

Szulim Rozenberg's Nephew Nusyn, The First Son Of Golda



This is a picture of my eldest sister Golda's first son.

I sometimes used to go to my sister Golda in Czerniakow, that was a very long way. I used to walk an hour and a half. My parents, you see they couldn't use transport on Saturdays, they used to go 2 and a half hours on foot to go and see their first grandson there. Golda's husband was called Froim Sziber. He was a cobbler, totally illiterate. When I used to go by tram I would take books and in the evenings I'd read to them. Sometimes he'd still be sitting and working and I would read him books. It was kind of moving that he got so much joy from those books, that he liked it so much. And my sister too. They liked each other so much. They lived in their shop, so they made a piece of canvas to divide the first room where he worked off from where she had her workshop, there she made all sorts of knits [e.g. gymnastics suits, swimsuits, ballet wear]. When I was working in Warsaw I would buy goods for her and he came and took it and she always made some design. Swimsuits that didn't sell, I took them, went to the wholesale and sold them. When I went to them, I slept on the other side from them, but it was the same room.

When she had to go to the hospital [to have her baby], I went to their house every evening to take her. I took her in a taxi that went via Zelazna Street, and crossed over the tracks and bounced, and she screamed: 'Oy, oy!' Well then it [the birth] went fast after that. When she had twins, at the hospital in Czyste they told me: 'It's a girl, but call back in 20 minutes. I called back in 20 minutes: 'There's another girl.' I had to go and register.

During the war Golda was in the Warsaw ghetto with my parents and her children. Her husband was killed by a bomb. She and her children were taken to Treblinka.