

Mojzesz Horowitz



This is a picture of my father, Mojzesz-Maurycy Horowitz, from his German ID, taken in 1940s. One day we set off to Warsaw from Skole. On our way, in the train, we had this story. The conductor says, 'Mr. Horowitz, sir, I'm so happy to see you.' Suddenly he remembered, and he says, my God, what are you doing here. My father says, what can we do, we've got to go. Okay, but it's dangerous, come with me. And he took us to his compartment at the beginning of the train, where we safely spent the whole journey. In Warsaw we went to a kind of night shelter. They gave us a room and beds. In the morning I called my brother-in-law. He said, I live in Milanówek come here. But, he says, Horowitz it can't be because it's a Jewish surname. So I altered the 'H' to look like a 'B' and the 't' to look like a 'c' and Horowitz turned into Borowicz. Then I went to a notary public, made a certified copy and when I applied for the Kennkarte, it looked okay. The idea was simple because I had a professor named Borowicz at university, later he actually became a Volksdeutscher. We

went to Milanówek, to move in with the brother-in-law, and started living a normal life. I started looking for a new place to stay and a job.