

Dayle Vasserman And Her Husband Hertz Vasserman



This is my father's jewelry store. My parents are by the entrance to the store: to the left is my mother Dayle Vasserman, to the right is my father Hertz Vasserman. The picture was taken in Tallinn in the 1920s. My parents got married in 1914. In the same year, World War I was unleashed. When the Germans entered the territory of the Baltic countries, as per order of the Tsar in 1915 all Jews were to be exiled from here to the remote areas of Russia within 24 hours. My parents and Mother's family were not willing to go to the unfamiliar region. Nobody knew how long they would have to live far away from the vernacular place. Some distant relatives lived in Minsk and they decided to go to them. Military actions were being held in that direction and they couldn't cross the

front line. Then they remembered that some of their relatives, the Goldbergs, were living in Tallinn, so they went there as they had no choice. Thus, our family turned out to be in Tallinn. I don't what Father did for a living when our family had just arrived in Tallinn. I know that he had to start from scratch. Maybe he managed to take some money and precious things from Friedelstadt and it helped for a while. At any rate, when my sister was born, Father had a store called 'Gold, Clocks, Crystal.' The building of that store is still there. The store was in downtown Tallinn, on Viru Street. It was a busy street, so there were a lot of customers at the store. Nowadays there is a book-store in its place. There were two stores in one building before. The largest area was taken by a drapery store, owned by Berkovich. The second part of the store was occupied by my father. Father was respected in town; he was thought to be an honest tradesman. Of course it attracted the customers, as they knew they wouldn't be swindled in Father's store. Mother was always being constantly busy. She helped Father in the store. A governess was hired for the children. She took care of my sister, who was a baby, and my brother. She was a very nice woman. When my brother and sister grew up, the governess stopped working for us and she resumed her work when I was born. She raised me since I was a baby. My governess was Estonian. She was a very educated woman, fluent in German and French. She was single and she was affectionate to me and our entire family.