

## Estera Migdalska With Her Father Eliasz Dajbog



Me and my father Eliasz Dajbog. I think this picture was taken in Warsaw in 1935. My father was a bookkeeper. In my early years, I remember, he worked at a cosmetics plant, it was called L'ami de Paris. It burned down, probably because someone set it on fire. I remember my father had a lot of trouble because of that, he was being summoned for interrogations. During the period when he worked there, my mother walked door-to-door with the cosmetics, trying to sell them. During that time, she'd leave me with a nanny. I know this didn't last long, because Mother proved a poor salesperson. I don't remember a nanny at our home, so I had to be very little then. But later I got in

touch with that nanny again because at some point my mother helped them get a basement apartment in our house, and the nanny with her daughters moved in there. Around 1935, Father got a job at a radio-technical company at Elektoralna Street, where he worked until 1939. I'm sure they were making radios because from time to time Father would bring home radios for testing. My father was the most important person in the house, which was because of tradition, I think. I remember everyone had their place at the table and if I sat on Father's chair when he wasn't home and my mother saw it, she'd be very angry at me. Everything was subordinated to Father. However hungry we'd be, we'd always wait until he came back and only then sit down to have dinner. I remember him as very exacting and always expecting me to be a top student. He was always giving me parables on how it was necessary to study and all.