

Jan Sokal's Uncle Dawid Schorr



This is one of my uncles from my mother's side - Dawid Schorr. The photo was taken in Przemyśl in the 1930's.

I do not remember my grandparents from my mother's side. Simply, I have never seen them in my life. I only heard some stories about them. My mother came from the Schorrs, exactly the Przemyśl Schorrs. The family of prof. Mojżesz Schorr. The whole family from my mother's side came from Przemyśl. Grandfather's name was Ben Cijon. That was his name. My grandmother's name... I don't remember.

I knew my uncles from my mother's side. They were Mother's brothers. They used to come to us to the house until the Soviet-German war broke out in 1941. They also lived in Przemyśl. Their family name was same as Mom's maiden name, Schorr. They were rather intelligent people, accountants by occupation. I knew my uncle Dawid by name. The eldest. I remember another uncle, his name was Józef Schorr. He was a kind of a story-teller. He used to reminisce about the war time, because he did his military service in the Austro-Hungarian forces. He could talk about the history quite vividly. There was probably a lot of fiction in it, but I listened to it willingly. And he lived for a long time. I still saw him in 1943 in Lwów. I had one more uncle. His name was Oskar Schorr. When I was a little boy, he was already a lawyer, right, and he was a very respected man. His story is a bit convoluted. I know Mom was very unhappy because of him. That is, because of the life he led. Because he married some lady, a girl, who came somewhere from tsarist Russia. She was a refugee from the Bolsheviks. And it was something terrible for my mom who came from such a traditional family. My mom's family was very national-Jewish by ancestry. Mom was raised according to this spirit, filled with this faith. To her it was a shock. How could it be? He's from such a noble,

traditional, Jewish home, and she's from some tsarist, not-Jewish one. Terrible sin! I know, when my mother learned about that, she was trying to find him in order not to allow for that misalliance, right. This was a tragedy in her life. I also knew Fajga, my mother's youngest sister, a beautiful girl. She got married late, to Mr. Lewski. A handsome man. He was a trade agent. They had a little boy son. He was a beautiful boy. They all perished.