

# Janina Bodenstein With Her Father Zygmunt In Truskavets



This is me and my father, Zygmunt Bodenstein. This picture was taken in September 1938 in Truskawiec [now Truskavets, Ukraine, some 100 km south of Lwow, one of the newest and most popular health resorts of the interwar period; known above all for treatments for the digestive system]. It was taken by a professional photographer and later sent to our home in Lwow.

That summer my father went for treatment to Truskawiec, and he demanded I come to accompany him. As soon as I arrived, I had to leave, because everything in that place smelled of petroleum. I could neither eat nor drink anything, because of those deposits [deposits of ozokerite, 'mountain wax,' as well as springs of natural mineral water with a high content of organic oil-derived compounds].

My father had a hobby at home: playing patience and playing an instrument. From his father, a musician in Vienna, he had inherited a good ear for music. Yes, and we had a piano at home. Father was very fond of those Russian ballads, songs like 'Ochi Chyornye'. And he liked to play that. Besides, I remember him playing Schubert songs, and other pieces by various composers. But it wasn't as though he played every day; it was from time to time. He was a reserve officer, from time to time he was called up for maneuvers. Sometime in the 1930s he went on maneuvers in Kobryn in the Polesie area. And I even remember he was in the 83rd Infantry Regiment.

I remember also that my father was a sports activist. There was a sports club called Hasmonaea Lwow, and Father was an official there. He had played football as a boy, but after he was wounded in the knee, football became impossible. He had friends. There was a guy named Wacek Kuchar, for instance, a sports activist, and I think they were friends. From early childhood I went with Father to all the football matches. From Hasmonaea I remember... Sztejerman [Zygmunt Stauermann, one of the team's leading players], the name has somehow stuck. Sztejerman [Stauermann]. Perhaps I'm mixing something up, I'm not sure. My father was a believer in sport. I swam and skied. With school

we went to a swimming pool called Zelazna Woda. We often went swimming instead of gymnastics, but that was only in the summer. Or in the spring, if it was warm. In the winter, I skied. I had my own skis, my own ski suit, my own everything.

My father's political views... above all, he was an admirer of Pilsudski. He was a fervent supporter of his, and Zionism didn't prevent him at all from being so. I don't remember whether he belonged to any Zionist party.