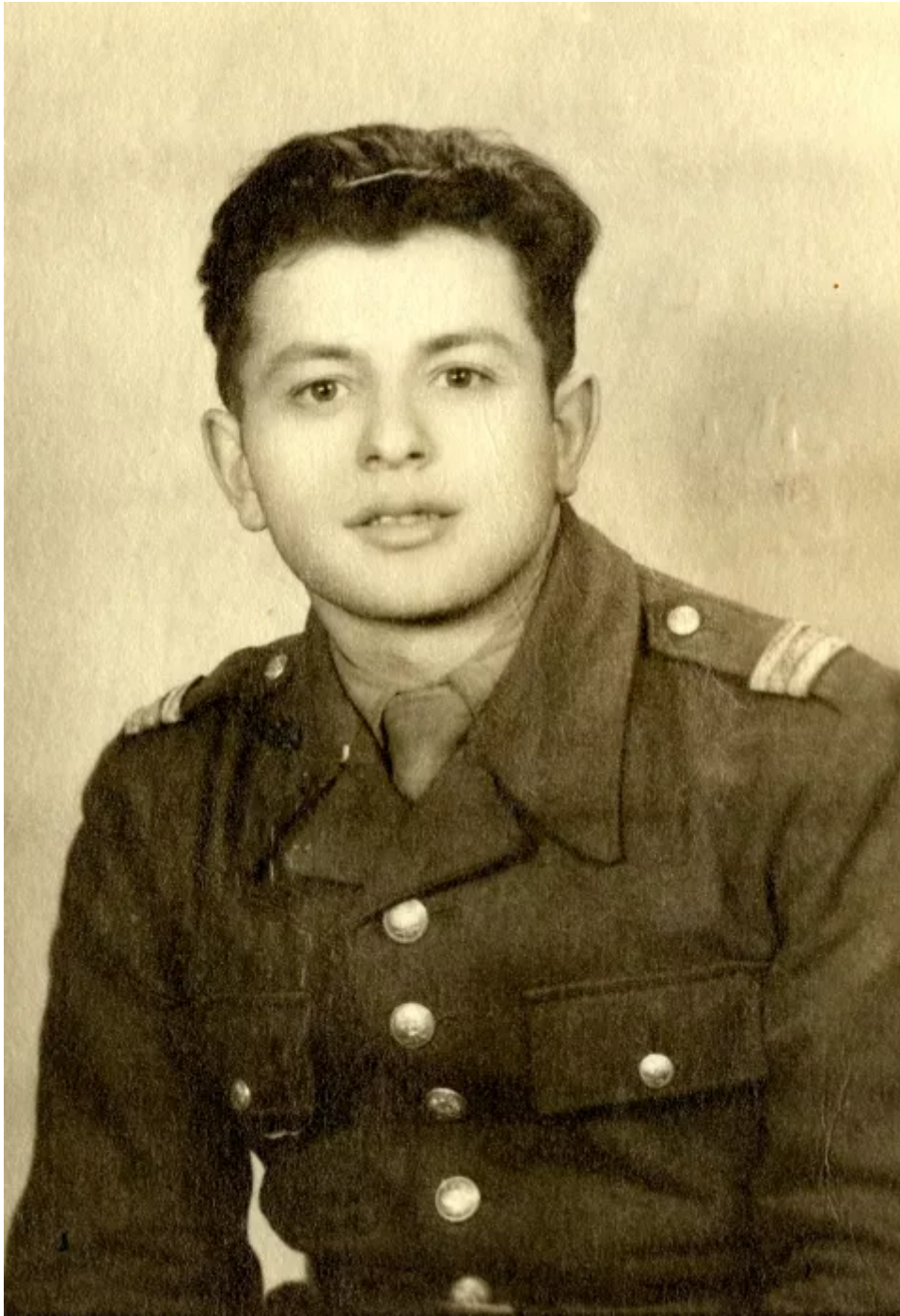


Feliks Nieznanowski After The War



This is me, Feliks Nieznanowski in Warsaw in 1947.

In 1947 I was drafted into the army. I said, okay, if I've been drafted, then I'm going. What, to the army? Are you crazy? A delegation came from Wroclaw, the party secretary, Grudzien. He said, 'Felek, are you crazy, you, going into the army? One phone call and you don't have to go.' And I tell him, 'But I want to go! I don't want to be here any longer.' And so I bade farewell to all that and joined the army. I started with the barracks, from the lowest rank, from washing the johns. My brother they did in, too. As a supporter of Zionism, he was eliminated from Dzierzoniów. Since then I knew I wanted nothing to do with those people. In the army I started as a private, moving

gradually up in active service. I went to a cadet school in Lodz. That impressed me, I've got to admit it - a working-class boy, from Warsaw, a Jew, and suddenly he becomes someone and is respected! But there were the ghetto celebrations, they come to Warsaw, we met, I kept in touch with them. Most immigrated to Israel, to other countries, and I was stuck in the military.