

Memories of our father Albin Nowobilski (1897-1985) **recorded on tape during our meeting in Chicago (1979) and London (1984)**

My Parents.

My parents died early. My mother was Katarzyna (Catherine) nee Peksa. The Peksa family lived in Lower Bialka.. I remember as a small child I was attended by our neighbor, because my mother was occupied with something else. I was very close to that woman. Remember one day, my mother told her, that she would not live long, and this child (myself) most likely be yours. In those days I used to sleep in the large bed with my much older sisters Aniela and Ludwika. My mother died of pneumonia. In the village there was no cure for this illness. My mother's funeral was imbedded in my memory. I was then 4 years old.

My father Jozef (Josef) was a book binder of churches missals locally and in Slovakia. For a while he was an organist in the old church in Bialka, but not for a long. He did not get along with the pastor. My father came from a large family. He must have had some health problems. Soon after my mother's death he sent his daughters to America, sold his properties and secured an education for his three sons.

I only remember my father's brothers names. My father must have had sisters, but I have no knowledge of them My father had five brothers. The oldest Jakub (Jacob) was a priest and later became prelate in the East somewhere near Tarnopol. Second oldest was Jan (John) who lived in nearby Gron; he had daughter Bronka and wife's name was Zofia (Sophie). The third one was Andrzej (Andrew) who was my godfather and had daughter Antka. Next was Stanislaw and then my father Jozef. The youngest was Aleksander who worked in a financial institution. He was the last to die. He retired during the WWII in Gron. I believe he is buried in Bialka.

My Family.

I had three sisters and two brothers. The oldest was Aniela (Angela), then Ludwika, Jan, Wladyslaw, Helena and I was the youngest. Between Ludwika and Jan was another child, who died in childhood. After my mother's death, father sent my three sisters to America. Instead of an education, they received a chance to make a livelihood. There were some relatives in the States, who helped my sisters set aside their money. But there were some misunderstandings. Ludwika



My sister Aniela and her husband Arthur Thum
from New Jersey -buried in Lodi, NJ

had an operation to remove a bone in her foot.. Due to her prosthetic foot she walked with a limp.. Aniela was unlucky in love, she discovered her fiancé was involved with another woman. All my sisters returned to Poland. Aniela worked in Summers in the shelter at Piec Stawow (Five Lakes). After she saved some money, she returned to America. Ludwika and Helena remained in Poland.

In America Aniela worked in a factory, where she met a good man, Arthur Thum, who was from Pomerania, the Northern part of Poland. She married him and they had three sons Alfred, Walter and Albin. All her sons served World War II in US Navy and US Air Force.

Ludwika sewed for a living. She was very good to me. She married Jan Lacniak, after war when she was 34 years old. Jan was 30 years her senior. He was known as a healer in the village and would treat people

and also could set sprained legs. They had two children Julian and Albina. Ludwika died at the age of 47 from pneumonia. My family went to her funeral. Albina was 10 years old at that time. With her father's permission we decided to take her home to Bielsko for the whole school year. We sent her to a special school where she learned home up keeping skills. When she returned to Bialka during vacation her father convinced her to stay home. Seems like she did not enjoy to study. Her brother Julian successfully managed their small farm. He used to write letters, letting us know how they were doing.

Helena life was less fortunate. Perhaps Aniela didn't supervise her well enough or she had no influence on younger sister. Helena became involved in religious sect, which influenced her behavior negatively. She refused to talk to me. She wouldn't seek employment. My wife Stefa placed her in a hospital for the mentally ill near Krakow. We tried to keep Helena in a hospital near

Krakow. Because she desperately wanted to leave that institution, Ludwika took her home without our knowledge. We sent money to Ludwika for Helena's needs. We thought that Ludwika was taking care of her, but later we found that Helena had left. She must have been wandering from place to place throughout Poland. Shortly before the war we found her in Cieszyn. She had given birth to a baby in the hospital. By the time we got there, she was discharged. We lost all trace of Helena and don't know what had happened to her.

My youth days

I attended first grade in Gronkow where my father managed a tavern for one year. Later we moved to Gron, where I attended second and third grade. We lived with my uncle Stanislaw at the end of Kobylarzowka, street where a row of houses led toward the forest. The priest from Bialka had sizable properties which were called Pasieka. there I often went mushroom picking during the early morning.. I picked blackberries in the woods near Biala Spiska. I remember huge cliffs that were at the edge of the forest. I don't recall having tried to climb them. My father died at the age of 50 when I was 8 years old. At that time I moved in with my uncle Andrzej, who was designated as my guardian as designated by my father's will. When my father had sold his properties in Bialka, he set up bank account trusts to provide for his sons' education. As his daughters had previously received money to go to America.

Under supervision of my Uncle Andrzej the money, that was kept for me, was used for my needs. I was exempted from school fees but I had to pay for my lodgings. I completed fourth grade in Nowy Targ and went to secondary school there. At the beginning I was lodger in several private homes but later I moved into the school's boarding house. This private housing was managed by school maintenance man.. We used to be invited to various families for dinners. Well off families in the area often treated boys from the boarding house to a meal. This was very helpful. I remember a few Thursday dinners at mayor Rayski's home.. The food there was very good. The town veterinarian, dr. Lucki, also had me to his home for dinner. His son, Stefan was my friend and classmate. This was an interesting family. The father was Ruthenian and the mother Polish. I felt at home there and spent many pleasant evenings with them. Dr. Lucki was talented musically. All of his children played musical instruments. His eldest, Janek, played first violin, Stefan played the second, Michael. played the cello and the daughter Anna played the piano. Dr. Lucki directed his family orchestra. Remember, much later, I visited Mrs. Lucka in Stanislawow with my wife Stefa. Then, I learned that my good friend Stefan Lucki perished just after the war (WWI). He drowned in the Vistula while trying to rescue one of his soldiers.

My Scouting

I joined the boy scout troops that were forming in the territory of the former Austrian partition in Malopolska then referred by the Austrian as Galicja. The scouting movement born in South Africa during the Boer War founded by Baden Powell. The movement spread very quickly throughout Europe and was eagerly adopted by its youth. The administrative center of the Austrian province, Lwow, was the birthplace of the Polish Scouting Movement. Other novel activities adopted by teenagers included football (soccer), an import from England, and skiing from Austrian Alps. The first sports clubs and societies were established in Lwow. I don't remember much of my scouting activities, except for some field games near Nowy Targ or near the gypsy settlement of Kowaniec on the Northern shore of Dunajec. I remember that we used Malkowski's text as our scouting reference. I don't remember working on merit badges, I believe they had not yet been put into practice. There must have been, however, some type of testing to achieve higher scouting levels.

The Eastern Legion

As a 17 year old high school student in Nowy Targ, I vacationed at my sister Ludwika's in Bialka Tatrzenska. At that time, I learned that my best friends had left for Krakow to enlist in the Polish Army. This was the end of July, early August in 1914. At the enlistment center, I was told that they were not accepting recruits into the Polish Legion, but would resume doing so in a month. For a young man, this was too long a wait. At this time a group from the Sokol Club was planning to join the Eastern Legion under the command of General Haller in Lwow. Together with my brother Wladek and our cousin Wladek, we joined this group of hopeful recruits. There were seven of us. All of Nowy Targ came to the railway station to bid farewell to the young volunteers bound for the Polish Army. My memory of this moment is illustrated in a photograph, taken in Lwow, where I was the youngest among my relatives and student friends, most of whom were former boy scouts. My

time with the Eastern Legion was short lived for political reasons. The Austrians wanted the Eastern Legion to pledge its allegiance to them. We traveled from Lwow to Jaslo on foot. On the way,



Group of "Falcons" from Nowy Targ in Eastern Legion in Lwow. Albin is seated, his brother Wladyslaw on his left and their cousin Wladyslaw Nowobilski's on his right

hungry, I ate unripe apples on an empty stomach. This was my only meal and not surprisingly I became ill. In Jaslo two regiments were formed. We were armed well. From Jaslo we marched to Mszana Dolna, not far from Nowy Targ, and there we disbanded. The remaining regiment pledged obedience to the Austrians and joined the Second Brigade as a beginning regiment. The rest went home, just like the rest from Nowy Targ. I was very sick. Along the way my things and my rifle were stolen. I was unaware what was happening around me. I arrived at Nowy Targ and traveled on to Bialka. Winter came, and I stayed in Bialka. This was the story of my first "battle".

My cousin Wladek was a classmate of mine and also a fellow Eastern Legionist. In Mszana Dolna after the disbanding of the Legion, we went our separate ways. Wladek was admitted to the Austrian officer's school, completed his training and was sent to the Italian front. There, as a second lieutenant he

had an unfortunate incident for which he paid for with his life. The Austrian Army was made up of many nationalities. A frightened soldier stopped him at a checkpoint. Wladek must have answered incorrectly and the soldier shot him in the leg. Gangrene set in. In the hospital, he did not agree to an amputation, and died shortly thereafter. He was an ambitious young man.

The Legion's First Brigade

During the winter, my brother and I skied. Older than me, he was of the conscription age, and was to report for duty. Since he sprained his ankle skiing, his draft was postponed. In June of 1915 I was drafted by the Austrian army. I and another well built peasant were accepted, while the rest of the young weaklings were rejected. I was ordered to report in a month to the 20th regiment



Albin Nowobilski on right with an officer in Legion's First Brigade

somewhere in Moravia. While waiting for the Austrian draft, my brother and I had learned of a recruitment office for the Polish Legion's First Brigade in Myslenice. We went there, were accepted as draftees and were sent immediately to Sandomierz. The command of the First Brigade was stationed in Sandomierz. We received our uniforms immediately. We trained for two weeks and were assigned shortly thereafter. In July of 1915 I was assigned and it took two months for me to be incorporated into the ranks of the third company of the First Brigade where Wladyslaw Langner (my grandson's wife's grandfather) was in command. My first battle was at Jablonka. In Polesie (a region on the eastern frontier), we tracked to Wolyn, where the battles were fought. Battles occurred in foxholes. I didn't last long, as in the middle of December I fell ill again. I was hospitalized in Dziedzice and in Bielsko. During my time in the Brigade I took my matriculation exams after my seventh lyceum grade. Thereafter, I was in the Kingdom, where I was sent to Kozienic for

my gear, and then sent back out into action. The November Oath was to be held in Baranowicze. The Prussians wanted to create a Polish Kingdom. After this, they sent word to form further regiments in the Kingdom. We were in Lomza, then later at Miechów. There, I came upon a regiment rebellion, a refusal to give their oath of allegiance. All of those from the Austrian occupation were sent back to Austrian authorities. I fell ill at that time with malaria. I had a very high fever and was taken to Ujazdowski Hospital in Warsaw. In November of 1917 I was at a health sanato-

rium in Kamienisk. During the time of my stay, the Germans imprisoned Pilsudski and Sosnkowski, and the rest of the "Kingdom" fighters were taken to prison camps. Those of us who had Austrian papers were sent back to the Austrian authorities. After some time, I found myself in Bolechow where the 2nd Brigade refused the oath of allegiance to the Austrians. In a week, we were behind barbed wire. I remember that they fed us with gruel three times daily, and this was for five days. Then they loaded us onto locked wagon trains, and took us to a prisoner camp in Huszt, Hungary. In Stanislawów, Polish railroad workers pried open the door to our train wagon, and we all escaped. They helped clothe us in civilian dress, and got us railway documents from the area around Warsaw. For two or three days I lived at some lady's. Later, I returned to the Podhale mountains.

Working in the Nowy Targ Magistrate

This was the beginning of 1918. I was almost 21 years old when I secured work in the office of the secretary of the magistrate in Nowy Targ. My job was to write official petitions. Highlanders (górale) came to the magistrate from all areas of the Podhale region, and I wrote them their petitions. I helped quite a few of these mountain folk, and for various reasons, to obtain exemption from conscription into the Austrian army. I understood enough German that this didn't go badly for me, and I began to make some money. I even did this outside of work, then the Highlanders brought me butter and cheese. I dropped by often to visit with my sister Ludwika. At that time, Ludwika was not yet married, and she was renting a small home, not far from the home we lived in as a family. I remember spending time fishing in our river's and in nearby mountain streams. The stream Czerwonka in Gronkow had trout. With my brother Wladek, we helped in the building of the new church in Bialka. Father Madej was the pastor at that time. I remember having adventures here, too. One time, as I was sleeping on the bench near the window at my sister's, I woke at daybreak and saw shining rifles through the window. The whole village was surrounded by Austrian military police who were looking for deserters. My sister hid my bed sheets, while I quickly hid in the cellar. My sister let the soldiers in, but they did not find me. Quickly, I returned to Nowy Targ by way of the forest. Interestingly, the Army did not search for deserters in the city.

The Second Regiment of Highland Riflemen

In November of 1918, all was changing. In Bialka I disarmed the Austrian gendarme, and in Nowy Targ I reported to army command and was assigned to the 12th company, 3rd battalion, 2nd Podhale (Highland) Regiment. The 3rd battalion was being formed in the Podhale region. We stayed in Bialka for some time. General Rydz-Smigly, who was the commander of the 1st



Lt. Albin Nowobilski
in 2nd Highlander Regiment

Legionnaire's Regiment, sent documentation, at my request, that I had completed officer's training. Lis-Kula, at that time, lectured on tactics. On the basis of this documentation, I was given the rank of second lieutenant. We were sent to Skole, where battles with the Ukrainians were winding down at the time. Then we were sent to Kolomyja, and later to Stanislawów, where we were joined our regiment. In the end, our entire regiment was sent to occupy Pokucie, which had been previously occupied by the Romanians. We spent the whole winter in Pokucie. I stayed a few months in Zabie, the largest village in Pokucie. In the spring, there was an offensive on Kiev, and our regiment was sent to Zbrucz and then toward Kiev. In early 1920, the Bolsheviks attacked. Budienny's Army proceeded from the south with forces that greatly outweighed ours. Our parliament had not approved increasing the size of the Polish army. There was no understanding that we were there to help the Ukraine fight for its freedom. The Ukrainians also did not move with certainty.

Two divisions were formed, but that was not enough. We retreated through the Polesie region and Brzesc, in the direction of the Wieprz River. At Kock reinforcements came and then famous counterattack of Marshall Pilsudski army to the north at the Wieprz River. Warsaw was defending itself at that time. Father Skorupka perished there. We attacked on the 15th of August (the offensive from the Wieprz) and advanced all the way to Bialystok. In Bialystok there was a momentary halt, and we were awarded feathers for our caps. Then, there was a battle at the Niemen River. I didn't participate in this battle, as I was on leave. Then we were sent to somewhere

around Vilnius. When it quieted down, we were withdrawn and our battalion was sent to Krosno rather than to Sanok. I stayed in Krosno for two months.

Between the Wars

In Krosno, officers were re-assigned, and I was transferred to Stryj to the 6th PSP (Regiment of Highland Riflemen). From Stryj, I was transferred to the 73rd Infantry Regiment in Katowice. After a short stay, I was assigned to the KOP (Border Protection Corps) at the Russian border where I was stationed in Olchowczyk for 3 years. Then I was assigned to the 3rd PSP in Bielsko. Before I



Capt. Albin Nowobilski
in 3rd Highlander Regiment

moved, however, I completed a 1-year sports CIF course at the University of Poznan. The whole family lived together for a year in Poznan. There, Stefania became seriously ill, and the boys were cared for by our sympathetic landlady. In Bielsko, we first lived in a hotel, until the time that our building was completed. For the next 10 years, we lived on the first floor of a newly built apartment building near the barracks of the 3rd Highland Riflemen's Regiment. For some time I commanded a company, and later I was transferred to administration as a regiment mobilization officer. In these 10 years, I participated in various regiment sports activities. Summers I played tennis on the court adjacent to the barracks. I either played or refereed in basketball, volleyball, or football (soccer). Winters I provided skiing lessons in Zwardonie and in Wisla for cadets. I took part in a Ski Tour throughout the Karpathians. My sons and I frequently hiked in the mountains. One time, we hiked from Bielsko to the Tatras where we slept in highlander shelters. We had one bicycle to transport our gear. My wife and I tried to develop an appreciation of music in our sons Leszek and Marek by sending them to violin lessons. These pre-war years in Bielsko were very peaceful and pleasant.

The Beginning of World War II

On the day WWII broke out, September 1, 1939, I was an officer in charge of regimental procurement. I stayed in Bielsko until the last minute and was the last one to leave our barracks. The regiment had left for the front and I stayed to collect the remainder of our equipment. I then received orders to go East with the reserves. We marched for some time along the Vistula River and after almost two weeks, I caught up with my family in Brzezany, east of Lwów. From there, just before the Soviets invaded, I left for Hungary. My wife Stefa and the boys stayed in Brzezany for some time after the Russians came. Later, my wife's brother, Bronek, took them to his home in Stryj. By that time, I was interned in a camp in Hungary. I finally got to Budapest, and from there we were transferred to some island. As there was no room in the ports, we received passports and were sent to France by way of Yugoslavia and Italy. Many of our soldiers and officers were transported by this route by train until the time Italy entered World War II.

The Highlanders' Brigade in France.

I arrived in France in January of 1940. A month later I was assigned to the Polish Highlanders' Brigade stationed in Coerquidan, Brittany. In April of 1940 our unit left for Narvik. There, the war lasted only one month. We landed near Narvik, and occupied the town. It was handed back to the Germans and when we had to retreat toward England. We were let off the ship in Brest, France. This was a mistake, as we were almost in England. We were armed with rifles and machine guns, but had no artillery. The entire Brigade was assigned the French to help in the battle against the Germans. The Germans had already occupied Paris and were advancing. Our Brigade positioned itself near the small town of Dol, located between Rennes and St. Malo. On the second or third day we had to retreat. I was able to send part of my unit to England (a platoon of communications staff, engineers, the chaplain, and the veterinary officer.) The administrative platoon and I were left without transportation. I could have gotten onto one of the transport vehicles, but it would not have been appropriate. I was in charge of the company consisting of specialized support and had to stay with those that remained. Shortly thereafter, a Parisian tourist coach destined for Nantes arrived. There were few seats available. Several soldiers and I jumped on the bus. About a half hour later, a car came to pick me up, but I was already on my way to Nantes.

In Occupied France

Sometime in the night the Germans caught up with us. I reversed my cap to hide the Polish Eagle and I removed all insignia from my French uniform. The German soldiers looked at all the passengers and allowed us to continue our journey. This is how we reached Nantes, located at the mouth of the river Loire. Together with one of my companions, (a non-commissioned officer from the eastern part of Poland) we went to the store to quickly buy civilian clothing and changed. We also bought two bicycles. Dressed as civilians we intended to cycle south. While we were at the barber's for a shave, the Germans marched into town and placed guards at the bridge over the Loire. It was now impossible to get to the other side of the river by bridge. We went East up along the river Loire to the nearby village of Angers where we lived for a month. This was in the occupied part of France. In the village, people knew we were Poles and it is there that we found out that the Polish government in exile was formed in England, and that there was a delegation in Toulouse, in unoccupied France. We decided to go there on our bicycles. All nearby bridges were destroyed by the war, but somehow we managed to cross the river in an area where the other side of the river was also under German occupation. From there, we got closer to the border between the occupied and "free" parts of France. We thoroughly investigated the location for German posts. In one place I almost identified myself by asking the Germans how to get on the other side. I was told to get passes at German headquarters. Since we knew where the guards and posts were located, we went through the wooded area to get to the other side and then went South.

In Unoccupied France.

After crossing the border, we rode our bicycles along a beautiful road for some 100 miles to Toulouse. We did that stretch in one day. At our delegation in Toulouse we received some cash and were assigned to different camps. These camps were under French supervision, but it was not an internment; one could work there. As officers, we were assigned to different locations. Together with ten to twenty officers, we went to Montreque at the junction of the rivers Garonne and Tarn. I stayed there for a year and I was able to speak French rather well. At the time, there were possibilities of getting to England. At this time one could travel, so they sent me to Toulon de Bormes, a resort by the sea. There we gathered so that we could go by groups to Perpignan, from where guides would lead us past the border to Spain. At that time there was no other route to England. The Vichy government could not allow the organization of any military units. But they did give us food and aid.

Internment in Spain

It took us five days to pass through the mountains into Spain to the town of Figueras. I would have gotten further, but I lost patience with my group. I was the oldest and led the others, but the young men whined constantly. They didn't expect me to have such endurance. The Spaniards did not allow free travel in their country, so we moved only at night. When we passed Figueras I thought we would reach some railroad tracks and then settle in a nearby forest to spend the next day. Since my companions kept accusing me of being too cautious, we continued walking while dusk was approaching. We were spotted by the Spanish police. They arrested us and held us for three days, providing little food. We still had our rations, so we were able to hold out. We were taken through Barcelona to the camp Miranda de Ebro in northern Spain. When I arrived there, first lieutenant Dubicki (a 3rd Podhalan Rifle Regiment officer from Bielsko) immediately took me under his care. He welcomed me with tomatoes, onions, bread and butter. At the time I arrived, it was still possible to get leave to go to town, but it was later forbidden. We were guarded by the Spanish army. Our camp was surrounded by barbed wire fences and spotlights. Conditions were bearable, but one had to somehow make do. We were served soup made of fayva bean peels, a bit of oil and potato just for taste – it was satisfactory nourishment. On Sundays we would receive a few pieces of meat, potatoes, rice with small blue snails, and a thimble of rum. We all received supplements from the Red Cross: tuna and various other canned goods, as well as 5 pesetas daily. That was a great help, because there was a store in camp where we could buy anything: butter, tasty black bread, onions, tomatoes and other things. On the black market one could also buy alcohol and Spanish red wines – strong, very good. Our camp was near the mountains in northern Spain so during the winter it was quite cold. Using paper and plaster, we made smaller rooms in our barracks. Our specialists made small stoves of iron sheets.

We bought wood which we burned in these stoves to both warm us and cook our potatoes with tuna – which were quite tasty. Our time was spent bearably. We had a library of English and

Spanish books. We had sport: I played basketball and soccer, which at that time I played well. There were attempts at escape from the camp. If one got sick, he had to be sent to the hospital. One could escape on the way there. Many escaped this way. There were attempts at tunneling out. A few escaped, a few were caught. A Lieutenant Kowalski from Krakow died needlessly trying to bribe one of the soldiers to let him escape from camp. One could not bribe the Spanish soldiers, because they were promised leave if they caught anyone escaping. To them leave was more important than money. They were stuck for a few years in the army without ever seeing their families. They shot Kowalski while escaping and killed him. I left the camp at the beginning of 1943. Older soldiers like me were sent to Gibraltar. Along the way, we stopped in Madrid where we attended some show. In Gibraltar I was issued a uniform and everything else. I forgot my camera along the way, but they sent it on to me. From Gibraltar, we sailed by large transport to Scotland.

With the Army in Great Britain

From Scotland we were sent to London, where we attended a "patriotic school". There each person was questioned at length to determine our background and loyalty. We were then registered and received supplies. I was also sent to a English course, which I didn't particularly need. At this time I received news from America of my sister Aniela. I also learned of her son Fred, who was serving somewhere in the Far East, most likely with the American navy. Her son Walter was



In 1st Division in Scotland

stationed in England with the American bombers. We planned to meet up, but he never came due to preparations for flights over Europe. I was in Scotland for almost a year in Alloa. My Podhalan battalion was in Dumfries for about two months. In 1944, I was transferred to France and attached to the American army as a communications officer, and traveled with them. I was in Nantes for a time, and then we went north. There was our offensive through the forest and then the German counterattack. When the offensive collapsed, we went all the way to the Rhine River. When we crossed the Rhine, these were awful times, I remember how everything was in ruins. Then, through Thuringen, we went to Bavaria. I was in Ingolstadt when the war ended. At the end, I was commissioned to Nuremburg, and it is there that our family was reunited. My wife, Stefa, first crossed through Czechoslovakia. Our boys Leszek and Marek followed. After 5 ½ years, our family was finally together.

I have an aversion to certain formalities. In Bamberg, Germany, field bishop Gawlina was at one of our military meetings. He was being received by representatives of our Polish Army. I was invited as a representative of the Polish officers working as liaisons with the Americans. Then came the greeting. Had I thought about this, I probably would not have done this. The Bishop came to greet me, and raised my hand up to kiss his ring. At this moment I became disoriented and did not do this. I simply did not notice his ring. Perhaps the others thought of me being "Red"

Emigration in Great Britain

Unable to return to communist Poland, Albin returned to England in 1946 and settled in London. He purchased a house with help of a mortgage. Early in 1947, his family arrived in London. Our father Albin, like all other ex-service men joined the PKPR, the Polish Resettlement Corps. It was hard for him to seek employment. He tried to raise mushrooms for profit, but that did not work for him. Finally, he was hired at the Science Museum as messenger where he worked until his retirement. His eldest son, Leszek, emigrated to the States with his young family and settled in Chicago. His younger son, Marek, remained in London where he raised three sons.

Twice Albin flew to the States to visit his son Leszek, his daughter-in-law, and his three grandchildren. At that time, he also had an opportunity to meet his oldest sister Aniela, who had settled in the States many years before the war. After the death of his wife Stefania in 1974, Albin went only once back to Poland to bury her in accordance with her wishes, in Bialka Tatrzenska, his birth place. He died in London in 1985, at the age of 88. Both of his sons brought his ashes to Poland in 1986 to bury them in Bialka next the ashes of his wife, in the grave of his sister Ludwika.