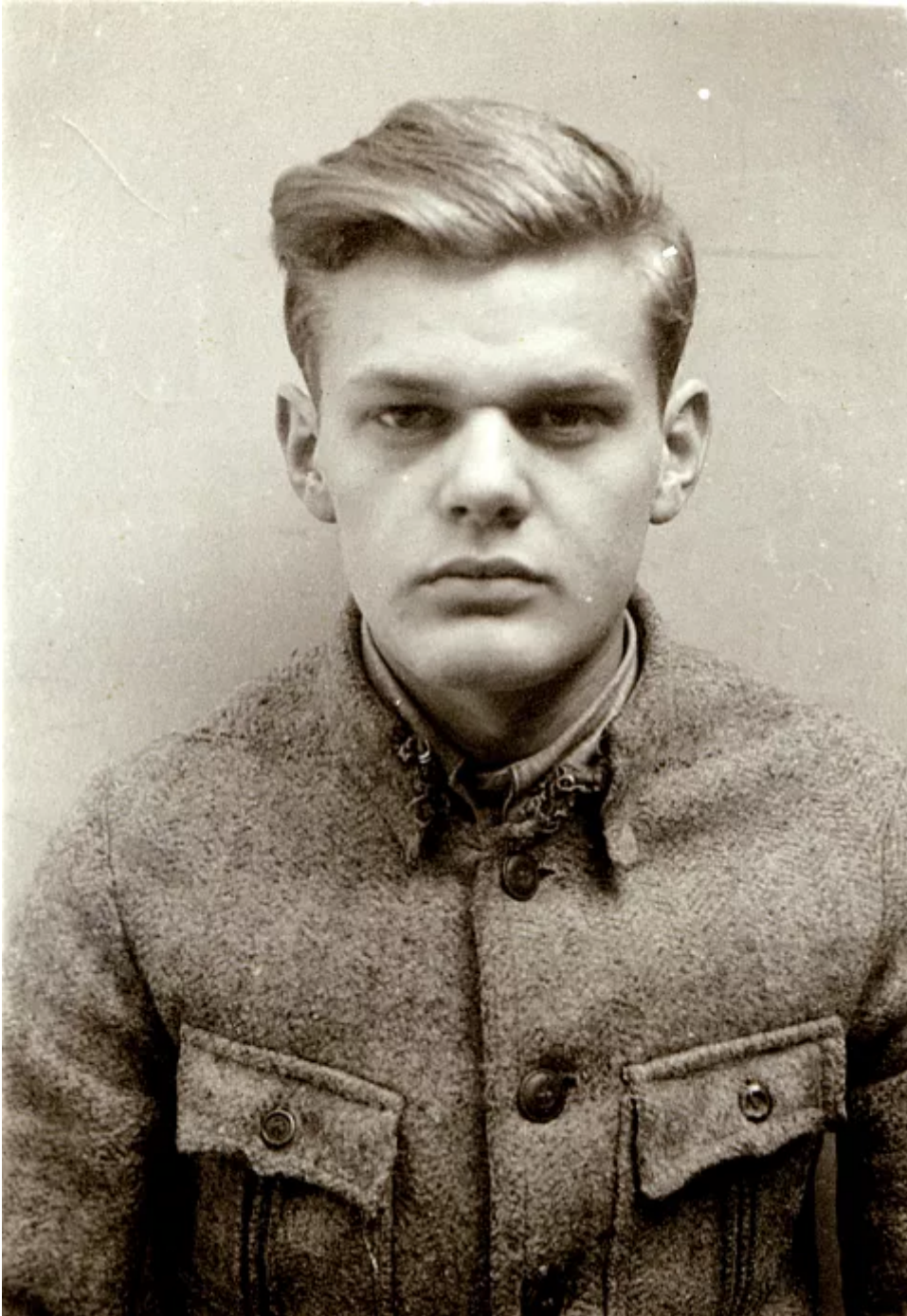


## Wacek Kornblum After WWII



This is me in Otwock, at the 'Ostrówek' Sanatorium - this is my first picture after the war. I'm wearing a kind of uniform... Not exactly uniform, some kind of a peasant jacket, made of some self-made fabric. We, the young people in the sanatorium, got this clothing from the army. The Polish army was drafting people and they got the uniforms. Their civilian clothes were given out to those who need it. I wore such an outfit. And this is 1945, 29th May I suppose. The sanatorium wasn't Jewish, but a regular one, a Polish one. I met my wife just in the Sanatorium nearby.

I spent a long time in the health resort in Otwock, I was very sick with tuberculosis, in both lungs. There was no streptomycin back then. And I had a friend in that health resort, Michal Janik, a boy

my age, who unfortunately died of tuberculosis. I want to say that in the health resort everyone knew I was a Jew and there were four of us in the room, then six, and I absolutely cannot say anything bad about the other patients.

They sent us to a dentist. And there was Mrs. Filipowicz, a dentist, also a Jew, who survived. And my future wife used to come to that dentist as well, a young woman, who also had sick lungs. Mrs Filipowicz set up our visits in such a way, that I used to meet my future wife there.