

## Dora Nisman's First Husband Srul Nisman



My first husband Srul Nisman. The photo was taken in Chernovtsy in 1940 when I met him. There was a kosher Jewish canteen in Chernovtsy. My sister and I had meals there. They cooked delicious food. It was a popular place. I met Srul Nisman in this canteen. He was born in 1903 in Floresti, Soroka district, Moldavia. He was a handsome, stately and well-mannered man. He was seven years older than I, and I probably wasn't his match. He finished grammar school and started his business. He owned a plank storage facility. He supported his brother, who was studying at the Medical College in Paris, his parents and his aunt and uncle. He came to Chernovtsy when he needed to pay visits to the bank. We fell in love, and I believed it was the love of my life. Srul moved to Chernovtsy in 1940. It was the Soviet period and he realized that he had to forget his former business. He began to look for work. We got married in February 1941. We had a civil ceremony. I hadn't even met my husband's parents. I remember that we had a small dinner at home after the ceremony, and that was all. The situation was troublesome. We weren't interested in politics and didn't know what was going on, but we understood that there were things to be concerned about. Once we decided to go to the forest on a Saturday evening. We heard warplanes roaring above. We panicked and rushed back home. I can't remember the exact date. I believe, it was around the 20th or 21st of June 1941 [The war began on 22 July]. I was pregnant and suffered from cystitis and toxicosis. My husband and I decided to plan our escape from the Germans. My husband and I packed our suitcases and went to the railway station. It was overcrowded, and there was no way to get on a train. These were the last trains. We stayed and live through pain and fear.

The Germans arrived in town on 5th July 1941. From 5th to 8th July they danced and enjoyed themselves. They did anything they wanted. People said that they had been given a few days off to celebrate the victory. At 11 o'clock on 8th July my husband and I were sitting at the table when we heard the Germans ordering men to come outside. They opened the door to our room and stood in the doorway. My husband hugged me tightly. I ran after him out into the yard. He called me and gave me our marriage certificate, his ring and pen. He knew that he wouldn't come back from where he was being taken.