

Danuta Mniewska With Her Husband Bronislav Rozenowicz After The War



This is me and my first husband, Bronislav Rozenowicz, in Czestochowa in 1945. We are standing next to our house on Druga Aleja, part of Czestochowa's most elegant street, Aleja Najswietszej Marii Panny. This building was a property of my husband's. Our dog's name was Strega. I do not remember who took this picture. After the war we left our shelter and went to Lodz. There was the Jewish Committee, registering all the survivors. We went to 1 Maja where we had lived before the war. And when we sat on the stairs, we suddenly started crying so hard that we no longer wanted to go inside - we ran away. Our family from Czestochowa was sent with a transport to Treblinka. Grandfather reportedly led Grandmother by the hand when they marched to the Umschlagplatz, 'Slowly, slowly,' he was saying - on top of everything else she had just suffered an attack of palsy. And so he led her up to the train? My grandparents and my mother went to the gas right away. Those were such unspeakable tragedies? We parted with my husband's uncle and aunt, the

Markowicz's, as they immediately fled to the West. They were terribly afraid of the Bolsheviks, because they were the so-called bourgeois. I think they went to England, all five, Mirka included. After the war Bolek and Lucek found it hard to start normal lives. Uncle and Aunt had one more son, Tadeusz, who had completed medicine studies in Italy. He spent the war there; I think he was in the army, though I don't know which one and when. He died shortly after the war. All of them died very quickly. And Klimczak got the house and the building lots - everything that had been agreed. That was financed by Uncle together with Rozenowicz, because the house was owned in half by my husband, so he contributed too. And that's it. My husband had a house in Czestochowa that he inherited after his parents, on Druga Aleja. There we lived in three rooms with my sister. My sister and I got very close when we realized that our whole family was dead. We started working right away at a gynecological hospital on Swietej Barbary Street near Jasna Gora.