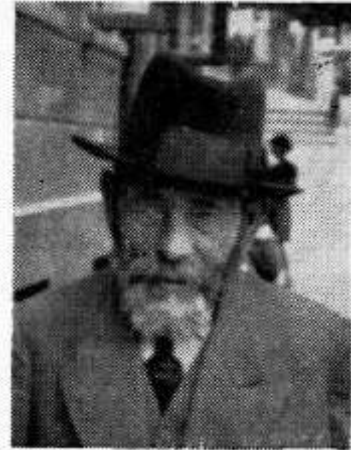


unhappy, fearing that all the people and animals she saw on the canvas had to be supported and fed by her son, David... For how is it possible that all these will move on



Mr. David Kolski z"l

the canvas just like that?!... The cinema hall also served as a theater hall. And when the Łódź theater troupe was about to perform in the play "Motke the Thief" – a character immortalized by city writer Shalom Asz in one of his stories, and who was nothing but a living character among the Jews of our city – Motke the meat thief burst into the hall shouting: I'm still alive I will not allow "Motke the Thief" show! However, Motke the Thief softened a little after receiving two free entrance tickets to the show. In the *première*, he "honored" the show with his partner.

Indeed, Motke the thief was also a son of Kutno, but their imprint on the life of the Jews in the city was not made by characters like him, but by personalities such as Grandpa David Kolski.

Blessed be his memory.

Yehoshua (his grandson)

Mr. David Kolski, son of Ze'ev and Sara Reisel was born in 1861 in the city of Kutno. By nature, David was a man of action and an entrepreneur. He was the first to build a movie theater called "Modern" in the city and the first to use a generator to generate electricity for this purpose. He was also very resourceful and very organizationally capable. During the First World War, when there was a severe shortage of all kinds of essentials and on the eve of Passover, the Jews of Kutno did not have matza in honor of the holiday, so he organized with the help of his friends the baking of matza and even provided matza for the city's poor.

He always knew how to give wise and correct advice to anyone who turned to him and therefore earned the nickname "Trustee". But it was not only with advice that David Kolski helped. No other has extended so much financial aid to all who turned to him. He reciprocated kindness to men who were in financial distress and helped them in as many ways as he could.

## MY GRANDFATHER DAVID KOLSKI

I did not get to know my grandfather while he was alive, but I got to know him very well thanks to the photo album from which his face was visible, which I learned to love. Grandpa's figure peeks at me with his pleasant smile and cheerful eyes. It seems as if I have known him from time immemorial, as if he held my hand when I was a little boy and he protects me from any harm. Yes, this is my grandfather, this is how I described him in my imagination, this is how I wanted to see my grandfather, if I had met him while he was alive.

From the face portraits that glance at me from the photo album, excerpts from stories about him, and from his letters, my grandfather's personality appears before me. He was born prematurely – his family said. He was among the pioneers, among the first in every act and thought! According to his townspeople, Edison did not invent electricity, Grandpa did! After all, he was the first to illuminate our city with electric light! Yes, he installed the first generator in Kutno! But at the same time as the generator, David Kolski brought another ingenious invention to the city of Kutno – the cinema! Only my grandfather's mother, 108 years old Sara Reisel<sup>1</sup>, was

<sup>1</sup> TN: according to our data, she was born in 1827! This means the events mentioned were around 1935.

He loved every craft. The people in his "workshop" often found him immersed in all kinds of work and repairs. He also wanted to instill in his sons a love for the craft, in addition to the education he provided them.

The man was known for his honesty and loyalty, so he was entrusted with the care of the community's assets – the synagogue, *Talmud-Torah*, the cemetery, etc., as well as working in various public institutions (*Linat Tzedek*<sup>2</sup>, *Hachnasat Kalah*, etc.). For years, he was also the *gabbai* in the synagogue.

Although he was not active in the Zionist movement, he was interested in everything that was happening in *Eretz Israel* and all its problems and concerns were close to his heart. And when he had the opportunity, he went to *Eretz Israel* to explore it length and breadth. He brought a bag of dirt from the Mount of Olives, and when the day would come when he would gather to his people, the dust of Jerusalem would be poured out into his grave. But his end was the end of the millions of his Jewish brothers and sisters in Poland – together with them he perished in the Holocaust, in the Chelmno camp.

May his soul be bound in the bundle of eternal life.

Menachem and Abraham

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<sup>2</sup> TN: Accommodation for the poor.