

Chana And Isaac Perelman



This is my parents' wedding picture, you can see the newly weds here: my mother, Chana Perelman (nee Kaplan), and my father, Isaac Perelman. The picture was taken in Tallinn in 1936. My mother was born in Narva in April 1910, but the entry in the synagogue registry was made only in August. She was named Chana. The second daughter, Nessie, and the youngest, Assia, were born in Tallinn. The three daughters studied at the lyceum. The younger one, Assia, died at the age of eleven from a children's disease. My mother and Nessie graduated from lyceum and entered Tallinn conservatoire. Both of them were very musical; they probably took after Grandmother. In a couple of years Mother dropped her studies, but her sister Nessie got a diploma and became a

pianist. I do not know exactly how my parents met. Probably, it was in a natural way as all Tallinn Jews knew about each other. I know the story about their wedding as mother told me about it. It was an unusual story. They got married in 1936 after they had known each other for several years. They met at dancing parties and in the theaters. At first, they did not pay much attention to each other. Dad was shorter than Mother and she did not even look at him. Father wanted to be free and remain a bachelor. He liked partying, noisy companies. He often went to the clubs, restaurants. Apart from his short height he was an interesting man. When he started talking, everybody was enchanted. Maybe that was the reason why mother took an interest in him. She was very stylish and elegant, used to bossing men around. She was not used to be refused in anything. Of course, Father liked Mother, but not to such an extent to give up the lifestyle he was used to. Once Father mentioned it to Mother. She responded to him, 'Never mind, my love would be enough for the two of us.' Mother often told me about it and I remembered that phrase. After that Father married Mom. Then he fell in love with her after they got married. He loved her all his life and admired her. He helped her about the house, saw her to and from work. He never forgot about the flowers. Mother was a very poor cook. Before the war the food was cooked by maids and when we came back from evacuation, Father started cooking for us. He was a great cook. I think he got it from Grandmother Genya. After the wedding my parents rented an apartment in downtown Tallinn, on Bruksi Street.