

Dina Kuremaa And Her Family



This is our family. From left to right, the 1st row: I, my mother, Berta Naimark, nee Aizman, my younger brother Zelek-Michl Naimark, my father Ezekiel Naimark, my elder sister Roche Naimark. The 2nd row: my elder sisters Zelda Putte, nee Naimark, and Miriam Shpolyanskaya, nee Naimark. The picture was taken in Tallinn in 1935. My parents got married in 1919. Our family was Jewish and all the children got Jewish names. My elder sister, Ente-Zelda, was born in 1920. She was called Zelda at home. The second sister, Chaya-Miriam, was born in 1921. She was called Miriam. The third sister, Roche-Leya, was just called Roche. She was born in 1924. I was born in 1927. I was called Libe-Dina. I was called Dina at home. In 1933 my brother Zelek-Michl was born. Father was happy to have a son. My brother went through his brit milah. I remember that event as we, children were treated to sweets. Father had his own shop. He obtained a state patent for private entrepreneurs. His workshop produced half-finished patterns of the upper part of shoes. Shoemakers purchased those materials from Father. Mother was a housewife. The children were brought up in a strict way in the family. Of course, we were not chastised. Of course, sometimes when Mother was angry, she could spank someone, but Father's strictest punishment was to tell the disobedient one to stand in the corner. However, it did not happen often. Father never let us be frolicsome at the table and pick favorite dishes. There was a strict order: the whole family got together at the table. When Father finished eating, the meal was over for everybody and Mother started clearing the table. Nobody was allowed to stay at the table. I think that such upbringing was fruitful. We were not very wealthy. Nevertheless parents did not pamper us. I was the fourth daughter in the family, and I had to wear hand-me-downs after my sisters. I was not given new dresses and I felt very offended with that. Brother was an only boy in the family and they always bought him new clothes. They did not buy any new pieces for me. I got new clothes after Great Patriotic War, when I started working. We were not very wealthy. My parents didn't pamper us. I was the fourth daughter in the family, and I had to wear hand-me-downs after my sisters. I wasn't given new dresses and I felt very offended with that. My brother was the only boy in the family and they always bought him new clothes of course. They didn't buy any new pieces for me. I got new clothes only after the Great Patriotic War, when I started working.