



B'NAI GOMBIN

Quarterly Newsletter of
GOMBINER YOUNG MEN OF NEW JERSEY

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B'NAI GOMBIN is the quarterly newsletter of the Gombiner Young Men of New Jersey. Everything published in B'NAI GOMBIN is meant to provide information for Gombiners and descendants of Gombiners. Articles, stories, poems, or other genres about Jewish genealogy, Poland, Gombin, or other subjects of interest to Gombiners submitted, will be published in B'NAI GOMBIN. Submissions are subject to minor editing as necessary. The views and opinions expressed in B'NAI GOMBIN are not necessarily those of the society. Deadlines for articles are January 1, April 1, July 1 and October 1.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

BIRTHDAYS:

Liran Fajgenbaum, granddaughter of Sara Laks, will celebrate her 14th birthday in November

Susan Fajgenbaum, daughter-in-law of Sara Laks, celebrated her birthday in September

Izzy Frankel turned 44 this September

Bonnie Gitlin, granddaughter of Bernie Kleinert, turned 20 in October

Alejandro Lupu, father of Noam Lupu, turned 44 this September

Noam Lupu, grandson of Sara Laks, will turn 16 on Halloween

Stephen Prosperi, grandson of Sam Bigeleisen, turned 3 this September

Daniel Salomon, grandson of Nathan Weiss, turned 18 this September

Jessica Sokoloff, granddaughter of Gayle Frankel, will celebrate her first birthday in November

Nathan Weiss will be 84 in October

Ruth Weiss will turn 75, also this October

ANNIVERSARIES:

Janet & Elliot Ballen, son and daughter-in-law of Sam Bigeleisen, celebrated their 18th anniversary in September

Jose & Susy Fajgenbaum will celebrate their 28th anniversary in November

Natalie & Bernie Kleinert will celebrate 54 years of marriage this November

Ruth & Alejandro Lupu, parents of Noam Lupu, had their 21st anniversary in October

Mindy & Robert Prosepri, daughter and son-in-law of Sam Bigeleisen, celebrated their 7th anniversary in August

Rose & Ennio Riga, daughter and son-in-law of Sam Weiss, will celebrate their 25th wedding on October 24. Another Mazal Tov to them on the opening of Ennio's restaurant "Riga" as part of the Raddison Hotel Chain

BAT MITZVAH:

Sara Leach, granddaughter of David Odra, will become a Bat Mitzvah on November 16

Congratulations to all our fellow Gombiners on their milestones this season. We wish you all Mazal Tov!

A special thank-you to Gail Salomon on compiling the Social Calendar for this issue.

BRIEF INTRODUCTION

For those of you who were unable to attend the Gombiner meeting of August 11, 1996 and who thus did not receive a copy of the first issue of B'NAI GOMBIN, the following is a brief summary of the newsletter. If you would like to receive a copy of the first issue, please see the box on page 4.

B'NAI GOMBIN is the quarterly newsletter of the Gombiner Young Men of New Jersey, but is open to all Gombiners around the world. Its main purposes are to inform Gombiners of projects and activities of interest to them, as well as to share Gombiners' experiences and writings. Any articles, stories, poems, etc. may be submitted to the address shown in the box on the front page.

For those of you who are new to B'NAI GOMBIN, we hope you enjoy the newsletter and involve yourself in our activities. Please also be sure to send in your database entry form as soon as possible.

RAFEL FILM UPDATE

by Noam Lupu

In his article in the Gombin yizkor book, "Gombin: The Life and Destruction of a Jewish town in Poland," Sam Rafel writes the following:

In 1937, I went on a visit to Gombin. This time I went with my wife. As on my first trip, I did not go empty-handed. The reception tendered me was even bigger than on my first visit. The affair took place in the Fireman's Hall, in the presence of three thousand people, virtually the whole Jewish population of Gombin.

Gombin, during that period suffered of a grinding poverty and of anti-Semitism, the

latter inspired by the Polish government. I made a film of what I saw and later showed it on many occasions in America and in Israel. This film, I believe, has both historical and cultural value.

Sam Rafel was right. The film he took serves today as more than a documentary of the Jewish Gombin that was, it serves as a memorial to those that did not survive the Holocaust.

With the help of Dr. Leon Zamosc, we have been able to convert the original silent film into a VHS tape. However, the tape is very fast and needs some graphic enhancement. Etsuko Kizawa, wife of Sam Guyer, a video expert, has offered to enhance the Rafel tape. Etsuko and I are working on adding an introduction with the history of the town, using some of the slides Dr. Zamosc showed at the meeting. We will then put music in the background of the actual film, and end with a conclusion discussing the fate of the Jews of Gombin. We also hope to feature the life of Sam Rafel, the creator of the film and founder of the Gombiner organizations.

This project, however, requires a sizable amount of funding, which we currently do not have. We are looking for anyone interested in funding the project, which we hope will become a memorial to Gombin, the Jewish town that was.

CEMETERY PROJECT CORRESPONDENCE

The following letter was sent on August 26, 1996 to the American Gombiners by the Society of Lovers of the Land of Gombin, headed by Zbigniew Lukaszewski. Lukaszewski has been corresponding with Israeli Gombiner, Zalman Ben Yitzhak, for many years and has now approached the Jewish Gombiners with his group's proposals:

Dear Sirs,

Referring to the letter of Mr. Zalman Ben Yitzhak, in which he suggests to send to you the preliminary plans of reconstruction of the Jewish cemetery in Gombin, which was destroyed by the German occupants, we apply to you with the proposition to arrive at a final decision. Our suggestions are as follows:

1) Arrangement of the cemetery, consisting in fencing the whole area of the burial ground and collecting the tombstones which are outside the cemetery, in a place destined for them. The total cost of execution of the first variant--fencing and a monument with commemorating plate and transport of tombstones to the proper place--is estimated at about 75,000 zloty (27,273 USD).

2) The second variant provides for fencing

of a separated part of the cemetery with tombstones preserved on it and constructing in its central part a mini-graveyard of tombstones collected from beyond the cemetery. The cost estimate for the whole project in this variant--fencing, mini-graveyard, monument and commemorating plate, transport of tombstones, gravelled paths--amounts to about 36,000 zloty (13,090 USD).

3) The design in variant three consists of the construction of a wall made of tombstones, bricks and cobblestones situated close to the boundary of the cemetery, from the side of the ancient gate. The cost estimate of this variant amounts to about 20,000 zloty (7,273 USD)

For your guidance, we give below the conditions which must be met before setting to execute any of the above propositions:

ANOUNCEMENTS . . . ANOUNCEMENTS

Copies of the first issue of B'NAI GOMBIN, Summer 1996, are still available.

We are looking for someone to translate the quarterly issues of B'NAI GOMBIN into Hebrew. If anyone has access to a word processor with a Hebrew font, and is fluent, please volunteer. Even if you are willing to translate only one issue, we need your help.

B'NAI GOMBIN needs your article submissions. Any article, story, poem or other writing you think would be of interest to other Gombiners would be greatly appreciated.

For any of the above, or questions, please contact Noam Lupu at 650 Teak Ct., Walnut Creek, CA 94598; or by e-mail at NoLupu98@aol.com.

Gayle Frankel Sciacca is organizing a Jewish Heritage Tour to Germany and Poland in June 1997. If anyone is interested in joining her group and would like a flyer with details, contact her at 3705 SW Quail Meadow Trail, Palm City, FL 34990 or by e-mil at CARL1228@aol.com.

- a) Giving evidence of the title of ownership of the cemetery terrain
- b) Making the surveying plan of the land in question
- c) Making the technical design of the chosen variant
- d) Obtaining a building permit for implementation of the plan

All these conditions can be complied with here, except item a) since we have no document evidencing the title of ownership. This matter should be arranged by yourselves--the plans of the ancient Gombin have been destroyed. The other three conditions can be executed after you have chosen one of the presented variants and transferred to the account of our Society an amount of about 2,000 zloty, sufficient for covering the costs of preliminary formalities.

As it appears from the information given by us, we could not meet Mr. Zalman's request to present architectural designs of these projects. In our opinion, the most reasonable would be the second variant, since only this one covers the terrain on which the tombstones still exist.

Our propositions and elaborated cost estimates must be agreed upon by the representatives of the former Jewish community of Gombin. Thanking you in advance for your kind interest and assistance, and awaiting your reply, we are, Dear Sirs, yours faithfully.

Through the e-mail group, we have written Lukaszewski and the Society of Lovers of the Land of Gombin a reply:

Dear Mr. Lukaszewski,

We received your letter to us, and have cir-

culated it among our fellow Gombiners. We studied the proposal and the variants with great interest. We wish to tell you that we greatly value your initiative. Your enthusiasm is very impressive and we hope it is shared by others in the City Council and in Gombin at large. We share your concern to preserve and honor the memory of the Gombin Jews, and look forward to seeing the Jewish cemetery of Gombin restored in the future.

We are currently attempting to establish contact with Gombiner and their descendants from all over the world. We are creating an organization of people interested in the Jewish heritage of Gombin. We expect that this group will undertake several activities. Making sure the Gombin Jewish cemetery is restored will be one of our primary goals.

Because we are only starting to get organized, however, we are not yet able to commit ourselves to the project you have proposed. We need more time to establish our organization, to inform all Gombiners, and to have the capability to undertake important projects such as this.

On the other hand, we know that new legislation is now being discussed in the Polish parliament to define the future of Jewish cemeteries all over Poland. We need to wait until this legislation is passed to have a clear of who has the land property rights, who will be authorized to undertake the restoration projects, and what kinds of financial aid will be available for these initiatives. We are in contact with representatives of Jewish organizations in Warsaw who are working with the Polish government, and we hope that we will have their assistance to undertake the Gombin cemetery project.

For these reasons, we have to wait a little while before we decide how to involve ourselves in the restoration of the Gombin Jewish cem-

etery. As soon as we are ready to pursue the project, we will inform you. When this happens, we will be interested in cooperating with you, since we believe that this kind of cooperation is very important to build bridges and improve relations between Poles and Jews.

Until then, we trust that you will continue to nurture your interest in the Jewish heritage of Gombin, as we do here. We will keep you informed of our activities. We would also like to hear more about the activities of your Society of Lovers of the Land of Gombin.

Thank you again for your time and effort; we hope to hear from you soon.

A GLIMPSE OF GOMBIN

by Michael Intrator

In hindsight, landing in Warsaw two days before returning to Gombin proved invaluable. In addition to the obvious advantages of overcoming the jet lag, the city immediately began to dispel some of the romance that inevitably surrounds a journey of the spirit. I was going back to the town where my mother's family had come from. I was halfway around the world. I was traveling with my brother Sam, for the first time in seven years.

An exotic land with exotic people, at least exotic compared to the Americanized Polish that I had grown up with on the Lower East Side of Manhattan and Greenpoint, Brooklyn. To top it off, we were engaged in an intellectual journey on which I hoped to probe the role that my family was relegated to during one of the most hideous chapters in human history. I knew it was going to be a tough trip. Growing up Jewish in America insured an intellectualization of the Holocaust. I had heard the stories, I thought I knew what I was going to see. The next eight days, while salt was being ground into a wound that 27 years of

intellectualization both ensured and protected, I made the leap from knowing to feeling. Our day in Gombin was one painful day in an excruciating education.

I had landed with my brother on Friday. The next day we were joined by Sam's friend, Robert who is a lecturer and author on the Holocaust and assistant director of the University of Vermont Holocaust Center. I had only met him once, but he seemed like a good guy and I was looking forward to the historical perspective that can only be provided by someone who has logged an enormous amounts of library time.

Warsaw was grey. A city with the lumbering infrastructure of a communist fossil coupled with rabid capitalism that is ripping through the nation at an exponential rate of acceleration. The city has achieved a precarious balance of the worst of both systems. Peering out of my hotel window, I was overcome by the urge to leap into the fray. Poland, a nation with an intensely rich history, was taking the first few steps in a fundamental change and I was going to see it first hand. Sitting here, staring into my computer screen, I only have two vivid memories of Warsaw; the first is a grey market with faceless people hocking the same junk that they sell on Delancy Street. Tee-shirts and hats with the logos of my favorite sports teams and rock bands, knickknacks and Nikes. The Americanization of global culture marches on. The second, and certainly the more vivid, is the graffiti.

For all intents and purposes there have been no Jews in Poland for fifty years. Yet, as we walked through the streets of one of the more cosmopolitan cities in Eastern Europe there seemed to be an endless assault of racial epithets. Swastikas, the Star of David dangling from a gallows, and the words *Juden Raus* (Jews get out) were splashed throughout the corridors of the city. Either painted, penned or etched into the physical structures of the city, as well as the moral su-

perstructure of many of its residents were the tangible harangues of anti-Semitic venom.

The raw and overt confrontation with anti-Semitism stirred deep ethical deliberation. I would like to say that the graffiti was the embodiment of the sickness of a culture that breeds hatred. But, such an analysis would be a paltry veneer fabricated by a hopeless optimist. It would single out and condemn the Poles, which unfortunately, depreciates a fatal flaw of the human species to that of a cultural idiosyncrasy. Our history as a species has been defined by atrocity. Humans cannot process all of the disparate information that endlessly deluge their senses. In an attempt to process the overwhelming torrent of stimuli they begin to divide and classify. Groups organize in various functional paradigms, the least of which is not worst to best. From here we make the leap to hatred. This linear process can, in my eyes, explain certain simple crimes. It cannot explain what happened during the Holocaust. But, it was a component, and I would argue a significant component of the social structure that enabled the extermination of a way of life—a component that still exists and, a component that will, is, and has allowed the Holocaust of a people to happen again. The mantra “Never Forget” that is espoused by many humanists, requires the active participation of people to learn and remember. Many believe that by remembering people will arm themselves with information that demands a degree of social diligence that will preclude the repetition of such atrocities. This active process, like the bedrock of the Grand Canyon, cannot withstand the endless assault of human nature. Biological necessity will survive enculturation. Poland, a land and people still suffocating from what transpired, cannot transcend its hatred. It seemed that every memorial to the victims was subsumed in a sea of newfangled animosity.

Gombin is a town. One more village that sprung up in the fertile lands of central Poland. By the

time we reached it we had driven through 30 other settlements that looked, smelled and felt identical. Like the rest of Poland, Gombin had the disconcerting air of been slightly off-kilter. Possibly caused by paradoxes stemming from a society engaged in fundamental social and technological changes, or possibly the result of a society that, like a tree struck by lightning, is struggling to continue living but painfully conscious of its loss of symmetry and innocence. This village felt like all the rest except, it was the one. My ancestors, many whose names have already been forgotten had been born, lived, loved, and died here.

About two miles outside of Gombin, an older woman flagged us down for a ride into town. We rolled into her province, rich Americans, driving an expensive rented automobile with, in excess of the town’s mean annual income dangling from each of our necks in camera gear. Maybe I am paranoid, but I doubt there are that many Americans poking around rural Poland, asking questions and looking for synagogues and cemeteries who are not Jewish. Either she was very pious, afraid of cars, or she was seeing ghosts. She

ORDER NOW!!!

Gombin Memorial Booklets containing information compiled by Dr. Leon Zamosc are still available for those unable to attend the meeting. Booklets are on sale for \$20 each.

A framed photograph of the Gombin synagogue, like the one auctioned at the meeting, can also be ordered for \$150 each. Please contact

Harold Boll
36 Grayson Road
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e-mail: boll@keps.com

crossed herself 20 times as we drove into town. My grandfather ended his entry into the Gombin memorial book with a question that was posed to him, with shock and disdain, by a Pole upon returning from Siberia: "Moishe, you still alive?" Fifty years later they were still outraged by our presence. Crammed into the subcompact with my brother, a friend and a stranger who looked on us with fear and malice forced me to address in my own mind, the distance that is intentionally maintained between people and cultures. Fifty years later we were still different and that was enough.

We took a few passes through town. It didn't take long. We rationalized our delay with getting oriented, but we all knew we were just procrastinating. We were nervous and excited. In some small way we all hoped that these next few hours would provide us with some insight into our grandfather and our history. Possibly an understanding

with which to discern the convictions and beliefs that our patriarch valued and embodied. A moment to commune with a fundamental keystone upon which our own values continue to evolve. These goals, lofty as they may be were not to get there due, at least not on this day.

Within seconds of entering town, Sam, who had developed an uncanny knack for spotting graffiti sounded the alarm. In the town square were Nazis marched half a century ago a swastika was painted on a wall. Our spin through the town provided a comprehensive education of anti-Semitic graffiti. Skinhead symbols, Stars of David dangling from gallows, and the words *Juden Raus* were on display for public consumption and provided the requisite enculturation of hatred.

We had come to meet with Mr. Zbigniew Lukaszewski, the town magistrates. We had arranged a visit earlier and he had been kind enough to agree to meet with us. Upon entering his apartment I was taken aback by his uncanny resemblance to my grandfather. It was more than his physical appearance. He gazed at us through thick dark-rimmed glasses with the same large watery eyes as my grandfather. They were eyes that knew too much, that had seen too much. His hands were my grandfather's hands. They were small and white but fleshy. But, more than anything else, Mr. Lukaszewski radiated dignity.

The room was modestly decorated and impeccably neat. The vases, bookshelves and tables could have been seamlessly absorbed into my grandfather's decor. It was at this point of our journey that I had one of my most unexpected insights. Many of the cultural traits that I had always identified as Jewish, were in fact, Polish. My grandfather was a Polish Jew and until that moment I had never appreciated the implications of the Polish aspect of the equation. Mr. Lukaszewski pulled out a series of documents including a number of water damaged prayer books that had been rescued from the temple,

Roll of Contributors

We are proud to acknowledge the following contributions:

Robert Prospero gave a donation for the framed aerial photograph displayed during the auction at the August meeting.

Leon Zamosc has donated the proceeds of his lecture on Jewish genealogy to the Los Angeles Latin American Jewish Genealogy Society, for the expenses of the creation of the Gombin Jewish Historical & Genealogical Society.

Leah Dinah Zielonka gave a donation for the framed photograph of the Gombin synagogue, also at the auction.

photographs of the town square and a photocopy of the Gombin Memorial Book. In my grandfather's fashion, they were all placed in folders and tied with perfect bows. Mr. Lukaszewski also showed us a letter that he received from his father weeks before he died in Bergen-Belsen, a German concentration camp.

After an hour of linguistically stilted conversation, the four of us climbed into the car and went to pick one of Mr. Lukaszewski's old students who was fluent in German. With our communication channels bolstered we began the guided tour of Gombin. To our left was the Jewish quarter, this was the site where the synagogue stood and where the Jewish market place used to bustle. Mr. Lukaszewski was able to recall who lived in some of the houses. For a brief moment, our imaginations reached back in time and fabricated what never was. For an instant I tried to see myself as a resident of this small Polish town rather than a witness.

Three blocks beyond the town square the roads changed from asphalt to dirt. Two blocks further we pulled off the road, fifty yards from the entrance to the Jewish cemetery. These were five blocks that bridged far more time and history than distance. We dug into our pockets and donned our *yarmulkes*. My brother and I were wearing *yarmulkes* that my grandmother had crocheted for our Bar-Mitzvahs. I secretly smiled at our ability to imbue every act with profound significance. I've never felt so Jewish.

The two scars in the earth where headstones had been dug up, dominated my view. A silence fell on our group as we walked into the cemetery. It was a silence that envelopes people when they probe the inner sanctum of their souls. We had come to say a prayer for the dead and there were plenty of them to pray for. As we passed through the trees and descended into what was left of a six hundred year old cemetery, the silence was broken. Three men were sitting on an embank-

ment drinking and carousing. First they noticed us, then they noticed our *yarmulkes*. One of them intercepted us as we covered the remaining twenty yards to the grave stones. A thick powerful man of forty or fifty planted his foot on one of the headstones, dropped his elbow to his knee, and leaned within inches of Sam's face. There was no room for misinterpretation. He jabbed the air with his fingers, pointing at our *yarmulkes* and his neck. Never has a language barrier been so great and yet so small. We did not need to understand a word to know this confrontation was about our being Jewish. One of the other men circled around through the cemetery and sped off into town. Within moments he returned with reinforcements. They stood smoking in the distance. Mr. Lukaszewski worked furiously to defuse the situation. We were feeling threatened, outnumbered and incapable of communicating. The fear and horror was paralyzing. How could this be happening? If I was not there I would not have been able to believe it. But, I was, and no matter how surreal it seemed, it was our reality. The dream of having a moment of true introspection was gone. When asked what was being said Mr. Lukaszewski told us that the man was drunk and did not know what he was talking about. His shoulders stooped with shame.

We left the cemetery and went to the Gombin Cultural Center. A small museum in the town square that was set up to preserve the town's history. Here, behind a triple-bolted, steel door are the archives of the town. Glass cases that contain memorabilia and documentation of both Jews and Poles are displayed for those that are interested. It was very well done, a tribute to the work that Mr. Lukaszewski was doing to preserve the town's history. Unfortunately, I do not remember much from the Center. The tension from the incident in the cemetery was blinding. We rifled through some of the documents and prepared to return to the cemetery.

When we returned to the grave site there were more people gathered drinking on the embankment overlooking the cemetery. We stood off to the side, said our prayers and left. We were not to have the moment of remembrance today. Yet, looking back, we could not have had a more enlightening trip to our grandfather's town. Gombin was a place where Jews struggled to live. Where misunderstanding, anti-Semitism, and hatred incessantly stewed. The hostile and violent reality that proved so formidable in the development of my grandfather's convictions and beliefs had reared its head and provided us a glimpse of the life that Jews in Poland had endured for centuries. We ended the day by driving to Chelmno the death camp where many of the Jews of Gombin were gassed in trucks and then burned.

As we drove out of town, exhausted from the days, I felt the weight of a new understanding descend on my consciousness. The knot in my neck was the physical manifestation of the education that I traveled halfway around the world for. Many questions had been answered. But, I knew it would take me months to assimilate the information and emotions. At that point, the only thing that was immediately clear to me, was that I would never return.

CHERISHING FAMILY ROOTS & REMEMBERING JEWISH GOMBIN

by Leon Zamosc

The Drive Begins

About a year ago, we started an E-mail exchange over the Internet among a handful of Gombiner descendants interested in learning about their family roots, knowing more about the life and destruction of the Jewish community in Gombin, and preserving the memory of the Gombiners who perished in the Holocaust.

Today, our group has grown to over fifteen participants from the US and Israel. In the course of this year we have learned a lot about the subjects that brought us together, and have discussed ideas for future activities and projects.

Accomplishments

We are proud of what we have accomplished so far. We have worked hard compiling a database of names and addresses of Gombiners and descendants of Gombiners. We have exchanged genealogical information among ourselves and we have responded to genealogical enquiries from others (including one from a descendant of Abraham Abele b. Hayyim ha-Levi Gombiner, author of *Magen Avraham*). We recovered the film that Sam Rafel had shot in Gombin in 1937 and, after making it available in raw form, we are now preparing an improved and enriched version for wider distribution. We translated into English the article on Gombin in *Pinkas Hakehilot* (the Hebrew language encyclopedia of Jewish communities), and we published it as part of a booklet of materials on Gombin.

We have gathered pictures, slides, and historical documents on Gombin, the Gombin Jewish community, the extermination camp at Chelmno (where the Gombin Jews were killed), and the fate of Gombiners during the Holocaust (including a list of Gombiner survivors retrieved from the YIVO Archives in New York, and a list of Gombiners deported from France to Auschwitz). We have contacted institutions in the US and Poland to make enquiries about the possibility of protecting and restoring the Gombin Jewish cemetery, and have also established contacts with Poles from Gombin who have expressed interest in the memory of the Jews and in doing something about the cemetery. We began publication of the B'NAI GOMBIN newsletter and, last August, we helped the Gombiner Young Men of

New Jersey organize a meeting where we contributed with visual essays and presentations.

The Gombin Jewish Historical and Genealogical Society

To provide a framework for the continuation of our activities, we are taking legal steps to create the Gombin Jewish Historical and Genealogical Society, a non-profit organization that will be open to all people, from all over the world, who have an interest in Gombin Jewish history and genealogy. The society will have the following goals:

1. To collect, disseminate, and publish knowledge and information with reference to the history of the Jewish community of Gombin and the genealogy of the Jews from Gombin
2. To encourage interested persons to pursue historical and genealogical research on the Gombin Jewish community
3. To undertake activities aimed at protecting, preserving, and restoring vital records, published and unpublished documents, pictorial materials, and physical relics and landmarks of Jewish culture and history in Gombin
4. To undertake activities aimed at preserving and honoring the memory of the Jews from Gombin who perished in the Holocaust
5. To support the activities of all existing organizations and groups of Jews from Gombin and their descendants

Future Plans

We have many ideas for possible activities and projects: introducing young Gombiners to genealogy; compiling a special database on the fami-

lies that were living in Gombin before the war; translating into English the Yiddish-only parts of the Gombin yizkor book; creating a bank of pictures and postcards from Gombin; starting a program of exchange visits between children of Gombiner descendants all over the world; installing a memorial plaque for the Gombin Jews at Chelmno; and joining efforts to save the Jewish cemetery of Gombin.

We are aware that this is a program for many years of work, but we are prepared to take on the tasks gradually, one by one if necessary. The pace of our progress will depend on the human and material resources committed to the job. It is important, then, to count with the participation and support of all who share our desire to cherish our common family roots and remember Jewish Gombin. We are doing this for the memory of our ancestors, for ourselves, and for our children. We invite you all to contact us and become active participants and sponsors of the Gombin Jewish Historical and Genealogical Society.

WELOCME TO THE GOMBIN E-MAIL EXCHANGE

The Gombin E-mail Exchange is proud to welcome our new subscribers: Renay Taub, Michael Intrator, Sam Intrator, Ross Knights, Fred Gerkin, Gail Weiss Salomon, Joyce Boll and Minna Zielonka-Packer.

Gombiner Young Men of New Jersey
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TO: