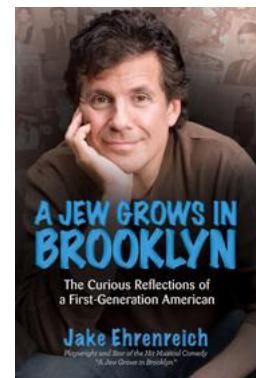


HCI Books Presents Jake Ehrenreich's A Jew Grows in Brooklyn

The Curious Reflections of a First Generation American



"Go to Prushkov," he demanded. "Say the name Ehrenreich. If they don't know it, then it's gone."

The next morning, I relayed this GPS-like information to my guide. Allow me to describe his reaction in Yiddish-flavored English—happy, he wasn't.

"Prushkov is a city of fifty thousand people!" he exclaimed. "Are you kidding?" I sheepishly said, "It's the best I can do, let's just go."

"It's your money," he replied.

A few hours later, when we arrived in the city of Prushkov, it was late afternoon.

"Here we are, Prushkov," he said. "Would you like me to stop and ask that lady on the street?" he asked facetiously.

I had a thought. "Hey, isn't there some kind of town hall or museum or something where we could get some information?"

As it turns out, there was a museum just a few blocks away. When we got there, my driver approached the visitor's desk at the museum and, with embarrassment written all over his face, spoke a few words in Polish to the female attendant. The only thing I could make out was "Ehrenreich."

With surprise evident in her tone, she asked, "Ehrenreich?"

My guide pointed at me, and she motioned for him to wait. She scurried off and when she returned, she was followed by the director of the museum. The director spoke with my guide, whose eyes widened. As the conversation died down, they seemed to come to some sort of agreement. The director firmly shook my hand, said something I couldn't understand, then left.

My guide turned to me with somewhat of a grin on his face and said, "This museum was your tante Regina's house. The porcelain factory across the street, which belonged to your family and was run by your great aunt was, and still is, one of the largest in Poland. You have a tour of the factory at six tomorrow morning."