

Zinaida Leibovich's Mother Shprintse Leibovich And Father Moisey Leibovich



This is my mother Shprintsa Leibovich (Altman) and my father Moisey Leibovich in Kiev in 1940 after their wedding. My father was born in Kiev in 1912. He only completed four years of primary school. He didn't study any further, but he was a very smart boy. After finishing school my father, a 13-year-old boy, went to work at Transsignal, the factory where his mother was working. He was a laborer at the beginning and then he became a turner apprentice. My father was injured on the job before the war ? the machine he was working on cut off a finger on his right hand. My mother met my father in 1939 when she was in Kiev on vacation. They met in a theater in Kiev and fell in love. After my mother went back home to Kamenets-Podolsk, they started writing letters to each other and my father traveled there several times to see her. My parents got married in 1940, and my mother moved to Kiev. They had no wedding ceremony, they just registered their marriage in the Registry office and started living together. My mother went to work at a the same factory as my

father as an assistant accountant. My mother told me that she didn't want to live with my father's parents and their family, so my father and mother rented an apartment. My father Moisey Leibovich was born in Kiev in 1912. In 1939 my mother met my future father Moisey Leibovich. My mother went to Kiev on her vacation. She met my father in a theater in Kiev. They fell in love with each other. After my mother went home they started writing letters to each other and my father traveled there several times to see my mother. My parents got married in 1940 and my mother moved to Kiev. They had no wedding. They just registered their marriage in the Registration office and started living together. My mother went to work at the factory as an assistant accountant. My mother told me that she didn't want to live in the family of my father's parents and my father and mother rented an apartment. My father submitted all kinds of requests to get an apartment on a lower floor. On the very day when he died (in 1979) we received documents for an apartment on the 3rd floor. We didn't move there, of course, as we were busy doing other things. My mother worked as accountant after the war. She got severely ill after my father's death and retired. She had cancer and was confined to bed for over 10 years. She died in 1990. I had to take care of her all these years and couldn't possibly think about trying to arrange my personal life.