

Dora Slobodianskaya With Her Family



This is a picture of my family. Sitting on the left are my father Wolf Melman and my daughter Polina and on the right my mother and my brother Shmil's son. Standing, from left to right are my sister's husband, Isaac Dinisheskiy, my sister, Rachel Dinisheskaya, a friend of hers, I, and my husband Boris Slobodianskiy. The photo was taken at my sister's first wedding anniversary in Chernovtsy in 1963. My sister finished the College of Light Industry in Chernovtsy. She became a forewoman in a shop. She married Isaac, a Jew, in 1962. They have a son and a daughter. Since my sister was born in the ghetto she always had health problems. She died in Chernovtsy in 1989. Her older granddaughter was named after her. I met my husband in 1951. Uncle Pinia's brother worked at the garment factory. He introduced me to my future husband. Boris was born to a poor family in Poyana village, Rezin district, Romania, in 1926. During the war Boris, his mother and younger sister were in evacuation in Kata-Kurgan, Uzbekistan. His father died when he moved the cattle of the collective farm to the Caucasus in 1941. Boris worked at a collective farm and later on a construction site. In 1944 he went to the front and served in the army until 1950. He served with the Soviet troops in Germany. He became a member of the Communist Party in 1948. After the war his mother and sister moved to Chernovtsy, and Boris joined them after demobilization. He became a human resource inspector at the factory where his mother worked. Boris finished an evening secondary school and entered the Faculty of Economics at Chernovtsy University. He studied there by correspondence. He became secretary of the party organization of the factory. Boris was very busy with his party activities. We got married in 1952. We had a civil ceremony and my parents arranged a festive dinner party for us. My parents wanted us to have a traditional Jewish wedding, but my husband was a communist and it was unacceptable for him. My daughter was born on 22nd May 1959. We named her Polina, and she also has a Jewish name, Pesia-Perl, after Boris' mother and my grandmother Perl. My husband and I had to go to work, but there were no kindergartens available. I didn't want to quit my job because I feared that I wouldn't be able to get another one. My parents helped me raise my daughter. Polina went to kindergarten at the age of 5. My husband and I spoke Yiddish at home. My parents also spoke Yiddish with my daughter, and she said her first words in Yiddish. Our neighbors were loyal to us. One of our neighbors, an old Russian woman,

told me that I should speak Yiddish with Polina since she needed to know her mother tongue. We celebrated Soviet holidays at home. Soviet holidays were days off and we took advantage of this chance to get together and have a party. We enjoyed such occasions very much. My parents continued to celebrate Sabbath and all Jewish holidays after the war. We visited them on Jewish holidays and participated in the seder on Pesach.