



The Work of Radio Personality Yaron Enosh

The Holocaust survivors, who came to Israel, despite staying true to their silence, did everything within their power to locate relatives and family members. They turned to acquaintances and friends in the hopes to hear first-hand testimonies, which could perhaps lead to the traces of their kinsmen who had disappeared.

Where had they been during the War? In which camps, ghettos, or hiding places were they? Whom had they met upon being liberated? Had they come to Israel, or had they chosen willingly to travel to other countries, or perhaps remained on German soil? These were the principal topics of conversation amongst survivors during their first years living in Israel. As a child, I witnessed this. The searches for lost relatives embraced the globe and stretched from Australia to the United States, from South America to the Far East - in all imaginable places.

And, indeed, kinsmen were found. But their numbers were few, in comparison with the Jewish families on the eve of the War. Among others, several childhood friends and acquaintances were found, but due to their deeds during the War = having collaborated with the Germans - the survivors shunned them and did not wish to be in contact with them.

Kol Yisrael's¹ radio programmes also became involved in the effort. One was called "Searching for Relatives". Holocaust survivors would turn to the programme's producers in the hopes of finding, through the radio-waves, a friend or a relative, a brother, uncle or cousin who had disappeared. The broadcaster would read the name of the person in question, where he had been born, where he had been during the War and also the names of those looking for him.

Listening to this programme, which was broadcast in Yiddish, was part of the daily routine. Everyone listened to it, including [my] father and mother. I remember them huddled attentively by the radio receiver every day, hoping to hear the name of a relative or friend who had returned from the inferno and who - like themselves - was searching for his own. Besides this, the programme also enabled one to contact other survivors and to receive, from them, details and information on their dear ones who had not returned. Over the course of the years, the programme declined - until they ceased broadcasting it.

Later, a different programme went on the air, presented by Yaron Enosh, which was called "The Family Search Section". The programme was broadcast every day at 16:45 and it undertook to assist inquirers wishing to locate friends and relatives with whom contact had been severed. And that was precisely my purpose - to find friends of my parents, Holocaust survivors who had immigrated to Israel and to receive, from them, details regarding my family - my parents, my grandfathers and my grandmothers. I very much wanted to know what their occupations had been, what had happened to them, which family ties had been formed and any detail one can imagine.

I knew there were many others like me, sitting every day by the radio receiver and listening. Unless you have experienced it yourself, you cannot imagine how much Yaron Enosh's programme has helped many people.

¹ [TN: *The Voice of Israel; Israel's public domestic and international radio service from 1947 until 2017.*]

After some time, I rang Yaron Enosh. Our call was recorded and it was broadcast on his programme. In this forum, I sought to locate Holocaust survivors from the towns of Krzepice and Lututów.

The results were not long in coming. After a few days, the programme's producer approached me and gave me a list of listeners interested in speaking with me, with their telephone numbers. I was overjoyed at the opportunity which I had been given and I rang those people who had a connection to the residents of Krzepice and Lututów. They said that they could provide information regarding my family. It could also be that they were hoping to form new bonds with the Holocaust survivors' second generation.

At once, I set out on a series of meetings with Krzepice *landsleit* who had known my father Majer. As for the Lututów townspeople, sadly, no contact was made with any of them, apart from a few conversations on the telephone with one lady whose mother was a Holocaust survivor from Lututów - but the meeting with her never came to pass and that is a pity.