

Adam Silberring



This is my husband's most recent picture, taken two years ago. The photo was taken in our apartment in Cracow. He holds a book written by my friend Lea Shinar. She wrote six of them and I don't recognize which one it is.

My husband was working at Polfa as head of production when in 1968 they forced him to leave when all that with the Jews started. He went to Chemadex, that was a design office. And well he did, because at least he was abroad all the time. They built sulfuric acid factories. In Russia, then in Czechoslovakia. He carried on working into his retirement, about eight years ago, I think, because he was a great expert; he spoke languages and they built their factories. But Chemadex fell apart, my husband came back to Poland, and because he was already of retirement age, they let him go.

And I was terribly afraid, because I couldn't imagine my husband at home. I knew it would be a huge tragedy for him; he was so active, such a workaholic. Even now someone's always calling. Adam, tell me how you do this, how you do that; I'll come round with the wood, you draw it all out for me. Last year he worked, had a few lectures at AGH University of Science and Technology in Cracow. At the moment, thank God, he's got work building an extra story for our granddaughter in our house on Miodowa Street. He reads, he's interested in everything. You can talk to him on any subject. Having said that, I don't agree with him in many cases, but I've lowered my tone now. It's a waste of time arguing.