

# Jakub Bromberg's Family House In Bodzentyn



This is the Bromberg's family house. I took this photo during my trip to Bodzentyn after World War II, in 1957. I went to Bodzentyn, because I had a house there. I was thinking of getting it back, but I didn't. There was this old woman living there. I didn't want to move her, so I decided to leave the house alone.

We lived on Pasieka Street, next to Dolny Rynek, the Lower Market. This was the first street down, as you walked to Gorny Rynek, the Upper Market. It was called Pasieka, which is Polish for beehive, because there were bees there, flowers and the bees collected honey from those flowers; there were lots of bees. And when you walked down to the mill, there were fish ponds there and water mills. Our house was right next to the street. There was a hallway next to the entrance and two apartments with entrances from the hall. Our apartment was maybe a bit bigger than this room of mine [approx. 20 sqm] and so many people - nine of us - living there. Us, that is parents and seven children, we lived in the room downstairs.

There was a stove for cooking and for heating. And you'd use wood for heating, not coal. On Mondays peasants used to bring wood from the forest and sell it. Only rich Jews could afford it, the poor ones would have to buy branches. We were those poor ones. We later had saws, so we had to saw this wood ourselves. I remember, because I helped Father and my brothers. There was no electricity and you'd have to bring water from the well. The well was on Dolny Rynek. I had a so-called 'kuromyslo', a kind of wooden harness with wire hooks and I had to carry the water in that. And when you did the laundry, you'd carry it to the river for rinsing.

There was a shop upstairs. A kosher butcher, shochet, lived above us. A tzaddik from Ostrowiec used to visit him. When I was a boy, I found a dog. There were lots of them. I found the dog, took him, raised him from the time he was little, made him a doghouse in the hallway and played with him each morning. I remember, one day this tzaddik was looking out the window, because there

were beautiful sunrises in the summer and I was chasing the dog and he says: 'Du sheygetz! Bald in der fri yugst du sikh mit a keylef?!' - 'You 'non-Jew'! You've been chasing the dog since early in the morning!'