

Chil Szmul Bromberg



This is my elder brother Chil Szmul Bromberg. I don't know where the photo was taken but it must have been taken some time in the 1930s.

There were six of us, brothers, at home. There was a one and a half year difference between each of us; a new one would be born every 18 months. After the last one, the youngest brother, after five years, Father's precious daughter was born: Estera Chaja Zelda. Our treasure. My second

oldest brother was Chil, Chil Szmul. This brother and the younger Wolf were registered as twins, but they weren't twins. This was a mistake, one was overlooked first and then they were both registered together. Chil Szmul later became a tailor.

We were not very close as siblings. We loved one another, but mostly we'd spend time separately; each one had his own friends. Sometimes we played together, went skidding on the pond in winter-time. We went to the castle in Bodzentyn. We gathered there during the school break, that's where the report cards were handed out at the end of each school year. We used to sing the national anthem and Rota. There were many children at home, so one would raise the other.

Chil died in 1942 or 1943. Someone told me about it, someone who was there at the camp and survived. My three brothers, Chil, Wolf and Abram worked in Starachowice. They always stuck together. When the Germans called one of them to work, they went together. One day they called Abram. The Germans would shoot the sick inmates from the camp and needed people to bury them. They called Abram, but all the brothers went. But, in the end, the Germans didn't want to have witnesses, so they murdered all three of them. They shot them or buried them alive, I don't know this exactly.