
749 the New Month of Adar they would organize a troupe

750

751 p. 30

752

753 that was led by a “*Purim Rebbe*.” We celebrated on the tables and on the benches...On
754 the *Shabbis* of the *Toireh* portion *Z’chor* when saying the **Yoitzrois** [“Creations”] *Reb*
755 Mordechai Zaltzer would stop in the middle of *Yoitzer* and the “Purim sexton” would
756 pound on the dais and call out, “this year our *Purim Rebbe* is, Our Lord, Our Teacher,
757 Our Rabbi, *ha-Rav*, the Saintly One, *Reb* Herschel Estreicher”—and the cantor would say
758 in a loud voice in *Yoitzer*—“yemach sh’ mum v’ zichroi v’ nemach zichroi
759 milhizeekuroi”... [May his memory be blotted out from our memory forever.]

760

761 **In Munkatch Anything Can Happen**

762

763 It was like in America, when the “right” match comes along and the wedding takes place
764 in a hall or a big hotel, but never at home. In Munkatch, when you wanted to make a
765 small wedding the *mekhatoonim* (non-blood relatives) would arrive with horses and
766 wagons to Prigiev-Falov near Kravin to a tavern, and that’s where the wedding would
767 take place. There you didn’t have to invite all the neighbors and poor folks.

768

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

769 At one of the weddings of these poor folks it would happen that if the *mekhitten* didn't
770 have enough money to pay for the *khuppah* (the ceremony under the wedding canopy)
771 the groom's parents wouldn't permit the *khuppah* to take place. It was "Tisha B'Av" [the
772 day when the Jerusalem Temple was destroyed] at the wedding! The bride, dressed up in
773 her finest wedding finery, would cry bitterly, and her mother, *nebech*, would cry along
774 with her. The father would be running around trying to remedy the situation. In the
775 meantime it was getting to be late at night and the *mekhitten* is refusing to budge, and
776 won't let the wedding proceed.

777

778 All of a sudden a bunch of cattle dealers appear on the scene. They had just returned from
779 the marketplace, and came into the tavern to have a glass of beer and a little snack. There,
780 suddenly, they see a bride sitting at one of the tables and crying. They immediately find
781 out what is going on here. One of the merchants pipes up that from among them there is a
782 young man who not long ago became a widower, he is without children, and a dowry
783 isn't necessary. He is well accommodated and he has a couple of cows in his barn. To
784 make a long story short: They took the bride, the mother and the father on the wagon and
785 they drive into Munkatch, to the *bes din shteebel* [the storefront where the rabbinical
786 court presided]. A *minyán* was assembled and they erected a *khuppah*; and then the
787 young couple sat down jubilantly in the wagon and drove home with *mazel*. In the
788 meantime the other groom is looking around and realizing that the hour is late and it

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

789 doesn't make sense to wait so long. So he parts company with his parents and runs off to
790 the tavern to get to the *khuppah*—but he is too late.

791

792 **Millionaire and Forest Merchant**

793

794 Reisman, the millionaire and forest merchant, would always buy a herring for *Shabbis*.

795 He used to say that a herring is better than a live carp. If someone needed money for an

796 important purpose, he would give away a couple of thousand for a charitable cause.

797

798 **Reb Mordechai Bog-Bog**

799

800 In Munkatch there lived a Jew with the name “*Reb Mordechai Bog-Bog*.” He never slept

801 in a bed, but always on the tables or benches of the *batei medrashim* in the city. He would

802 never walk on the sidewalk between other people because he tried as best as possible to

803 avoid walking among impure creatures such as horses, dogs, *goyim*, or women.

804

805 He had a brilliant mind and was master of the revealed and esoteric Holy Books. All

806 week long he was dressed up in six tattered *bekeshes* (silk caftans) one on top of the

807 other. And on the *Shabbis* he donned still a seventh.

808

809

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

810 p. 32

811

812 On market day he would invert the *bekeshe* with the fur out; and when the village Jews
813 saw such a bargain they went over to give him a *shoolem* [*shalom*]. *Reb* Mordechai
814 would ask him—the village Jew—what his name is and what his father’s name is, and,
815 based on this information, he could tell him his genealogy extending back to his grand-
816 father and great-great grandfather. The village Jew would be scared of him, and *Reb*
817 Mordechai would start to chastise the village Jew and criticize him for trimming his
818 beard, and similar things. Out of guilt and shame the village Jew would give him a couple
819 of *kroner* and promise him to become good and devout.

820

821 The [author of] *Minchas Eliezer* [Chaim Eliezer Shapira, the *Munkatcher Rebbe*] said of
822 him that *Reb* Mordechai Bog-Bog is *Leechis sh’nistavru* [“Broken Tablets”].

823

824 **His Talmud Lipa**

825

826 Lipa the *bardoiver* [?] also have many virtues like his *rebbe*, *Reb* Mordechai Bog-Bog.
827 He too never slept in a bed, and invariably lived in the *rav*’s court. He ate only that which
828 the *rebbetzin* cooked. He was the *rebbetzin*’s sexton and he too walked around with a
829 stick in hand to drive away the impure ones. Since it was the *rebbe*’s habit to be punctual
830 for prayer services, there was a young boy who would be sent to Lipa to call upon the

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

831 *rebbe*. One time there were a couple of *balibatim* at the *rebbe*'s home when Lipa entered
832 the place and said: "*Rav!* Come, let's go off to *daven!*" And the Munkatcher Rebbe said
833 in a calm manner to Lipa—"I am the *rav*, why are you referring to me as *di* [informal
834 "You" and not the more formal *ihr*]. "*Rav,*" was Lipa's reply, "The Creator I always refer
835 to as [*Boorech*] *Atu...* [Praised are You and not Thou]. So am I supposed to give you
836 more honor than I do the Creator?" The *rav*, with a smile, accepted his riposte.

837

838 p. 34

839

840 **The Author of Minchas Eliezer, May the Memory of the Righteous Be For A**

841 **Blessing**

842

843 The *Munkatcher Rebbe*, may the memory of the righteous be for a blessing, also
844 established a reputation as something of a psychologist, who understood human nature.
845 He would also give prescriptions, which were accepted by druggists. And when it was a
846 case of an ill person who was also poor he would contribute some *kroners* for the
847 medicine and also something extra for various expenses. So one time a woman shows up
848 and says, "*Rebbe*, my husband has been very sick now for a couple of nights and *nebech*
849 he can't sleep. He sent me to the *rebbe* for a remedy." The *Rebbe* tells her to locate the
850 "*floydervish*"—the outermost portion of the wings of a goose, which she had put away
851 for *boidik chumetz* [to perform the ceremonial removal of leaven from the house on the

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

852 day before the Passover], place it at the top of the husband's bed, and serve him four
853 spoons of black coffee. After the woman left the *rebbe*, one of the young men who
854 happened to overhear the *rebbe's* conversation with the woman started to laugh. So the
855 *rav* asked him, Why he was laughing. "Is it about my remedy. If I had asked her to place
856 a broom [on the bed] do you think it wouldn't help? Tomorrow, why don't you go visit
857 the sick man and find out from the woman how her husband is doing." The woman told
858 him ecstatically: "As soon as I placed the Passover *flaydervish* on the bed alongside my
859 husband's head, he immediately fell asleep, which was half the remedy, because he
860 hadn't been able to sleep for many weeks.

861

862 **Childhood Memories**

863

864 On a summer Friday night we come home from *Kaboolas Shabbis* at the *rebbe's*
865 synagogue. I was about nine years old.

866

867 p. 34

868

869 My father is walking together with a brotherhood composed of *Reb* Moishe Chaim Gold,
870 *Reb* Menachem Estreicher, *Reb* Zalman Yozefavitch, and *Reb* Michel Gold. As was
871 customary, my father was in the middle, and they were engaged in a heated dispute over a
872 some aspect of the *Toireh*.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

873

874 The five Jews are taking up most of the sidewalk. The streets are nearly empty because
875 everyone is celebrating the *Shabbis* meal, and are already up to the *z'miris* (singing part).
876 When we arrived close to the Great Synagogue, a Czech soldier accosted us and wouldn't
877 get out of the way, and he did it in an unlawful manner. The brotherhood was deeply
878 immersed in the *Toireh* issue. The soldier accosted *Reb* Michel Gold, grabbed him by his
879 brown beard, and in Czech hurled some expletives at him. It wasn't long before the
880 soldier's bayonet was in my hands, and I ran over to the policeman who was standing
881 guard in front of City Hall. The soldier figured out what the little guy has just pulled off
882 and started chasing after me. The five Jews in *shtreimlech* raised a cry of help, and the
883 taxi drivers and the coachmen who were in the vicinity came rushing over. Being faster
884 than anyone else I manage to run over to the policeman and handed him the bayonet. The
885 policeman asked the Jews if they want to take the soldier to court, because since the little
886 fellow had grabbed his bayonet it might be harder to litigate. It was just before the *seedeh*
887 [Shabbis Meal], so they decided to let the soldier off the hook, and continue on their way
888 home. The policeman issued a warning to the soldier, that he should be ashamed of
889 himself for letting a young kid in Munkatch show him up like that, and for doing
890 something that he might long regret. *Reb* Michel wasn't exactly intrigued with what I had
891 done and he chastised me... "He's Just out of his swaddling clothes and he's already
892 attacking soldiers!" (I had learned this from a Jewish soldier who would to *daven* by us

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

893 on *Shabbis*. He would show the children how to press the switch so that the blade would
894 come out.)

895

896 p. 35

897

898 **Munkatch**

899

900 A city in the former “Carpatho-Rus” (P.K.R), an area in the ____ Czech Republic
901 (CZ.S.R).

902

903 The Carpathian region of which our *shtetl* belonged was a part of the Czech Republic,
904 which was founded after the First World War (in the year 1918). Until that time this
905 territory was part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In Carpatho-Rus there resided many
906 different ethnic groups: Russians, who had migrated from Russia through the Carpathian
907 Mountains a long time ago; Hungarians; German-Swabians; and a Jewish population of
908 about 110,000. The kind of harmony that existed among the various groups in this region
909 was incomparable.

910

911 In 1918 the Czechs occupied the lands that stretched across the Carpathian Mountains,
912 which bordered on *Galitzyeh*, Romania, and Hungary. In October 1938 it was returned to
913 Hungary under pressure from Nazi Germany. The Jews were the largest component of

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

914 this city, but there were also many Jews living in the villages. The center of Jewish life
915 was in Munkatch, with its estimated population of 35,000, 50% of whom were Jews. The
916 city established a reputation as a “Little Jerusalem,” under the leadership of its great
917 *rebbe, ha-Rav, ha-Gooen* [brilliant man; Dean of the Rabbinical Academy] *ha-Tzaddik*,
918 Chaim Eliezer Shapira--May the memory of the righteous and holy be for a blessing--
919 who was known in the whole Jewish world as a giant in *Toireh*, and a mighty battler for
920 Jewish communal causes.

921

922 The hinterlands of the Carpathians, such as Marmaras, to use one example, were very
923 under-developed, and the inhabitants were quite backward. There was very little industry,
924 and woefully few schools to learn about worldly subjects. Most of the population was
925 engaged in agrarian occupations, or wood-chopping in the forests. A segment survived on
926 nothing but black bread and potatoes, and lived in huts with straw roofs.

927

928 Perforce, the Jews also lived in conditions of great depravation.

929

930 p. 36

931

932 There was precious little business to engage in because here the impecunious peasant
933 didn't need anything. He made his clothing himself, baked his own bread, and fruits and
934 vegetables he grew in his own garden. Some Jews were involved in the lumber trade.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

935 There were some who owned large saws [I'm wondering if he meant saw mills?] and
936 their own forests to saw wood for the industry of the country.

937

938 In the upper regions of the Carpathians one could find a little bit of civilization. The
939 Czechs established schools even in the tiniest hamlets. Commerce was a little bit more
940 vigorous and the Jewish population played a dominant role. As a general rule, the peasant
941 was not engaged in commerce. But the non-Jews were given priority for the bureaucratic
942 positions. Very few Jews, even those with a higher education, were permitted by the
943 "good" Czechs to attain positions in government. Even lesser positions, such as
944 schoolteacher, policeman, etc. were inaccessible to Jews, with maybe a couple of
945 exceptions in each *shtetl*.

946

947 Munkatch, with its Jewish population of 17,000, was one of the greatest commercial
948 centers in that region, but with a *bashrenkteh* [? which ordinarily mean "neighboring," so
949 I don't know how he's using the word here] industry. The "good" Czechs did not permit,
950 and even obstructed the building of large factories. There was capital, and there was also
951 manpower. They didn't want Jews to establish textile and weaving industries that would
952 be appropriate for this region. Their vested interest was for people to have to resort [to
953 goods] that came from Bohemia and Prague.

954

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

955 The Jewish population was made up to a large extent from the ultra-Orthodox, and those
956 of the Chassidic mold; even the craftsmen there wore *shtreimlech* and *bekeshes* on
957 *Shabbis*. The young received a strictly religious upbringing. On *Shabbis* all the businesse
958 were closed. Only one or two pharmacies were open. The whole population of this region
959 knew that when it's *Shabbis* there is nothing to do in the city. Everything is closed.

960

961 On *Shabbis* it was mostly Jews with *shtreimlech* and *bekeshes* strolling around in the
962 streets, with *tallis* bag in hand, going to and coming from the *shul*.

963

964

965

966

967

968

969

970 p. 37

971

972 Also, late in the afternoon they could be seen in middle of the empty streets. The *bes din*
973 [rabbinical court] had certified the *eyriv* [Heb. *Eruv*, i.e., wire strung on the
974 circumference of a town to classify it as enclosed private property in which objects may
975 be carried on the Sabbath according to Jewish law] in the city. The non-Jewish

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

976 population, which was made up of Little-Russians and Hungarians, never displayed
977 hostility towards the Jews.

978

979 When the *Yomim Toivim* approached, Jews would dance in the streets. A holiday such as
980 *Shveeyis* [*Shavuoth*] when a *Seifer Toireh* [Torah scroll] was submitted to the *shul*, the
981 whole city would dance along. Also, the non-Jews danced and never manifested even the
982 slightest mockery. It was very rare for there to be assaults on Jews or to openly shame
983 them in the streets, as would often occur in Poland, Hungary, or Romania.

984

985 Under the Czech Republic the Jews had every opportunity to develop the import-export
986 business. Cultural and religious institutions, and all kinds of organizations of the left and
987 right began to sprout. It goes without saying that *yeshivas* and *talmid toirehs* existed in
988 every Jewish settlement.

989

990 In the year 1937 when Germany annexed Austria it also shook Jewish life to the core.

991 One could see the fate that was about to befall the Czechs. Black clouds were stretching
992 over our heads. The smell of gunpowder was wafting in the air, and large concentrations
993 of combat units with heavy weapons were edging towards the borders. It was becoming
994 almost impossible to emigrate; only a very few were fortunate enough to be able to go to
995 *Eretz Yisroel*, England, or America. During the period of Nazi rule in Germany and
996 Austria, many people found asylum in Czechoslovakia.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

997

998 September 1938, the Republic called for a general mobilization. Germany demanded the

999 return of the Sudetenland, where a large percentage of the population was German, and

1000 demanded that it become part of the Reich. (Through the initiative of my father a kosher

1001 kitchen was organized near the *kaserness* [not a Yiddish word; perhaps “recruiting

1002 station” or “command post”], so that mobilized Jewish soldiers would be able to eat

1003 kosher.

1004

1005 p. 38

1006

1007 Also, I helped out with this work.) England and France had make a pact with

1008 Czechoslovakia, to come to her aid. For this reason everyone was ready for a battle. But

1009 that’s not what happened. The English foreign minister, Chamberlane, was flying back

1010 and forth. As it turned out the English *goniv* [thief] wasn’t ready. They didn’t want to go

1011 to war over the Czechs. The supposedly great rear-defense, Soviet Russia, with its great

1012 military power in the East, didn’t even have leather straps for her soldiers to be able to

1013 carry rifles. Poland also sticks out a pig’s foot and demands a chunk of Czechoslovakia.

1014 Hungary, demands back her old territories from the pre-WWI period. In short: it didn’t

1015 take long before the German boots were marching into the Sudetenland, and shortly

1016 afterwards into Prague. The Czech Republic fell like a deck of cards.

1017

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1018 On October 1938, in Vienna, Carpatho-Rus was incorporated into Hungary. The Jews
1019 initially accepted this with indifference, and some even with optimistic joy. People were
1020 thinking in terms of the pre-WWI period, from “Ephraim Yossel’s” [Franz Josef’s] rule
1021 over the Austro-Hungary. (In the good old days when everything had cost *groshens*.)
1022 What’s more, we’ll be able to converse with the Hungarians in the mother tongue, and
1023 not have language barriers like we have with the Czechs. Everything will once again be
1024 dirt-cheap. The former battle front veterans were exhilarant—like the *moshiach* had come
1025 to them—they were waiting to regain their privileged rights.

1026

1027 On the tenth of November 1938, the Hungarian Army marched into our *shtetl*, and were
1028 welcomed with a large parade by the inhabitants. All the Jewish veterans, like the non-
1029 Jewish combatants, were spiffed up in their WWI battle uniforms. (Some of them had to
1030 dig them out from their dusty closets in the attic.)

1031

1032 Soon after the army marched in we noticed a difference in the military hardware: small
1033 tanks, small canons pulled by horses, and in general, a poor assortment of weapons.

1034

1035 p. 39

1036

1037 The old Hungarians didn’t look like this. Only hours earlier we had seen the Czechs
1038 fleeing the battle scene with large, modern tanks, motorized canons, and other marvelous

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1039 weapons. The “Magyars” were amazed at how modern and built up our city was; newly
1040 constructed streets, large schools, and modern businesses and the nicest merchandise.
1041 They had never seen such things in their own little towns. “We thought,”--they confessed
1042 to us,”—that the Czechs walk around barefooted and with torn clothes and that schools
1043 didn’t even exist. We thought we were here to liberate our oppressed Hungarian
1044 brothers.” A lot of Jews imagined that this would be the beginning of a new and good
1045 life. We were very much uninformed—some didn’t want to know—what it means to live
1046 under a dictatorial regime, as prevailed in Hungary at that time. Besotted with their
1047 ancient anti-Semitic sentiments, they lashed out at the Jews when they were given a free
1048 hand.

1049

1050 Only after two days did we get a taste of the audacity of our so-called liberators. The
1051 soldiers started pulling beards and hitting Jews in the streets. One known Jewish hero (a
1052 veteran combatant from the front) was walking around proud in the street with all the
1053 epaulets he had earned on his breast. A Hungarian soldier ran up to him and “honored”
1054 him with his leather stick. The hero wouldn’t take it lying down and started spewing
1055 epithets at him. “I was fighting on the front when you still had shit in your diapers!” The
1056 officer was flabbergasted--the *chitzpah* of this Jew! He had the temerity to ask questions
1057 why he was beaten, and spoke out of order to an officer! Suddenly there was a concourse
1058 of people, just like in the old days. “We will teach you a lesson,” the officer declared.
1059 “By us in the motherland no Jew asks why he gets it with the stick.” It began to sink in

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1060 among the Jewish inhabitants that there was disaster looming ahead. That soldiers were
1061 beating up Jews was a daily occurrence. Jews with beards and *payis* no longer felt free to
1062 go out into the streets at night. They would grab, hit and lop off *payis*, beards, or even
1063 half a beard.

1064

1065 p. 40

1066

1067 A chapter of new decrees commences. Everyone must have their citizenship papers
1068 examined. Anyone without legitimate documents will be deported. But where they will
1069 send you no one knows. To a refugee concentration camp such as Garani, or to Budapest
1070 (penitentiary)? Many Jews had great difficulty getting their citizenship papers in order.
1071 We had lived under the Czechs as non-citizens (with a red passport). My father didn't
1072 want to apply for citizenship—because he had unconditional faith in the coming of the
1073 *Moshiach*—so indeed we were among the first to be to be among those of whom it was
1074 demanded that we come up with these various documents. With great difficulty my father
1075 was able to procure the papers from Burgenland (Austria), which at one time belonged to
1076 Hungary, and he received Hungarian citizenship. My brother-in-law, Yechezkel Schwartz
1077 with six small children, whose grandfather was born in Romania, was taken to the
1078 Romanian border. But the Romanians wouldn't permit them in because they were all
1079 born in Hungary. After a while he somehow managed to return with his family to
1080 Munkatch.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1081

1082 In 1939 Hungary received a portion of Zibenburgen from Romania, which before the first
1083 world war had belonged to her.

1084

1085 In the year 1940 Jews were deprived of their businesses. Their businesses were
1086 expropriated, and only 20%--those whose fate (lot) was more fortunate—were given their
1087 businesses back. Thousands of Jewish families were suddenly deprived of a livelihood.
1088 Jews were being pushed out of government positions. Jews were no longer drafted into
1089 the military. Yesterday's Jewish soldiers who were carrying weapons were now relegated
1090 to holding shovels for digging; and there is the institution of forced labor battalions.
1091 Jewish self-help organizations crop up and communal kitchens were set up to feed the
1092 destitute. Those who were given their businesses back were now obligated to carry the
1093 burden of helping those in need. My father was made the treasurer of the collected funds.
1094 I helped him out in his work in collecting the monies and distributing them to those who
1095 were in great need

1096

1097 p. 41

1098

1099 until a central council was be established for this purpose, with the name P.I.

1100

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1101 The whole Jewish intelligentsia was rounded up and made to do forced labor. Several
1102 years of military veterans were called up, even combatants from the front during WWI.

1103

1104 An escape was organized through the Zionist organization to rescue the youth by
1105 bringing them to Israel. During this period the Hungarian government closed its eyes and
1106 permitted the Jews to swim through its waters. One couldn't take out more than one
1107 knapsack with 25 kilograms of weight on the shoulders. One of these ships, (the
1108 "Shtranah"), with 800 Jews on board, was sunk by the Germans, with the aid of the
1109 British. Only one child managed to survive. Several people (or families) from our city
1110 were also on board.

1111

1112 Summer 1941, war broke out between Russia and Germany. The Magyars cross into the
1113 Carpathian Mountains in order to come to the aid of the Germans. Thousands of Jewish
1114 ex-servicemen were forcibly recruited to follow the army with shovels on their shoulders
1115 in order to dig hell-holes and carve out paths to the front. Their fate is known to all. The
1116 Hungarians sent them to eastern *Galitzyeh* and Ukraine, where the great majority died
1117 from hunger, frost and diseases. Those who fell into the hands of the Russians were
1118 treated in the same way our enemies the German and Hungarian soldiers, were treated by
1119 the Russians.

1120

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1121 It was only a couple of weeks since the beginning of the war and the Germans and their
1122 allies made a deep hole in the Russian sack. In the meantime, the Hungarians were
1123 abusing the Jews of the Carpathian region. In some places they didn't even ask if one was
1124 a citizen or not. They wanted to colonize this area with Hungarian families from the
1125 Motherland. On one *Shabbis* dozens of Jewish families without Hungarian citizenship
1126 were driven out of the area. Among them, also, the *rav*, our Teacher.

1127

1128 p. 42

1129

1130 *Reb* Burech Rabinovitch, may he live days that are long and pleasant, the son-in-law of
1131 the author of *Minchas Eliezer*, [the Munkatcher Rebbe, who had passed away in 1935]--
1132 may the memory of the righteous be for a blessing--was led away on the main street to
1133 the train station, and sent to Poland. The *rav*--may he live days that are long and pleasant--
1134 -fortunately managed to find a way to return [to Munkatch], having bribed a huge sum,
1135 and with the assistance of Jewish soldiers who came to his aid. He managed to rescue
1136 himself later by fleeing to the Land of Israel. It appears that protests in England and
1137 America helped, these countries not yet being at war with Hungary, because the
1138 deportations to Poland suddenly came to a standstill. The several thousand Jews who had
1139 been driven into Poland unfortunately died there, some having been murdered by the
1140 Hungarian soldiers, and the rest by local Poles and Ukrainians--may their names be

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1141 blotted out forever. A few managed to survive by bribing German soldiers and [by
1142 acquiring] false papers.
1143
1144 *Bekash Yakov l'goolis es hakytz livnov v'nistam meemenuh*--Our Patriarch Jacob already
1145 at that time wanted to reveal to his children what they would have to endure during the
1146 last days of the exile, but he concealed it. *V'eschanon el ha'Shem b'-ais ha-huya*—is
1147 translated in the Holy Books as Moses Our Teacher was pleading “*b'-ais ha-huya*,
1148 meaning, the time of the end of the exile. He wanted God to repeal this decree. We, who
1149 are suffering the pangs relating to the coming of the *Moshiach*, couldn't believe this, but
1150 that's how our fate was sealed. When Moshe Our Teacher reviews with us the words, “I
1151 will hide my face from them,” and “terrible things will happen to you in the last days”--
1152 who could have imagined that this would take place in our time and in our generation.
1153 That it was possible that a *shlepper*, the son of a *shlepper* and with a band of *shleppers*
1154 would sit themselves down in a beer-hall in Munich, and discuss matters like a bunch of
1155 drunks—would lead the whole world astray. And they managed to gobble up half the
1156 world. This was the *shaid* [demon], which the Holy *Zohar* [*Kabbalah*] informs us--that in
1157 the end of days such a species of *shaid* would arise, which had been bound for thousands
1158 of years in order not to wreak havoc. He will be brought down to earth to be a plague to
1159 humanity, and he will be given [heavenly] license to carry out his dastardly deeds...
1160
1161 p. 43

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1162

1163 And what he perpetrated against us (and also against the rest of the world) is well known

1164 to all. And that's also how he disappeared...No one, no one knows exactly where his

1165 lament went [Not quite sure what he's saying here.]

1166

1167 Children, tears are falling like water, when one reminds oneself. Who can't remember

1168 what it was like in the *shtetl* in those bitter years?: In the daytime, when it will be night;

1169 by night, when it will be day. A large number of people deprived of livelihood, the

1170 providers having been yanked away [from their families, and from the community]. We

1171 were always in fear of the gendarme, the police, the soldiers. The best of them had no

1172 hesitations about killing a Jew. It was a decree from heaven!

1173

1174 The Jewish assistance organization, A.P., wasn't able to assist all of those in need. The

1175 monthly stipend they handed out was barely enough for a family with children to survive

1176 for one week. My father was working feverishly to collect monies. Since he had

1177 established a reputation as a truly pious Jew, people had more respect and trust in him.

1178 After such a hard day's work he would sit down to study a page of Talmud. From this

1179 holy Jew I learned self-sacrifice; to put his life on the line for a fellow Jew, without

1180 seeking credit.

1181

1182 "This is a stiff-necked people"; and in spite of all the decrees life goes on. Some Jews are

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1183 still operating large enterprises and raking in great sums of money. People are trying to
1184 find ways to provide financial security. They're building and they're buying houses.
1185 They're relegating merchandise for better times...People are _____their 70 years. They
1186 don't talk about, or they don't want to know what's going on the other side—the terrible
1187 scenarios in Poland, Slovakia and Romania.

1188

1189 Numerous families manage to save themselves from Poland and Slovakia by getting
1190 themselves smuggled across the borders, and they inform us of what they themselves
1191 have seen. Our life here in Hungary is a Garden of Eden to them. There is still freedom of
1192 movement here, and it is even possible to legally emigrate to the Land of Israel, or
1193 illegally over Romania or Turkey.

1194

1195

1196

1197

1198

1199 p. 44

1200

1201 The Kohner Castle was supposed to have been converted into a Jewish hospital but this
1202 didn't materialize because of various conflicting interests among the *Chevrah Kadeeshe*
1203 [Burial Society], under whose management it was supposed to be. Now it was a place for

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1204 tormented Jews, and became a word that was synonymous with morbid fear. Many Jews
1205 were tortured to death there, then handed over to the *Chevrah Kadeeshe* and told to keep
1206 their mouths shut. Harassments and raids were an everyday occurrence. The Great *Beis*
1207 *Medrish* [Synagogue] in the Jewish quarter is surrounded every Monday and Thursday by
1208 police and gendarme—they're searching for Polish Jews who are trying to save
1209 themselves. They're beating, they're killing, and they're looting Jewish homes. If a Jew,
1210 a refugee, is caught, he is considered a spy and all the families who assisted him are
1211 arrested and then deported. Others are arrested because of the slanders that the non-
1212 Jewish population concocted. For a hefty sum of money one can ransom oneself, and
1213 that's how some of the refugees who were snared could be bought up. In some cases it
1214 was imperative to warn someone in advance. The policeman who did the interrogations
1215 could be bought off with 200 *pengaes* and a bottle of brandy. When such an opportunity
1216 availed itself he shot himself at the station, and some of the "good fellows" had to run
1217 away.

1218

1219 Under the command of the Ungvar police chief, who was also the de facto police chief of
1220 the whole Carpatho-land region, anything and everything could be arranged. It got to the
1221 point where he was so full of himself that he was refusing to take Hungarian money and
1222 insisted on American dollars, English pounds, or gold. This went on until his higher-ups
1223 in Budapest caught up with him. Two agents were sent to investigate him. They raided
1224 his house and found the best of everything: A couple kilos of gold, dollars, Swiss Francs,

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1225 and other expensive things. Right there on the spot he shot himself in the head with a
1226 revolver.

1227

1228 p. 45

1229

1230 It was *sha shtil* (a cover up) and wherever possible arrangements [deals] were worked out
1231 with the local police.

1232

1233 The “good fellows” did everything possible to help the refugees with their release forms,
1234 with places to sojourn, and to ransom the ones who were captured. Others took on the
1235 task of helping to smuggle people across the borders and procure small *zaml poonkten* [?]
1236 and favorable hiding places. From there they were assisted in getting to the larger cities,
1237 but mostly to Budapest. There were also army officers who were engaged in these kinds
1238 of activities, who found themselves on the *Galitzyaner* side. Sometimes emissaries in
1239 uniform went across to bring over important personages. They had their work cut out for
1240 them; one could easily lose one’s life and place his whole family in danger. It was with
1241 great difficulty that various monies, which were being procured finally did arrive. With a
1242 variety of combinations [strategies] the monies were procured.

1243

1244 Sadly, because of our great sins, there could be found in our *shtetl* some trashy misfits
1245 who would, for some small change, sell out Jewish souls. They pointed out to the police

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1246 who was involved in the black market and also offered to assist in hunting down those
1247 who had evaded forced labor. It took us some time to wizen up to the ones in our midst
1248 who were doing the informing, who for only five *fengae* sold out a Jewish soul who had
1249 attempted, considering the insurmountable problems, to sneak across the border, or
1250 someone who sought all means, by hook or by crook, to feed his little children. And if we
1251 eventually did find out who was snitching it was very difficult to get rid of them. The
1252 police kept their eye out and taught them how to be vigilant. For assaulting them one
1253 risked losing one's life. This is what happened with *Reb* Mendel Peretzesh, may he rest in
1254 peace, the assistant sexton of the Great *Bes Medrish*. He once drove out a young man
1255 from the synagogue. That night the police came to *Reb* Mendel's house and dragged his
1256 off, and no one ever heard from him again. It is very difficult for me to write about
1257 horrifying scenes,

1258

1259 p. 46

1260

1261 that such an idiot-bastard was capable of pulling off. I will mention only a couple here.

1262

1263 In the summer of 1941 a middle-aged couple entered the anteroom of the Great *Bes*
1264 *Medrish* with their daughter. They looked like tourists. The man was wearing a suit coat
1265 on his shoulders and wasn't wearing a head-covering. A couple of Jews went over to
1266 them. He tells them: "I'm from Kracow. This is my wife and daughter. Jews, help us!"

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1267 One looks to the other: “Where should we hide them?” It didn’t take even twenty minutes
1268 before a policeman arrived to the anteroom. There’s a tumult; the policeman is
1269 surrounded; they plead with him; they make all kinds of promises to him. The policeman
1270 informs us: “One of your bastards has already called the police chief. There is nothing I
1271 can do.” We had no idea who had done this dastardly deed.

1272

1273 The second case took place in 1942: There’s banging on my window in middle of the
1274 night. “Shimon, come!” Two young acquaintances take me to the Small *Bes Medrish*, to
1275 the room where studying took place. There are two children there, a boy of twelve and his
1276 younger sister, both half dead. Hungarian soldiers had found them in the Carpathian
1277 Mountains and took pity on them. The girl was first taken to neighbors. The boy was half
1278 dead from typhus, high temperature and a broken hand. I immediately ran over to Dr.
1279 Shoenfeld and he came right away. We stayed with the boy day and night until he
1280 recovered. The children were from Tarnow, *Galitzyeh*. The girl was sent away and the
1281 boy stayed on with the boys in the *yeshiva* and was provided with accommodations by
1282 some neighbors. On one lovely winter day everyone went home to eat and the boy stayed
1283 behind by himself in the *bes medrish*. After dinner I was told that the informer had
1284 showed up and the police dragged off the young boy.

1285

1286 p. 47

1287

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1288 **The Third *Shabbis* Meal at the Great *Bes Medrish***

1289

1290 For my Jews, the inhabitants of Mukatch, this thing is well known, but it will be
1291 interesting to convey some facts regarding the circumstances why I was physically and
1292 spiritually in great danger. This danger was also to my famil yand those close to me..
1293 There still were some tough guys in our shtetl—who did I get to have so much courage?
1294 The answer is: I learned it from my mother—*maaseh oovis simon l’boonim* [“the deeds of
1295 the parents should be an example to their children.”]

1296

1297 All of us remember the bitter years and days. There wasn’t a home that wasn’t missing
1298 one or more members of the family. Half the city was without a livelihood. To add insult
1299 to injury we were also “blessed” with informers in our midst. But only two of them were
1300 known to us: The older boy G and the younger boy M. The older boy “followed in the
1301 path of the ancestors.” [a cynical way of describing this snitch.] He was fairly intelligent;
1302 his attitude was usually practical—live and let live. But the younger one was a *mamzer*
1303 nonpareil. He was notoriously wicked, and to boot he was an imbecile. For five coins and
1304 a pat on the back he would sell his quarry to the police. The local police fought over their
1305 “merchandise”—to whom does this choice item belong. Various attempts were made to
1306 get rid of this boy using gentle persuasion: Giving him money, or sending him to
1307 Budapest so that he could find work there. They could not prevail upon him and he came
1308 back to the *shtetl* and continued to carry on with his “work.”

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1309

1310 February 1943, I find out that the police are up to something: They want to place a radio
1311 antenna on top of the Great *Bes Medrish*. They had already done this in some other cities
1312 in Hungary, and in this way were able to arrest the leaders of the community. Since I was
1313 one of the “dirt” and spent a great deal of time out in the streets with the young
1314 freeloaders I would very often come in contact with this young man. I would often go to
1315 the movie theatre with him, and pay for his ticket. I treated him like he was an intimate,
1316 and was seeking a way to get rid of him once and for all. Because the time was short I
1317 hastily put together an ad hoc *bes din* in the home of my uncle *Reb* Hershel Estreicher.
1318 The *bes din* was composed of *Reb* Moishe Friedman, the brother of my brother-in-law
1319 Yirme’, a master of Talmud and Commentaries, and a very wise man; *Reb* Fishel
1320 Shreiber, the son of the *dayan* [judge] *Reb* Chaim Shreiber; and my cousin Noosin
1321 Estreicher. I conveyed to them everything I knew and exhorted them to do something
1322 about it. And since both doing something and not doing something is a perilous thing and
1323 it can’t be publicize, they should rule according to the Torah. They ruled that you can
1324 [have a verdict of a death sentence] even on *Yom Kippur*. But they asked me to chastise
1325 him first. They asked me not to carry “hot” arms because even being caught with
1326 weapons could cause disaster. I should resort to the old mode of doing things, which we
1327 traditionally use to deal with characters like this.

1328

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1329 Having received a blessing from the *bes din* I commenced with preparations for my
1330 “work.” From my friend Weinberger I received some vitriol, because he used this to
1331 clean garments. I added to this my own “pharmacy” and hid it and placed it in a lecturn
1332 in the Small *Bes Medrish*. After that I went and loosened a couple of boards from the
1333 fence which divided the two *batei medrashim* and I kept my eyes out for this guy on his
1334 every step. And the story goes like this: I arrive to the courtyard of the Small *Bes Medrish*
1335 and I see a group of Jews with Gutman in the middle. Everyone is begging him
1336 mercifully not to call the police. This young man had snared a victim. I go over to “my”
1337 young man and ask him what is going on here. I make a little inquiry and I say to him,
1338 “What do you want from this poor person? Who are you to go call the police?” So he
1339 takes a letter with the signature of the police captain, that he is the city’s hero and no one
1340 can do him harm. I take my young man off to the side

1341

1342 p. 48

1343

1344 and I ask him, “What do you get for this *shtikkel* work?” “Five *zeheevim*,” he replied.
1345 “Here, take five, and at night we will meet at the theatre.” And then, as a matter of fact I
1346 ask him “You’re not afraid that someone is going to stick a knife in your back?” No, he
1347 says, he isn’t afraid. “If all the Jews are deported they will permit me to stay because I’m
1348 a patriot.”

1349

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1350 *Shabbis* afternoon, outside it was still snowing and cold and I went to look for “my”
1351 young man in the *bes medrish*. In the study room of the Great *Bes Medrish* I see Getzel,
1352 Gutman and a bunch of the street ruffians, some of whom were acquaintances of mine.
1353 Many of them had come from good homes but lamentably the problems led them off the
1354 straight and narrow path. I knew what their intention was here in the *bes medrish*. So I
1355 left and waited until the evening. Inside the Great *Bes Medrish* there were a couple of
1356 different *minyanim*, who were celebrating the Third *Shabbis* Meal. The Small *Bes*
1357 *Medrish* was right next door. I removed the two boards from the fence. There was no one
1358 in the Small *Bes Medrish* at that time because it was cold and there was nothing with
1359 which to get warm. The Third *Shabbis* Meal was celebrated at the home of the *dayan Reb*
1360 Meyer Vulf, may the righteous be for a blessing, and by *Reb* Mordche. I opened the
1361 lectern, took out my “merchandise” and opened a *Chumash* on the table. My eyes fell on
1362 the passage “*V’lumadetti Oisam* [“And You Shall Teach Them”] and I translated it as “I
1363 Will Teach Him Respect.” But I wasn’t sure where I should pull off my job—in the *bes*
1364 *medrish* or outside? I opened a Talmud, it was *Tractate Chullin*. Under the dim light I
1365 read the following: *Kidoishim befnim loi maaleh v’loi moirid m’bechitz k’doishim.*”
1366 [Can’t translate this.] Said and done. I knew that off in the corner of the *bes medrish*
1367 bifkeedis the police, a door must be open--[not for the sake of a *mitzvah*]. [I don’t
1368 understand this sentence.] I had disguised myself, black eyeglasses, rubber gloves, an old
1369 hat on my head—and held a beer glass in my hand. I had also stashed iron bar to deal
1370 with any exigency that might arise. I bang on the window of the Great *Bes Medrish*. I ask

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1371 for Gutman. They immediately send him over to me. He says to me, “I am Moses
1372 Gutman.”
1373
1374 p. 50
1375
1376 I said to him: I have a gift from the police chief to give to you.” Meet me at the side
1377 door,” he said. I stand right next to him and I ask him, “ Are you indeed the young man?”
1378 As soon as he opened his mouth I “honored” him with the beer glass. My aim was
1379 good—I got it right in his face, and he was momentarily blinded in both eyes, and his
1380 countenance was black. He swallowed a few drops and he was vomiting out his
1381 intestines. And as he’s about to start screaming I take off for the street and manage to
1382 arrive to my apartment, which was across the street from the *bes medrish*. I discarded my
1383 coat, which smelled heavily from the sour stuff that had poured on it. I ask my sister Leah
1384 to go out into the street with me—something has just transpired. She smells something
1385 pungent but she has no idea what it’s all about.
1386
1387 When we come out into the street it is everywhere black with people. The *bes medrish* is
1388 surrounded by police, and the couple of *minyanim* at the Third *Shabbis* Meal fled when
1389 they heard all the noises outside. But his friends who had been with him had detained the
1390 police. Getzel also took off immediately with the skin still on his face because he was
1391 afraid he too would be given an “honor.” The great news spread throughout the *shtetl*; it

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1392 was as if an attempted assassination had just been perpetrated against a known enemy.
1393 Also, among the non-Jewish inhabitants, but in particular among the Jews, there was
1394 great rejoicing. First of all, we had gotten rid of a terrible plague; we are an *am k'shai*
1395 *oiref* [a stiff-necked people] and there's a price to be paid for trampling on Jewish honor.
1396 The police chief didn't sleep that night. He sent the informer to an eye clinic in an
1397 ambulance—maybe they'll be able to salvage something. I got extra pleasure in knowing
1398 that the snitch was still alive—we'll always be able to point a finger at him and this will
1399 serve as a warning to the next generation. Several *minyanim* of Jews and non-Jews were
1400 detained by the police, those whose families Gutman has informed on, and various people
1401 whom his friends had tattled on during the interrogations. After a couple of days they
1402 were all released.

1403

1404 p. 51

1405

1406 They whole thing was a great mystery. Undercover investigators were sent to do
1407 examinations. I was standing right there and I saw that they couldn't determine what the
1408 material was that had been splashed on him. The bath house and the door of the *bes*
1409 *medrish* were full of holes; it was as if a fusillade of bullets had penetrated them. Also in
1410 the newspapers it was written up on the first page: "Jews are Taking Revenge on Their
1411 Informers." The good Jews in the *shtetl* said this must have been the work of a *shayd*
1412 [evil spirit or genie]. I had to destroy my *t'fillin* bag.)

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1413

1414 The most interesting thing of all is that after the police had released all of the accused
1415 they rounded up all the friends who could be found in the study room together with G.,
1416 and beat the living daylights out of them. The police came to the conclusion that this
1417 nasty piece of work was perpetrated by his rival G., because of their mutual animosity.
1418 They raided G's house and found a nice chunk of evidence. On Tuesday of that same
1419 week a sign was posted in the Great *Bes Medrish*: "Everyone is invited to come to the
1420 eulogy of G., which will take place at 2 PM." There was great rejoicing in the *shtetl*. In
1421 the Great *Bes Medrish* I myself heard how Jews in *tallis* and *t'fillin* were saying:
1422 "Blessed are the hands who pulled off this feat. This must have been the work of a secret
1423 agent."

1424

1425 Who was the secret agent?

1426

1427 We had a large contingent of soldiers in the *shtetl*, and others like this who would leave
1428 our city for the Russian front. The Jewish street extended to the edge of town where the
1429 soldiers would often go. At night it was dark and anarchic. The police had to maintain
1430 order, according to the laws of the land. But who doesn't remember what would go on!
1431 Since we all lived as neighbors on the Jewish street, I would hide out there. When I
1432 would hear a hue and cry I would pull out of my pocket a fear-inducing revolver, which
1433 shot blank bullets and made a great *tummel*, and also a police whistle, and I could howl

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1434 like a dog or like a couple of dogs—this is how I was able to come to the rescue when the
1435 situation arose. Sometimes I would get broken bones [I’m wondering if he meant here
1436 that he meted out broken bones].

1437

1438 p. 52

1439

1440 The next morning I would often hear in the *bes medrish* “the Hidden One saved us last
1441 night.”

1442

1443 ***M’Shallakh Munis [Purim Gift] for My Father***

1444

1445 *Peerim* came out a couple of weeks after that Third *Shabbis* Meal in the Great *Bes*
1446 *Medrish*. My father, may he rest in peace, and the relatives were sitting around and
1447 celebrating the *Seedos Peerim* [Purim Meal] at my uncle’s, the judge, *Reb Meir Vulf*,
1448 may the righteous be for a blessing. The conversation about the snitch never ceased from
1449 the table—“Who pulled off this piece of work?” I hear how my father is saying, “*Oy*,
1450 would I love to have a share in this *mitzvah*.” I go back home and I take a piece of paper
1451 and jot down, “I give you a share of the *mitzvah* as a *m’shallakh munis* gift to you this
1452 *Peerim*. I placed the paper inside a coffee jar and hand it to my father. My father, may
1453 the righteous be for a blessing, opened it up under the table, didn’t utter a word and put it
1454 in his pocket. We never discussed this thing ever again.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1455

1456 The year 1943: Jewish refugees were no longer arriving from Poland. The situation is
1457 relatively calm. The Nazis are being pulverized from every direction: In Russia, in
1458 Africa, the Italian invasion. Salvation is at the doorstep. In the government and from
1459 among the ministers there are some people who are defending the Jews, and helping them
1460 in whatever way they can. They're waiting for a Nazi debacle. The foreign minister,
1461 Koloszi, is engaged in war on two fronts, but he will not permit the Jews to be extradited.
1462 In his public addresses he would say angrily: "We need the Jews. Our people the
1463 Hungarians are peasants and we don't understand business." He also ceased sending
1464 Jewish forced laborers to work on the front by the Polish border and even brought home a
1465 small number of Jews from Poland. Foreign propaganda also had a great deal to do with
1466 influencing the general population. The Hungarian military, which was fighting on the
1467 Russian front together with the Germans was routed

1468

1469 p. 53

1470

1471 and smashed to pieces like chopped kraut in the Russian winter snow.

1472

1473 The Germans expropriated the greatest part of the harvest yield and that's why they were
1474 giving play toys to the children. Jewish mercantile businesses and livelihood are now in
1475 very unfavorable circumstances. Conditions for Jewish life across the land are half

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1476 normal. The prevailing conditions are disastrous but somehow people manage to get by.

1477 The German government is taking a large share of the wood to build her navy ships and

1478 other war materiel from the Jews of the Carpathian [Mountains]. The largest

1479 percentage—young men of military elders have been forcibly recruited across the land

1480 and also in Poland. There is no lack of *tzooris*!

1481

1482 The Hungarian Nazi-Fascists Party made a number of stabs at usurping control of the

1483 government. For a short period their party was outlawed and their leader Szalazsi, may

1484 his name be name be rubbed out, was incarcerated. After a direct command from the

1485 Germans he and his party were given their freedom.

1486

1487 Several hundred Jews were able to travel with passports to Israel via Greece and Turkey.

1488 The Germans were being paid a couple of hundred dollars per head so that these Jews

1489 would be allowed to cross their occupied territory. Among those in the transport were the

1490 Belzer Rebbe, may the righteous be for a blessing, may he have a good life, and may he

1491 live into a ripe old age, with his whole family. Hungarian officers had brought the Belzer

1492 Rebbe from Poland for

1493 40,000 *pfengeh*. The largest share of the money had come from *Munkatch*. This holy Jew

1494 bade farewell with tears in his eyes from a balcony in Budapest in front of a huge

1495 congregation of Jews who had come from all over the land, and I was also there. If the

1496 English had permitted it [migration to Palestine] thousands of Jews could have been

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1497 saved at that time. The Hungarians permitted exiting and the Germans were hard up for
1498 money but the Kingdom of Falsehood not only didn't permit it—it actually impeded.

1499

1500 When October '43 arrived I was eligible for military duty, which was a substitute for
1501 military service, and I was drafted and sent off to do conscripted labor.

1502

1503 p. 54

1504

1505 The non-Jews who turned 21 were drafted into the army. Sick people, and those who had
1506 vital factory jobs were not drafted. Also for a bunch of money and a little bit of hanky-
1507 panky, one could squirm out of service. I had no desire to go. The Germans were being
1508 beaten to a pulp; how much longer could this go on? Pretty soon the war will be over—
1509 that's what everyone was saying. What do I need to go with a healthy head into a sick
1510 bed—and to have to work for these wicked ones? So I forged my documents and made
1511 myself a few years younger so that I wouldn't have to go before the recruitment board.
1512 But it was difficult to be in this city because some of the police knew me, and they had
1513 photographs of everyone.

1514

1515 I had devised a way on how to get out: the appropriate clothing, blankets, and a knapsack,
1516 so that my family wouldn't know I was going AWOL because it wasn't prudent to have
1517 the family know everything. The police would come to the homes to search for those who

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1518 had deserted from the military. For this reason even my parents were not supposed to
1519 know of my whereabouts. On the first day of *s'leechis* [The ten days in between *Rosh*
1520 *Hashanah* and *Yom Kippur* when prayers dealing with repentance called *s'leechis* are
1521 recited], when both my father and mother were already in the *bes medrish*, I slunk off to
1522 the railroad station with a valise, my new documents and a pair of spectacles. I didn't
1523 have much time to procrastinate because in a couple of days things would have been even
1524 more difficult. I knew that the police and gendarme were lurking at the station; they know
1525 all the tricks of the trade people were pulling off. I disappeared into a waiting train—not
1526 even having said farewell to my family.

1527

1528 For the life of me I couldn't imagine that I would be parting company with my family
1529 forever—that I would never see them again. I didn't go far, only to a sister to stay for
1530 over the *yomim tovim*[holidays]. I had to take into consideration the possibility that my
1531 parents would be detained and tortured in order to extract information from them because
1532 their son has disappeared. This was also avoided because the search warrant was given
1533 over to a familiar policeman. Everything was taken care of with difficulties.

1534

1535 After the holidays I traveled to Budapest. This city was an asylum for refugees and draft
1536 dodgers—it was a city of more than three million people, among them eighty thousand
1537 Jews. At that time the city was peaceful. It wasn't obvious out in the streets that a titanic
1538 war was blazing in the East. There was no shortage of material sustenance except for

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1539 some materiel that was essential for the war effort—textiles, leather, etc. Jewish life was
1540 carried on without deprivation and for a couple of dollars you could “fix” anything with
1541 the government officials and those up there on the “high windows.” The Cosmos helped
1542 me and I found a temporary job in the Orthodox Jewish sanitarium in Buda, which was
1543 under the supervision of the Orthodox *kehillah* [communal structure]. There was plenty
1544 to eat and drink, and I found a warm home among religious Jews. There, one could also
1545 find some Slovaks with false documents. This place was very ideal: far from
1546 downtown, no inspections, and the most secure place in the city. Work regulations
1547 required that I be dressed in a white coat and to assist the doctors during operations. A
1548 couple of very prominent doctors worked there, and also non-Jews went there for rehab. I
1549 immediately measured up to my tasks because this was integral to my work ethic; helping
1550 sick people and healthy people with heart. That’s how I was and that’s how my father,
1551 may the memory of the righteous be for a blessing, was. My siblings often came to visit
1552 me, and I carried on a correspondence with my father. He was very happy and he would
1553 often send me his *chidushay Toireh* [Talmudic novellae]. In every letter he would
1554 implore me to not to forget to do a study session in *Gemorreh* [Talmud] and the weekly
1555 *parsheh* [section] of the *Chumash*. Whenever I had the opportunity I would fulfill my
1556 fathers request. And every day I thanked the Creator of the Universe that I found myself
1557 in such a warm environment when my friends were toiling in the cold, starving, and
1558 under the baton.
1559

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1560 March '44: The Russian Army was already on the east side of the Carpathian Mountains,
1561 and any day they could cross over to the other side. The Hungarians started cleaning [?]
1562 up the large cities—evacuating prominent officials. The Jews were waiting for the
1563 Russians with considerable ambivalence: The good Jews said the Russians were even
1564 worse than the Germans because they want to destroy the soul whereas the Germans only
1565 the body.

1566

1567 Overnight came the bitter disappointment. The Hungarian leader Horthy was called to
1568 Berlin and the German boot now covered all of Hungary. The only country it still held as
1569 its last card. In Budapest when we got up in the morning the Germans had already
1570 occupied every part of the city. They let the regime remain in the possession of the old
1571 hands, and didn't hand it over to the Neo-Nazi Party. A whole slew of decrees were
1572 promulgated against the Jews and broadcast on the radio. The police, gendarme and
1573 detectives went on a manhunt for Jews in all the trains and stations.

1574

1575 Overnight, Hungary turned into a hell.

1576

1577 The wicked Hungarians started to carry out their ferociously barbaric and sadistic
1578 atrocities on their erstwhile good Jewish neighbors. The German had little to teach them;
1579 they indulged themselves with even greater viciousness than the masters themselves. And
1580 this would mark the beginning of the last chapter of Hungarian and Carpathian Jewry.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1581 Where can we run to from here? A small number crossed the border into Romania. Some
1582 Slovakian refugees go back to Slovakia with *goyishe* papers. The situation there was a
1583 little bit more calm because most of the Jews of Slovakia had already been deported. A
1584 plan was underway in Budapest to organize several battalions of Jews, who, with the
1585 assistance of Hungarian officers, as soldiers with equipment to go to

1586

1587 p. 57

1588

1589 Carpathi to the Russians and become partisans. They inform us from the Russian side:

1590 “Spare us your favors.”

1591

1592 Budapest is heavily bombarded and also other large cities. The land becomes a huge
1593 killing field. The Germans will make an end to the “pepper-heads.” In May there is a
1594 lightning transport to Polish-Auschwitz. I happened so quickly that in no time at all entire
1595 cities and provinces become *judenrein*. First, it was the Carpathian Jews. It appears that
1596 the Russians were waiting for the Jews to be taken away. Then they tried to ferret out the
1597 Jews in the hinterlands. At this time there still was no ghetto in Budapest. The Hungarian
1598 regime was not ready to extradite its Jews, and came up with all kinds of alibis to avoid
1599 deportations from the city. Jews had to wear the yellow badge, and every day manhunts
1600 were made in various sections of the city where Jews resided. At that time I could be

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1601 found at the Jewish hospital. When I had to go into town to run an errand I would
1602 disguise myself as a blind person with black eye glasses and a white cane in my hand.

1603

1604 **Good Memories**

1605

1606 Remember What The Amalekites Did To You...!

1607

1608 Although I wasn't in Munkatch in the time of the ghetto, as I pointed out earlier,
1609 nevertheless, at this juncture, I would like to write a little bit what took place there in that
1610 terribly lamentable period.

1611

1612 Before the ghetto was established, Jews from the better families and the dignitaries of the
1613 city were chosen by the Nazis, may they be blotted out forever, and given the name
1614 "judenrat." They were convened by the Nazi S.S. at the City Hall, where they were given
1615 instructions and orders. At the same time Jews in the *bes medrashim* in the city

1616

1617 p. 58

1618

1619 gathered to say *T'hillim* [Psalms] and to pray so that the outcome would go well for the
1620 communal leadership, and bring good news. Some of them were even standing around in
1621 front of City Hall and were asking the Jews who had come out of the building what the

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1622 [Nazi] overlords wanted from them. “There is nothing to worry about,” they pathetically
1623 replied. “No one will be harmed if we faithfully follow orders.” When word of this got
1624 around in the *bes medrish* among the *Tanach* [Bible] Study Group they started jumping
1625 around for joy.

1626

1627 Over time there were fewer and fewer German soldiers to be seen patrolling the streets.
1628 The task of running the ghetto was delegated to a contingent of S.S. with the assistance of
1629 notorious Hungarian gendarme and local police, and also yesterday’s neighbors.

1630

1631 Then the S.S. Amalekites convened a “court” and asked them some pointed questions.
1632 Among other things they asked what the words “*toiv shebagoyim l’hurig*,” means [“Even
1633 the best of *goyim* are worthy of death”] and the judge, *Reb Meir Vulf* spoke up: “The
1634 translation is that even the best of the *goyim*, this means, even your neighbors, are ready
1635 to kill you.”

1636

1637 One week before Passover, before the lockdown of the ghetto, I received the last letter
1638 my father sent me. It was a farewell letter from my father. I came to think of this letter as
1639 a will. I can’t and will never forget it. I read this letter countless times and reviewed it
1640 until the moment when I needed to part with it and other holy writings that I buried in a
1641 forest in Austria. I will discuss this later in my story. This is roughly what he had written
1642 to me:

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1643

1644 My dear child Shimon!

1645

1646 It pains me greatly that I'm not able to visit you, and you will never again be sitting at my

1647 *seder*. Black clouds are hovering over our skies, and heavy winds are blowing.

1648

1649 p. 59

1650

1651 I have no idea what will be the fate of our family; I only hope that you will remain alive.

1652 You have a bow and arrow in your hand, think and contemplate deeply before you shoot

1653 it, because afterward you can't withdraw it. You are like a captain on a sailboat in stormy

1654 waters, which is sailing against the wind, and with one wrong turn the ship will sink in

1655 the ocean. Don't be too quick in your judgments and also don't be too anxious about us.

1656

1657 Returning to Zion is our dream. When the Blessed Lord will return his children to Zion,

1658 we will think that all the terrible suffering which we have endured was like a dream. *Ha-*

1659 *zurim b'deema b'reena yiktzoiru*, those who sow in tears will reap in joy. *Hoilaich*

1660 *yelech u'bicha noiseh meshech h-zurah*, Though he goes on his way weeping bearing the

1661 store of seed he shall come back with joy bearing his sheaves. When you carry the bundle

1662 of *tzooris* with tears you have a double burden. *Bo Yavoi b'reena noisay aleemoisov*, with

1663 joyous worth come those who know that the bundles have an ultimate objective.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1664

1665 Go in the Jewish path and don't forget your old pious father.

1666

1667 Shmuel Chaim ben Yisrooel

1668

1669 These are the words of my father, and this was an intuition that I would survive and have

1670 the privilege [rare honor] to carry out his mission when the propitious time would arrive.

1671 He also hinted that I am one of those of this generation of children who will entering the

1672 land [of Israel], with the words which he ended the letter: "*B'shuv ha-Shem es Shivas*

1673 *Tzion Bo Yavoi b'reena noisay aleemoisov.*" [A prayer longing for the return to Zion.]

1674

1675 For the *yom tov* of Pesach everyone was still in his own home with the exception of those

1676 families whom the Germans had driven out of their houses, especially those with fancy

1677 homes and large courtyards. By us, for example, they emptied out the floors where the

1678 millionaire Reisman was living with his neighbors.

1679

1680 At this time the Russian Army was stationed in the valleys below the Carpathian

1681 Mountains and it seemed like they were edging forward. The Hungarians were starting to

1682 evacuate their leading dignitaries from parts of the city near the border. The Russians,

1683 however, stayed put and were waiting to carry out their offensive. The Jews were

1684 confounded as to who would be better for them, the Reds or the Blacks [the S.S. wore

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1685 brown shirts and black swastikas), but most people were hoping for a Russian invasion. It
1686 would later actualize.

1687

1688 The second *Shabbis* after *Pesach* came to known to us as the Black Sabbath in *Munkatch*.

1689 The Germans with the help of the gendarme and the police snared Jews right out in the

1690 Jewish street, from the *shul*, from the *Small Bes Medrish*. It was there that the tailor

1691 Henig was shot, because they had found him hiding inside a carton. Threatening to bring

1692 down their thick leather batons on the heads of the Jews they forced them to break the

1693 benches and dais of the *shul* in the *Small Bes Medrish*. Others were forced to perform

1694 various ceremonies. They pulled out half of *Reb Zalman Leib Yozefovitch*'s beard with

1695 the skin. Others were forced to crawl on their bellies and do a circular procession around

1696 the *bemah* in the *Great Bes Medrish*. Some were whacked around with the boards of the

1697 benches. It happened to be that on that *Shabbis* my father was in the *Small Bes Medrish*

1698 because, as usual, he would get up real early in the morning to do a study session with

1699 *Reb Moishe Chaim Golden*. My sister *Lyeh Tzvee* [she was named after the mother of his

1700 *rebbe* in *Insdorf*) went looking for my father, in the process putting her own life in

1701 danger, to bring him home at a moment when the Germans weren't looking. My father

1702 didn't want to part with the other Jews and said he wanted to throw in his lot with the

1703 rest. Everyone was now reckoning for the worst. With great pain she somehow managed

1704 to bring my father back home. That *Shabbis* my father turned quire gray, because even at

1705 63 he still had had a black beard.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1706

1707 The next day, Sunday, the *judenrat* was commanded to gather in the *shteebel* of the *bes*
1708 *din*, and when the German S.S.

1709

1710 p. 61

1711

1712 showed up with leather sticks in their hands, they began whacking them over their heads.

1713 On person who tried to jump out of the window was shot on the spot. At this point they

1714 gave a command to form the ghetto.

1715

1716 On the 15th of April '44, the Jews of the city were divided up in two ghettos. The small

1717 ghetto extended from the Rob's Street [?] to the lumber yard, and was sectioned off from

1718 the major streets. The larger ghetto was situated in the vicinity of the Jewish street--

1719 Danka Street and small side streets extending up to the water--and also cut off from the

1720 main street. They smashed all the fences that encircled the houses, and commanded to

1721 make one. [I don't quite understand this sentence.] The Jews of Rasvigoff and the

1722 adjoining villages were concentrated in Oestriecher's Cement Factory.

1723

1724 In the ghettos the Jews were speculating about what was waiting in store for them. The

1725 consensus was that they were going to be sent to Germany in work detachments. No one

1726 wanted to believe that it would be anything else. With all their strength they were

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1727 clinging to and consoling each other, and they didn't give up hope, even though in their
1728 heart of hearts they knew the Decree had been Decreed.

1729

1730 The Jews were penned inside the ghetto for four weeks before they were taken away.

1731 During this time everything that was of worth was confiscated from them. They bolted

1732 down the Jewish businesses and took away the keys.

1733

1734 Early one morning the gendarme and the police surrounded parts of the ghetto, and

1735 wielding sticks went around beating the Jews and driving them out of their houses. As

1736 predicted everyone was ready with packed bags and knapsacks for the "journey." The

1737 scenarios and the vicious brutality that took place as the Jews were being driven out of

1738 their houses is very difficult for me to articulate on paper. Old people and invalids were

1739 put into baby carriages and were *shlept* around like this in the streets. Tiny children in

1740 their mother's arms, crying and screeching were chased and beaten along the way to the

1741 cement factory in Shayovitsh. The former *goyishe* neighbors were laughing and making

1742 jest when the Jews were passing by their windows trudging with their packs on their

1743 shoulders, going along the way they knew they would not be coming back to.

1744

1745 For a couple of days the Jews were kept confined in the cement factory, and there, once

1746 again, they were told to hand over anything that was of any worth. They also demanded

1747 that the Jews bring in their *talaisim*, *t'fillin*, and *sifrey koidesh* [Holy Books]. Anyone

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1748 who is caught withholding something will be shot on the spot. The items were piled up

1749 and burned in a bonfire.

1750

1751 Railroad trains arrived on the scene, and three days later the process of loading began.

1752 Sixty to one hundred Jews were packed into the cattle cars, many without bread or water.

1753 The fate of the Jews rested on the extent of the viciousness of the one doing the

1754 commanding. The wagon in which my parents were transported was fortunately under the

1755 command of a kindly policeman. He permitted people to bring food and water on board

1756 and even handed my sister a candy. And only 60 people were packed into that car.

1757

1758 The S.S. were asking around who could speak German, and since my father was

1759 proficient in the language he was made accountable for all the people in his car; his job

1760 was to see to it that they wouldn't run away. When the train stopped a couple of times out

1761 in the open fields the door were unlocked and people ran out to take care of nature's

1762 calling. The trip took two days and two nights.

1763

1764 When the transport reached the Polish border my father said to my sister: He knows and

1765 knew in advance where they were going. He blessed my sister Fraidl, who was the

1766 frailest among the children and said to her, "May the Blessed Lord help so that you will

1767 be among the survivors."

1768

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1769 On the fourth day of the month of Sivan the transport arrived to Auschwitz.

1770

1771 P .63

1772

1773 **War**

1774

1775 Budapest, the 15th of June, 1944: The government calls for a general mobilization of Jews

1776 ages 18-45. On great placards on the walls it stated where and when one was supposed to

1777 appear to receive instructions about work-details. This mobilization was generally that of

1778 a military character. Supposedly it was on the pretext that they need robust Jewish

1779 workers. The Jewish population in Budapest was glad to take on this task because the city

1780 was like a battlefield because of the daily bombardments raining down from the skies,

1781 killing hundreds of people. I resolved to also do my duty and go to work. With my

1782 “Aryan” papers it was difficult for me to hang around with my Jewish features. And

1783 remaining in the city was also not a good idea.

1784

1785 On the 15th of June 1944 bundled up with a knapsack, bed covers and warm clothes I

1786 ventured over to the gathering place in Yazberien. There I encountered thousands of Jews

1787 (and half Jews) of a whole variety of ages—Jews from Budapest, and many young people

1788 from the Carpathian Mountains who found themselves in the same situation that I was in.

1789 Everyone had to undergo a medical examination and the sick ones were let go. People

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1790 were divided up in three categories: strenuous, moderate, and light work details. And
1791 according to age—older and younger. The commandant, a tall Hungarian officer, went
1792 about seeking out some artisans, business people, attorneys, and doctors—and all were
1793 placed in separate categories. I didn't place myself in any one work category, but simply
1794 let fate and destiny make the decision for me. My father had said to me, "When you don't
1795 know what's the best thing to do, just sit in that place, *shoov v'al taaseh* --sit and don't do
1796 anything. Just let things evolve on their own." And as it turns out, all the people who
1797 were placed in work categories were eventually shipped to Yugoslavia, to Kiper Shachten
1798 (Menos), in the city "Baar."

1799

1800

1801

1802 p. 64

1803

1804 Since according to my false papers I was eighteen years old I was placed in the category
1805 of 18-20 year olds who were to remain in the land to do light work. Most of these young
1806 people were from Budapest, and many also came from the Carpathian Mountains. It was
1807 like in the military: Battalions of 240 men led by a major and a second-in-command
1808 (non-Jews) who carried weapons. Our eight officers were mostly elderly *goyim* who had
1809 served in WWI. In fact, not such terrible guys. They would always reassure us: "We
1810 won't hit you." Every sixty people received a non-Jewish group leader in a military

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1811 uniform and with weapons. My group leader was a squinting old Gypsy, very proud that
1812 he was given power to lord it over sixty people. Some of our good fellows knew him
1813 from the pubs in Budapest. We all wore the clothing we had brought with us. Everyone
1814 was provided with a military cap and a yellow arm-band on the hand; the half-Jews wore
1815 a white band.

1816

1817 For three days we were engaged in military instruction—and a lot of marching around
1818 with our knapsacks. We already knew all the military commands because once a week
1819 every one of the youngsters had to read through the instruction manual. This was the law
1820 in Hungary. On the third day we received a military command to get ready for marching-
1821 preparedness. A Jewish doctor with medicaments and four wagons with two horses for
1822 every wagon. [This is an awkward sentence.] We were told to put our money in a
1823 collective safe box. We weren't so "devout" and kept most of our money to ourselves.
1824 We stocked up on bread and other products and we marched to the train station thirty to a
1825 wagon. We had freedom of movement and the cattle cars weren't locked down, and we
1826 were able to buy things at the stations. On the way we witnessed Jews being sent to
1827 Auschwitz in shut cattle cars. Our leader had no idea where we were going, but like in
1828 any other military organization, along the way he received further instructions. Our
1829 military cook was hard at work and we were provided with three warm meals a day.

1830

1831 p. 65

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1832

1833 On the third day we arrived to Zibenberg 30 km from Grosswerdein in a little village
1834 called Retag. Along the way we saw many thousand of workers—Jews and non-Jews—
1835 by a second train station that the Germans wanted to construct in a hurry for military
1836 purposes, that would extend from Hungary to Romania. Not far from the train station
1837 where our work place was situated there was a barracks three stories high with bunk beds
1838 for sleeping. For the officers and for the doctor there were separate accommodations. Our
1839 commandant, a tall, older officer, a veteran of the first world war, who lived in Budapest,
1840 gave a speech in which he expressed great empathy. We were mostly young people. Our
1841 parents were hauled away, already knowing their fate. “Don’t lose spirit,” he would say.
1842 “The war will end soon. Be good and devout. No one should dare to desert.” He promised
1843 to bring all of us back home. No one will be attacked. Everyone should work as much as
1844 they can. We are all soldiers. Our situation looked quite gloomy. We heard a great deal of
1845 consolation from this elderly *goy*, who probably must have fought with Jews in WWI.
1846 We set up a tailoring and shoemaking shop, and an infirmary for sick people.

1847

1848 After two days of rest everyone was given a digging shovel to carry on their shoulders.
1849 Not far from our barrack they were commencing work on a second train line for the front
1850 to Romania, where the Germans had a large concentration of military, which had just
1851 retreated from Russia. When the Romanians turned their coat upside down to the
1852 Germans [i.e. deserted them] and the former had broken through the whole front, the

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1853 Germans could no longer retreat to Poland and now they needed to build that line as fast
1854 as possible. We had to put up with this work for a couple of weeks. Our officers weren't
1855 exactly breaking their *spudiks* [a variation on *shtreimels* i.e. working very hard]. The
1856 Gypsy was our overseer and engineer who supervised our working details. But after a
1857 couple of weeks we were bitterly disappointed.

1858

1859 p. 66

1860

1861 Our work was taken over by the well-known Hungarian military pioneers who
1862 established an outstanding reputation torturing Jews by working them to death.

1863

1864 Some of these officers were our supervisors and they would bark out orders every day for
1865 digging work, which even for a typical farmer was too much strenuous labor. Our officers
1866 were also told to take off their silk gloves because it was necessary to get the work done
1867 as fast as possible even if no one should remain alive. With this new train line they'll be
1868 able to drive the Russians and Romanians back to Moscow. If not, then everything is lost.

1869 The Sunday rest day was taken away from us, and seven days we worked from early in
1870 the morning to late at night. The Germans' hegemony rested in our hands. They would hit
1871 and beat us with heavy batons. Every day there were new decrees. Our officers couldn't
1872 help us. We were broken down into groups of five. It came out that I ended up with the
1873 weakest among the two hundred and forty. Everyday I would receive *makis roitzayech*

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1874 ["a battering from the cruel one"]. I reminded myself of my father's words: "*Hayn goalti*
1875 *eschem achariss k'raishiss*, [I will redeem you as I did in Egypt]. We were well fed; they
1876 needed our hands and backs!

1877

1878 p. 66, 2nd paragraph

1879

1880 I didn't have to work on the railroad tracks very long. One lovely night the foreman
1881 wakes me up and says to me. "I heard that you worked in a hospital and you're able to
1882 help the sick." He takes me to the doctors' barracks. A young man of about eighteen is
1883 lying on a bed with a high fever and a badly swollen hand from blood poisoning. The
1884 doctor was occupied with others at the hospital and his new assistant hasn't a clue as to
1885 what to do. The foreman tells me he knows the parents of the young man. I have to help
1886 this young man or else he will shoot me on the spot. I did exactly as I was told. All the
1887 officers were standing around us and carefully watching me perform a normal operation--
1888 sterilizing some of the doctor's medical tools and slitting open the swollen hand

1889

1890 p. 67

1891

1892 --as I had seen it performed by my doctors in the Jewish hospital. A couple of hours later
1893 the young boy was in good order, and his temperature was back to normal. Suddenly I
1894 was a hero! I no longer had to go off to the usual workplace, but now I stayed on in the

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1895 sanatorium and assisted the doctor. I was given a leather bag with medicaments and an
1896 armband with the red cross, "paraded" around in my work post and watched as they were
1897 doing hard labor. I also had to do the rounds among the district's sick peasants because no
1898 doctors could be found in this whole region.

1899

1900 I was able to purchase foodstuff for those who ate only kosher. We were also able to form
1901 a couple of minyanim, and we were able to daven in the morning and in the evening. We
1902 had to get up before everyone else and daven quickly. In this way a nice coterie of us
1903 religious ones were able to stick together and we were able to spiritually strengthen each
1904 other in any way we could be of help to each other. I had the freedom to give people time
1905 off from work if I determined that they weren't healthy enough. I allotted everyone
1906 enough time so that all were satisfied. There were no cases of anyone dying at the
1907 workplace during the duration of our time working on the railroad tracks, even though the
1908 work was hard and bitter. We were given enough to eat, and being still quite young the
1909 work under the skies all the summer days in the sunny months, didn't have an adverse
1910 effect on us. People assisted each other to finish the demanded work quota in order not to
1911 be beaten up. We had no newspapers or radios. Still we knew what was going on at the
1912 front from individual soldiers who worked not far from us. They were there building a
1913 bridge for the railroad tracks. They also had to work hard and they had great empathy for
1914 us.

1915

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1916 I should also remark here about the behavior of our tormentors at the workplace. When
1917 they laid off of us and kept their hands to themselves, we knew that the Russians were
1918 meting out a beating at the front. If the situation was reverse they would be

1919

1920 p. 68

1921

1922 physically abusive in the worst Hungarian sort of way, resorting to expletives that one
1923 can't find in a lexicon.

1924

1925 One o'clock on one hot day I was very tired from doing my rounds in the workplace with
1926 my leather bag, and I lay down on the grass and caught a little bit of a nap. I didn't see the
1927 hitter but I told someone if he should see him coming around he should quickly wake me
1928 up. The soldier suddenly leaped out from under the tall grass, grabbed me while I was
1929 still asleep and dragged me with his two hands and off into the tall grass. He pulled off
1930 his leather belt and with the belt buckle started flailing away. I could see that this was
1931 going to be disaster for me; he was intending to kill me. So I tore the belt away from his
1932 hands and threw it far away, then lashed out at him with my fists to his jaw and knocked
1933 out a couple of his teeth. He keeled over and just lay there motionless. I immediately ran
1934 off to the barracks where our officers could be found and told them that the hitter wants
1935 to kill me--he doesn't realize that I'm the paramedic. This is no small matter! After work
1936 my friends gathered around me and and wondered what had taken place. They had seen

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1937 me running out of the tall grass but they asked me what had happened with the soldier
1938 (the hitter). They had seen him a couple of hours later being taken away and not coming
1939 back. I decided to be reticent about this, and the soldier did too--he was very much
1940 ashamed that he, a soldier, a head taller and heavier than me, was now walking around
1941 with a couple of front teeth missing. Even more pathetic--a couple of days later he had to
1942 have another loose tooth extracted by our Jewish doctor and for a long time he refused to
1943 show his face at the workplace. When he finally did return to work, he did everything
1944 possible to avoid me.

1945

1946

1947

1948 Some weeks later when the Russians finally broke through the front and were edging
1949 closer to our work site, the soldiers were rounded up and the pioneers who were working
1950 on the railroad tracks (including our hitter), tried to fend off the Russian tanks with their
1951 rifles.

1952

1953 p. 69

1954

1955 Our work ceased. My hitter once was found in our barracks with a couple of cartons of
1956 cigarettes. He got up on top of a large box and pleaded with us to forgive him for
1957 attacking us so murderously. He now realized what a terrible thing he had done. (This

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1958 was not done willingly on his part, his officers had forced him to do it.) He came over to
1959 me and reached out with his hands, and he asked that the cigarettes should be distributed
1960 among all of us. A couple of days later he was dead with a bullet in his head. This is the
1961 story told to us by the few soldiers who had survived and fled from the front--which
1962 wasn't far away--by Tarda-Tur near Arad.

1963

1964 At that time Jews [WHERE?] were being deported, but most of the Jewish population of
1965 Budapest was still intact. Older men, women and children and a couple of thousand
1966 recruited workers [not a completed. In Budapest the Jewish population was concentrated
1967 in a ghetto around a couple of streets and tall buildings. They were forced to wear the
1968 yellow Mogen David and only for a couple of hours everyday were they permitted
1969 movement in the ghetto quarter to buy some essential things to survive. The regime didn't
1970 want to hand the Jews over to the Germans. The war minister at that time, Lukacs, issued
1971 a decree regarding the Jews who were working under the Defense Administration, that
1972 they should be treated like soldiers. We actually sensed this in the lightening up of the
1973 work tasks.

1974

1975 We also received big boxes of clothing, warm garments, and bed covers from the Jewish
1976 Kehillah in Budapest.

1977

1978 August 1944: A large number of people from my company received letters and packages

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

1979 from their parents. I also received letters and packages from the Jewish Sanitarium where
1980 I had been working previously. From our parents or family, we no longer heard anything.
1981 We knew what their fate was. Our only consolation was that we weren't far from the front
1982 and that any moment now the Russians and Romanians would surround us
1983
1984 p. 70
1985
1986 as had happened with many others. We saw the disintegration of the Nazis with our own
1987 eyes, as their casualties were battered and smashed at the fronts on the other side of the
1988 railroad tracks. Our work was for naught--like in Egypt. The work was good for nothing.
1989 The Russians and Romanians will use this to chase down the Germans and Hungarians.
1990 The front is receding daily and we are being bombarded from the air. We have to dig
1991 graves for the Germans because the Russians are only a few kilometers away. With the
1992 eye one can see the movement on the other side of the front. We find ourselves face to
1993 face with the German military and tanks and the first line of military soldiers and officers.
1994 They refer to us Jews as "children" and treat us decently. But only at night can we
1995 continue to dig ditches because the Russians keep shooting with cannons and airplanes.
1996 Twelve of us are killed as sacrifices. I, as paramedic, have difficult work amputating
1997 hands and feet. People are literally dying in my hands. Shrapnel and bombs are falling
1998 from every direction. Early in the morning, when we go back to the front, we no longer
1999 find the work area which we had left the day before. The Russian Katushas have blown

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2000 up everything: People, cattle, birds. Many German tanks have ben blown up and many
2001 soldiers are dead.

2002

2003 I had an interesting encounter with the Germans. In a moving train that was transporting
2004 soldiers to the front one German soldier fell on the _____ [?glayzen]. The train didn't stop
2005 and the soldier was lying there with a torn hand and bleeding profusely. Hungarian
2006 soldiers who happened to be there at the scene ran over and wanted to help him. The
2007 soldier managed to grab his bayonet and started screaming, "Ivan or Russians away from
2008 me." He was semi-conscious and didn't realize that these were Hungarian soldiers. I
2009 happened to be not far away. The soldiers came running up to me and said that since I
2010 was able to speak some German I should try to approach him. I said to him, "I am not a
2011 Russian--just a Jew!" He throws the blade away and says to me, "Jew, child, help me." I
2012 did what I had to do

2013

2014

2015

2016 p. 71

2017

2018

2019

2020 and called a German ambulance. For this they gave me a whole box full of medicaments

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2021 and bandages, which I was in dire need of at that time.

2022

2023

2024

2025 In September the Russians broke through the whole length of the Romanian front and
2026 were chasing down the Hungarians and Germans. There were many casualties and there
2027 was great upheaval on all sides. A large number of people from my work detail suddenly
2028 found themselves not far from the front in a small Romanian vilage. This was on Sukkos,
2029 so they constructed a sukkah and celebrated the holiday. There was nowhere to engage in
2030 work, and the officers were located in a different village. The Romanian military
2031 surrounded the village and one hundred and eighty Jewish workers were liberated that
2032 day. Some of them knew Romanian and had conversations with the Romanian soldiers.
2033 They were permitted to go wherever they felt like going and this was their great luck,
2034 because the Russians made things more difficult. Oftentimes when Jews fell into the
2035 hands of the Russians their fate was not very different from that of the Germans or other
2036 enemy combatants: Sent off to Siberia. Many thousands of innocent people left their
2037 bones there together with yesterday's enemies.

2038

2039 I was not of these fortunate ones. The Cosmos led me to Germany and I had to wait until
2040 the end of the war. I went through cold and warm.

2041 I found myself in a new workplace with the officers and the doctor. We were given a

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2042 command to run as fast as possible because the Russians had crossed the Carpathian
2043 Mountains and all the fronts were open. We needed to run as quickly as possible to
2044 penetrate deep into the country. I was quite confused and wasn't sure if it was better to
2045 fall into the hands of the Red Army as a captive. I did know about the fate of many Jews
2046 who had been waiting for salvation from the Red Army.

2047

2048 All the major roads were congested with German and Hungarian soldiers. People were
2049 running around like poisoned cats.

2050

2051 p. 72

2052

2053 Bombs were raining down from the skies and the dead and paralyzed were rotting away
2054 on the highways and byways.

2055

2056 The fifteenth of October 1944: On the way already deeper into the motherland, we were
2057 outraged by the commands coming from the

2058 Horthy regime, specifically the capitulation. "We want a truce with the Russians. The
2059 campaign on all the front must cease." Like a thunder it struck the Jews and the soldiers.

2060 "The war is over!" Everyone can now go home; this was enough. The Hungarian soldiers
2061 started to flee. We Jews didn't know in which world we were. What will the Germans

2062 say? The whole German army on all the fronts is situated right here in this land. Will they

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2063 take their sacks and just pick up and leave? Italy had also done the same thing. And that's
2064 when the Germans wreaked havoc on their [the Hungarians'] land. Military discipline
2065 broke down. A whole Hungarian regiment surrendered to the Red Army at Debretzen
2066 with their general Varazshi.

2067

2068 The day after the "celebration" we were terribly dissapointed. The Hungarian radio
2069 "Zender" from Budapest was demanding that the military continue the war against the
2070 Bosheviks and against the Jews. "The Jews are a "Fifth Column." They have instigated an
2071 uprising. The Nilashiss (the pro-Nazi Hungarian Arrow Cross)have taken over the reigns
2072 of power. Horthy and his cabinet have been arrested and sent to Germany." Now this is
2073 what we used to call "paprika" politics. The new fascist party quickly established a
2074 regime with a new war cabinet, began snatching up all the soldiers who had deserted, and
2075 organized a new campaign. The paprika-head officers listened to the stupid commands
2076 from a band of shleppers in the capital; the truth of the matter is that they had the best
2077 opportunity not to follow through on these orders and just lay down their arms (in the
2078 way that the Romanians did) because the Red Army had surrounded them from all four
2079 directions.

2080

2081 In Budapest the Horthy regime could see the disaster--but too late--they weren't
2082 organized. The demons were at play and many of the surviving Jews were annihilated.
2083 The several thousand soldiers and the Jewish battalion of conscripted labor who found

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2084 themselves in the capital were called upon to stand guard and to be vigilant in case of
2085 chaos and anarchy. If needed there were places where arms were stored, in case the Jews
2086 needed to defend themselves against the Germans. The regime demanded that Jews tear
2087 off the Yellow Mogen David from the breasts and to go out freely into the streets.

2088

2089

2090 Hi Preeva,

2091

2092 Below you will find the translation of pp. 73 to 76. This took me two hours to complete.

2093

2094 Regards,

2095 Ken

2096

2097

2098

2099 The Germans and the fascists also weren't sleeping. A large contingent of SS surrounded
2100 the capital building and like a spider web the government's plan became unfurled. In
2101 some places out in the streets some communists and their sympathizers were waging a
2102 battle against the Germans and the fascists--and a veritable blood bath was being
2103 perpetrated against the Jews--after the fascists spread rumors that the Jews were shooting
2104 down at them from their houses. They dragged out young and old, children and women

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2105 from many of the large buildings and led them to the Danube River, where they were shot
2106 and tossed into the water. The situation for Jews was very bitter in the city. The Swiss
2107 and Swedish consulates, and also the Red Cross, took under their protection all those who
2108 managed to enter the edifices under their control and handed out protective passes that
2109 indicated they were citizens of these countries. In this manner thousands of Jews
2110 managed to survive. The Nazi Eichmann, may his name be blotted out forever, (who was
2111 later captured), was at that time situated in Pest and he wanted to deport all the Jews. But
2112 since it wasn't possible at this stage to deport the Jews via rail, and the Russians were
2113 everywhere deep inside the country--so instead they took a thousand people, mostly
2114 women, and marched them across the land into Austria. The great overwhelming majority
2115 of them perished along the way.

2116

2117 The Red Army began to approach the capital and was bombarding from every direction.
2118 There was only one road open to enter and leave the city. An estimated 30,000 German
2119 SS and a large contingent of Hungarian soldiers and fascists tried to hold down the city.
2120 In November the Russians sent in two officers with white flags on motorcycles to enter
2121 into negotiations with the Hungarians to relinquish control of the city. The Hungarians
2122 shot them as soon as they entered the city. The Russians responded with a heavy
2123 bombardments from morning to evening and closed down the city from every direction.
2124 For more than three months the Russians kept lobbing cannons, and [missiles] from the
2125 air. They leveled entire parts of the city; there very few houses that had come away

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2126 undamaged from the seemingly endless assault. The German Army tried to break through
2127 and form a united front with the army that was stationed about 150 kilometers from the
2128 city. Basic sustenance and ammunition was entirely lacking, and people were dying from
2129 hunger. Food and ammunition was being dropped from the skies, the largest amount
2130 falling into the Russian-controlled areas, because it was difficult to know who was who.
2131 Buda, which is situated on the other side of the Danube, was entirely occupied, and the
2132 Hungarian paprika-heads permitted themselves to be massacred for naught.

2133

2134 The German Army, which had been pushed out of Pest, and was now situated 150
2135 kilometers by the Balatan, organized in February 1945 a counter-offensive with heavy
2136 panzer divisions and artillery to free their army, which was inside the Russian circle in
2137 the leading city. With their first attack they were able to reconquer Sekeshfehervar, 120
2138 kilometers from Pest, and cause great losses. The offensive was undermined by some of
2139 the leading officers who wanted to end things and shorten the war. The nachshiv [?] was
2140 turned upside down: When they were waiting for benzine, gas masks would show up;
2141 when they needed bullets for the panzers, bombs for airplanes would arrive. The German
2142 were stuck in their tanks and couldn't go anywhere.

2143

2144 The Russians also weren't sleeping. With a counter-attack they managed to reach the
2145 Austrian border, across the whole length of the Balatan--and the Germans with their 3000
2146 panzers, tanks, and automobiles--were wiped out or captured. The rest had to flee because

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2147 they didn't have benzine.

2148

2149 At the same time, the German garrison in the capital attempted to fight its way out of the
2150 city. The Red Army let them get to within five kilometers of the main highway between
2151 Budapest-Vienna. Then they just started blasting away at them from all directions. The
2152 Germans had no arsenals with which to defend themselves, and they were dropping like
2153 flies. At that point the Russians entered the city. After heavy hand-to-hand combat and
2154 great losses, they conquered the city and possessed full control of it in March 1945.

2155

2156 In the last minutes of the battles in Pest a bitter fate befell the Jewish sanitorium and old
2157 age home, where I had worked before leaving the city. The sanitorium was located in the
2158 outlying part of Buda, on the other side of the Danube. The Russian were now occupying
2159 that part of the city quarter. Some of the Hungarian fascist soldiers and their leader, a
2160 Protestant pastor, went inside the hospital, mowed down all the sick and the doctors from
2161 the hospital and the old age home, and set the edifice on fire. The pastor was later
2162 captured in Austria, brought to Pest, and hanged.

2163

2164 My fate didn't change. At the time of the not-successful capitulation we thirty remaining
2165 Jews out of 240, including the officers, were deep in the heart of the country. The general
2166 army and the officers were given a command to continue to engage in battles against the
2167 mighty Red Army. The indifferent Hungarians had already lost all their tanks and panzers

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2168 on the Russian front, and with horses and rifles were engaging in warfare against Russian
2169 tanks and airplanes. The German Army was all over the country and the Hungarians were
2170 their nuchshleppers and boot polishers. Some Hungarian "paprika-heads" and leading
2171 officers who wanted to maintain their positions as long as possible swore allegiance to
2172 the new fascist regime and helped to demolish the whole country. "Such idiots can't be
2173 found anywhere else in the whole world." That's what the Germans used to tell me.

2174 "These are the biggest dupes one will find anywhere."

2175

2176 p. 76

2177

2178 The Hungarians began to reorganize their military. Since large numbers of soldiers were
2179 disappearing [deserting] one battalion with liberal officers, from the 25th Regiment,
2180 decided to accept Jews because they were in great need of doctors, bookkeepers and other
2181 important positions--even though it was still forbidden according to the laws of the
2182 previous regime. I received a military uniform without weapons, and a pass as an aide-de-
2183 camp. There were about one hundred Jews in my battalion of the Hungarian military,
2184 with more or less the same rights as an ordinary soldier. We didn't have individual
2185 freedom of movement, but only when together with other soldiers.

2186

2187 We saw thousands of Jews all over the country working for the Germans, and digging
2188 trenches at the front lines. For us few Jews the situation momentarily was a bit lighter.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2189 We were just waiting for an opportunity and appropriate place to make a getaway.
2190
2191 I assisted in rounding up Munkatcher police and sending them to the front, and they never
2192 returned. When the Russians crossed the Carpathian Mountains, all the cities were
2193 evacuated. Some of the population, all the dignitaries, police, gendarme, and firemen
2194 were constrained to leave the city. Our regiment was at that time situated in Shaturloi-
2195 ehol. This city was full of refugees from Munkatch, Beregsas, and from the surrounding
2196 areas. I once caught sight on the street the Munkatcher burgermeister, and the firemen
2197 with their big red extinguishing machine which the Poles had left behind. A couple of
2198 police were still on duty. I didn't think it was all that important for me to make myself
2199 known to them with my new military mandeer [?] and scratch out their eyes, even though
2200 I very much wanted to do that. When I came back to my quarters,
2201
2202 p. 77
2203
2204 which was situated in a Jewish house with a big mezuzah and which I and some other
2205 Jewish soldiers were occupying, I was called into headquarters. I am told the following
2206 story: "A tall Munkatcher policeman whose name was Bakavi very much wants to
2207 connect with soldiers from Munkatch and is going around inquiring. He left the address
2208 of a school in the city where all the evacuated police and firemen can be found. Since
2209 [the inhabitants of] this edifice have to contribute to the front, we will capture them and

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2210 send them immediately. They don't need training. We will send you off with two people
2211 who will escort you. Go over there and take a good look around and find out how many
2212 people can be found there." My heart was swelling with joy. "I have lived to do such an
2213 easy thing! I will be the messenger." I knew the policeman well. He was known as a
2214 nemer _____. His wife was a Munkatcher goyeh whom Jews had matched up with him.
2215
2216 Escorted by two junior officers, I arrive at the address. When I enter the premises I find
2217 myself inside a large hall full of policemen--many familiar faces--the ones who drove
2218 around in the streets and beat up my parents and sent them to the cement factory.
2219 The hall is packed with various expensive carpets, chests, and expensive furniture pieces,
2220 and whatever the heart only desires--everything that had been stolen from Jewish peoples'
2221 homes. I recognize my young man in his police uniform. I give him a hearty shalom
2222 aleichem and greet him with the Hungarian salutation--"a better future." He is standing
2223 there like he has just become frozen and can't utter a single word. He can't believe his
2224 eyes. "You don't recognize me? I am the umbrella maker's son from near the bridge." He
2225 catches his breath and has no idea which world he's in. Then he asks me: "Do you know
2226 anything about where your parents are? " Yes," I said, "they are situated in Danzig. I
2227 receive letters every week." After a short and very inarticulate chat he calls me over to a
2228 corner so that no one would be able to hear him. "Listen to me, brother," he says, I would
2229 like to go back to Munkatch. I left my wife there and I hear that over here they are
2230 sending people to the front.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2231

2232 p. 78

2233

2234 What do I need this?" So I said to him: "You are disgrace and you should be ashamed of

2235 yourself. You were such a tough guy in Munkatch. And now when it's necessary to

2236 defend the country, you've turned chicken? Take this rifle in hand--and we will meet once

2237 again in Munkatch." I quickly left that area with my two adjutants, and told them at

2238 headquarters that they should speed things up because the gang already knew what was

2239 waiting for them, and they might want to run away. Early in the morning soldiers

2240 surrounded the school building, and emptied it of the things and the policemen. They [the

2241 inhabitants of the school building] were dressed up in new soldiers' uniforms, handed

2242 new rifles and hand grenades, and placed alongside the companies that were heading

2243 towards the front, not far away. I never heard from any of them again.

2244

2245 The Jews got along quite well with the soldiers, because most of them were elderly

2246 goyim from occupied Romania's Seven-Burgen. The officers were from Klausenberg

2247 Graus-verdein. Many of the officers could speak the Hungarian language; because they

2248 were from among the mobilized who had withdrawn from the Russian front. From twenty

2249 thousand all that remained were barely eight thousand. Some left their bones on the

2250 Russian front, and an even larger number ran away during the period of great upheaval.

2251 They needed us as medics, bookkeepers, to help store the weapons, and as tailors and

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2252 shoemakers. Just as the leading officer treated us well so too did the soldiers behave

2253 similarly.

2254

2255 I almost paid with my life for wearing a Hungarian uniform. In early January 1945 our

2256 regiment found itself far from the capital, not far from the Austrian border. I was looking

2257 for an opportunity to run away. How long can this continue to last? I was afraid of the

2258 Russians; they will at the last moment hand us over to the Germans (which is what they

2259 actually did).

2260

2261 We arrived at a little shtetl not far from where the front is situated.

2262

2263 p. 79

2264

2265 Our transportation consisted of horses and wagons. My driver was an older Romanian.

2266 Someone pointed out to us a large courtyard with a barn and the empty house houses

2267 which had once belonged to Jews who had long ago been deported. After the station we

2268 had to go to the main quarter--report and receive food. The soldier tied down the horses

2269 and came running into the kitchen. He had left his rifle and cartridge on the wagon, and

2270 was relying on me to bring it to him. A group of Russians and Ukrainians wearing

2271 German military uniforms but without weapons also happened to be situated at the

2272 courtyard. These were "Vlasovtzev" who had gone over to the German side during the

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2273 Russian-German clashes. I wasn't quite sure who they were; I thought they were captured
2274 Russians who were working for the Germans. They spoke Russian. With my leather
2275 medics' bag on one side and the rifle on my shoulder, I got caught up in a conversation
2276 with the Vlasovtzees. They asked me how far it was from the front. "It's about five
2277 kilometers," I said. "In a day or two we will have to evacuate from here." And in the
2278 course of the conversation I happened to mention that I was a Jew. They burst out with a
2279 bitter laughter and were screaming to their captain: "Take a look! A Jew with a rifle!" I
2280 realized that this was a terrible mistake on my part and I started making a quick exit from
2281 the courtyard. Two of them began to follow me into the street and point me out to a
2282 soldier who happened to be standing nearby: "Look, a partisan." I made no effort to turn
2283 around and see what was going on behind me. Someone sucker-punched me. My hat fell
2284 off my head, blood was dripping from my nose, and they grabbed the rifle off my
2285 shoulder and were dragging me around. I started to defend myself, wrestled with them
2286 and screamed: "I belong to the 25th Regiment, not far from the main headquarters." They
2287 drag me inside a courtyard where one of their officers was situated, and they placed me
2288 up against the wall. The officer comes out and asks me, "Who are you?" I replied: "I am a
2289 Jewish aide-de-camp. I belong to the 25th Regiment Command. We are stationed in this
2290 area."

2291

2292 p. 80

2293

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2294 He started to crack up: "A Jew with a rifle and a military uniform." He nails down two
2295 soldiers: "Take him into the garden and give him a working over." Fortunately for me
2296 some soldiers from my company noticed that I was being dragged around through the
2297 street., and one officer came running. With this deliberation I was at the last moment able
2298 to survive.

2299

2300

2301

2302 (p. 80 continued)

2303

2304

2305 Towards the end of January 1945 the couple of hundred Jews were discharged from the
2306 military. Heavily-armed soldiers took us by foot to Shopran near the Austrian border.
2307 Along the way we had a cook and we worked at removing the heavy snowfall off the
2308 highways where the military was moving around. At one location, where all the Jewish
2309 forced laborers were rounded up to be deported to Germany, the Hungarian fascist bands
2310 did a thorough inspection of the Jews. Anything of worth, good clothing, and documents
2311 were confiscated and they sent us packing with a good thrashing. That night, our group
2312 of hundred with badly tattered clothes, which the Hungarians had exchanged for [our]
2313 good [ones], were taken across the German-Austrian border. The German border police
2314 who took us across were wondering: "What kind of species of Jews are you in tattered

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2315 military uniforms." And we had to explain to them that we were night patrol fighters, and
2316 equal with all the other soldiers. The response from the Germans was both empathy and
2317 laughter. Only Hungarian barbarians could pull off something like this; they are more
2318 religious than the Pope. We were taken to a big lager not far from the border. Some one
2319 hundred Jews who had arrived a day earlier were already there. We were sick to our
2320 stomachs; we were now at the same place where our parents had been annihilated. The
2321 Hungarians were maintaining a large army just to be able to deport the few Jews who still
2322 remained in the land, when death was hanging over their heads.

2323

2324 Our thoughts were racing in all parts of the land [awkward phrasing] where thousands of
2325 Jews are languishing and are being tortured in various concentration camps. But we never
2326 lost hope.

2327

2328 p. 81

2329

2330 They can't take us too much further, we hear the Russian canons.

2331

2332 Seven o'clock in the morning we were awakened. Everyone received a piece of bread and
2333 bitter black coffee. Young Germans only about fifteen years of age were carrying rifles
2334 and taking our group not far to a location called Eberow near the border. We were
2335 quartered inside a city folks-school. Civilians with armbands inscribed with initials of the

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2336 TAT organization now took us under their wing. Their task was to fortify the border with
2337 tank shperes [?] and weapons depots, to get ready for the [arrival] of the German Army.

2338 Our hearts started to feel a bit lighter because this was German civilians and not the Nazi
2339 SS. The commandant in the brown uniform with a swastika assured us that nothing would

2340 happen to us. "We are not the SS guys. Everyone should perform the task that he will be
2341 given." In this town there were a couple of hundred exhausted Russian workers who

2342 worked in the forest under the auspices of the same organization. Our quarter wasn't
2343 guarded but we were not permitted to mingle with others. The work wasn't too difficult.

2344 No one was driving us, and no one was hitting us. A couple of civilians were obligated to
2345 supervise us. We dug a wall from tank shperes [?] in deep bunkers across the Hungarian

2346 border. But there was a dearth of food and we suffered from great hunger. The great

2347 majority of the hundred Jews were devout. A couple even still possessed their tallis and
2348 tefillin, which the Hungarian hadn't confiscated. Some had up to this date never eaten

2349 treif. I still have my tefillin with a siddur and a chumash. Every morning and evening we
2350 formed a minyan, and the tallis and tefillin were circulated among us.

2351

2352 Along the way Purim arrived. We read the Megillah from the Chumash. The barber who
2353 was given permission to go into town and give the Germans a shave (because there was

2354 no other barber around), brought back a bottle of schnapps, and we made merry. "To
2355 pikenish [?] our enemies." We consoled each other and we were convinced that we

2356 would outlive them.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2357

2358 p. 82

2359

2360 A couple of days before Pesach we are concerned about matzah and potatoes, and
2361 erecting a seder. Some of us are determined not to eat chumetz, if at all possible.
2362 Surreptitiously, we manage to procure some flour and matzah, which was baked at a
2363 peasant's place. The Austrians know that on one bright day the Russians will arrive and
2364 everything will go kaput; so they want to make themselves look nice. We receive some
2365 potatoes, beans, kukuruz [?], and some raisins to make wine. And now we were ready for
2366 the seder. We heard the canons being shot on the other side of the border. Since our
2367 living space wasn't guarded we were able to move around freely inside that school
2368 edifice. We laid out on the white table cloth two burning candles, a flask of raisin wine, a
2369 couple of matzas, eggs, and plenty of saltwater. That Jew who still hadn't eaten treif led
2370 the seder and said the Hagadah. Pieces of matzah were distributed to all.

2371

2372 In the middle of the seder we hear an alarm going off in town. We run out. The Russians
2373 have broken through the front. They can enter this very night when no reinforcements
2374 will arrive on time. Our joy is great; everyone grabs a shovel and ax, and we have
2375 resolved to be our own overseer in case they try to drive [chase] us further. The Russians
2376 stopped at the border and didn't cross it. In the early morning large contingents of soldiers
2377 arrived and took up positions against the Russians. Things began to warm up across the

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2378 length of the border.

2379

2380 The next day the Jews and non-Jews who were working in this area were rounded up:

2381 some two thousand Jews and a couple of hundred non-Jews, Poles and Ukrainians.

2382 German civilians with weapons were driving us like cattle in the direction of Gratz,

2383 Austria. Anyone trying to stay behind would be shot. I see half-dead skeletons marching,

2384 whom the Hungarians, may they be blotted out, had starved, and only a couple of days

2385 earlier had packed off to the Germans. We march over mountains and forests, and try to

2386 avoid the main roads. People are dropping like flies from hunger. Some are eating grass

2387 from the fields..and anything else they can find.

2388

2389 p. 83

2390

2391 On the second day every twelve people receive one loaf of bread and a piece of

2392 margarine. We want to organize the stronger ones to grab the weapons away from our

2393 attendants and run into the forests. Unfortunately we are being driven [forcibly marched]

2394 on the land's auto highway. Thousands of soldiers with tanks are marching to the border

2395 that we have just retreated from. Our plan is not going to succeed because the forests

2396 aren't large enough to be able to hide out in and wait for the Russians. I was of the

2397 opinion that we should break up into smaller groups. The attendants don't know how

2398 many of us there actually are because at every gathering place new people arrive and the

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2399 old ones go back [where?] [clumsy sentence]. What's more, we knew that in Gratz the SS
2400 was waiting for us!

2401

2402 On the third day, when we found ourselves on the national highway thirty kilometers
2403 from Gratz between thick forest brush on both sides, I said to a comrade: "Up to here!--
2404 we're not going any further than this." We made a dash for the forest and there ran into
2405 two people from our group in military uniforms. As we're trudging along the path we see
2406 along the roads thousands of refugees with horses and wagons, and Hungarian soldiers
2407 shlepping their wagons without horses (because the Germans had taken away their
2408 horses). So we decided to play the role of Hungarian soldiers who are looking for their
2409 companions, and that all our things and papers have been taken from us. We dug up a
2410 small grave and buried all the things that could potentially cause us problems--such as
2411 documents, tefillin, siddurs, photos, and all the Yiddish letters that I carried with me from
2412 home. We are perfect soldiers, like other Hungarians. We will behave like all the other
2413 simpletons in the German marketplace.

2414

2415 We waited until it got dark, and then hiked to the edge of the forest. On the highway we
2416 see across the whole length the German military with tanks and canons. Bombs are
2417 falling from a distance near where the city of Gratz is located. The sky is red from the
2418 fires which the British are shooting from airplanes. Along the length of the highway a
2419 great darkness prevailed; people couldn't see one another. The soldiers speak in hushed

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2420 tones and they weren't permitted even to light up a cigarette.

2421

2422 p. 84

2423

2424

2425 We now have the best opportunity! I approach a couple of soldiers who are standing near

2426 a large tank and ask in German (which I knew well)" Comrade, have you not seen

2427 anywhere some Hungarians soldiers? We have gotten lost in the dark. We're looking for

2428 our comrades." One of them spoke up: "You have to go back about ten kilometers at the

2429 next gathering place. There we saw some Hungarians with wagons in the middle of the

2430 village." I thanked him and called my friends. We have to get closer to the front. We set

2431 out like a patrol and march in the dark across the length of the highway. We are being

2432 greeted by our German comrades when we march past them.

2433

2434 After marching for about two hours we arrive at a gathering place. In the middle of a

2435 village, under the free sky there were lying on the ground a couple of officers with their

2436 families and some soldiers with wagons but without horses. The Germans didn't let them

2437 in [let them in where?] and they were cursing with deadly Hungarian expletives because

2438 they couldn't speak German. They didn't realize in the dark that we are fellow

2439 Hungarians. We continue along the way to the next gathering place. The Hungarians are a

2440 bunch of good-for-nothings. Along the way we see several colonies of German

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2441 Wehrmacht and we ask them the same questions. The Germans, tired and sleepy, reply
2442 that they have no idea. We continue on our way and in the early morning arrive to a
2443 gathering place called Blamov. We can barely stand on our feet after a whole day and
2444 whole night of marching without eating and drinking. We go to sleep at the edge of the
2445 village on top of a large bale of hay.

2446

2447 Nine o'clock in the morning the owner arrives--a tall, husky peasant with
2448 shtahyermarkishe [?] clothing--with two horses and a wagon. He sees four peculiar-
2449 looking soldiers lying there in disheveled uniforms and he is not sure what kind of
2450 creatures he's dealing with here. He fills up his wagon with hay and takes off. We
2451 continue to sleep from exhaustion and lack of energy. In about a half hour the peasant
2452 returns. He, for some reason, assumed that we were captured French soldiers who were
2453 working for the peasants during the war period.

2454

2455

2456 p. 85

2457

2458 But since the front was now closer they were forced to to withdraw from the whole realm
2459 of the front ["realm of the front"?] He greets us and asks: "Aren't you hungry?" I replied:
2460 "Yes, we are very hungry. Since yesterday we have been searching for our comrades. All
2461 our baggage and material possessions and documents were left behind on the road." Last

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2462 night the British airplanes attacked our colony on the highway and we all ran away. We
2463 haven't a clue as to where they can be found." He is now aware that we are Hungarian
2464 soldiers. He wonders out loud how it is that I'm so fluent in German. I explain to him that
2465 I am an ethnic German in Hungary. I show him my bandaged foot and my comrades
2466 bandaged hand, because yesterday, during the assault, we were both wounded. He has
2467 great sympathy for us: Deserted, wounded, half-dead soldiers. Another fifteen minutes
2468 doesn't pass before he brings us a large pot of warm food, bread, and boiled potatoes,
2469 which he had prepared to feed his own pigs. We by no means turned down the invitation-
2470 -after such difficult days, a little warm food. The peasant took notice of how famished we
2471 were; something wasn't right. He cautions us to be very careful because there are all
2472 kinds of field gendarme who are hunting down illegal aliens and also captured French
2473 soldiers.

2474

2475 We do everything possible to restrain ourselves and we manifest courage and certainty.
2476 We have nothing to fear. We are soldiers who fought side by side with the Wehrmacht
2477 and we had to flee from the approaching Red Army. We take a breather here and then
2478 continue in pursuit of our lost comrades. The peasant left us with a sense of calm.

2479

2480 All around we hear gunshots. The front must be very close--in a couple of hours or at the
2481 very most another day, and the Russians will be here. We moved ourselves into the barn
2482 among the bales of hay. We are no longer hungry. We can hold out for one more day.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2483 [Last line on p. 85]

2484

2485 In the late afternoon hours the peasant comes back again

2486

2487 p. 86

2488

2489 and he doesn't see us because we are buried deep in the hay. He calls us. It appears that
2490 he understood that we're lying in the barn. We're contemplating what to do: Should we
2491 respond to him? I decide that we should respond and come out; better to show that we're
2492 not afraid of anyone. He tells us it would be best if we vacate this area quickly. The
2493 Russians are coming and they're not very far away. We could, God forbid, be captured by
2494 them and sent off to Siberia. I speak to the peasant in a deliberate manner and explain to
2495 him that we are very weak and that my feet are causing me much pain. "It is very difficult
2496 for us to go further, and we won't be able to avoid the Russians in any event, whether
2497 here or a few kilometers down the road. I'm proficient in the Russian language because I
2498 come from the Hungarian Carpathian mountains. I'll be able to establish a rapport with
2499 the Russians. There is nothing to be afraid of. When the Russians arrive we will be able
2500 to help you a great deal." He liked what he was hearing. They were contemptuous of the
2501 Russians. Now that he knew that we spoke Russian, he started to warm up to us and he
2502 asked us our opinion about the Russians. But now he's not sure who he's talking to. On a
2503 couple of occasions he asked us if we were not in fact Russian captives. I refused to give

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2504 him a clear answer to this question; let him think what he wants. (We got a sense that he
2505 would have preferred if we were indeed Russians.) He runs home and brings food: Milk,
2506 meat, bread, fowl, cigarettes, and roasted potatoes, and were having a hell of a good time.
2507 His whole tone of voice and attitude towards us changed radically. I tell him about the
2508 Russians--that they're not the animals the German propoganda machine has depicted
2509 them. One just has to know how to deal with them when they arrive. As long as we are
2510 here nothing will happen to him. Hearing this made him feel more comfortable and he
2511 tells us that he isn't going to tell anyone that we are here hiding out in the barn. He
2512 continued to be perplexed about whether we were Russian spies or partisans. I tell him
2513 that when the Russians come he should come running over here--this will help all the
2514 people who are situated here. He goes home very satisfied, and we bury ourselves again
2515 in the hay.

2516

2517 p. 87

2518

2519 It won't take a long time. That whole night we hear all kinds of loud shooting, and also
2520 from machine guns. In the middle of the night we see how the inhabitants are heading
2521 into the forest with horses and wagons and with household wares, deep into the forest. On
2522 the road there's a great movement of soldiers, tanks, motors, machine arsenal, and we
2523 hear rifles shooting off from not far away. We were sure that in the morning when we
2524 woke up we would get to meet our tavarishess [Russian comrades]. In the morning the

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2525 shooting quieted down, and we don't hear it anymore. Large details of Wehrmacht are

2526 heading in the direction of the Russian side. It appears that the Russians have been

2527 pushed back. Things are getting cozy here; on all sides there are military forces and

2528 panzer wagons.

2529

2530 A large tank parked not far from our barn and some German soldiers are milling around.

2531 This is not good! We need to get away from here! I tried to compose myself, took a

2532 shave, and washed my face with the little bit of water the peasant had brought. I tidied up

2533 the hay and the dust. Two of us went outside. I was limping on one foot and my friend

2534 had his hand bound with a small bandage I had given him, which I had carried around

2535 with me. We approached our comrades and greeted them. They respond courteously. I

2536 ask them my old Purim shpiel: "Have you not seen on the road a group of Hungarian

2537 soldiers?" They don't make a great tzimmi out of my question, and give me a tired,

2538 indifferent reply: "We haven't seen. We're only stationed here temporarily. You should go

2539 ask the commandant of this locality. He will be able to tell you where your comrades can

2540 be found."

2541

2542 So what do we do now? We can't stay here. I take it upon myself to seek out the

2543 commandant and ask him what to do (since I was the most fluent one in German). My

2544 friends stay behind with the German soldiers and receive from them cigarettes. The

2545 Germans are amusing themselves with these Hungarian yokels, and the whole scenario

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2546 looks like a veritable Purim shpiel. They're getting by with a broken German. The
2547 German soldiers have no idea that these Hungarian soldiers have been hiding out and
2548 waiting for the Russians. They would do the same thing if they only could.
2549
2550 p. 88
2551
2552 I go by myself looking for the commandant and I ask from among the soldiers along the
2553 road. They point out the house where the chief can be found. A couple of soldiers are on
2554 guard in the front chamber. I approach the chief, a tall German--he's missing one hand
2555 and on his breast he's carrying epaulets indicating great achievements for the German
2556 military. I stand in front of him and like a subordinate soldier I salute him with my hand
2557 to my head and inquire in fluent German: "My name is Yohan Popovitch. I belong to the
2558 25th Regiment's Medical Detail. A part of our regiment managed to get across the other
2559 side a day before from Hungary during an aerial bombardment. We four comrades were
2560 separated from our group and we are lightly wounded--I in my foot and another comrade
2561 in his hand. We were informed that they might be found in this direction. Perhaps you
2562 could give us further instructions? I am wounded and I cannot go searching any further."
2563 I made a good impression on him on him and he pitied me. He cut me off in middle of a
2564 sentence and asked me if I didn't require medical attention; he could provide this for me
2565 immediately. I thank him profusely: "I have only a light wound and I managed to
2566 bandage it up myself. " He wonders how it is that I speak such a good German, which is

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2567 so unusual for a Hungarian soldier. I tell him that German is my mother tongue because
2568 my parents are ethnic Germans. He's concerned about me and asks: "How old are you?"
2569 "Nineteen."
2570 "How long have you been a soldier?"
2571 "One year."
2572 He shows me on his chest: "I am already six years a soldier, and it's possible I might get
2573 ten years in Siberia. I understand that it's not comfortable to lose ones comrades in a
2574 strange territory, and you have to go begging food from the peasants. You're luck is that
2575 you understand the language. I would advise you not to go searching for your comrades.
2576 You can be caught by the field gendarme as deserters. The best advice I can give you is:
2577 Throw away the rags and go to the peasants; they're looking for laboring hands. We won't
2578 be able to avoid the Russians here or ten kilometers down the road. I would also discard
2579 my uniform if I was able to.
2580
2581 p. 89
2582
2583 Six years is enough! It's already more than six weeks since I last received a letter from
2584 my family. They are now situated in Cologne, which is now occupied by the British.
2585 What is there to still go to battle for? You need to take care of yourself, but watch out for
2586 the gendarme. They are still vigilant in carrying out their duties. For the Wehrmacht
2587 everything is already egull." [Not a German word?] He is talking to me with a bitter

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2588 heart. I have pity on him and I try to console him: "We're awaiting a new shipment of
2589 arsenal." He starts to laugh bitterly: "They can talk you into [employing] new weapons.
2590 For me it's already too late. Do you know what kinds of weapons they are? A long stick
2591 with a white rag!" My face lightens up.
2592
2593 My heart is about to burst from laughter. I'm thinking to myself, "They can all rot in hell.
2594 This how a German chief speaks to a strange soldier in tatters?" Some soldiers enter. He
2595 gives me two cartons of Hungarian cigarettes and tells me to go to the field cook for a
2596 meal. Once again, he admonishes me to go to the burgermeister of this locality, and to
2597 find accommodations by the peasants, and not just hang around. I go to the field cook and
2598 the soldiers give me two trays loaded with food, and they tell me that if I come back
2599 during dinner time they'll provide me with a meal again.
2600
2601 That evening I go to the city hall and ask for the burgermeister. When I come into the
2602 room I see that it's my peasant from the barn! He is exhilarated to see me, as if he's had a
2603 reunion with a long lost old friend, and he gives me a wonderful welcome. He asks me to
2604 please sit down and hands me some snacks, which I don't need. I tell him what the chief
2605 had advised me to do. "Yes," says the peasant,
2606
2607 p. 90
2608

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2609 "the chief is a good guy, a good 'kerl.' [?] He oftentimes comes to my house. The things
2610 he advised you to do are also things that I would have advised you except that I didn't
2611 know who you are. We desperately need laboring hands. The Frenchman who worked for
2612 me had to go. Everyone is in the military these days. Summer is approaching. If we don't
2613 start planting we're all going to starve to death." He's not able to take in four people. He
2614 has to be careful because strangers may encroach on his house. Two people will be with
2615 him and the other two he'll take care of. He asks me to wait until the evening, and
2616 together we walk over the fields to the barn, and he leads us to his house.

2617

2618 He provides us with dinner and then takes us to the barn. An elderly servant is busily
2619 occupied there. We are ten milk cows, two large Shtiermarker horses--this peasant is a
2620 prince! We have to make a decision among ourselves as to who will remain here. The
2621 place looks very secure--there's a wall built around a large courtyard, and a large
2622 household. A friend, a slaughterer, who isn't afraid of cows...and a second from a village
2623 near Munkatch who had horses at home, will stay here. The third person he takes over to
2624 his daughter, and me he's going to take tomorrow to his son-in-law. In the meantime, we
2625 sleep over in the barn.

2626

2627 The next morning he hands me a suit and an old peasant's hat, hitches his horses onto a
2628 wagon, and loaded up some household wares. After a short ride through the forest I arrive
2629 to a town square called "Loimet," not far from Furtenfeld, We ride into a large courtyard

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2630 to a wealthy household. This is the son-in-law and burgermeister of this locality and his
2631 name is Fleishhaker. They were already waiting for me. He introduces me to the family.
2632 They inspect me up and down as if they were about to buy a horse. The only thing they
2633 didn't do is look inside my mouth for teeth. This is the way the gentlemanly classes pick
2634 out workers who are shlept in from all over Europe to work for them. They become a
2635 little bit more civil when they find out from my peasant that I am a former soldier from
2636 Hungary, that I can speak Russian,

2637

2638

2639 p. 91

2640

2641 and that I'm not afraid of the Russians. Everyone is now friendlier. They start to fire
2642 questions at me left and right about the Russians and Hungarians. I make everyone merry
2643 with tales which are nisht geshtoigen un nisht gefloigen [i.e. Yiddish for making up b.s. as
2644 he's going along]. I am making myself friendly, and with a sense of self-importance that
2645 I'm doing them a favor and not the other way around. I'm not a Polak or Ukrainian
2646 shlepper, but a real blood and flesh former soldier, who knows his craft as a good
2647 mechanic. "He is overjoyed to hear that I injected the word "mechanic" and shows me
2648 through the window on the other side, a small workshop with small household machines
2649 which he's producing. He has put off working on these things because he doesn't have
2650 anyone to assist him. His two son were killed in Stalingrad, and the son who's living at

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2651 home is also a veteran. He hasn't heard at all from his son-in-law. If I like it here I can
2652 stay even after the war. I'm still young. They'll be able to find a pretty girl for me if I still
2653 don't have one, and we'll celebrate a lovely wedding. Oh, God, am I feeling good! There
2654 are no young men around, only an invalid son. These peasants are elderly people about
2655 sixty years old. There's also a daughter of eighteen, a daughter-in-law, and a little girl of
2656 eight living here.

2657

2658

2659

2660

2661

2662 (Middle of p. 91)

2663

2664 They want my opinion about the Russians. Is it true that they cut out the tongues of living
2665 people, deport all the men, rape all the women, and steal everything from you? I try to
2666 calm them down as best I can. The Russians are people just like everybody else; not
2667 everything that the propoganda machine tells you is true. The German soldiers were a
2668 whole lot better on the front? What did they do? They took everything away from the
2669 Russian people. The war is almost over and they will not harm the Austrian population.
2670 They like what they hear--the opinions they have been given from me about the Russians
2671 they have never heard before! What they do know is that the Russians are Asians and the

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2672 Jews are engaged in political warfare with the Germans and they want to annihilate the
2673 German people. It takes me a considerable amount of time until I arrive to the place
2674 where I can explain to them how I know all of this. The young daughter is warming up to
2675 me and she asks me what my name is. I tell her my name is Johanne Popovitch. She tells
2676 me that here one is not called Johanne but Hans--"we will call you that."

2677

2678 Soon it is dinner and everyone is getting ready for the meal. I take my place together with
2679 all my "relatives." Everyone stands up around the table crossing their hands, with eyes
2680 closed and head bent forward. Everyone is murmuring, "For the Mother, for the Son, and
2681 for the Three Holy Ones." I get up as if I'm reciting the Sh'ma, *l'havdil* [to make a
2682 distinction between that which is Jewish and that which is not Jewish] and repeat along
2683 with everyone else. But I refuse to cross myself. I explain to them that I am a reformer
2684 back home. I'm not an atheist, but by us we don't cross ourselves before a meal. Also,
2685 since I became a soldier I haven't been to church.

2686

2687 A large plate of soup was placed on the table, which everyone ladles for themselves to
2688 their bowl. There are tears running down my cheeks. I remind myself that today is the
2689 fifth day of Passover, the second Passover that I'm not sitting at my parents' table. How
2690 many thousands of Jews are being driven on the roads and are dying from hunger just
2691 because they're Jews. I can't restrain myself and I'm sighing loudly. Everyone is now
2692 staring at me. The daughter asks me, What's the matter, Hans?" "It's already more than a

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2693 year since I've been away from my parents. I'm an only son. I'm sitting here and they
2694 have no idea where I have disappeared." My good peasants try to calm me down--they
2695 will be good and pious towards me. We are through with the meal. I'm ready to say
2696 Grace. It's better to be ready and not come to a misunderstanding with these religious
2697 folks. But it appears that they don't hold from grace after meals. Everyone gets up and
2698 goes their own way. Things begin to lighten up in my heart.

2699

2700 Right after the meal they show me what the work entails, so that I shouldn't reckon that
2701 I'm here on vacation. They show me a large barn where a dozen cows and two
2702 Shtiermarker horses are situated. "But," the peasant says to me, "I'm afraid that the
2703 Russians will steal everything from me." "Don't be afraid," I repeat. "As long as I'm here
2704 everything will be good and fine.

2705

2706 p. 93

2707

2708 I understand the language, and I know the Russians well, because I'm from the
2709 Carpathian Mountains where the population is Russian. My father is a Russian and my
2710 mother is German--so I have a choice."

2711

2712 "You might consider becoming our next burgermeister," the peasant says to me, "when
2713 the Russians come and if you still want to be here." I'm satisfied and agree about

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2714 everything. He runs in and brings the keys and takes me to his tool shed. Not far from his
2715 house is where they manufacture small household machines, small ploughs, tools for
2716 harvesting vegetables and corn, and small grinding machines for grains. "Can you handle
2717 the machines, Hans?" "No problem," is my reply, and I go over to the where the hacksaw
2718 [?] is located and show him how to use the machine. I was familiar with this machine
2719 because a relative of mine, Reb Shmuel Estreich, had a box factory and possessed a
2720 machine like this, and I went spend time at his factory and observe how they operated
2721 this machine. "Wunderbar," he says to me. "From now on you'll be the boss because I
2722 don't have anyone to assist me. I will teach you what you have to do. There is a great
2723 shortage of material for the work. I have enough forests for wood, but iron in the barn is
2724 just not available. When the war ends, I will begin."

2725

2726 We are both in good spirits when we get back to the house, and with joy he tells the
2727 family what a fine fellow they have around. "Hans the mechanic." There's no need to be
2728 concerned. He just wants me to be good and religious. He just wants me to go to *shul*
2729 with him everyday!... The first day and I'm already feeling quite at home, like a member
2730 of the family, and we have some good understandings. Since he is burgermeister, and
2731 there are always strange people and soldiers who are passing through this village, and
2732 they will see that there is in this household a young man of military age--so he will say
2733 that I'm a relative from Hungary who was *geflictet* [means "duty"--don't know how he's
2734 using the word here] from the Russian army. He will provide me with documents because

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2735 I had lost lost my personal papers.

2736

2737 At night we hear on the radio from a German station: "Budapest has fallen.

2738

2739 p. 94

2740

2741 The Russian army controls controls the whole length of the Danube. They're getting

2742 closer to Vienna. The German Army is putting up fierce resistance by the German-

2743 Austrian border, and is keeping them at bay. We will fight to the last soldier.

2744

2745 "The beleaguered German army, shouts the peasant,--they will make all of us *kaput*. The

2746 beleaguered Fuhrer, and the Marmalade Brothers (that's how the Austrians referred to their

2747 German brothers from the Reich, because they would smear their bread with marmalade

2748 instead of butter). The Russians will teach them 'balak.' [?] I would crack that Fuhrer if I

2749 was given the opportunity. My two sons and my son-in-law were killed in Stalingrad."

2750

2751 He asks me if maybe I'm a Nazi--because I don't go to church, and I don't cross myself. I

2752 tell him I'm no Nazi, but I am a believer, and I know more about the Bible than most

2753 priests. But I don't believe in the Pope because he supports the Nazis and never says

2754 anything bad about the Fuhrer. His eyes have blinders and he protects the Nazis. The

2755 peasant knows very well what the Fuhrer has said--that the Catholic Church is a Jewish

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2756 creation. If the mother and the son were alive [i.e. Jesus and Mary] he would have sent
2757 them to the gas chambers together with the rest of the Jews. I opened up the peasant's
2758 eyes. He had to swallow a very bitter pill--bad-mouthing the Pope. He's now saying
2759 things that would never have dawned on his peasant brain: "The Pope himself is helping
2760 the beleaguered Fuhrer!" I, *nebech*, have completely confused this German peasant. First,
2761 I saw that the All-Mighty will help and everything will be o.k. but I don't go to church. I
2762 bad-mouth the Holy Father in Rome, I curse the Fuhrer and the Nazis--*nebech* I'm driving
2763 him insane, and this is all due to the war. The devout peasant-head wasn't able to digest
2764 all this.

2765

2766 Six o'clock in the evening everyone goes to the barn to milk the cows. There are eight
2767 cows to milk, cleansing, giving water [?] and butter, and cleaning the cows. [This is a
2768 poorly constructed sentence.] At first this work was very difficult, but over time I was
2769 able to learn to do everything: Milking, carrying out the garbage,

2770

2771 p. 95

2772

2773 and spreading out fresh straw. There was water in the stall from a water *lyting* [lyting
2774 means, direction; management--I don't know how he's using the word in this context], so
2775 I didn't have to haul it in from outside. In this manner I had to wake up at 6 AM and start
2776 helping out. As soon as I became familiar with the two big horses, who had a separate

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2777 stall, I became the stall *meister* of the horses. Every morning I fed them, groomed them,
2778 and kept them clean. It was seldom that I had to tie them down, except when absolutely
2779 necessary, but the peasant was afraid that the military would take them away from him,
2780 so he was vigilant in the way he protected them. I was also vigilantly on the lookout, and
2781 very rarely appeared in public. I lived with this peasant's family--even started calling the
2782 peasant "Father" and the peasant's wife, "Mother," and everyone by their first name.
2783 There was always enough food around. Instead of water we drank apple wine, because
2784 the peasant owned many fields and fruit orchards. Very little was sold, and most of the
2785 fruits were pressed and made into pear and apple wine.

2786

2787 Every night the door and windows were shut up so that God forbid no one could overhear
2788 conversations, and we turned on the radio dial to London, England, in order to find out
2789 what was going on in the outside world.

2790

2791 My personal spirit was heavy and bitter everyday that I had to endure living with this
2792 German peasant in his house. I had to be extremely cautious in what I said, and I had to
2793 play the role of a courageous warrior, and for that reason needed to measure my every
2794 word.

2795

2796 **My Friend--the Priest**

2797

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2798 Our little town, and similarly all the nearby villages and hamlets, were populated mostly
2799 with devout, believing Catholics. The priest in our district was the cousin of the peasant.
2800 He was about 35 years old, not too bright, with only a smattering of an education. He
2801 would often come to our house to discuss communal matters and sometimes sit around all
2802 day reading the Bible and reciting Psalms. And every Sunday after he was through with
2803 his second "*minyán*" he would come over to us, and sit himself down until about 5 PM, in
2804 time to go off to the third minyan. In a short time we became good brothers. Whenever he
2805 needed something he was looking for an opportunity for me to help him and also to grab
2806 a chat with me. He would talk about the mother and the son, about the Holy Father in
2807 Rome, and about the Creator of the Universe and his Bible. I would often tell him that I
2808 was only marginally a "*chassid*" of the mother's son, because this is a Jewish invention,
2809 and this is also what the Fuhrer believed. Of the Holy Father in Rome--him I certainly
2810 don't believe in. First of all, because he is full of crap because he's buddies with the
2811 Fuhrer and the Nazis, who are the most notorious atheists. He would be quite satisfied if
2812 the Nazis won the war and apostatized the whole world. Second, who came up with the
2813 view that the Jews are to blame for all the problems in the world because they crucified
2814 the messiah, and have to do one of two things: Pay for his sins, or have to repent? Spain
2815 he gave this option. In this conflagration he is silent and lets everyone be killed off:
2816 Complete, half, quarter converts, and also priests are paying dearly with their lives if they
2817 say a good or bad word when they're not supposed to. The Holy Father in Rome is silent-
2818 -and his heart is bitter because the Fuhrer has lost the war.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2819

2820 The priest won't leave me alone. Since I know the small vowels of the German *siddur*,
2821 which is written in Old Gothic characters (because my parents wrote their letters in
2822 Gothic-German, and so I had to learn this), now he wants me to come to the church every
2823 Sunday to help him out. He will make me the prayer leader because he has difficulty
2824 conducting the service alone. I squirm out of this by telling him that since I am a stranger
2825 and I have military duties I'm not supposed to show my face in public. After the war I'll
2826 be good and devout, and pray in the morning and at night--but I didn't tell him where.

2827

2828 One lovely day he brings over the well-known anti-Semitic newspaper "The Shturmer"
2829 and he shows me in black on white in Hebrew the Rebuke from Leviticus, Chapter
2830 *B'chukoisai*, and in large Kiddush L'vanah (Consecrating the New Moon) [?] letters
2831 which have been translated into German. I read through it and I ask him to show me the
2832 Bible. I look for the sentence where the Rebuke ends with the following words:
2833 "And also this." After all the beatings, [God says] I still will not forget you. I will
2834 remember the bond from the first and I will remain your God." Nu, little daddy, if you
2835 believe in the punishment, you must also believe in the consolation! I'm teaching the *goy*
2836 a sentence of *Chumash*: "In the Heavens the rules are the same as here on earth. If you
2837 transgress the Law, you will be punished. After the punishment, you are absolved." But
2838 the *rebbe* had taught us that a *goy* will never understand our Torah.

2839

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2840 **Jewish Soldiers in the German Military**

2841

2842 One early morning my peasant asks me to guard the fruit orchards so that soldiers,
2843 hunters on horses, and muzzled mules shouldn't ruin the young fruit trees (not let anyone
2844 tie up horses and mules to the fruit trees). He requested from the German officers that
2845 they beat with a stick any soldiers caught doing this, because among the soldiery there are
2846 Italians and Hungarians who don't understand what's being agreed upon. From a distance
2847 I see individual soldiers with green Hungarian uniforms and two of them had tied their
2848 donkeys to the young trees. I grab the stick in my hand--I'm going to teach them! When I
2849 get up closer I see two Jews who had crossed the border with me (they were wearing
2850 military uniforms). They tell me they've been hiding out in a forest and waiting for the
2851 Russians, but the Ivans never arrived. When they ran out of food they came back out into
2852 the land. This group marched past here, and they came over without asking any
2853 questions, because they were missing some people. For six weeks now they have been
2854 *shlepping* around with these mules. I bring them over to my peasant's house (this was an
2855 expedient thing for me to do), and introduce them as my own comrades who belonged to
2856 our company (from which I had become separated). The family likes the fact that I was a
2857 regular soldier and had fought on the front. My guests are given a warm reception and are
2858 served a variety of beverages. Our smiles are of a mixed nature; our lives are hanging by
2859 a thread. The Jews are amazed that I can pull off this persona. They would like me to try
2860 to hide them out, but this wasn't possible, because the whole village is full of soldiers. I

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2861 play the role of front veteran and I'm limping on a phony broken foot. After two days of
2862 marching they were liberated by the British. I ran into them after the war in Budapest.

2863

2864 **Someone Informs on Me to the SS--They Come Looking for Me**

2865

2866 It's May 2, 1945: A peasant from another village comes running across the forest to my
2867 peasant and informs him that the gendarme and the SS are hunting down all the
2868 remaining aliens and French soldiers who are hiding out. He is also on the list and they
2869 asked him the address [of whom?]. The peasant tells me to go hide on the roof of the
2870 barn--and I should take along the ladder. I close the door and bury myself in the hay. I
2871 open a spur in the wall and catch a glimpse of what is going on outside. About ten
2872 minutes later a gang of SS with machine guns show up. My peasant goes outside and and
2873 they interrogate him about foreigners. He gives his "honest German" and he swears by
2874 his "beard and *paysis*" that the foreigner fled the scene here because of his great fear of the
2875 Russians.

2876

2877 The next day after dinner the son-in-law burgermeister with whom my three friends are
2878 staying he calls out to me in the barn. He wants to tell me something. He informs me that
2879 the other Hans and Franz--my buddies--are all o.k.

2880

2881 p. 99

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2882

2883 He tells me that for four weeks now there are Hungarian soldiers who are hiding in a
2884 bunker in the forest, and they come to him often and to the other peasants to eat. "They
2885 bring along things of worth such as watches to exchange for bread but we give them food
2886 for free. Today, early in the morning, one of them showed up and asked us to give him
2887 bandages and medicaments. The Russians shot up their bunker and one of them was
2888 badly injured from the shrapnel." He can't find a doctor and he requests that since I am a
2889 former medic I should come and help the poor soldiers. I understood that they must have
2890 been from among my own brothers, [i.e. fellow Jews], but one has to be cautious. I take a
2891 bull out of the barn and tie a rope around its horns. The peasant is walking behind me
2892 with a stick, and also from the front [how can he be walking behind him and also in front
2893 of him?--this sentence doesn't quite make sense], and we are *shlepping* ourselves across
2894 the forest. We hear canons being shot. At halfway some Nazi gendarme with iron crosses
2895 hanging across their breasts point their machine guns at me: "Are you a foreigner?" one
2896 of them asks. "Show us some identification!" I start to laugh like a lunatic: "Who, what
2897 identification? I am a peasant, not a foreigner"--and then I show him with my finger:
2898 "You are a foreigner! You are one of the Marmalade Brothers! The peasant behind me is
2899 my father." They look towards the peasant. He gestures to them that I am a psycho. And
2900 they said: "You deranged dog--get moving." (meaning, get the hell out of here).

2901

2902 In the bunker there were six Jews from my group. One with the name Yitzchak Feig from

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2903 Desh, Romania, who died from his wounds. The remaining five were liberated a couple
2904 of days later.

2905

2906

2907

2908 . 99

2909

2910 The seventh of May 1945: German Radio Zinder from Hamburg announces that Marshal
2911 General Keitel of the German sea fleet has unconditionally signed articles of capitulation
2912 requiring that at midnight on the eighth of May the German military has to cease shooting
2913 and hand over their arsenal. The war is over! But from the looks of my town you
2914 wouldn't know it. The Wehrmacht is still positioned not far from the town center. They're
2915 coming from the front with large panzers, wagons and canons. The bombardments are
2916 raining in from every direction.

2917

2918 p. 100

2919

2920 Shrapnel is falling and soldiers are getting killed. They don't want to know from my great
2921 joy.

2922

2923 The Russians let loose and are bombarding our village. A couple of German soldiers

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2924 come into the house. They want to hear the news on the radio, and start to laugh when
2925 they are told that at midnight the shooting will cease, and that those who continue to fire
2926 shots will be considered as war criminals. The soldiers laugh and say, "We just received a
2927 command from Gratz to put up a fierce resistance to the Russians. We should wait for the
2928 English and then we will fight alongside them and the Americans against the Red Army.
2929 The end of the war is only propoganda." Soldiers are being killed off. But I stick to my
2930 line: "The war has ended." But the Gratz general still doesn't have a desire to end the war
2931 and remove himself from his throne.

2932

2933 May the eighth: Nine o'clock in the morning I see a group of about 150 soldiers marching
2934 by in tatters, dirty and unshaven. A couple of them come into the house for a drink of
2935 water and tell me that I better flee because in about an hour the Russians will be arriving.
2936 They offer to take me with them. But why should I run away right now? The war is over.
2937 The soldier laughs and says: "The war is just about to begin."

2938

2939 Ten o'clock in the morning the peasants come running from the village to inform us that
2940 there are two Russian soldiers in the village. I put on my best *yom tov* attire--a *yekish*
2941 [German] peasant hat--and run over to my [Russian] guests and greet them with
2942 *drastvoytyeh tavarish* [Russian words]! and also a well known Russian blessing. I didn't
2943 know exactly which one to say so I said both of them. One of the Russian soldiers grabs
2944 my hat with a broom, flings it to the ground and "honors" me with his boot in the weak

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2945 flesh. "Everything is *kaput*," he screams in my ear. I ask him, "Brother, why did I deserve
2946 this, you should honor me like this? I've been waiting for you a long time." So he asks me
2947 if I understood exactly what I had said to him--"Not a nice thing! That's not the way you
2948 greet someone that you still haven't met."

2949

2950 p. 101

2951

2952 I ask forgiveness from His Honor and I tell him that I'm a Czech. I was *farshlept* here for
2953 work (I simply was afraid to tell him that I'm a Jew). I took them to the house, gave them
2954 two watches and procured a third one that they wanted. Together, we washed down a
2955 bottle of brandy and then they departed. I fell dead drunk into the bed.

2956

2957 Later that night I sobered up from the brandy. When I entered the large room I see that
2958 everyone in the family and the priest (who was holed up in the house because of his
2959 morbid fear of the Russians), and many of the leading dignitaries of the town, who came
2960 to discuss matters about the present circumstances, are sitting around and waiting for me.
2961 They are all waiting with great curiosity to hear what I have to say.

2962

2963 "*Nu, Hans?!"*--my peasant says to me, "What are you intending to do? Will you continue
2964 to stay with us?" I was thinking to myself that I shouldn't tell them who I really am, but to
2965 wait a couple of days to calm my nerves down, and also not to leave with empty hands. I

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2966 knew where everything was hidden, a new "Mercedes" in the garage with wheels that I
2967 had removed, so that no one else would be able to drive off with it. I had also stashed
2968 away some benzine for an occasion when I might need it. And if this won't work I have
2969 two good horses and a big wagon which I can load up plenty. And I was thinking about
2970 taking on a Russian soldier as a partner so that he would assist me. I can no longer
2971 restrain myself. All those things which were buried in inside my heart and in my
2972 conscience, which were disrupting my sensibilities, could no longer be repressed.

2973

2974 A fire started to flame inside me and I get up from the table. I start to shiver involuntarily
2975 and with all my strength I burst out: "From this day forward my name is no longer Hans,
2976 but Shimon! I am an Israelite." Then I go mute. This hit them as if a bomb had just
2977 exploded in their house. They started to turn colors.

2978

2979 p.102

2980

2981 They hadn't reckoned on having a Jew living with them all this time. The priest turned
2982 red from shock; he lifted himself up from his seat and ran out of the house without saying
2983 a word. Then the peasant spoke up and said to me, " But this is not to be believed. You
2984 are a liar. When the Russians hear of this they will haul you off."

2985

2986 I now come to, and I give thought to what I had just pulled off here. It's late at night and

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

2987 where can I go right now? I felt that I would no longer be able to stay here. Among the
2988 neighbors there was to be found two elderly women who had evacuated with their
2989 families from Vienna. They impressed me as intelligent women, opposed to the Nazis.
2990 We would often discuss politics and sometimes I would go their home to listen to the
2991 radio to listen to news from abroad. So I went over to them. They take me in with much
2992 gladness and they ask me, "Why haven't we seen you all day?" "The Russian are already
2993 here." They look at me and wonder, "What has happened with you, Hans? You look very
2994 pale and frightened." I sense that they see that I'm out of place here, and I sit myself
2995 down because of my nervousness, and I start to tell them who I really am. They start to
2996 laugh hysterically and one says to the other: "You see, Fridl, I picked up on this from the
2997 first day I met him." They hug me for joy and say to me: "From the way you comport
2998 yourself we were able to pick up immediately that you are a Jew, because in Vienna we
2999 lived and worked with many Jews." I have to remark here that I have much to thank them
3000 for the short time that I was there. They began to pass on information about what people
3001 were saying about me and they made it their duty. In this way I knew how to behave in
3002 public and when it was necessary for me to make myself scarce.

3003

3004 The women advise me to leave the village, and not be with the peasants anymore. They
3005 will give me an address to some friends of theirs in Vienna, and I will be recieved
3006 warmly there. They understood that I no longer had parents and no place to go back
3007 home to. However, I decided not to accept their kind offer

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3008

3009 p. 103

3010

3011 because I wanted to immediately go home and find someone from my family. Late that
3012 evening I return to the house of my peasants, terribly debilitated and frightened. He
3013 comes into my room and pleads with me mercifully not to tell anyone else that I'm a Jew.
3014 He threatens me again: If the Russians should find out about me they will send me to
3015 Siberia. I am very angry and I chase him out of the room with a yell: "You German
3016 thieves, criminals and murderers. You can't forgive yourself for permitting a Jew to
3017 rescue himself among you. I will yet take vengeance for the blood of my parents and
3018 siblings." The peasant runs back and locks himself up his room and shuts all the
3019 windows. They are now scared of me. And I for my part am fearful that they will come in
3020 middle of the night and attack and kill me. I stay awake a whole night and pack up my
3021 few things. I kept with me a large axe in case something outrageous should happen.

3022

3023 Early in the morning there's a hard pounding on the door. I look outside and see two
3024 Russian soldiers and a German. I step outside and greet my brethren. They ask me to give
3025 them two "*lushakiss*." I lead them into the barn and show them the two Shtiermarker
3026 horses. "Please take them, comrades," I said. "We have won the war." After a little chat
3027 with the Rusisans they ask me if I want to take something from the Germans. "I don't
3028 want to take anything from them," I said to them. "I was able to save my life here. But I

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3029 would like to go along with you." At this point the peasant arrives and sees his
3030 misfortune--they're hitching up his horses to a wagon. The peasant begs me to talk the
3031 Russians into leaving the horses behind. But I said to him--and this had factually
3032 happened--that one of his German compatriots had led the Russians to this place. And I
3033 remind him that his German brethren had helped themselves to five of his heads of cattle,
3034 and they would also have taken off with the horses if I hadn't hidden them in the forest.
3035 So it's only right for the victors to expropriate the horses.

3036

3037 The peasant wants to block the path so that the Russians won't be able to ride out.

3038

3039 p. 104

3040

3041 One of the soldiers gave him one with his boot and was about follow up with more, but I
3042 got in between them and would not permit it. The soldiers also wanted to go into the
3043 house to ransack the place for things to take along with them. "It's enough that you have
3044 the horses I was going to need for myself; this should be enough!" I handed them a bottle
3045 of whiskey, and they took off.

3046

3047 Later I said to my peasant, "I don't want to take anything from you, but I want
3048 remuneration for the ten weeks I worked for you." I requested a couple of suits and some
3049 underwear, and a bicycle so that I could ride back home. But he had no desire to gave me

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3050 any of these things. He was only willing to pay me with a couple of German marks. I go
3051 up into the hay attic and dig out the new bicycle which I myself had hidden. Then I break
3052 into the cellar and help myself to various good clothing: a suit, a pair of boots and a
3053 leather jacket.

3054

3055 The peasant's wife hands me a loaf of bread to take with me for the road. I part company
3056 with the whole family with mixed feelings.

3057

3058 The first thing I did was go to the village where where my three friends were sojourning.
3059 But it turns out that they had fled when they heard that the Russians were coming. So,
3060 upon hearing this, I take off with a pack on my back, on a difficult journey in order to
3061 find a new home.

3062

3063 p. 105

3064

3065 On the way back to Hungary, to the capital, Budapest, there is incredible congestion. All
3066 the main thoroughfares are clogged with caravans and hundreds and thousands of people
3067 who are returning from the German concentration camps. Most are travelling by foot,
3068 some are on horse and buggy, and those who were able to grab them from the German
3069 butchers are on bicycles. There are people from every nationality who have been
3070 liberated and are dragging themselves along fatigued, exhausted and emaciated, and all

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3071 are going back to former homes. The roads are also full of settlers who are penetrating
3072 deeper into Germany. The overwhelming majority of towns and villages which we pass
3073 through are destroyed, bombed, and burned from the front.

3074

3075 My great hope is that in Budapest I will still find the Jewish sanitorium, where I worked
3076 before leaving Budapest for the forced labor camp in Minka Tabor. There, I thought, I
3077 would gladly go back to because they loved me there, and I had found a restful home
3078 there during my difficult times. To return to Munkatch was something I didn't need to do
3079 because unfortunately there was nothing for me to look for there. Also, I was afraid of the
3080 *tavarishess* [?] and didn't want to have them as my neighbors.

3081

3082 After a couple of tormenting days inside a wagon with a couple of Ukrainians, we arrived
3083 to the Hungarian border, where the Russians interrogated everyone to find out who they
3084 were and where they were coming from. They took everything away from us except our
3085 rags, and then they "liberated" us...from their gathering place. From there, I went to
3086 Shapran because a Jewish welfare agency was already set up there under the auspices of
3087 the Red Cross.

3088

3089 There I find dozens of refugees and also old acquaintances

3090

3091 p. 106

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3092

3093 and friends, broken down and debilitated. We are taken to the city bathhouse where I was
3094 given a fresh pair of underwear. At this organization they gave us food, also some pocket
3095 change, for travel expenses.

3096

3097 When I was able to have an interview with the director of this relief organization my first
3098 question was to inquire about the Jewish Orthodox sanitorium because I wanted to make
3099 that place my temporary home. My blood became chilled when I heard the terrible and
3100 bitter news that had happened to the hospital and all the people who were found there. He
3101 described to me how the fascist Hungarian soldiers ("Neloshiss") [Arrow Cross], may
3102 their memory be blotted out forever, shot everyone at the last moment and then burned
3103 down the edifice. I felt consoled, however, that I would meet in Budapest many Jews who
3104 had evaded the paws of these bloodthirsty animals.

3105

3106 After sleeping over one night in Shapran I got up early the next morning and went to the
3107 train station to catch a train to continue travelling. It was very difficult to travel by train
3108 but all the trains were packed with soldiers. I *shlep* myself into a baggage car, which is
3109 packed with large factory machines, that the Russians had pilfered from German factories
3110 and were bringing back to Russia. After riding a couple of stations I notice a train on the
3111 other side of the tracks with dozens of passenger cars, and with various flags and
3112 inscriptions. Among the flags was one with a Mogen David. I immediately jumped off

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3113 the baggage car and ran to the nice Pullman cars. Masses of Hungarian peasants are
3114 standing next to the railroad cars and want to get inside but are being held back. I hear
3115 from some of the peasants appalling remarks about Jews who are in the cars. One elderly
3116 *goyeh* chimes in: "Just take a look. More Jews are returning than were taken away!" My
3117 blood started to boil. I took my sack off my shoulders and with full might whacked her
3118 across the head. She went crashing down onto the iron railing and she didn't know what
3119 hit her. I wanted to go down after her and deliver another blow but there was a tumult and
3120 Russian soldiers came rushing over. I pleaded with one of the soldiers to hand me his
3121 machine gun

3122

3123 p. 107

3124

3125 because the old woman had cursed Stalin and the Russian Army. He gave her another
3126 blow with his boots and barked orders for everyone to leave the scene.

3127

3128 I get on the Pullman car where the Jews were situated. My nerves were shot and my
3129 blood was boiling from the anti-Semitic woman who had disrupted my sensibilities with
3130 her outrageous remarks. I look around inside the car and I notice that there are whole
3131 families, from children to elderly folks. So I have no idea which world I'm in. Aren't they
3132 coming from the German concentration camps? Mothers with little children, young
3133 people and old people--how can this be?

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3134

3135 Soon I'm made aware that this is in fact true. These are Hungarian Jews--whole families--

3136 from the city of Derbetzen and its suburbs who ended up in family concentration camps

3137 in Austria, and around Vienna, whom the Germans, may they be blotted out forever,

3138 confined whole families under civilian custody, in order to show the world that it's not

3139 what they say "that the *lagers* are concentration camps...take a look at the example of

3140 Austria, where families are living together..."

3141

3142 In several cars there are Belgian and Dutch POWs who are returning home via Hungary,

3143 because it's not possible to go through Germany.

3144

3145 I was hoping that I might find someone from our large family, who might have survived.

3146 And so I continue riding the trains and keeping my eyes out to find someone. The next

3147 morning we arrive to Budapest.

3148

3149 I exit the train and I see that the train station is terribly damaged and shot up, and there

3150 isn't a single house around the station that's standing. Everything is in upheaval. There is

3151 an enormous amount of traffic, the electric-powered trams (Vilomash) are operating, the

3152 streets are full of Russian soldiers, and in every corner of the burned out hovels there are

3153 tables with merchandise out in the street like at a country fair. The prices have shot to the

3154 seventh heaven. I don't know what's going on with me.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3155

3156 p. 108

3157

3158 Jews from concentration camps are streaming out of the train station, with packs and
3159 sacks on their shoulders, some still in their striped concentration camp rags with large
3160 numbers on the breast pocket, and the women mostly without hair. Their tragic stories are
3161 conspicuously displayed on everyone's face. A representative of the "Joint," the aid-
3162 organization, approaches us and give us an address to where we should go.

3163

3164 I am, however, bitter and fatigued and I have no desire to go there and be around
3165 thousands of concentration camp survivors, with their emaciated faces, and have to listen
3166 to their outrageous experiences. I'm just trying to remember the address of an old close
3167 friend--maybe he had some *mazel* and he can be found among the survivors, so that I can
3168 at least have one day of rest. To calm my nerves down I will sleep for twenty-four hours
3169 non-stop so that I can forget a little bit about all the things that have happened to me.

3170 Then I'll be be able to think about the next thing to do. I suddenly break out in a cold
3171 sweat. After such difficult and bitter years that we have survived it's as if I'm standing in
3172 middle of the water.

3173

3174 I remember the address of a distant relative--the sister of my brother-in-law Yechezkel
3175 Shvartz, whom I used to visit before I had to leave Budapest. I start heading for the

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3176 tramway, the electric street-bus. People stare at me pitifully, they make a place on the
3177 tram for me to sit, even though it's packed. The conductor sees my image and knows
3178 where I have come from. He tells me that I don't have to pay the fare. He also tells me
3179 when to get off where my relative lives. The non-Jewish passengers who are sitting next
3180 to me chat with me. One of them consoles me; another bemoans my fate; still another
3181 wants to be helpful--he wants me to tell him the address and he will take me to the
3182 doorstep. But he isn't sure that the house that I'm looking for is still standing intact,
3183 because it's in a neighborhood that was bombed especially hard. No, I'm starting to
3184 wonder if it isn't better that I just go off to the Joint instead of going on wild goose chases
3185 looking for relatives and friends who may or may not be alive. Seeing how down-trodden
3186 and dirty I was, the person sitting next to me on the tram, tells me not to worry;

3187

3188 p. 109

3189

3190 if I shouldn't find someone at home he would take me to his house, and I would be able to
3191 stay at his house for a couple of days. This *goy* tells me he had hidden two Jewish girls
3192 during the war period and they still come to visit him. I thank him for his kind offer but I
3193 don't feel comfortable receiving assistance from non-Jews, after the kind of suffering we
3194 had endured.

3195

3196 We come to the address that I'm looking for. My neighbor, the passenger who was sitting

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3197 next to me, helps me with my pack and we walk a couple of steps. An elderly woman
3198 comes up to me and asks me where I'm coming from. She takes out pictures of her
3199 children who were *shlept* away somewhere, and she wants to know if I recognize them,
3200 or if I know anything about them. She is crying with bitter tears for her children. I try to
3201 console her and assure her that her children will probably come back, just as I did. But,
3202 unfortunately, I cannot answer the questions that *nebech* she wants me to answer. With a
3203 *shitlen* [?] and silent answer I take leave of the old woman and head towards the famous
3204 Tabak Temple. All around I see that houses have been bombarded and that the temple is
3205 also damaged. In middle of the courtyard, where the flower garden used to be, I see a
3206 mass grave and the *goy* who is accompanying me informs me that here lies buried
3207 hundreds of Jews whom the fascists (the *Neloshiss*) had murdered during the upheavals
3208 of October '44. When they came to power they herded a couple of thousand Jews into the
3209 temple tortured them by depriving them of food and freezing them to death. The place
3210 looked like a cemetery.

3211

3212 I see the house that I'm looking for--Vesheleni Street, number 4. The house is damaged
3213 but it's still standing, and it's being inhabited. A Jew who lives there comes out of the
3214 house and I inquire about the family that I'm looking for. With great joy my ears hear
3215 Yes!, the Neiman family lives here. I thank my escorter and by myself walk up the three
3216 flights of stairs. I'm imagining with great joy that when they see me they'll be kissing and
3217 hugging me. I'll get to see the mother and the daughter with whom I have spent some

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3218 wonderful times. Do they still remember that I am among the survivors who come from
3219 the other world.

3220

3221 p. 110

3222

3223 She is not my mother, but nevertheless a Jewish mother who will have great pleasure
3224 when she sees me.

3225

3226 I get to the third floor and with a pounding heart and trembling hands on the door knob I
3227 open it gently and enter the front room; but it's dark because all the windows have been
3228 smashed and boarded up. It's very quiet and no one knows that I'm here. I go into the
3229 main room and Mrs. Neiman is standing there and she stares at me, but doesn't recognize
3230 me. Then suddenly she gives a scream, "Shimon!, Shimon!, is that you?" "Yes, it's me
3231 and I'm one of the living."

3232

3233 I look at the elderly woman and see that she has aged greatly, like after a serious
3234 illness...and with a grieving voice she procedes to tell me who among the family
3235 members managed to survive because they were able to hide out with *goyische* papers.
3236 My brother-in-law Yechezkel Schwartz had five days earlier come back home from
3237 Mathausen. Her husband would be coming home soon. He had suffered a great deal. He
3238 was incarcerated in a prison, and only by a miracle managed to avoid being sent to a

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3239 concentration camp. Her three sons aged 12, 20 and 23 were also able to save themselves.

3240 With bitter tears in her eyes she tells me about the fate of her two daughters--ages 15 and

3241 18--who were murdered in the Jewish sanitorium with the rest of the martyrs. Everyone

3242 thought this was a place that would provide security since they were nurses there. "My

3243 dear, innocent children," she cried bitterly.

3244

3245 I am now tongue-tied--either to be joyful with the few survivors, or to cry for the ones

3246 who had perished. My heart is like a stone. I take a look at the woman, the mother. I am

3247 now insensitized to the pain of the mother for her two children. I hadn't reckoned for such

3248 a *baruch habah* [welcome]. In comparison to her story what could I possibly have to say.

3249

3250 In the meantime the father and his youngest child come home, and also my brother-in-

3251 law Yechezkel, who looks *nebech* like from a grave, may the Merciful One spare us.

3252

3253 p. 111

3254

3255 He looks pale like a wall. His tall, skinny body and face is like that of a dead person. We

3256 embrace and I try to best of my ability to make myself joyful. I recount a couple of

3257 episodes on how I outwitted the Germans. The place loosens up and I make everyone

3258 laugh. The woman then says: "Shimon, we don't have to be too worried about you. You

3259 have probably brought along a treasure of gold and jewels in your sack, which you have

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3260 lifted from the Germans. We need a lot of money because everything here is very
3261 expensive. Foodstuff is scarce and the prices are outrageous, and from the little bit of
3262 assistance that we receive it is difficult to survive."
3263
3264 I, however, know very well what is inside my pack: a couple of old pants and a little bit
3265 of old underwear, because the Russians took away the good things. They were looking
3266 for treasures in my pack, and they helped themselves to my leather shoes and leather
3267 jacket. They pulled out a couple of packs of cigartettes from my pack and so all I was left
3268 with were a couple of *shmattes*.
3269
3270 I ate something and went to sleep. I slept from 2 PM until around dinner time the next
3271 day. I got up and washed, and put on a new set of clothes from my pack. I brushed up my
3272 suit and took off for the aid organization.
3273
3274 From a distance I could see the inscriptions and hundreds of people hanging around the
3275 building. Wagons with horses are bringing fresh refugees from the train. I have
3276 encounters with various old familiar faces and friends, who are hanging around. They are
3277 waiting around to search for, and they hope to find, relatives and close ones. I meet
3278 friends from Munkatch. We are overjoyed. We kiss and hug each other with tears in our
3279 eyes. People bring me tidings about Munkatch; there is nothing to look for there, unless I
3280 happen to know where some things of worth have been hidden.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3281

3282 I am also told that *goyim* have moved into our house. The Russians and the local folks

3283 have already dug up and turned upside down all the Jewish homes and gardens in the

3284 hope that they might find something.

3285

3286 Young Russians and Ukrainians, yesterday's bandits, are reigning supreme in our city.

3287

3288 p. 112

3289

3290 I am not overly surprised by anything I hear about the latest reports from my hometown.

3291 I had already wized up to our "liberators," and my parents didn't have a fortune which

3292 to bury. And if they did happen to hide something--I had no idea where--and I couldn't

3293 know because when the deportations were taking place I was already not at home. What I

3294 very much did want to retrieve were my father's handwritten Torah novellas, which he

3295 asked me to print after his 120 years. Now that a gentile woman was living in the

3296 apartment, I had nothing to go looking for in Munkatch.

3297

3298 What I want now is to hear some good news; namely, that one of my sisters is among the

3299 living. My friends can't understand how I let myself be *shlept* all the way to Germany and

3300 they didn't lose sight of me until the last moment; and that I waited until the tail end of

3301 the war to come back home. They now have pockets full of money. They have looted

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3302 businesses together with the Russians and made a fortune. I have to walk around with
3303 shame and embarrassment because I have to go to the welfare agency to receive
3304 assistance.
3305
3306 I come into a large auditorium which is full of tables and typewriters. I stand in line and I
3307 recognize near one of the typewriter tables the man with whom I had worked in
3308 Zibenburgen on the railroad tracks. He was fortunate to have been liberated already in
3309 1944 by the Romanians. The writer at first doesn't want to register me and asks: "How
3310 many times have you registered yourself already? And in how many cities have you
3311 already taken money?" He can't understand how it is that I just arrived from Germany,
3312 because the great majority of those who worked together with me have already been at
3313 home for a long time. He knows that I am also one of those who fell in among those
3314 captured and were immediately liberated. With great difficulty I had to explain to him
3315 things he didn't know; namely, that I was taken into the army together with another 30
3316 men from our company. He then proceeds to register me. And when he wants to write my
3317 name as he knew it and everyone in the company as the sanitorium
3318
3319
3320 because I had a false name and forged paper, which I had kept with me ever since I had
3321 left Munkatch. [Preeva, this is a run-on sentence that was poorly constructed and doesn't
3322 make sense.]

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3323

3324 When I let him know that this is a false name, and that my real name is Shimon Daitch,
3325 he becomes livid and screams: "How many false names do you have?" It required much
3326 time and documentation with photos and all my personal friends until he began to accept
3327 the fact that the assumed German name Papovitch Yohannes was really an alias, and only
3328 then did he have compassion for me and write me up for underwear, a new suit and some
3329 pocket change.

3330

3331 I am feeling helpless. My nerves are shot. I don't have loved ones around with whom I
3332 can confide to and unburden my heavy heart. How does one begin to live one's life anew?
3333 My first thought is that I will travel to the Land of Israel.

3334

3335 When I return to my quarter and I see the bitter and melancholical faces and the dark
3336 rooms with the boarded up windows--it only exacerbated my gloomy feelings--so I tried
3337 to lighten up the atmosphere a bit. But people make fun of me and said that I'm the old
3338 Shimon, the happy-go-lucky guy who didn't experience anything [tragic]. After a couple
3339 of days of staying with my acquaintances and standing in line to wait for food being
3340 dished out of a folk kitchen, and sleeping on the unclean bedding with little red crawling
3341 things ("Little Jews") [i.e. bedbugs]--which the city of Budapest is blessed with
3342 abundance--and especially during this time when no proper means for washing was
3343 available; and with the streets still littered with unexploded bombs, and the nightly

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3344 attacks by the Russian soldiers on the hapless civilian population--from this city I must

3345 leave at once!

3346

3347

3348 (Last paragraph, p.113)

3349

3350 I sit myself down on the train with other refugees and we go to Romania, where life was

3351 much more normal, because the war had come to an end there much earlier. So I arrived

3352 to the city of Arad. At the train station there were two Jewish policemen.

3353

3354 p. 114

3355

3356 They are able to recognize me because of the pack I'm carrying around. They ask me a

3357 couple of questions just to be certain that I truly am the person I say I am, and not some

3358 Nazi SS man, who is on the run and might be hiding under the mantle of Jewish refugees.

3359 In Arad it is *heimish* (familiar, friendly); here many Jews were saved, and there are many

3360 refugees here. From the train station I am taken to the assistance-committee, where I find

3361 for the most part lovely furnished rooms, and they're serving meals. I'm told I can stay

3362 here as long as I would like to but I should not engage in black marketeering or deal in

3363 unkosher merchandise. They're overjoyed here with the new guests. Here is a great

3364 opportunity for me to get some badly needed rest. But lamentably I find out later that the

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3365 kitchen isn't kosher and they cook on *Shabbis*. It goes without saying that I can not
3366 sojourn here for very long. I take off for the school and there I see a large group of Jews
3367 standing around the school, just as in Munkatch at the beginning of the semester, when
3368 they would be recruiting teachers for the village Jews. Then, out of nowhere, I am given a
3369 big hug from a former neighbor in Munkatch, Zanvel Rosenberg, a son-in-law of Reb
3370 Mordechai Gelb, with whom I was very close back home. The first thing he asks me is:
3371 "Have you already met with your two sisters?" I am taken aback by the news. I explain to
3372 him that I have just returned from hell and up to this point haven't heard a good piece of
3373 news from anyone. He tells me that he travels often to Bucharest because that's where
3374 most of the refugees are centered, and the first thing that he wants to know is who among
3375 the hometown people has survived. And from reliable sources he has heard that two of
3376 my sisters are among the liberated, but since one of them was not in the best of health
3377 after the liberation they had to wait a while longer until she would make a recovery and
3378 gather some energy to be able to undertake a journey. He asks me where I am keeping the
3379 few items that I possess. I tell him that I have just arrived from Budapest and that my
3380 quarter is in the Jewish Committee.

3381

3382 "At the Committee?" he says with amazement . "No! You come with me and don't worry,
3383 everything will be o.k."

3384

3385 p. 115

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3386

3387 Until today I hadn't met such a close friend. He says to me:

3388

3389 "I will take care of everything for you, to the best of my ability."

3390

3391 Tears are running down my eyes. These are the most consoling words I have heard since
3392 the end of the war. He is talking to me like he's my own brother. I can see that it is not the
3393 end of the world. He takes me over to his quarter not far from the school. He takes me
3394 over to the *shul* and introduces me to the *shammis* whose name is Reb Shimshon. I see
3395 for the first time a *heimish* and precious smile from Jewish elders, which I had for so long
3396 not seen. Zanvel tells the *shammis* who I am. He introduces me: "He, this young man, is a
3397 neighbor from the *heim* and the son of a great pious Jew who had few equals in
3398 Munkatch. I want to have him as my guest." The wife chimes in [Whose wife?]: "No! He
3399 will be our guest"--and she immediately takes me into a bright room. There is plenty of
3400 space here. Their children had left for the the Land of Israel a long time earlier. "By us
3401 you will be a convenient guest," she said. It doesn't take much to talk me into it. Zanvel
3402 goes with me to the aid organization and helps me bring my things. We sit down at the
3403 table in front of a pot of coffee. I can't restrain myself from telling everyone how I
3404 managed to survive the war, because it's on my chest and I have to get it out. The elderly
3405 couple are listening intently to every word with great interest, as if it was their own child
3406 who was telling it. They empathize with me and my ordeal because they hadn't heard

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3407 anything like this from anyone else before--to live like a German and survive among
3408 them. "We," the woman says, "lived through a great fear when the Hungarian military
3409 occupied the city for a couple of days. Word got around that they were intending to round
3410 up all the Jews and poison them. The Creator of the Universe, however, came to our aid
3411 when the Russians and Romanians drove them out quickly. They quickly withdrew and
3412 the city and almost all the Jews, with a couple of exceptions, and refugees who managed
3413 to get across the Hungarian border

3414

3415 p. 116

3416

3417 when the Germans entered and occupied Hungary, also managed to survive."

3418

3419 In the meantime the clock is ticking away and it now time to go to *shul* to *daven Minchah*
3420 and *Ma'ariv*. I arrive to the *shul* and I see that the place is packed with *heimishe* Jews;
3421 Jews with beards and *paysis*. My eyes start to brighten up. The world hasn't disintegrated.
3422 This means that indeed we won the war. The evil one, may his name be blotted out
3423 forever and ever did not prevail. How holy is our Torah which has taught us *Va-yechatz*
3424 *es ha-am...leshnai machnus*--our father Jacob divided his children in two camps so that
3425 they wouldn't all be in one place; in case Esau decides to attack one camp, the other
3426 group would be able to save themselves. And here, indeed, I see the camp that managed
3427 to survive. *Kein ayin horah* a beautiful faction managed to survive. The Jewish Nation is

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3428 alive and thriving. My heart, which felt like a stone, was becoming softer, and tears are
3429 pouring down from my eyes. I see in front of me a picture of Munkatch: The *bes medrish*,
3430 and my father is standing by the window near the *aron kodesh* and he's reciting the
3431 *Sh'moineh Esrey* [Eighteen Benedictions]. He is barely able to move his body and tears
3432 are falling from his eyes onto the page of the *siddur*.

3433

3434 At night after the *davening* I'm again sitting at the table with the elderly pair. Although I
3435 was very tired from all the travelling, still I had no desire to go to sleep. All I want to do
3436 is talk and recount, and as much as possible pour out my heavy heart and tell everyone
3437 what I just just lived through. I am imagining that it's my mother that's sitting at the table
3438 in front of me and I am talking to my parents who are sitting right close to me. In the
3439 meantime my friend Zanvel comes in and with a hearty smile takes out of his pocket a
3440 wad of one thousand Romanian bank notes. He hands them to me and says: "This is your
3441 day's earnings. Don't be afraid, these are not the thousands of former times; this is only a
3442 couple of dollars in American money. When you have to buy something, you have to pay
3443 with thousands. Here we talk about '*raidlech*' [wheels]. A *raidel* is a million Romanian *li*.
3444 I've already gone through my second *raidel*. For people who have homes here, this is a
3445 lot of money. For us this is nothing,

3446

3447 p. 117

3448

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3449 and it's very easy to lose [squander?] it. I hope that you'll look around a little and in about
3450 two weeks you too will become a full-time merchant. Although it's a bit late in the game,
3451 if you're sent to do a task [meaning, if it's fated for you to do this], one can still
3452 accomplish a great deal. You will be able to establish a rapport with the Russian soldiers,
3453 and buy from them whatever you desire--all kinds of bank notes, watches, gold jewelry,
3454 photographis apparatuses, and clothing. If you make contact with the right soldiers who
3455 traverse across the borders and are reliable, and by that I mean, are not trying to steal
3456 from you, you can one-two also make a fortune.

3457

3458 Although I had resolved to eschew engaging in *treifa* business dealings, I reminded
3459 myself of my two sisters whom I was hoping to meet, and I felt I had a responsibility to
3460 help them. They will be coming back *nebech* exhausted and broken down, so I wanted to
3461 be able to stretch out a generous hand and loaded pockets, and buy them the best and
3462 loveliest things. I want to buy them a home so that they wouldn't have to wander from
3463 place to place or have to rely on Jewish welfare organizations. I didn't have a home, so
3464 my sisters should at least have a home and be happy. I say this with a deep sigh from my
3465 heart. Frau Reich hears my *krechzing* [groaning] and she starts to console me, assuring
3466 me that I am not alone, that we have a great Creator. I inform her that my heart is full of
3467 joy, because I just found out today that my two sisters are alive, and that I don't want
3468 them to wander around, because they will not be able to go back to Munkatch; there is
3469 nothing there for us to look for. "No need to be concerned," the woman says, "we also

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3470 have place for your two sisters, and we will lead them to the wedding canopy. One has to
3471 hope for the best and try to calm down after such an ordeal and start to think like a
3472 normal person. Please go to sleep, it's already 2 AM." But I wasn't able to close my eyes.
3473 My thoughts were with my two sister someplace in Germany. Poor children! What have
3474 they been through? How were they able to overcome hunger and frost and the back-
3475 breaking work?

3476

3477 p. 118

3478

3479 The weakest in my family managed to survive. They didn't want to come to Budapest
3480 when there was a ghetto there, so I sent a *goyishe* nurse to Munkatch with papers that
3481 woud permit them to stay in the sanitorium, but they didn't want to leave the parents
3482 behind. And what would have happened if they had come to Budapest? So I see that
3483 those who were fated to live even managed to come out of the crematoria alive. And who
3484 knows what I am still going to have to endure? We imagined that if we would survive we
3485 wouldn't have to worry about a home, that they would carry us in their hands. But
3486 everything is dreams. Everything is in flux. Now I have to go smuggling across borders,
3487 and come to strangers for a piece of bread. We have to find compassion or a word of
3488 consolation. In the meantime I had forgotten what I had wished for myself so often
3489 during the war period--to have bread and water, to be free, and not have to be morbidly
3490 fearful every moment of dying. I need to get some sleep, to forget a little bit because

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3491 tomorrow is another day.

3492

3493 After staying for a couple of days in Arad I go down to the business of wheeling and
3494 dealing with the Russian soldiers. The *shammis* Reb Shimshon Reich and Zandel lent me
3495 a large sum of money, and out in the streets I quickly learned what needed to be bought
3496 and what needed to be sold. Little by little my thoughts began to ease and I started to be
3497 more like my former self, and the more and the quicker I [lived in the present] the
3498 healthier it was for me. Everyday I was counting how much was still missing from the
3499 "*raidel*." I was thinking that if I'm on the ball I'll do better than anyone else. The work is
3500 immense and one has to be on the lookout for the Romanian undercover police and also
3501 from the Russian soldiers, they shouldn't help themselves to my merchandise, like they
3502 did with many other people. But compared with what I had just endured this would be a
3503 minor irritant. To have or not to have--I just need to grab what's there to be had right in
3504 front of me.

3505

3506 In the meantime the days are going by and I still haven't had any communication with my
3507 sisters. It's impossible for me to find out where they are located. Maybe they were still
3508 left behind in Germany,

3509

3510 p. 119

3511

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3512 like a lot of other people who wanted to go back to the old home, and from there would
3513 undertake to migrate. And perhaps they are in Czechoslovakia, Prague, where many Jews
3514 from Carphato-Rus remained. The only way to find out is to travel to Budapest, and
3515 from there to Prague or to Bucharest, where the scores of Jewish aids organizations are
3516 located. There, all the Czech Jews from the Carpathian Mountains come together. There,
3517 they receive their first assistance from the Joint. The Red Cross is also situated there,
3518 where one can make contact with the whole world. From Bucharest it is also easier to
3519 travel to the Land of Israel. I decided to go to Bucharest. First of all, I would receive the
3520 couple of thousand *li* that every Jew is given when he comes home from Germany. Also,
3521 there one can find a Czech consulate that is run by *heimishe* Jews, and they give everyone
3522 money to buy a new pair of shoes. Money for transportation is not necessary if a refugee
3523 comes from the concentration camp and shows an identification card. I'm going to work
3524 things so that I will be able to travel in Romania. I have plenty of time on my hands and
3525 in Bucharest I will buy merchandise with the couple of thousand *li*: cigarettes or matches
3526 because in Bucharest these are considerably cheaper. I could do a little extra business in
3527 Bucharest, and the heavier my pocket will be the lighter my heart will be.

3528

3529 So now I am in the capital of Romania--Bucharest. Immediately that Sunday the first day
3530 I found out from some women who had seen my sisters, and who had been together with
3531 them in the camps. The women left Germany soon after the American had liberated the
3532 camp. But my sisters remained because one of them became ill right after the liberation.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3533 Ostensibly, they were on their way to Prague. I was exhilarated upon hearing this and I
3534 imagined that my sisters would be overjoyed and consider themselves very fortunate. I
3535 was just hoping to establish communications with them.

3536

3537 In Bucharest at the aids organization it no longer so easy to get a couple of *li*. Thousand
3538 of refugees are going back and forth

3539

3540 p. 120

3541

3542 and if they've already been there a couple of times they give different names. Some come
3543 from the concentration camps in Poland and keep travelling until they are arrive to
3544 Bucharest. And those who have tattoos on their arms are the most privileged--for them all
3545 the doors are open. They are paid the whole sum, also shoes and good clothing and
3546 underwear. They can't deceive anyone because they have numbers on their arms. Some of
3547 the refugees have gone back home but have found nothing left there, so they bring with
3548 them their striped concentration camp garments with the numbers. And others, such as
3549 myself, have to learn how to lie about where we are from and why we have come to
3550 Bucharest. We have to sojourn here for a couple of weeks, eat from the kitchen of the aid
3551 committee, and stand in line. Now they are handing half the amount they used to
3552 distribute. And if one doesn't want to be wandering around one has to spend all the
3553 money one has received. [Don't understand why, and he doesn't explain this.] I met with

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3554 hundreds of *landslayt* [countrymen], had a little bit of money in my pocket and treated
3555 myself well, went to the movies and the theatres, and ate a lot of *mamaliga* in the dirty
3556 Romanian restuarants. Bread was difficult to come by, and only for a chunk of change,
3557 which I couldn't afford. I mostly subsisted on *mamaliga*. On *Shabbis* I ate in the *Agudah*
3558 [Agugas Yisroel, an ultra-Orthodox organization and political party] kitchen and heard
3559 the recitation of *Kiddish*. At the first opportunity I sent a telegram-letter to my relatives in
3560 America through the Red Cross informing them that I was alive. With my sisters there
3561 still was no communications for me to let them know that I was still alive.

3562

3563 In the meantime I changed my quarters. But in the morning when I woke up I noticed that
3564 univited guests, as big as the nails my fingers, had moved themselves into my clothing.
3565 This made me feel disgusted because during the entire duration of the war I had managed
3566 to be free of them and here in Romania they managed to pock me. As soon as the shops
3567 opened I went out and bought myself a new set of clothes. I went over to the aids
3568 committee, took a bath, and after dinner left the Romanian capital with the express train.

3569

3570 p. 121

3571

3572 I already had Czech identification papers with a photograph, which looked like a
3573 passport. The Romanians couldn't read it so they let me board the train in a First Class car
3574 reserved for an especially selective group of people. Just before sundown the express

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3575 train left Bucharest. I look around the car and I see that the every seat has been taken,
3576 mostly with Romanian and Russian officers and soldiers. It appears that I will have to be
3577 up on my feet all night long. I go from one car to the next and I see a Russian soldier also
3578 looking around trying to find a vacant seat. So I edge up close to him and I ask him what
3579 he is waiting for. I try to egg him on. We have won the war and I also want to sit. I point
3580 out to him near a window where two Romanian soldiers were sitting. That's a very good
3581 place, I tell him. We go over to the officers and point out to them with various hand
3582 gestures and say to them in a courteous matter in Russian, that they should be so kind and
3583 get up off their seats. They didn't seem to want to understand what we were saying. My
3584 soldier opened wide the window and grabbed both of them by the collar, as if to throw
3585 them out. The two officers quickly ran off screaming: "Conductor!" We sat ourselves
3586 down. The conductor came running and started bellowing in Romanian that these are
3587 reserved seat for the generals, whom we had driven from their places. We started to crack
3588 up, and the other Russian officers also started to laugh along with us. My comrade took
3589 out a bottle of vodka from his pack and started swigging from it. He then handed the
3590 bottle to me and we drank a *l'chaim*. And every time he had a drink, I also had to drink
3591 along. My heart was grieving and my head was like a stall from the smelly booze. We
3592 started singing Russian songs, but we were told to keep our mouths shut, because people
3593 wanted to sleep.

3594

3595 Indeed, that whole night, I slept like a dead person. About 9 AM the train came to a stop.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3596 We are in Temeshvar. I see through the window a group of Jews with their
3597
3598 p. 122
3599
3600 concentration camp packs. They want to board the train, but they won't let them. I ask
3601 them where they're coming from. "From the concentration camp," they replied. "It's
3602 already two weeks that we're riding the baggage compartment. We want to continue
3603 traveling to Hungary or Czechoslovakia but they won't let us." I don't think for long.
3604 Temeshvar must be a big city. If the train stopped here then it there must certainly have a
3605 chapter of the Joint. I take my pack and crawl underneath [Underneath what?Why?] I
3606 give these Jews a joyful and hearty *shalom aleichem*, my dear brothers. "Don't worry, but
3607 I see that you don't know what to do. How many of you are there?," I ask them.
3608 "Seventeen persons." "I am also one. That makes eighteen persons." I go with them to the
3609 director of the train station. I try to communicate with him, half with my hands and a
3610 little in Romanian, which I had picked up in a short time. He immediately understood
3611 what I wanted and asked everyone to sit down. He made a call on the telephone and it
3612 didn't take long before a representative from the Jewish community with two woman
3613 came and they gave us heartfelt greetings. They took us to the station restaurant, and
3614 ordered breakfast for all of us. Afterwards, the community representative informed us
3615 that since things weren't organized in Temeshvar for us to sojourn here, we should leave
3616 our packs at the station and he will take us into the city, where we will be given some

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3617 pocket change, have some time to get some rest, and after dinner we can be on our way
3618 again. We put our pack away. I take off my coat, which doesn't look like it's from a
3619 concentration camp, and leave it with my other things. We arrive to the edifice of the
3620 Jewish community center. Everyone received fifteen thousand *li*, which came to about ten
3621 or fifteen dollars. This would be a couple of months salary for a typical Romanian
3622 worker, but legally you couldn't buy a whole lot with it. I also give a name which came to
3623 my thoughts. [Not sure what he's saying here.] We all go to the city bathhouse, and
3624 everyone received fresh underwear. Dinnertime we all went to a kosher restaurant at the
3625 Jewish community's expense. Later that evening we were escorted to the train station. We
3626 receive a paper that serves as a pass, which makes it possible for us to cross the border
3627 into Hungary. I stealthily managed to part company with the rest of the brethren and
3628 hopped on board a train heading for Arad.

3629

3630 p. 123

3631

3632 Upon arriving back to Arad I quickly got down to the business of trading, because I didn't
3633 want to stay in Romania too much longer. I wanted to make a few dollars and then go to
3634 Budapest or Prague. On one lovely day when I am hustling near the train station I see
3635 transports of Russian soldiers coming and going to all the occupied territories in Europe.
3636 So I bought up all kinds of currencies: German *marks*, Austrian *shilin*, Hungarian *fenge*,
3637 Czech *kroners*, and Russian *rubles*. My pockets were suddenly full. I wanted to start

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3638 heading home but a couple of Russian soldiers came up to me and offered to sell me
3639 Hungarian currency for very cheap. I made the deal. When I am about to start heading
3640 home I notice that three Russian soldiers are following me. They drag me into the
3641 courtyard of a big house. I received a whack over the head from the handle of a pistol.
3642 When I came to I found that my pocket were empty. They had rendered me no longer a
3643 "hat maker."

3644

3645 The next day I left Romania with empty pockets. With a letter from the Red Cross I cross
3646 the border into Hungary. I arrived to Budapest, where I met my two cousins, Bleemeh
3647 and Esther Estreicher, and they passed on personal greetings from my two sisters, who
3648 were by now in best of health in Prague.

3649 **Germany**

3650

3651 In the year 1946 I find myself in a small town in Germany called Krombach. It is not far
3652 from the town of Leifheim where the DP camp for a couple of thousand Jewish survivors
3653 of the war was situated. Of the town of Krombach, which before the war possessed a nice
3654 Jewish community of a couple of hundred families of Orthodox Jews, all that remained
3655 was one Jew who remained with his non-Jewish wife. Around eighty souls of religious
3656 Jews were living here temporarily and residing in the home which had previously
3657 belonged to the Jews. One can recognize these Jews homes by the *mezuzos* that are
3658 affixed to the doorpost. We set up a type of *koillem* [usually meant to mean a post-*yeshiva*

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3659 academy for a married and ordained man who is being supported by his family or a
3660 Jewish institution to continue his studies] or *yeshiva*, and we called it the *Rabbinat*
3661 *Haupt-Shule*, and we received funding from the Joint [Joint Distribution Committee].
3662 With the help of the Joint and the occupying powers, we received permission from the
3663 Germans to establish this institution, until we would be departing from Germany.
3664 Everyone had to get permission from the German authorities to establish domicile, with
3665 the exception of the Holocaust survivors. Foodstuff and clothing was strictly rationed,
3666 and to buy in the private German shops wasn't possible with the food stamps we were
3667 given. Those who still staying in refugee camps couldn't buy things in the private German
3668 businesses, only that which "UNRRA" [United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation
3669 Administration] and the Joint provided. I became the administrator and the intermediary
3670 between the *yeshiva* and the German authorities. We received a monthly stipend from the
3671 German *Farguttengse-Ampt*. We also received assistance from the Joint, and the
3672 Klausenburger Rebbe, may he live to be 120, also helped with five dollars a month for
3673 each person. [Note: The Klausenburger Rebbe, Rabbi Yekutiel Yehudah Halberstam, lost
3674 his wife and 11 children to the Nazis. He passed away in 1994 at the age of 91.] The
3675 Germans were obligated to empty a couple of buildings, and also a large edifice, which
3676 before the war had been a Jewish children's home. We set up a *bes medrish* for *davening*
3677 and for study, and also built a *mikvah*. We also made an *uren koidesh* which the Germans
3678 paid for, and which today is found in Brooklyn, in the home of *ha-Rav* Menachem
3679 Mendel Rubin, the Mizshawer *Rav*. In spite of all the difficulties and abnormal

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3680 circumstances, and the terrible frame of mind most of us found ourselves in on the
3681 polluted German earth--we did everything possible to make ourselves feel comfortable.
3682 The *koillel* over time kept getting larger and larger, many of the *bucherim* [single male
3683 students] got married, and many Jewish children were being born. The beards and *payis*
3684 were growing longer and nicer, and the German population of the town started to respect
3685 us and refer to us as the "*rabbiners*." There is no lack of *Shabbis goyim*, and for a pittance
3686 they are our boot polishers. And as the administrator, I come before these great warriors
3687 of yesterday, our bitter enemies from yesterday, and they give me whatever I want.
3688 Within a year the *koillel* grew to about hundred and twenty souls, and life started to
3689 normalize a bit. We now had a *rav*, and *prezess* [?], and sextons, and also "beautiful"
3690 [Torah scholars], Klausenburger Chassidim, and *Chassidim* from other sects. And since
3691 my beard didn't want to grow I had to vacate the town of Krombach. [He's saying tongue-
3692 in-cheek that he was no longer a *chassid*.]
3693
3694 In the year 1947 I settle in a town called Mittenwald near the Alps, not far from the
3695 Swiss-Austrian border, where in the winter and summer one sees snow on the top of the
3696 mountain.
3697
3698 From the *chassidische koillel* I came to a brethren who were referred to as the *Sharis ha-*
3699 *Flaitch* [Holocaust Survivors], because nowhere else in Germany did such a young men's
3700 group exist. The greater part of the brethren remained in the town when the Americans

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3701 liberated them. The Americans took over the hotel of one notorious Nazi, cleaned it up,
3702 and settled Jews there. These young "wiseguys" didn't make it easy for me to join. They
3703 made me promise them that I would be good and pious, and become their *rebbe*. This
3704 town was located in the most beautiful part of Germany, to which thousands of tourists
3705 came to visit every year, and I began to cozy up to the place. If I'm going to be in
3706 Germany I might as well enjoy the fresh air. I kept my word. I immediately set up a room
3707 for a *minyan*, brought a *seifer toireh*, and saw to it that the brethren *davened*. I *kashered*
3708 the kitchen,

3709

3710 p. 125

3711

3712 and a *shoichet* [ritual slaughterer] came once a week to slaughter. I facilitated all the
3713 religious functions, and the Germans gave me a salary for serving in the capacity of
3714 *rabbiner*. Not far from us was the world famous Kur Ort [a spa]. In the city Garmisch-
3715 Partenkirchen [a resort town in Bavaria], a large number of Jews could be found, and
3716 among them there was a sizable number of Orthodox Jews, who had everything that Jews
3717 need [to be devout Jews]. I would go there often and my fellow young *chevrahmen* took
3718 to calling me *rebbe* or *choosid*. They respected me and also were afraid because they
3719 knew I was also able to resort to my fists when needed, and I was not afraid of them. I
3720 lived among them like one of them.

3721

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3722 There were at that time Jews who were living in Germany after the liberation, and also
3723 tens of thousands who came running [to Germany] from the lands to which they had
3724 returned after the war. Many had to flee again from their former homes and leave
3725 everything to their *goyishe* neighbors, after the "wonderful reception" they had recieved
3726 when they had return, and also because they feared their Russian "liberators." Jews are
3727 living scattered all over Germany and Austria, mostly in barracks, a couple of hundred to
3728 one thousand, divided up in two zones, the American and the English zone. In the
3729 Russian and also in the French zone there were few Jews to be found there from among
3730 the Holocaust survivors. Everyone is trying to figure out how to emigrate from here as
3731 soon as possible, who to America, Canada, Australia. Some want to go to Israel, if it's
3732 only possible. The English won't permit it and are guarding all the roads with modern
3733 machines and spy agencies all over Europe, so that God forbid the Jews shouldn't take off
3734 on ships. And if they catch the Jewish enemy they have him incarcerated in a camp in
3735 Cypress. But not everyone wants to take off without anything and go on the road with the
3736 *aliyah* when one is not certain how one will reach the borders of *Eretz Yisroel*.

3737

3738 Jews cannot obtain legal passports so they smuggle themselves across lands and forests,
3739 to Germany, to Austria, Czechoslovakia, to Poland, to France and Belgium, and back.
3740 They are traveling from one zone to the next, to the consulates. They stand in line in front
3741 of the Joint and the HIAS, seeking assistance to emigrate. They manage to procure for
3742 themselves various necessary documents, legal and illegal; items that the American

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3743 consulate requires and which aren't possible to obtain. There are birth certificates that can
3744 no longer be procured from home. Also, if they are already residing in Germany since the
3745 liberation in 1945. [Don't understand why this sentence is here.] Many are registered at
3746 several consulates under different names and as citizens of countries which come quicker
3747 [? Don't know what he means by "quicker"--perhaps he means countries that make
3748 getting a visa easier] and have larger quotas. The weeks and months and years go by and
3749 we are still living on the lands of the murderers of our parents and families, and still
3750 waiting.

3751

3752 In September 1949 I find myself already on a ship sailing to America. On the military
3753 transport ship there are on board some fourteen hundred refugees of various nationalities
3754 from the refugee camps, among them a couple of hundred Jews. It's already the second
3755 day that a stormy wind is raging and is throwing us around like a rubber ball. The great
3756 majority of the passengers are in their cabins, and from every direction one can hear
3757 groaning and crying. It is virtually impossible to stand on the deck, and it is also
3758 forbidden. The ship is rocking from one side to the other, and water is washing up onto
3759 the ship.

3760

3761 I'm hanging around acting like a courageous tough guy, behaving as if nothing bothers
3762 me. My appetite is normal, my head isn't spinning, and my intestines are not in any way
3763 affected.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3764

3765 The holiday of Rosh Hashanah arrived in the middle of the great storm and Cantor Dovid
3766 Veeder, may he rest in peace, is standing at the podium. We are holding on to each other
3767 for dear life and are making all kinds of prostrations even when it is not necessary. On the
3768 second day of Rosh Hashanah after the *shoifar* blowing the winds began to calm down.

3769 The ship starts to move normally.

3770

3771 A cold wind is blowing on the deck of the ship and I'm lying on my cot listening to the
3772 others lying on their beds and bemoaning their fate for these last three days. After such a
3773 trip they would be willing to forego America. A couple of friends whose acquaintance I
3774 have made on the trip

3775

3776 p. 128

3777

3778 are starting to fantasize what the Golden Land, where they shovel gold in the streets,
3779 looks like. And only in a couple days we will be touching the ground on this long-
3780 awaited land. How great will be the joy of my uncle when he sees me. He will take me
3781 [from the pier] and kiss me as as if I was his own child. He doesn't have anyone. He lives
3782 alone in his big lovely house. And as he tells me in the tender letters he kept sending me,
3783 that I am his only hope. I will treat him as if he was my father and I will let him treat me
3784 tenderly like a son.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3785

3786 My uncle has the same name I do. My mother used to say, "Shimon, you have many of
3787 the same characteristics as your uncle Shimon in America." What was he lacking in the
3788 *heim* [the Old Country]? He suddenly upped and took off for America. I would often say
3789 when I was small that when I grew up I would travel around the world until I arrived to
3790 America. He certainly was a wealthy man. He had already left for America before the
3791 first world war. He was a skilled tradesman, able to make and repair things. Very soon
3792 I'm going to be with my dear uncle.

3793

3794 "*Herr* Deitch!" My neighbor who is sitting on a chair next to me says. "What do you say,
3795 in only a couple of days we will be in the Golden Land. Do you have relatives who will
3796 be waiting for you?"

3797

3798 "What are you asking me about whether I have relatives? I have an uncle, who's my
3799 mother's brother!"

3800

3801 "Does he have children?"

3802

3803 "Yes, two. His children are very rich, but they would never write to us. But we received
3804 an affidavit from one of them, and it was strong and a good one. His fortune was
3805 estimated at 250,000 dollars."

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3806

3807 (The affidavit was from a distant relative with the same last name as my uncle. But I

3808 didn't know this at that time, because I still hadn't met his children up to this point.)

3809

3810 "And what does your uncle do?"

3811

3812 p. 129

3813

3814 "He is already an elderly man of about seventy."

3815

3816 "And what was his occupation?"

3817

3818 "I'm not sure exactly what he did, because he would never write about this. But I think he

3819 owned a clothing factory."

3820

3821 "Does he have a wife?"

3822

3823 "No, she died in the middle of the war. He is now living alone."

3824

3825 "*Nuh*, so you're going to be inheriting from your rich uncle."

3826

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3827 "Oy, where does one find such an uncle? No one will be waiting for me. I don't have
3828 anyone in America. I received the affidavit through the HIAS, and they will be placing
3829 me in some kind of camp for a couple of weeks until I settle in and am able to support
3830 myself."

3831

3832 "Did your uncle used to send you money?"

3833

3834 "We never asked and we never needed, but for me he would enclosed a ten dollar bill in
3835 every letter which he sent to me in Germany." That's the custom of the old Americans
3836 [meaning, those who have lived in America for a long time]. This is called post-mark
3837 money, to make sure that I will write back to him. He would also somethimes send
3838 packages.

3839

3840 September 28, in the early morning, after a journey of eleven days, we sail past the great
3841 Statue of Liberty. I see how she has her hand stretched out to the newly-arriving
3842 immigrants. All the passengers gather on the deck; our hearts are pounding for joy. May
3843 this be a fortunate hour--we are in America! In about an hour or two I will be the luckiest
3844 person in the world. After so many bitter years, finally. My uncle no doubt is standing
3845 and waiting impatiently that minute. Soon I will fall into his old arms and we will
3846 embrace. His son will no doubt be waiting in his car to see his *greener* cousin, and he will
3847 immediately whisk me off to his beautiful apartment with soft chairs.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3848

3849 p. 130

3850

3851 I will eat something and then share with them everything that is pent up in my heart .

3852

3853 I now find myself situated in the large hall of the port. I have been through all the
3854 formalities, with my pack and luggage next to me. The person on the loudspeaker keeps
3855 on calling up the names of people whose relatives are standing around and waiting
3856 outside. People are embracing, kissing and hugging, and crying from great joy. Large
3857 boxes and pieces of luggage are being carried away, and fewer and fewer people are
3858 waiting around. Tables of a variety of organizations both Jewish and non-Jewish have
3859 signs with the names of those people they have a responsibility for, and call over those
3860 that they are obligated to take with them. I however, had come with an affidavit that my
3861 uncle had sent me, but no records could be found among the receipts of the HIAS or the
3862 Joint.

3863

3864 All the relatives had been sent a telegram a couple of days before their relatives were
3865 arriving, so that they would wait for them.

3866

3867 I keep running impatiently to the gate where scores of people are gathered outside. Some
3868 of them are waiting for their relatives to pass through the pay-toll, to take the greenhorns

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3869 home. Some are people who if they hear that a ship has arrived will want to see if an
3870 acquaintance of theirs was on board. I look around and when I see an elderly man I ask if
3871 he isn't my uncle. But sadly, my mouth is turning sour and my heart is heavy from
3872 thinking what kind of uncle this must be. It's possible that he's an old man and doesn't
3873 feel good, but I just can't imagine that he wouldn't have sent one of his children to come
3874 pick me up. After so many tender letters saying that he's pining away for me, my sweets
3875 dreams are bursting like a soap bubble.

3876

3877 I go back to the Joint's table, and give them my name. She is calling out again on the
3878 loudspeaker, "Wait a few minutes," but no one is inquiring from outside. I tell the woman
3879 from Nyana [?] that I've been waiting already three hours. Now there is almost no one is
3880 around. I'm feeling sick to my stomach. Never mind my uncle, I can barley stand on my
3881 feet. She asks me how much money I have. I take out a dollar and forty cents. I had had
3882 two dollars

3883

3884 p. 131

3885

3886 but for sixty cents I went out and bought myself a roll and some pastry because I was
3887 very hungry. The woman tries to calm me down: "Don't worry, you're now in America.
3888 Wait a little longer and we will arrange everything for you. If no one comes to pick you
3889 up, you will be our guest. Your uncle will pay for it."

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3890

3891 Around dinner time a taxi takes us to the Hotel Marcy! It was on on West 103rd Street.

3892 The entire hotel is occupied by freshly arrived green refugees who are being supported by

3893 the Joint. Here is where I received my first meal in America, and where I would meet

3894 many of my *landslayt* whom I hadn't seen in a long time.

3895

3896 When I tell them and get things off my heavy chest about the great welcome I had

3897 received upon arriving and placing my first foot upon the Golden Land, they say to me,

3898 "Don't obsess about it. Forget about your uncle. We have survived much greater troubles

3899 than this. You will be provided with everything here." One of them says to me, "I had to

3900 run away from here with my wife and children on the second day. [Don't quite

3901 understand this.] With great trouble they had me staying here in this hotel. The people

3902 here in the office already know the American uncles."

3903

3904 After dinner, I'm still hanging around, and I have no idea where I'm going to place my

3905 head. The difficult voyage, the many sleepless nights. I ask a woman to help us and do

3906 something because I am exhausted and broken down, and must get some sleep. She picks

3907 up the phone and asks me the address of my uncle, and calls information.

3908

3909 "Your uncle doesn't have a telephone," she tells me, while still holding the telephone in

3910 her hand. The operator gives her the number of the landlady of the house, and after

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3911 talking with her on the phone she hangs up and tells me the good news: "We will soon
3912 send you to a another hotel and you will live there, because there is no place available for
3913 you here."

3914

3915 I am given a couple of dollars, and the Joint will take care of the hotel bill.

3916

3917 A taxi takes us to the Hotel Manhattan on West 88th St. The hall of the hotel is quite
3918 ornate, elegantly lit,

3919

3920 p. 132

3921

3922 the walls made from marblestone, and everything glitters; it looks like an elegant palace.

3923 This is America! The only thing that's missing are the servants who place flowers in my

3924 hands. I give my note to the porter and immediately the elevator man comes over, takes

3925 my two valises and takes me up to the second floor in a narrow, dimly-lit corridor, opens

3926 the door to my room--I am having chest pain. This is a hotel? The walls are as black as

3927 coal; you can't see out the windows. An iron bed, black from dust. But I am deadly tired.

3928 I open up my valises, take out a clean towel and a bed sheet, take a bath, and go to sleep.

3929

3930 The next day I run into a good friend a *landsmen*, who already looks yellow, [no longer

3931 quite a greenhorn] and who has already been in the country for six months. He is more

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3932 savvy than I am. I talk my heart out to him and tell him what my fate has been like so far.

3933 I have such a rich uncle, and he did me in in Turkish [an expression meaning "he screwed

3934 me over"], and didn't come to pick me up by the ship.

3935

3936 "Show me his address," he says. "Aha, he lives in Brooklyn." He takes out a large

3937 telephone book and is looking, and then he says to me: "Your uncle is not in the

3938 telephone book. This means that he doesn't even have a telephone. He's a *shnorrer* with

3939 seven skirts [another expression which means, he's a world-class impecunious beggar]. If

3940 you have a few dollars in your pocket, he will need it. Forget about your uncle. You're a

3941 young man so you'll be able to make do without him."

3942

3943 "So what should I do,?" I asked him. "I do want to see my uncle, my mother's brother, the

3944 only one who is left over from my whole family."

3945

3946 "I will take you to 42nd St. and there I will show you how to get to your uncle. It is

3947 indeed a big city but we greenhorns will never get lost. You found everything up to now,

3948 and now you'll be able to meet your uncle in Brooklyn."

3949

3950 I arrive to Boro Park, on the street where my uncle lives. It's a lovely neighborhood with

3951 large trees, and on both sides of the street there are quaint houses with litte gardens.

3952

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3953 p. 133

3954

3955 It's not as I imagined life in the big city years ago with the huge skyscrapers.

3956

3957 I come to that address, and I'm already standing in front of my uncle's house, a nice clean

3958 little house, made from nice red bricks. My heart is pounding strongly. Slowly, I walk up

3959 the steps, and ring the bell. In a couple of seconds a young woman comes to the door.

3960 "Hello, welcome," and with a broken Yiddish she asks me, "You are the nephew of Mr.

3961 Estreicher?" It appears that she knows that my uncle is awaiting a guest from the other

3962 side of the ocean.

3963

3964 "Your uncle is still at work. Come into my apartment and make yourself comfortable." I

3965 have a little conversation with her--she with a broken Yiddish and I with a broken

3966 English. "You look like a fine intelligent child. He used to talk about you day and night.

3967 He didn't rest and did everything possible to see to it that you would be able to come

3968 over. This was his only hope. He received a telegram that you were coming, but your

3969 uncle is a very funny guy." There were many words I couldn't understand that this

3970 woman was saying. I was sitting there nervous and just listening to what she was saying,

3971 but I was not able to answer her. The woman noticed how uncomfortable and nervous I

3972 was and that I'm sitting on needles.

3973

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3974 "Would you like to go up to his apartment?--I have the key." She take me up the steps to
3975 the third floor, and opens the door. I walk slowly into my uncle's apartment, look at one
3976 side, then to the other side. The roof is slanted, like in the Old Country, where in the
3977 winter the washed clothing was dried. In the bedroom the bed is not made and it looks
3978 very untidy. The furniture is old and dark brown. There's a large table in the middle of the
3979 room. In the dining room there's a large sideboard, cluttered with letters and various
3980 papers. The dust is thick. When I place my hand on the table it starts to creak and rock
3981 from old age. One chair without a leg is leaning against the wall. On one side there's a
3982 glass box with a bunch of bric-brac

3983

3984 p. 134

3985

3986 and coffee cups with floral designs . In the kitchen hot porous water is pouring out of the
3987 crane, which I'm not able to shut off. The sink is yellow, and cockroaches are parading
3988 around cavalierly on the table and under the table, and on all sides.

3989

3990 *Nebech*, I mutter to myself, this is what an older person looks like in America, so many
3991 years alone. I resolve to make good order of this place, and I get right down to work. I
3992 tidy up the bed and the bedroom, and wash the couple of glasses from the table and the
3993 rest of the kitchen with a white cloth which is lying in a tin box. I sit myself down on the
3994 broken chairs. I take a look at the woman [he doesn't tell you if he's looking at a picture

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

3995 and if it's his uncle's deceased wife], and I can't get myself to say anything [can't describe
3996 what I'm feeling about her]. This is what people look like here in their advanced years.
3997 May the Blessed Lord protect me. He has children so why is he living alone? But there is
3998 no way to get an answer yet. Outside. it's getting dark, it's about to be nighttime. I'm
3999 sitting there impatiently. I can't wait to see my uncle.

4000

4001 Suddenly, I hear a heavy voice of an elderly person speaking, coming from below, who is
4002 speaking with the young woman who had opened the door for me. I hear the sound of a
4003 slow climb up the steps of the narrow staircase. I pick myself up and go to the door, and
4004 here approaching me is an elderly man with spectacles, nattily dressed with a round
4005 handsome face like that of an aristocrat.

4006

4007 "Uncle, is that you?" We [why we?] kiss his hands and face. He is not surprised to see the
4008 two children of his sisters and together we go into the dining room. He asks us to sit
4009 down at the table. [Who else is there besides Shimon? We aren't told who else showed
4010 up. This is very peculiar. Are some paragraphs missing in this book?] The uncle places a
4011 glass plate with almonds, raisins, and dates on the table, and tells me that dates are good
4012 for the heart. He brings a a big bottle of water in from the kitchen; it's boiled water with
4013 lemon juice. This is good for the appetite. I take a swig--it's sour like vinegar, and it has a
4014 stagnant aftertaste like rotting cabbage. It appears that he boils this in a pot which is
4015 never washed. It isn't possible to drink anymore of this.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4016

4017 I'm waiting for the uncle to start asking me what the journey was like. And what and

4018 how? I have so much to tell.

4019

4020 p. 135

4021

4022 The whole night won't be long enough, but he starts talking about life in the Old Home,

4023 what kind of aristocratic family we come from, who was our great-grandfather, and that

4024 the great-grandfather was the leader of the Jewish community and was advisor to the

4025 mayor of Munkatch. His [the great-grand-father's] business was the biggest in the city,

4026 and all the magnates and the big officers would do their shopping there. Everyone took to

4027 heart what he advised them. And he [the uncle] talked about how the family held

4028 together, and one went into the fire for the other [they scarificed for each other]. When I

4029 try to interrupt him and try to get a word in edgewise, he won't let me. He just kept

4030 rambling on, and rambling on. Now I understood what the young woman on the first

4031 floor meant when she said that my uncle is a funny person. My head is starting to spin

4032 from two hours of non-stop sitting and listening to him regurgitating the same thing

4033 again, and again, and again. I say to him, "Beloved uncle, I am very tired."

4034

4035 "I bought you a new bed which needs a change of sheets and bedding." He points to the

4036 new iron bed. I'm going to put a bedcover over it and you can sleep here."

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4037

4038 "No, uncle," I say to him. "I was given a place to live in a nice hotel. You don't have to
4039 worry about me. I will be sojourning there for two weeks. It's better this way. The Joint
4040 will be taking care of me."

4041

4042 "Alright," he says to me, "get some good rest the next two weeks, and forget what you
4043 lived through in the concentration camps. You shouldn't ever discuss it because here they
4044 say that the people who have survived the camps don't have all their screws in their
4045 heads, and aren't normal people. And many relatives, as I hear it told, are bitterly
4046 disappointed in the new arrivals--they cause many problems." I now understood
4047 everything.

4048

4049 He doesn't look like a bad man and he is intelligent. He lived through some tough times
4050 here in America, hot and cold. He's by no means a wealthy man, but also not a pauper,
4051 and later on he would help me a great deal.

4052

4053 My uncle escorts me to the subway station. On the way, he says to me, "You are a
4054 greenhorn today, only your second day in the land, and you go out by yourself in such a
4055 big city where you still don't know the language?"

4056

4057 p. 136

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4058

4059 "Yes, dear uncle, I am not of the greenhorns from forty or fifty years ago. I'm not afraid
4060 of the big city. I have already traveled around a good part of the world and been to many
4061 big cities. I've lived through a great deal, and I've seen more than our grandfather and
4062 great-grandfather put together.

4063

4064 He throws in a dime and I get to the 42nd St. station. It is teeming with masses of people,
4065 one camp running in one direction, and a second from the other side, and I am drowning
4066 among the people who are rushing around like busy ants [his mixed metaphors]. I went
4067 over to a policeman and with great difficulty he barely understood what I was saying to
4068 him in my badly mangled English, which I had taught myself already back in Europe. He
4069 points out to me the train that will take me to 103rd St., and I shove in through the door
4070 [of the train] with a whole mass of humanity. At every station I look out the window to
4071 find number 103; there, I will exit to the Hotel Marcial, where the greenhorns come
4072 together. From there I already know where to go by foot to my hotel on 88th St. At last, I
4073 hear the 103 being called out. I notice that this station is not doesn't look the same as the
4074 one I went to after dinner going to Brooklyn. But it says that it's 103rd St. I run up a
4075 whole bunch of steps to get to the street. Where am I? Black people--everything is black.
4076 My Lord, I am somewhere in Africa. I had already seen Negroes in Germany, in the
4077 American army, but here the whole town is black--you don't see a single white face. I see
4078 on the other side a nice shop with ornate windows, so I want to go in and ask where I'm

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4079 located. I take a look and see black Negroes [yes, he says "black Negroes"!] laughing at
4080 the top of their voices and big and wide black eyes and broad *tzepenteh* [?] mouths, as if
4081 they were laughing at me. I slink away, afraid to go over to them. I can't communicate
4082 with them, anyway. I'll go over to a policeman--he is also black. A taxi swings by and
4083 parks at the curb where I'm standing. I take a look, also black. It wasn't that I was so
4084 fearful of the Negroes, I just couldn't understand how all this was possible. First, I was
4085 walking around streets where there were some Negroes passing by, and now all of them,
4086

4087 p. 137

4088

4089 the houses, the police, the chauffuer, elegant and squalid--everything is black. I go back
4090 down the steps to the glass counter of the station, jot down exactly where I need to go and
4091 I'm told to go to the other side of the station and ride in the other direction. Finally, in the
4092 train, I edge on over to where I notice some Jews are sitting, and they point out to me
4093 how I need to go in order to get to my hotel. When I finally get to the hotel and recount to
4094 my fellow greenhorns all that had transpired they tell me, "This is Harlem, a
4095 neighborhood where only colored people live. Three million live there. They don't
4096 *tchepeh* [mess with] even a fly on the wall. One shouldn't be afraid of them." And this is
4097 how my first two weeks in America passed by.

4098

4099

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4100

4101

4102 Middle of p. 137

4103

4104 After two weeks the folks at the Joint told me to go find a furnished apartment, because

4105 the hotel was too expensive, and to live there until I'm able to support myself. My uncle

4106 helped me find a furnished apartment, not far from his neighborhood, by an elderly

4107 couple, who were already in this country about forty years, and who had come from a

4108 small *shtetl* in White Russia. I rented the place for forty-five dollars with kitchen

4109 privileges--they'll let me cook whatever I need. The woman is about fifty years old, and

4110 very friendly. She shows me how to turn on the electric lights, to *kvetch* a button or to

4111 pull a string, and it becomes light. She leads me into the toilet, pulls the handle and the

4112 water rinses everything out. This is not like in Europe, everything operates on buttons.

4113 But I have to be particularly careful when I use the gas range. This is potentially

4114 hazardous, she tells me, and she will show me how to operate it tomorrow. I listen to

4115 everything, nice and fine. I'm open to learning about new things, and I am marveling over

4116 the radio and television, because I had never seen them before. So why would I want to

4117 show off to her? She wouldn't believe me anyway. She still remembered when she first

4118 came [to America] in those days from a small *shteteleh* near the mountains, where the

4119 mud reached up to one's knees. People in those days slept in their long shirts, and it

4120 would take weeks

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4121

4122 p. 138

4123

4124 before the greenhorn was able to get about around the town. I tell the woman I will go to

4125 the hotel and bring my valise.

4126

4127 "What? You will go by yourself back and forth and know how to get back here?"

4128

4129 "I have your address," I tell her.

4130

4131 "A taxi [cab driver] will know where to take you back," she replied. "I won't go shopping

4132 today and I'll wait until you arrive, because you won't know by yourself how to open the

4133 doors."

4134

4135 The taxi comes to the door and the cabbie helps me *shlep* the two heavy trunks. I plop the

4136 two trunks in the middle of the kitchen. The woman is standing in the middle of the

4137 kitchen and can't seem to avert her eyes from my trunks. She's staring, and staring.

4138

4139 "You brought this from Europe?" She pats the trunk and says, "Leather? The two valises

4140 are made from leather? When we came [to America] they were made from twisted wicker

4141 wood. Today's greenhorns arrive with leather valises like the great magnates of

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4142 yesteryear."

4143

4144 "Yes, yes," I say. "Since you left Europe there were two world wars and a lot, a whole lot

4145 of water has flowed through. I'm not coming from the Europe of forty years ago. In

4146 Europe too they're now *kvetching* buttons." I take the luggage into my room and close the

4147 door. The heat hits me in the face from the radiator. I turn down the radiator and open a

4148 window to get some ventilation. It's not so cold outside--who needs so much heat?

4149

4150 I start to unpack and sort out my things. Over the whole room there are layed out half

4151 silken shirts *paplin*. [?] I had a couple of the suits made for me before I arrived, because

4152 tailoring is very expensive here. Pajamas, a little writing machine, etc.

4153

4154 A little later the *balibusteh* is knocking on the door. She comes in--is it warm in the

4155 apartment?--she want to know. She takes a look and sees that the windows are open. "Oy

4156 *gevalt meshugginer* greenhorn, this costs money. I am making things specially warm for

4157 you and you keep the windows open? I tell her

4158

4159 p. 139

4160

4161 I've closed off the heater. "What? You've closed it? What do you mean by closing the

4162 heater?" So I show her that when you turn the dial it closes. The woman taps the radiator

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4163 and shakes her head. She takes a look around the apartment and on the bed is strewn
4164 silken shirts of every color. "What is this?" she screams at the top of her voice. "Pajamas
4165 from Europe. You sleep in pajamas? Silk shirts, nylon socks--where are you from, tell me
4166 the truth? You brought all this from a German concentration camp? Your clothing and
4167 socks, may I be healthy and live, are nicer and better than what we have here in
4168 America."

4169

4170 I didn't respond. She'll get used to things. She thinks I've just arrived from Hitler's
4171 concentration camps, and she doesn't realize that all these things could be bartered for for
4172 a couple of pounds of coffee or for a couple of cartons of cigarettes, which the Germans
4173 themselves were giving away. My uncle used to send me packages.

4174

4175 "I need to call my daughter she should come and see. Such a greenhorn we have never
4176 seen. My daughter went to college and works for the government. She is married and
4177 you'll be able to have good conversations with her." Then she left my apartment.

4178

4179 Little by little I made order out of everything, and put everything into drawers. Suits and
4180 clothes were hung up in the closet. I took the plastic off the small table and replaced it
4181 with a nice colored tablecloth. I placed the silver *Shabbis* candelabra with six tubes
4182 [pipes], and the silver *Shabbis* goblet with the matching small silver plate. The apartment
4183 had a whole other look now. Our faces now lit up from joy and we praised the One

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4184 Above. We will now start living like normal people, like everyone else.

4185

4186 When I come into the kitchen the *balabusteh* is puttering around by the gas stove and the

4187 husband is sitting at the table, he having just come home from work.

4188

4189 p. 140

4190

4191 He had a wide face with a chin a little bit *feshlech* [?]. He picks himself up off the chair

4192 and give me a hearty *shalom aleichem*. "This is my husband, Mr. Levin," the *balibusteh*

4193 says.

4194

4195 "What kind of *landsman* are you?"

4196

4197 "I'm from Czechoslovakia," I replied.

4198

4199 "How was the trip?"

4200

4201 "Not bad."

4202

4203 "You were in Hitler's concentration camps?"

4204

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4205 "Yes."

4206

4207 "*Nu*, here you no longer need to be afraid. Here we live in a free country. You will be

4208 allright here in America."

4209

4210 "Will you be kind enough and permit me to speak on the telephone, my uncle is waiting

4211 for us. But we are tired so we won't go see him today."

4212

4213 "Give me his telephone number." And Mr. Levin wants to get up from the chair.

4214

4215 "Please don't burden yourself. I can make the call myself. Please stay seated."

4216

4217 "What?"--I hear from near the gas-oven. "You want to make the call by yourself?"

4218

4219 I take the receiver in hand and start dialing.

4220

4221 "Hello...Mr. Suntag? This is Shimon speaking."

4222

4223 I see that my *balibusteh* is standing in the middle of the kitchen and is looking at her

4224 husband with glazed eyes. "He's speaking on the telephone"--and she's shaking her head.

4225

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4226 "I thought she was marveling that I knew the telephone number at the top of my head.

4227

4228 I'm through with the conversation and put down the receiver.

4229

4230 "Mr. Deutsch, I want to ask you something." And she's still in the middle of the kitchen.

4231 "In Europe did you also get to speak on the phone?"

4232

4233 "Yes," I said, "the same telephone but fewer numbers." She shrugs her shoulders. "I hear

4234 this for the first time. So this is what Europe is like now. What kind of world was it back

4235 there?"

4236

4237 p. 141

4238

4239 I slunk back to my apartment. "I don't think i'll be able to live here for very long," I tell

4240 my wife. "To these folks we are like lost souls from some other planet. They can't forget,

4241 and they still can't believe that they left Europe forty years ago, and we were able to

4242 become ex-greenhorns in only two weeks. It used to take the old greeners many years."

4243

4244 It's about eight o'clock in the evening and we're all sitting in the kitchen around the table.

4245 Little by little we befriended this elderly couple. I explained everything to them: that we

4246 are not from another planet, and that Europe has made great strides, just like here in

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4247 America. Forty years ago this country also looked different. There was no central heating
4248 and telephones in every home like today. And we were here in a hotel in New York for
4249 two weeks. I got to use a phone on many occasions and began to memorize some of the
4250 numbers off the top of my head. And since I was liberated from the concentration camp I
4251 had already traveled and seen half the world. And surviving the war and the post-war
4252 period taught me to be independent and also sensitive and not reluctant to come to others
4253 for assistance.

4254

4255 The door bell is ringing. "My daughter is here," the woman tells me. A nice, young and
4256 elegant couple come in. The young woman in a Persian fur coat, brown hair, heavily
4257 made up, with large earrings, and some *tchachkiss* hanging from her neck. The husband
4258 is a little shorter, wears eyeglasses, and a light winter coat. He puts his car keys in his
4259 pocket. We get up from the table. "This is my daughter Bertha and this is her husband
4260 Arnold."

4261

4262 "Hello, how do you do!"

4263

4264 "Hello, how do you do!" I answered back.

4265

4266 In a few minutes there is on the table a bowl with various fruits, soda water and glasses.

4267 Some more chairs are being brought out from the apartment, and we all sit around the

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4268 table.

4269

4270 "How do you like our country America?" The daughter asks us

4271

4272 p.142

4273

4274 with a difficult and broken Yiddish.

4275

4276 "*Vee* are very *heppy*," my wife chimes in.

4277

4278 "Oh, you speak English?"

4279

4280 "Martha [he called her Bertha before] you won't believe this," says the mother, Mrs.

4281 Levin. "They are here in New York only two weeks and they know everything better than

4282 I do. On the second day they were already riding by themselves on the train. When I first

4283 came here I didn't leave my house for the first three weeks."

4284

4285 "You look like very nice people." [We don't know who's saying this] and is staring at my

4286 wife, who has long chestnut brown curly hair which is hanging down over her lower

4287 back. A nice cheerful disposition. A light-blue pullover which covers her neck.

4288

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4289 "Mama, she looks like a nice American-style school teacher."

4290

4291 "A bet you're right."

4292

4293 She was a teacher in a kindergarten.

4294

4295 "And Mr. Deutsch worked in a camp for the UNRA." [This must be the mother saying

4296 this.]

4297

4298 "They are intelligent people!"

4299

4300 "Which country are you from?"

4301

4302 "From Czechoslovakia."

4303

4304 "Czechoslovakia is a very nice and democratic country," says the young woman.

4305

4306 "It was formerly so, before the war, but now it is communist."

4307

4308 "Does one see cars in Europe?"

4309

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4310 "Ah, yes, plenty. Of course, not as much as here in America. There are more cars in New
4311 York than Europe has bicycles. It's easier to buy a car here than a bicycle in Europe."

4312

4313 "How is it that you know English already? You're only in this country two weeks."

4314

4315 "We learned some in Europe. There are some other languages that we speak perfectly--

4316 Czech, Hungarian and German. In high school we learned some English."

4317

4318 We look to see what time it is. The clock says ten-thirty.

4319

4320 "Tomorrow is another day. We have to be early at the office. It was a pleasure spending

4321 time with you. Good night."

4322

4323 The next morning, I go to the grocery man

4324

4325 p. 143

4326

4327 near our house. He speaks a soulful Yiddish with the customers.

4328

4329 "I am a *greener* just arrived in the country."

4330

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4331 "What kind of *landsman*?"

4332

4333 "Czechoslovakia."

4334

4335 "And you, what kind of *landsman* are you?"

4336

4337 "Austria."

4338

4339 "Austria, Vienna?" I ask. You don't speak that Germanic dialect."

4340

4341 "This is Poland, *Galitzyeh*."

4342

4343 "A *Galitzyaner*?"

4344

4345 "Yes."

4346

4347 "When I first arrived here Franz Yosef was the *kaiser*."

4348

4349 "*Oy*, what a dear king he was."

4350

4351 "There are no longer kings like him."

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4352

4353 "Nu, so you formerly were an Austrian."

4354

4355 "By me *Galitzyaners* are also human beings."

4356

4357 I did my shopping like a real *Amerikaner*: cheese, cream, butter, honey, sardines, coffee,

4358 vegetables, etc.

4359

4360 At breakfast, my wife and I are sitting at the table, and Mrs. Levin is sitting off in a

4361 corner a bit upset, and watching how these greenhorns are eating in a typical American

4362 style: peppers and tomatoes are sliced into small bits; *shmearing* the butter on the bread

4363 and then making a sandwich with sardines and *kvetching* some lemon over it; taking

4364 another slice of bread, cutting it in half like a sandwich; and a plate of sour cream and

4365 eggs, and we eat all this with the appetite of a magnate.

4366

4367 Mrs. Levin is observing all this, and she can't seem to avert her eyes from us.

4368

4369 "Mrs. Levin," I say, "would you like to join us? We have made an appetite for you."

4370

4371 "Mr. Duetsch, I want to ask you something. How do you know that one needs to *kvetch* a

4372 lemon on sardines? When I recall the *greeners* who came in my time they bought a big

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4373 loaf of bread with *shmaltz* herring, and that's what they ate for breakfast."

4374

4375 "Mrs. Levin," I reply, "you shouldn't wonder about this.

4376

4377 p. 144

4378

4379 For four years we were Uncle Sam's *kest kinder* [on the dole] in Germany. We would

4380 receive the same foods, such as sardines, chocolate, cigarettes, bread, all kinds of cans,

4381 which were provided to the American soldiers. We chewed chewing-gum like typical

4382 Americans. Also, for the last four years I've been smoking Chesterfield Cigarettes. My

4383 uncle would often send me packages, and that's why we had just about everything.

4384

4385 You see all the different things that we have--this was in exchange for all the coffee and

4386 cigarettes that were sent from here. The Germans gave everything away, because they

4387 didn't receive these things from anyone. Also, I wasn't able to buy in their shops--may

4388 Uncle Sam live!"

4389

4390 My uncle introduces me to the butcher, This is my nephew, just arrived. Give him a good

4391 cut of meat. I point out to the butcher that there is plenty of white fat on his cuts of beef.

4392 When I see him slicing and cutting the fat away, I ask him, "What are you doing?" You're

4393 cutting away the best part. I want fat meat."

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4394

4395 "Mister, this is poison. Take a look at this whole box. This is one cent for *libs*." [?]

4396

4397 "Poison, *shmoison*," I say to him, "don't cut away anymore."

4398

4399 "Alright, Mister, you'll find out yet. Un-green yourself as fast as possible."

4400

4401 I bring the meat home. "*Oy*, what a good fatty meat. It's been a while since I've seen such

4402 a nice cut." my wife says.

4403

4404 Mrs. Levin is busy by the gas oven and the meat is cooking. Our *balabusteh* remarks:

4405 "You have an inch of fat in your soup. The butcher gave you a disgusting cut of meat.

4406 This is the cheapest cut."

4407

4408 "We like fatty meat."

4409

4410 "No, you need to let it cool off and remove the fat. This is poison."

4411

4412 My wife is furious with the woman. "*Meshuggah, tzedrayt [distorted]*. O.k., I'll remove

4413 the fat."

4414

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4415 But [Mrs. Levin] did not prevail. We ate the fatty soup when she wasn't around. Such a
4416 delicious fatty soup and meat we hadn't had for a long time. We kept eating fatty soups
4417 and couldn't believe that what's good in Europe, is poison here.

4418

4419 p. 145

4420

4421 At night, we find ourselves in my uncle's apartment. Nice and clean, the beds are
4422 covered, the dust has been wiped off. It's obvious that a woman had done the cleaning,
4423 because a woman made everything in order. The uncle became close with us and got to
4424 find out that we are upstanding and decent children in his family. We never discussed the
4425 concentration camps, and we permitted ourselves to learn and listen with great interest all
4426 his fascinating stories about life here and back in the Old Country, about the grandfathers
4427 and grandmothers, how pious and rich they were, and we should also be religious and
4428 pious, and comport ourselves in an honest way. We should be very careful about what we
4429 eat, and not to engage in too much hustle-bustle; in this way we will live to a ripe old age.
4430 We should go to sleep and get up on time because if not we can get a heart attack--and
4431 suffer miserably. Here in this country everything is expensive, etc.

4432

4433 He began to love my wife his niece more and more, and whenever he was introducing us
4434 to an acquaintance [he would say], "These are my children for whom I have been waiting
4435 such a long and difficult time. "

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4436

4437 He also told us what he had survived and endured. He had had various businesses and
4438 factories in the needle trade. He had *gepuxt in gemuzzelet* ["pox and measles" a Yiddish
4439 expression, meaning he had many travails], rich and poor, and many times didn't even
4440 have money for car fare. He had divorced his first wife--he had two children with her--but
4441 he doesn't hear from them, and he doesn't want to hear from them, because they don't
4442 behave like real Jews. The second wife died in 1941 and didn't have children. He thought
4443 it was the end of the world when she passed away. Also, the bitter news that was coming
4444 from the *heim*. So he gave up his large apartment. He doesn't need a telephone or a radio-
4445 -no television--"I'm now a *Yid* of 70 and in tiptop shape healthwise. I've tucked away
4446 enough to live on but I feel much better when I'm working. I'm still hoping to do some
4447 travelling and I'm planning to settle in the Land of Israel."

4448

4449 He also told us that we have rich cousins in New York who had sent the affidavit. "You
4450 don't have to be concerned,

4451

4452 p. 146

4453

4454 I will see to it that you have the best of everything. Tomorrow I'm not going to go to
4455 work. Early tomorrow morning we're going to go shopping and I'll take you to the best
4456 stores--and throw away the European *shmattes*."

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4457

4458 When he was 75 my uncle settled in Jerusalem. There he got married again and lived ten
4459 years in Israel. He died as he had hoped: in his own house and in his own bed, and he was
4460 never sick.

4461

4462 p. 147

4463

4464 **We The Redeemed--Yecheedee Segileh V'avodoosum [?]**

4465

4466 When we children would ask my father, how is it that he, the prize student of the Holy
4467 Rebbe, the Insdorfer, may the memory of the righteous be for a blessing, is not a *rav*? It
4468 would have been more appropriate than being an itinerant peddler, and he wouldn't have
4469 had to toil to eke out a living. His answer was: "That's how my *rebbe* raised me; he didn't
4470 tell me to be a Leader in Israel.

4471

4472 My father saved hundreds if not thousands of Jews from eating *treifeh* food during the
4473 two world wars, when he established kosher kitchens near the military barracks. He
4474 rescued many young Jewish souls from a certain death during a cholera epidemic in the
4475 First World War, when he put his own life in jeopardy.

4476

4477 There was no limit to the amount of *Toireh* and *yiras ha-Shem* [Fear of the Lord] which

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4478 he spread over the many years he traveled in wagons and in trains. Sometimes he would
4479 study *SHAS* [Talmud with Commentaries] on the road. He reconciled many couples and
4480 saved many families with his pure soul and heart. It is hard to articulate to what extent he
4481 was a defender of Jews before God in Heaven, before the Holy Prosecutor.

4482

4483 I will never forget his pious words every Rosh Hashanah, when we would come home
4484 late from davening from the *Ad'mor* of Munkatch, may his memory be for a blessing.
4485 After we said [the prayer] *Aveenu Malkeinu Asai L'mahn Sh'maychu ha-Goodul ha-*
4486 *Gibor v'ha-Noiru Shenikru Uleinu*, how much trouble and pain we suffer just because we
4487 are Jews--and nothing more than for carrying around the name Jew. This is how he
4488 pleaded and cried for the Community of Israel.

4489

4490 The folks of Munkatch and the students of Insdorf who knew him intimately, knew that
4491 he was a pure and truthful man. I knew him and saw him as a *yechidi segileh* [like a holy
4492 shaman].

4493

4494 As my father and *rebbe* I referred to him as My Father, My Teacher, and My Rebbe
4495 whenever I wrote to him. During the summer break when I came home from *yeshiveh*,

4496

4497 p.148

4498

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4499 and I helped him collect money for Rebbe Meir Ba'al Ha-Ness [to support yeshivas in
4500 Palestine]--of which he was the treasurer--I would see how people conferred him honor in
4501 every house that he entered and everyone was overjoyed to be with him, as with a
4502 prominent guest. He would often point out the little children in the house to me and say,
4503 "These are my grandchildren." Their father or mother he had rescued during the plague. I
4504 had at that time the opportunity to speak with him about *geveehim* [?] topics. He would
4505 explain to me, how I was *masig* [?] the issue of the Kingdom *d'areh* [?] k'ayin the
4506 Kingdom of *darkeeyeh* [?Loshum Kodesh], and on the subject of the Coming of the
4507 Moshiach, who will hopefully arrive in our time.

4508

4509 **His Path in Torah and Labor**

4510

4511 He prayed from the *siddur Khemdas Yisroel* and he would often say to me, " My
4512 intention *hat-fillah iz bloiz peerish hameelon ohn tzeereefay shmus, l-kayim mitzvos*
4513 *boyray k-avid hamtakhnun l'maryeh* [? *Loshen Kodesh*]. In mehai taameh [?] he *davened*
4514 on *Shabbis* and *yom tov* in the *bes medrish* of the *Ad'mor*, may the righteous be for a
4515 blessing, or in the small *bes medrish* with the *dayan* [judge] *Rebbe Meir Volf*, may the
4516 righteous be for a blessing. They were able to *daven al pi kabbooleh in mekhaven zine*
4517 *tzeereefai shemus, asher yikrooeehee be-emes.* [?]

4518

4519 He did very little *shukkeling* [shaking] during *davening*, barely moving his body, but

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4520 every fiber of his being was shaking with *hislavis yesairuh, v'meinoi zalgi d'mooes,*
4521 *v'nikor l'chol shaish tookud be-kirbo.* He made it his business to daven with a *minyán*
4522 *bashmeerus, v-k"sh am habroochis bizmaini.* [?]
4523
4524 And this is what my father in his book "Toldos Shmuel from Insdorf: [Last paragraph p.
4525 148] [Preeva, it is all in Lashon Koidesh]
4526
4527 p. 149
4528
4529 He was a brilliant scholar, and he didn't pass up a single day to study his texts, which
4530 were *Mishnah*, a couple of pages of *Gemorah*, a couple of chapters of the weekly portion
4531 of the Zohar; and in his later years *Chokhmas Ha-Emes* which his uncle Rebbi Meir Volf
4532 had studied with him.
4533
4534 His mode of learning was the path of Insdorf: a textual study without the casuistry. He
4535 placed a great deal of emphasis on the Rashi's commentaries, and also placed emphasis
4536 on the questions the *Tosaphists* [Medieval Talmudic commentators, most of whom
4537 happened to be Rashi's in-laws and grandchildren] posited. When he happened to be at
4538 home, off the road, he would facilitate a study group with his brethren at the small *bes*
4539 *medrish*, and then when he was through he would come home and study late into the
4540 night. I remember him during the period of the decrees when we would hear new

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4541 restrictions being imposed on the Jews, and everyone was in an impecunious state, and in
4542 winter when the house was insufficiently heated, he would be no means interrupt his
4543 studies. I would sometimes come up with palliatives to make conditions in the home
4544 more comfortable for him, so that he could sit and study.

4545

4546 **Derech Akhiloosoi** [?]

4547

4548 Anyone who sat at the table near him could see that this no no ordinary Jew. A *dovor*
4549 *she-tzoorich b'deekoo* [literally, a thing that needs to be investigated--I don't know what it
4550 means in this context]; only the things that my mother served him. And during all the
4551 years when he was travelling he ate no meat on the road. My mother, may she rest in
4552 peace, would pack him smoked meats which she would smoke in the chimney.

4553

4554 p. 150

4555

4556 *Shabbis* and *yom tov* at the table he never missed an opportunity to talk about his *rebbe*
4557 from Insdorf. He would show us how the *rebbe* drank water --place three fingers on the
4558 glass and not continue drinking so that he shouldn't have to make the After Blessing
4559 [*Broocha Akhroineh*]. Every *Shabbis* at the table he would dispense with new insights on
4560 *Toireh* commentary which he had written up on *motzie Shabbis* [*Saturday night*] as a
4561 counter-argument This has been tragically lost. He didn't permit idle talk, and no one

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4562 was permitted to get up from the table except my mother and sister who were serving
4563 food.

4564

4565 He had flour sifted by a trusted person, and he baked by the first oven. The *matzas* were
4566 thick and singed. Things that required a kosher seal he would not eat. The *seder* was
4567 *bedkhilu vercheemu and b'debeeekiss* [?]. His *rebbe* never left the table, and his *Agadah*
4568 was the "*Be'er Shmuel*" version. When giving a *Toireh* talk he always quoted his *rebbe*--
4569 "my *rebbe* said such and such." He never missed an occasion to inject his *rebbe* saying:
4570 "Hayn goalti eschem achariss k'raishiss [We who were redeemed like during the first
4571 liberation [Egypt] means, *bebekhinass k'raishiss* [?]." That's how he led the *seder* until 3
4572 o'clock in the morning. Then he would sing the holy Kaliver's, "*Sala kukush mahr*," [a
4573 Hungarian song], and tears would pour from his eyes. And when he wasn't tired, he
4574 would study a chapter of *Mishnayiss* after the *seder*.

4575

4576 During the Ten Days of Repentance he would fast every day, and didn't take to the road
4577 during this period. By the last meal before the fast on *erev Yom Kippur*

4578

4579 p. 151

4580

4581 he would never forget to remind the family how his *rebbe's* hand would shake when he
4582 would eat soup and some of it would spill.

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4583

4584 On *mowtzee Yom Kippur* he start to talk about the *sukkah*, and we would go out into the

4585 courtyard and he would point out to me exactly where he wanted to have it erected

4586 according to required specification. He always looked out for the most beautiful *esrog*

4587 [citron] that was possible to purchase, and paid for it before *Yom Kippur*. He would

4588 inspect the *esrog* everyday until *Sukkos*.

4589

4590 On the first day of *Sukkos* he would wake up at the break of dawn and, after going to the

4591 *mikvah*, he would lock himself up in the *sukkah* with the Four Varieties so that no one

4592 should disturb him, and he would make the benedictions for a long time. After a couple

4593 of days his *esrog* would be black from sweat, and he would say that this is called a

4594 *heedur esrog* [a beautifying of the *esrog*]. He wouldn't leave the *sukkah* for the entire

4595 eight days.

4596

4597 **His Virtues**

4598

4599 He was a *nahbah al ha-kailim*, [?] and he comported himself with simplicity and

4600 innocence. He was able to recognize if a person was gravely ill. He would often say that

4601 the *rebbe* was able to size up a person with just a glance. He, however, has to speak with

4602 people for a couple of minute and only then does he know what's going on internally, and

4603 the source of the faults. And since he gives so much of himself to the sick, he is able to

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4604 recognize if it's *neshtaneh tzoiroosoi*. [?]

4605

4606 He brooked no tolerance for contentiousness, if it had the appearance of being for the
4607 Sake of Heaven. When the feuding with the *Belzer* [Chassidim] was at its most intense,
4608 and flame and fire spread "all over the world," and it almost consumed our *shtetl*--he
4609 wanted to make peace.

4610

4611 After the *Belzer Rebbe*, may the righteous be for a blessing, left Hungary, the feud was
4612 still blazing. It brought on vengeance, animosity and raging souls, even among pious
4613 Jews. It caused much snitching and libeling on the Jewish street.

4614

4615 p. 152

4616

4617 My father was by nature a simple man who always pursued peace, and he couldn't
4618 stomach the acrimony and the sniping, and Jews tearing at each other's beards in the *bes*
4619 *medrish*, and similar dastardly deeds. He requested of a couple of prominent *balibatim* to
4620 set things up so that he could go to the *rebbe* and help make peace. His brethren pleaded
4621 with him not to get embroiled in this affair because these are *dvoorim ha-oimdin broimoi*
4622 *shel oilom b'dairech ha-chassidim* [?], and he as an *Ashkenazer* doesn't understand a lot
4623 of this. To no avail, and they had to go with him. He locked himself up in the room with
4624 the *Minchas Eliezer* [the Munkatcher Rebbe, Eliezer Spira, is referred to here by the title

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4625 of his magnum opus] and worked up the strength to convey what he had learned from his
4626 *rebbe* [the Insdorfer] in the time of the First World War, that this battle is not the Battle
4627 of the *Moshiach*. He was hoping that his words would have an impact because the
4628 Insdorfer *Rav* was known to the *Minchas Eliezer* and by the Way of the Repentance [?] as
4629 possessed by *ruach ha-koidesh* [the Holy Spirit]. But when my father, may he rest in
4630 peace, left the *rebbe's* house the *Minchas Eliezer*, may the righteous be for a blessing,
4631 said: "Shmuel Chaim is an Oberlander *yekke* [i.e. a small town German Jew], who takes
4632 things seriously, but only as he understood things from his *rebbe*.

4633

4634 My father reminded me a couple of times, that this feud was well-known to him and
4635 weighed heavily on his conscience. The intention of the *Minchas Eliezer* was pure, and
4636 not to hinder the coming of the Redemption. He was an outstanding scholar and had no
4637 fear. On the other side, the *Belzer* was all for making peace, because he couldn't tolerate
4638 having widows and orphans coming to him and screaming *gevald!*. My father explained
4639 to me that a little bit of hitting back would not have hurt but not this much. We saw that
4640 after the passing away of the *Minchas Eliezer* how breaking with
4641 Orthodoxy spread throughout our city--every person did what he felt like. The breaking
4642 with traditon and the desecration of Shabbis was rampant among the youth. They threw
4643 off the Jewish costume [i.e. the caftan] and became associated with Zionism. This was
4644 especially the case with the feuding ringleaders.

4645

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4646 p. 153

4647

4648 **The Wars of Yishmuel**

4649

4650 During the war period my father could see that I am restless and thinking, how can we
4651 save ourselves? Poland is already destroyed v-nikhrav [v-nahrav?]. The German, may he
4652 be wiped out, is by our gates, and wants to destroy us.

4653

4654 I once heard him shmoozing with my uncle the *dayan ha-Rav Rebbe* Meir Volf, may the
4655 righteous be for a blessing, and other individuals from his *chevrah* [group of brethren]
4656 that "the war between the German and the Russian is not the War of the *Moshiach*,
4657 because The Kingdom of Yishmuel [the Arabs] has to be involved" When he came home
4658 from *bes medrish*, I asked him, "Maybe the Turks will enter into the war?" (because in
4659 those days they were neutral). He replied: "This won't help, because they are referred to as
4660 the Kingdom of Hagar, and this is not the Kingdom of Yishmuel." *K-darkei ha-koidesh*
4661 [?] he called me over to the table to study with me a page of Talmud. When the residents
4662 went to sleep he opened the book of the Holy Zohar, and if I recall, it was to the chapter
4663 *va'Yekhi*, to the commentary "*Bikesh Yaakov L'goolis es ha-kaytz v-nastem meemenee*.
4664 ["The Patriarch Jacob wanted to tell his when the End of the Exile would take place but
4665 he was deprived of doing that with his death.] " He learned with me word for word
4666 several pages and was explaining to me a couple of hours various insights, what we are

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4667 seeing now, and what is waiting for us; what we in fact lived through and survived. The
4668 masses will not be able to save themselves, only individuals. He pointed out with his
4669 finger, "One from the city and two from the family." I could see that he had accepted the
4670 Godly decrees like the Patriarch Yitzchak at the *Akayda* [the Sacrifice of Isaac]. He said
4671 to me: "All this is written black on white. If not for the Holy Zohar we would, God
4672 forbid, fall into the greatest despair and hopelessness." And this is how I understood it.

4673

4674 **On the Subject of the Coming of the Moshiach**

4675

4676 My father followed the teachings of *Rambam* [Maimonides].and would explain to me
4677 according to his tradition, just as he had received the teachings from his own *rebbe*.

4678

4679 He was a great believer in the Coming of the *Moshiach*, not only in his soul,

4680

4681 p. 154

4682

4683 but also in practice. After the First World War, when the Czechs occupied our realm, my
4684 father didn't want to become a citizen, but continued to stay in Munkatch as stateless with
4685 a red passport, and every five years he had to pay five hundred *kroners* for living there as
4686 a foreigner. The family kept pleading with him to apply for citizenship, but he would
4687 answer with a pure heart, "I can't. I am a believer in the Coming of the *Moshiach*." We

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4688 knew he was in the *b'khineh* [?] and not in an impractical sense, because it cost us a lot of
4689 money. Under the Hungarians he was forced to become a citizen.

4690

4691 How can I forget his *Pesach seder* as an older boy, when we sat around his table with
4692 great respect and reverence for him, and we could see that he was burning like a fire
4693 clinging to the Lord. And he would say that the sanctity of the *seder* gave him strength
4694 for the whole year. He would start to sermonize: *Hayn goalti eschem acahriss k-raishiss*
4695 means: That we will be redeemed with the same *b'khineh* [?] like the redemption in
4696 Egypt. We will have to do hard labor, we will build Pisom and Ramsis, and it will all
4697 sink. We will be whipped at work, children will be thrown into the water, and we will not
4698 be let go easily. The enemies will be drowned in the sea, and we will need to go to war
4699 and re-possess the Land of Israel. So my older sister once interjected with great respect,
4700 "Father, may you live, how can this be, and and how will this be? We live in a civilized
4701 world--will children be thrown into water? And how will we engage in war--drive out the
4702 British and Arabs?" My father, may he rest in peace, replied *b'neekhoosoi* [?], "This is
4703 what recieved from my *rebbe*. And this is what I believe." I remembered his words in the
4704 work concentration camp, where they beat and tortured us. And the words of the holy
4705 saint gave me strength.

4706

4707 The children of Munkatch! Who can forget the *Toireh* talks before the blowing of the
4708 *shofar* in the *bes medrish* of the *ba'al* [author of] *Minchas Eliezer*, when thousands of

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4709 *chassidim* heard the roaring of the lion and the crying like a small child of the *holy rav*,
4710 may his memory be for a blessing, when he was beseeching the Creator of the Universe:
4711 "May the complete redemption arrive already .
4712
4713 p. 155
4714
4715 He would cry bitterly and scream: "This is the peace that they wanted?" *Oy, vey*," he
4716 would scream, "the *treifeh* peace."
4717
4718 My father taught me the Holy Zohar in 1943, a short time before I had to leave my
4719 parents and my hometown. This is how he began: "*Beekesh Yakov l'goolis*" [The
4720 Patriarch Jacob wanted to reveal the end of the Exile] etc. which we had with our own
4721 bodies lived through and seen in the war. But the Heavens didn't want our Patriarch
4722 Yaakov to reveal it to his children, when the first exile had just barely begun." And he
4723 explained to me: And we hold time, *erev Shabbis* at night. [?] And that which they had
4724 tried to convince us up to now, that the righteous ones annuled all the decrees, was only
4725 to *einshlepperen* [? never heard of such a word] us because who would have taken on all
4726 these troubles which the Holy Zohar writes *bifrityoos* [?], that we will have to endure.
4727 When also our sages, may their memory be for a blessing, discussed this issue and
4728 declared--"today"--that is only if they [the Children of Israel] will heed my
4729 Commandments, and the Jews will punctiliously observe two *Shabbisim* in a row [then

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4730 the *Moshiach* will come] but we can see that in nature this is simply not possible.

4731

4732 The Germans are the incarnation of the Amalekites, who attacked us in the desert,

4733 unprovoked. And since they represent the quintessence of impurity, it was difficult for

4734 Moses Our Teacher to keep his hands up while he was praying. We were also

4735 admonished: "Remember what Amalek did to you." Since he feels that his [Moses'] end

4736 is near, they let loose with an even greater degree of brutality which is possible in the

4737 world of thought. [?] Both the good and the bad will come down on the *oilom ha-essiah*

4738 [?] before the Redemption. This is what the Blessed Lord wants to show humanity--the

4739 mastery of free will--and give him permission to show what he can accomplish with his

4740 simple mind, because with the coming of the Redemption there will no longer be free

4741 will.

4742

4743 Since we are the same souls as those who left Egypt, and we see there that after all the ten

4744 plagues and the miracles which we witnessed at the parting of the sea, the Nation of

4745 Israel said: *Nisaneh rosh v'nashivu m'Metzraim*-- Appoint for us a leader so that we can

4746 return to Egypt,

4747

4748 p. 156

4749

4750 because they had no desire to go into the desert and engage in battles to conquer the Land

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4751 of Israel. We find then in the Second Temple, and our sages, may they rest in peace, refer
4752 to them as "preetzim" [aristocrats], and we see that they are willing to sacrifice their lives,
4753 and take on the Romans to protect Jerusalem when the Pharasees say that it's all futile
4754 because the Holy Temple will be destroyed.

4755

4756 And this is how we find them *b'ace ha-kaytz*. [?] They are willing to sacrifice their lives
4757 for the Land of Israel, after the land had been desolate for thousands of years, they drain
4758 the swamps, clean up and build the land. Children of wealthy parents engage in
4759 backbreaking field work; pasture sheep, are dying from malaria, and serve as guards
4760 against the Yishmaelites [Arabs].

4761

4762 And we survived the *habah nischachmah* [?], and the whole bitter exile that is
4763 *bibkheenas* [?] Egypt. Not all will be privileged to enter the Land, only *bibkheenas*
4764 "*tapkhem asher umartee l'vaz yeeyeh*." And that is also what the Zohar and our sages,
4765 may their memory be for a blessing, said, "One from the city and two from the family."
4766 And just as we see that among those who left Egypt they had to engage in war for many
4767 years until they conquered, that's what's also going to take place during the time of the
4768 Redemption. Yishmael the son of Avroohom and Hagar, who let himself be circumcised
4769 on the thirteenth year, and repented only in his old age, as would be appropriate for a son
4770 of Avroohom, was given rights to the Land, but only up to the Final Redemption. He will
4771 be defeated together with Aisuv [Esau]. His princes will be wiped out and there will not

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4772 remain among them anyone capable of taking on the role of king, to rule over them. They
4773 will fall with their lords in the skies. [Don't understand what he means here.] The Holy
4774 *Toireh* says that we will be like the sand by the edge of the ocean--you knead it, you
4775 build it, and you can make it into mud. When the time comes we will be as high as the
4776 stars in the sky, and no one will be able to reach us.

4777

4778 I still remember that when the State of Israel was proclaimed in 1948, I was still in a DP
4779 camp in Germany with other survivors of the Holocaust, and a young friend of mine, also
4780 a survivor, and a very learned man, is talking his heart out to me. "What will be,

4781

4782 p. 157

4783

4784 seven Arab kingdom will attack the Jewish State, and will God forbid, kill off all the
4785 Zionists, but they will not harm the good Jews in Jerusalem, because they are opposed to
4786 the State and are waiting for our Righteous *Moshiach*." I said to him, "My dear brother
4787 and friend, first of all, the Arabs will not burn the small *tallis*, and second, my father, may
4788 the righteous be for a blessing, explained to me what was handed down to him from his
4789 *rebbe*, that the war with Yishmuel will be the same *bekhinah* [?] as the first redemption.
4790 We already engaged in war with the seven kings and we defeated them. And this time we
4791 will do the same. We have already defeated them three times, so now we have a *khazukeh*
4792 [reputation]--we will be flowing with *Toireh*. [?] And these have to be *mesaken* the

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4793 *nesahneh rosh* [?] and return to Egypt." They will win the war but the *Moshiach* will
4794 underwrite the peace. And they will build up only the body but not the soul, and they will
4795 be paid in the way that a workman who builds a house, but the house doesn't belong to
4796 him."

4797

4798 My father, may the righteous be for a blessing, said: "We say everyday we will build
4799 Jerusalem--the *Rashba* [Rabbi Shlomo ben Aderet] places one brick next to the other,
4800 when we say the prayers. As we see by the tabernacles [the portable sanctuary the Jews
4801 carried around in the desert with them, this edifice is like a shape of a human being. and
4802 Bezalel was able to be *mekhaven* [?] of a human, but the *menoireh* which represents the
4803 mind and the soul--this the Creator of the Heavens told Moishe Our Teacher to make it
4804 himself. But *niskasheh*[?]-Moses Our Teacher couldn't understand how a piece of gold
4805 could be *beb'khinass* [?] the mind, and a little bit of oil *beb'khinass* [?] the soul? So the
4806 Blessed Lord showed him a fiery *menoireh* in heaven. From this will illuminate the
4807 *bekhinass* [?] of the soul. And in this way will also the Holy Temple be built from a
4808 *khumar* [?] which everyone will be able to see. And the fiery Holy Temple is right next to
4809 it in heaven." And my father also told me: "The Righteous *Moshiach* will not be an
4810 Angel, he will only need to be a elevated *b'Toireh* and punctilious in observing the
4811 *Mitzvos*. He will not perform any miracles or wonders like Moishe Our Teacher, because
4812 we are the descendants of those of went out of Egypt, and our ancestors already saw all
4813 these miracles, and we believe our ancestors who stood at Mount Sinai--that they were

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4814 telling the truth. And the Righteous *Moshiach* will arrive to a covered table with the best
4815 of everything, and he won't need to add revelations, only be born with the Holy Spirit."

4816

4817 p. 158

4818

4819 Some of the commentators on the *Toireh* say: Why did the Creator reveal himself to
4820 Moishe Our Teacher before the first redemption in the Sinai Desert? Because this also
4821 points to the later redemption, the *sanah* [?] are the giants in *Toireh*, that the holy people
4822 *toiked b-kirbum* [?], and they will be a *sanah* for the Final Redemption, and be *goirem a*
4823 *bilbul ha-moichess* [?] and *peerur halvuvoss* [?], because there is no *achduss* [unity]. It
4824 was known to the students of the Ba'al Shem Tov, why did they send down from the
4825 heavens such a great soul in the dress of a simple man? Because the time of the *Moshiach*
4826 was a long way off at that time, and the little bit of *yeeddishkeit* that existed among the
4827 masses would have been forgotten--as we indeed saw how far his influence reached and
4828 the people stayed devout. The Ba'al Shem Tov cried with bitter tears and said, " When the
4829 time of the Righteous Redemption arrives my path will not be appropriate." Because just
4830 as the students of the Ba'al Shem Tov have a custom of *davening* and embracing the
4831 *Shabbis* in the minute of the later period and they are not and they tend not to be
4832 punctilious about joining up with a quorum for prayer, and they bring on the *Shabbis*
4833 already late in the night, when most congregants are already in the *bes haknayses* [shule]
4834 and *davening*. Regarding this the Holy Ba'al Shem Tov cried-- they won't let him come

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4835 because in the heavens they will be waiting for the last time.

4836

4837 It is well known among the *Munkatcher Chassidim* that when the *ba'al Minchas Eliezer*

4838 traveled to Jerusalem to meet the *Saba Ha-Koidesh* ["The Holy Grandfather"], the

4839 Kabbalist *Rebbi Shloimeh Eliezer Alfondari* [1820-1930], may the righteous be for a

4840 blessing, before his death, and when the *Minchas Eliezer* returned to Munkatch he came

4841 into *shul* on Friday night for *Kabboolas Shabbis* with the rest of the congregation, and

4842 explained that the *Saba Ha-Koidesh* told him to start *davening* on Friday night as soon as

4843 possible. After some time he started coming late to *shul* again and said, "I cannot and am

4844 not authorized to change from my own tradition-bound path; I can't finish *davening*

4845 earlier.

4846

4847 This was a decree from heaven; after the war we pour sand in each other's eyes--the

4848 Zionists say the rabbis are to blame because they forbade Jews from migrating to the

4849 Land of Israel. The good Jews say--the Zionists are to blame

4850

4851 p. 159

4852

4853 because they went [meaning, tried to establish Jewish settlement In Israel] prematurely,

4854 and Jews could also have been able to save themselves by going to Madagascar and other

4855 lands, but the Zionists wouldn't permit it. But my father, may he rest in peace, told me

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4856 and showed me in the Holy Zohar "This is a decree from heaven." There was no
4857 permission to save the [Jewish] community, and there is no one to blame. And this is
4858 alluded to in the Holy *Toireh* according to my understanding. We find in the Holy *Toireh*
4859 that after Moshe Our Teacher is disseminating the [first] four books, he starts to review
4860 with us the Book of Deuteronomy-*Mishnah Toireh*--re: crossing the Jordan, in the desert,
4861 before they went into the Land of Israel, and he reviews with us all the journeys, and he
4862 reminds us again how we had sinned. We shouldn't forget, and he says "*Zivilti Culav ben*
4863 *Yefunah he yirani v'goi etain es ha-ooretz etc. Yehoshua bin Nun he yuvoi shema*
4864 *v'teepachem v'goi yuvoi shema.* [?] And he says further, "*V-eskhanon v'goi b'ais ha-he--*
4865 *bikesh Moishe l'hisparallel ahf al pee shenigzara g'zairah.*" [?] Nothing helped. And after
4866 he tells us one more *toichechih* [?] he reviews with us the old and new *mitzvos*, the
4867 general and the specific--blessings and curses and everything that we will endure. After
4868 that he gives a fresh *toichechih*, *v'nishartem matai masper, maktzeh hoo-ooretz ad kitzay*
4869 *hoo-ooretz.* [?] He consoles us after such a difficult *toichechi*. And he says further: And
4870 Sichon the King of Cheshbon and Og the King of Bashan went out to encounter us in
4871 battle, *v'nukach ah taartzom.* [?] After that we were as he says, *hoozeenee hashoomayim,*
4872 [?] and he warns us again, *v'yishman yeshoiren v'yibet.* [?] He asks us, "*Aichu yirdof*
4873 *achad elef v'shoonim yu'neesee revuvuh, im loi kee tzoirim machriss.*" After that he is
4874 *m'ramiz* [?] the redemption of the wars of Gog and Magog. In the verse "*Im shenusee*
4875 *b'rok cherbey v'taakhaz b'mishput yidai* [?]etc. *ilmishnai ashlahm.* [?] And *Targum*
4876 *Onkeles*, who passed the Holy Tradition down from Mount Sinai--goes out of his way

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4877 and gives us signs from Heaven which will be revealed, and he says, "*Im al khad tarin*
4878 *k'khazai birka meesof shmayah v'ad sof* etc." This means that certain signs will be
4879 revealed from one end of the heavens to the other. The Merciful Lord *yomar l'tzoiraini di*
4880 *v'nizkah lirois* [?] with the Coming of the Redemption.

4881

4882 **Honor Your Mother and Father**--This commandment is included among the five main
4883 issues that deal with respect for God.

4884

4885 p. 160

4886

4887 Even though the *mitzvah* deals with relations between man and man, it also touches on
4888 respect for God. Every individual has three partners: The Holy One Be Praised, one's
4889 father and one's mother. With the kind of father I had it is difficult to make an afortiori
4890 argument. Give respect to your father in Heaven, so that if you have respect for your
4891 God, and you cleave to your God, you will live today. [I have problems with translating
4892 the expression *chayim kulchem hayom* in this context.]

4893

4894 **Blessing the Moon**--And to the moon he said: "You should renew the glory of the
4895 [*l'aimosai beten shehem ateedim le-hiskhadash cmoisu ilfar l'yoitzrum*]. It is accepted by
4896 us that David's Shield had a drawing which was in the shape of *menoireh*. David, king of
4897 Israel, exist forever. The moon doesn't possess its own light, only that which it receives

Memoirs of Simon Deutsch, a proud Munkatcher

Translated by Ken Blady

[Published for non-commercial use only by permission of Carol Deutsch]

Courtesy of Preeva (née ADLER) TRAMIEL, USA

4898 from the sun. May it be God's will to fill the moon with light, like the light of the sun--
4899 and the whole world will reflect and see. And you should beseech God and King David,
4900 Amen.
4901
4902 Tractate *Shabbis*, page 30: Rav Yehuda *briya* [?] of Rav Shmuel *bar sheelis mashmiyah*
4903 *d'rav*. [?] The sages archived the congregational books but for some reason it wasn't
4904 done. [?] Why wasn't it done?--because it starts with words of *Toireh* and ends with
4905 words of *Toireh*.