

Rozalia Unger With Her Husband And Children



This picture was taken after the war. You can see my husband, Oskar Unger, me and our children, Frania and Leon. My husband comes from a village near Rzeszow called Lubenia. He was born in 1912, into a peasant Jewish family, there were thirteen children, that's the way it was in those days. Of all of us, during the war in Kazakhstan, it was the hardest for our daughter Frania, who was born there in August 1941. Shortly before that we got married; we went to an office to sign a document, there was no ceremony of any sort. We had to register officially, arrange the formalities. Frania went through nine pneumonias in a row. In 1948 I gave birth to a son named Leon. He completed a musical school and is a pianist, and my daughter graduated from a business college. My children went to the Public School No. 5, the communists' children all went there. There was a period when religion started to be taught at schools, it was under Gomulka, I guess, and all the kids enrolled, communist or non-communist, but Leon didn't. The priest came, told him to stay, said God would bless him if he did, stroked his head, and Leon said that there was no God at all. The priest got angry, grabbed him, opened the door and hurled him so the poor Leon landed under the opposite corridor wall, all bruised. But that wasn't all, because after classes, in front of the school, the kids attacked Leon and started beating him. There's a police station opposite and one of the policemen came up and he couldn't tear the boy off because he sat on my son's face and didn't want to let go. When Leon came home, I called my neighbor, a doctor, and she told me to put him in bed and give him nothing to eat except cottage cheese. He got jaundice then.