

Jan Sokal's Cousin, Lewski



This is my cousin, little son of my aunt Fajga Lewska. Unfortunately I don't remember his name. I think that this photo was taken in Warsaw in the 1930's. Beautiful little boy. 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 Jozef 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 Lwow. 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.