

Szlome Solowiejczyk



This is a photo of my father, Szlome Solowiejczyk. The photo was taken in Oszmiana in 1945 or 1946 in some studio, but I don't know where exactly. My parents met on their own, without a matchmaker, in Dżisna, it was a local love affair, they were neighbors. They got married in 1922. They had three sons. I was the oldest one. Then there was Izrael. He died in 1945 near Kielce, on the front, in the Russian army. The youngest one was Mojżesz - named after Grandpa. He's now living in Vilnius. My parents were more or less religious. They celebrated all the holidays, all the rituals, Sabbath. Lard and other things like that - that was out of the question. The house was kept kosher - there was a spoon for meat, a spoon for milk, a milk pan, a meat pan, all that was observed. Mother was always at home, she was very resourceful; she had to take care of things on her own, because Father was never there, always on the road. When Father came back home, he had to tell Mother about everything, he had to report it all. When Father was about to come home from work - and Mother didn't know exactly when he'd be back, in the morning or in the evening -

she'd get everything ready, keep the stove hot, so there'd be hot food for Father when he arrived. Father was a very calm man. I take after him in being calm and responsible. He was very traditional, he didn't drink, didn't play cards. But when there was some celebration, they'd all gather around him, because he could sing, he knew Yiddish and Russian songs.