

Jakub Bromberg's Work Colleagues



This is a photo of the place where I worked after the war. The photo was taken in Lodz in the 1940s. This is Zalcbberg's workshop. I am fourth from right. My boss, Hersz Zalcbberg, is standing in the middle. He is wearing a white shirt. In 1947 Zalcbberg moved to Australia where he tried to run some mill. After his wife's death he left for Israel.

After the war I first went to Lwow, then from Lublin to Warsaw and Lodz. That worked out well. I came back to the same place, with a gun in my hand. My dream was to show up like Joseph in Egypt, who came back although everyone thought he had died. I didn't want to go straight to Lodz. I could have made it to Lodz on 19th January 1945 with the Red Army, because I was in uniform. But I didn't want to; I instinctively felt that no one was alive. I spent some months in Lublin and I came here. I thought I'd meet someone. I was disappointed. No brothers, no friends, no father, no mother, no sister, no cousins. No one was left. They all died. I searched, but I wasn't successful. I even visited the Lodz Ghetto. There on Lagiewnicka Street, in Nacha and Monka Wajntraubs' apartment, I found some letters, photos, documents and that was all. I only managed to find a few of my acquaintances.

The war was finished and I had to fend for myself. I started to make money. I worked in Zalcbberg's textile workshop on Zeromskiego Street 13. When people went on holiday, I worked. On Sundays, when they went to the park, I was sitting and working. And that was the story. I was having different problems with my wife then, I avoid talking about it, because it still hurts. Anyway, I got divorced in 1952.