

Lower Market In Bodzentyn



This is a picture of the Lower Market in Bodzentyn. In the background you can see Silberschtayn's grocery shop. I took this photo during my trip to Bodzentyn after World War II, in 1957.

I was hiding first, after I arrived. I didn't want to say that I was a Jew, because I was afraid. I went to Bodzentyn, because I had a house there. We had lived on Pasięka Street, next to the Lower Market. I was thinking of getting the house back, but I didn't. There was this old woman living there. I didn't want to move her, so I decided to leave the house alone. I came back to get the birth certificates, all the documents that everyone's dead, death certificates and all that.

I didn't say anything to anyone. I slept near the cemetery. There was this old woman there, a widow, Jacwiong was her name. She let me sleep on straw for 15 zloty. I spent the night, got out in the morning. I didn't want to say anything then. I started to gradually recognize the neighbors, Poles, because there were no Jews left by then. No one recognized me. I was wearing a normal hat. I don't have a hooked nose. Finally I revealed who I was. After half an hour the entire town knew that Josek's son had come back. And Josek was god for them. So when I came to Bodzentyn I saw that everyone was very glad to see me and I started remembering where everything was. I sniffed around there, where my family had lived before the occupation.