

Leopold Sokolowski With His Parents Tonia And Albert Federgrün



This is me, Leopold Sokolowski, Pynchas Federgrün back then, with my parents, Tonia and Albert Federgrün. I was four years old. The photo was taken in Nowy Targ in 1927.

My mother's name was Tonia or Taube, nee Schnitzer. She was born on 14th April 1895, most likely in Nowy Targ. She finished two grades of elementary school. She was a big woman. My father was thinner. My mother was an unhappy woman, because her hearing was bad, probably because of the scarlet fever she contracted when she was a child. That influenced her contact with the world. She stayed at home more. Because of that, she didn't have a circle of friends. She got occasional jobs at richer families. She did the laundry and fixed the clothes she washed. It took two days to do the laundry of a large family. She ate there, and sometime, in addition to the pay, she brought home some food-some bread or cake. I remember she used to do the laundry for a baker's family. In addition to that she used to sew trousers for a seller who went to trade fairs, for example to Nowy Targ. The garments were already cut out and she only sewed them together. Those were cheap work clothes. My mother made some extra money this way.

My father, Albert Federgrün, Abel, was born on 1st September 1896. He had three brothers and a sister: there were five of them altogether. Uncle Adolf was really Awawie, Uncle Snil was Samuel, the youngest uncle, Dolek, was David, the one sister was Regina and her husband Moniek was Mojzesz Griner.

I was born on 14th June 1924, into a relatively poor Jewish family, in Nowy Targ. My name was Pynchas Federgrün. We lived in a rented apartment which consisted of one room. I was the oldest and the only son. My sister was six years younger; her name was Ruchel, Renia, Rachela. In writing, the name was Renia. My sister went to a school for girls on the corner of Dietl and Swietego Sebastiana Streets. She managed to finish two grades. She was nine when the war broke out. I remember her as a girl when I was already grown up. I can't remember her games or her toys. A struggle to survive was all that mattered when Father was without a job. Our house is still standing today at Miodowa Street. There was no place where children could play over there. One had to go to the park.