

## How I Used To Listen To My Mother



This is a photo of me, Ladislav Urban, with my mother, Alzbeta Urban, on the steps of our house in Piestany in 1937. The steps separated the store from the residential part of the building; behind us the door that was used to enter the warehouse. The building where we lived had been finished in 1842. I know this because a few years ago we found a cast-iron plaque walled-up there that said this. Our apartment was upstairs, and downstairs my father had his textile store. We always had running water as well as electricity. The building belonged to our family. The store is there to this day. We recently enlarge the building. We added another floor. Currently some of the space is being rented to the companies Allianz and Home Credit. During my youth, there was a warehouse behind my father's textile store, and then a tailor's shop, where Mr. Goldsteinova sewed; later she changed her name to Galova. Mrs. Goldsteinova sewed custom shirts and men's underwear. Her daughter graduated from medical school, and after the war worked as a doctor.