

Morys And Sam Ejnesman



My sons were born in 1947 and in 1950 in Walbrzych. They are Morys and Sam. Here in this photo, which was probably taken in Walbrzych, both of them are still little children. So it could have been taken in 1954.

I didn't choose to go to Walbrzych, they did [the repatriation committee]. They would send people to Wroclaw or to Walbrzych, but mostly to Walbrzych, because that city was empty, the Germans had left; at least we got an apartment. When someone would go to work in the mines, like I did, he'd get an apartment. I wanted to go to Lodz, but there were no apartments left, there was nothing, they asked, 'What will you do there?' I didn't meet anyone; I didn't see anyone. Yes, in Walbrzych you'd begin your life anew.

We sent our children to a Polish school. There was no school in Walbrzych, where they taught Yiddish. If you wanted to learn Hebrew, you had to go to the rabbi. There was a rabbi in Walbrzych and a slaughterhouse, everything was there. I went to a prayer house on Slowackiego Street. They knew me. I went there for Sukkot, Yom Kippur, Rosh Hashanah. There were many Jews. They came from Russia, and then they left, went here and there: to cities.