

Wlodek Starzec



This is Wlodek, my son, as a young man. The photo was taken in the 1960s. My husband, Adolf Starzec, isn't Jewish. It's the student period we know each other from. From the socialist movement. He thought it was it for him. He was also active on peasant organizations. Had contacts with Witos, he was many years my elder. He did manage to complete his studies. He defended himself beautifully during the trial, got six years. Released eventually, he worked as a simple construction worker, carried bricks. And when the war broke out, all the court files, of course, fell

into the Gestapo's hands. He fled to Russia. He was there all the time. And only after his return we did get to know each other again. And we got married. He was a man who sincerely fought for freedom and truth and who believed that was the right way. A very noble man. He lived in Cracow for some time after the war. Our little son had already been born. I remember how I traveled to Cracow with the baby boy in a wrap, he didn't walk yet. We hiked a lot in the mountains with my husband. We didn't ski but hiked and that's how we spent any leisure time we had. My elder son, Wlodek, was born in 1947. He's dead now.