

Estera Migdalska With Her Friend Ida



Me and my friend Ida at the monument of Korczak. This photo was taken in 1989. We went to find the tomb of Ida's father at the Jewish cemetery. Ida was an educated chemist. She organized life in the dormitory where I lived after the war. It is her merit that the people from our dormitory keep in touch in Israel. She started the Jewish visits back in Poland. Many of my friends left, after all, many of the people I knew were Jewish. Virtually every day we went to the Gdanski Station, from which the trains carrying Jewish emigrants were leaving for Vienna, where they would decide which country they would ultimately emigrate to, to see them off. Uncle Noach left for Israel, said he was too old to go for any other country, but the younger ones were leaving for Canada, for the United States. They were receiving a passport saying that its bearer was not a citizen of Poland. From Vienna, they went to Italy, or Denmark, somewhere from where they'd go to their ultimate destination. I wasn't afraid when the hate campaign was going on, and I kept in touch with those

who had left. I told myself that if they tried to harass me, I'd be prepared, but still it hurt. Fortunately, I myself didn't have to make the decision to leave. Leaving simply wasn't an option. In another situation, I'd probably have been contemplating the decision, I'd probably have left, if only because of my uncle. But I don't regret it that I'm in Poland, that I haven't left.