

ZBIGNIEW FLESZYŃSKI ur. 1921; Lublin



Tytuł fragmentu relacji	My home at 19 Narutowicza Street
Zakres terytorialny i czasowy	Lublin; dwudziestolecie międzywojenne
Słowa kluczowe	English, Narutowicza Street

My home at 19 Narutowicza Street

I was born on 3 December, 1921 in Lublin at 19 Narutowicza Street, where I lived until the Second World War and for the first war years. Our flat consisted of two rooms and a kitchen. The building where I lived is situated opposite the Town Theatre, at the corner of Narutowicza Street and Peowiaków Street: the Osterwa Theatre is at one corner, and that building is at the other corner of Peowiaków Street. That building has remained almost unchanged; the shops are only different. Many families lived there, as well as my colleagues with whom I went to primary school, and later to Staszica secondary school. Ludwik Hartwig's photo shop was in that building, who was a well known photographer and the father of Edward Hartwig, the famous fine art photographer. Edward and his wife, Helen, ran that photo shop until WW2. There was a small courtyard at the back, where we played football and it frequently happened that we broke the window panes of Mr. Hartwig's photo shop, so there were often quarrels between him and the building's occupants. We had a good supply of food in the building as there was Mr. Stanisław Duszyca's grocery shop there. He used to open his shop to us and other people living nearby at any time of the day or night, gave us goods on credit, which we paid back after receiving a wage. Duszyca was a cook, I mean he used to work as a cook once, and later ran that grocery shop. One of the building's occupants was a doctor, her name was Ms. Krajewska, there also was the accountant, Mr. Józef Krawecki, who had an accounting office for land estates located in the vicinity of Lublin. The owner of the building was Mr. Drożdż, a medical doctor; another tenant was Mr. Krawczyński, a manufacturer of horse-drawn vehicles, who lived in the front part of the building. There was a droshky stop near our home. All the time, as we lived on the first floor, we could hear the quite decent talks of droshky drivers, and of course the pattering of horse hooves on the cobbles. However, the droshkies were quite noiseless, because they were equipped with springs and rubber tyres.

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