

Elka Roizman And Her Aunt Riva Korman, Cousin Manya And Manya's Husband Joseph



This is a picture of me and my aunt, Riva Korman [nee Kotliar], sitting, and Aunt Riva's daughter, my cousin, Manya and her husband Joseph. The photo was taken in Chernovtsy in 1949 before my departure to Beltsy where I was going to study. This photo helped me to meet my future husband, Olter Roizman. After secondary school I lived with my aunt and cousin in Chernovtsy. Aunt Riva taught me how to sew and was glad to get an assistant. It had always been my dream to learn how

to sew, and I was happy to get a chance to make my dream come true. It turned out to be a very handy skill. I took advantage of it to make clothes for my daughter and myself when it wasn't possible to buy things in stores. When I finished school in Chernovtsy I went to Beltsy in Moldavia. I entered the Faculty of Biology at the Pedagogical Institute. There were eight Jewish students out of a total of 75 students at this faculty. Most of the students and teachers treated us very well and made no segregation. When I was in my final year at the Pedagogical Institute I met my future husband, Olter Roizman. He was born in the Moldavian village of Brichany in 1930. His family was very poor. His father, Shymon Roizman, was a shoemaker and his mother, Molka Roizman, was a housewife raising four children. Olter's two younger sisters perished in the ghetto in Transnistria, and his father perished at the front. His mother and older sister survived in the ghetto, but his mother was exhausted after the ghetto and died in 1946. His sister lived in Storozhynets. After his service in the army Olter came to Storozhenets to look for a job. He had a lower secondary education and failed to find work. He decided to go to Chernovtsy where he had acquaintances. They were my aunt's neighbors and gave him accommodation. Before my departure for Beltsy I had a picture of my aunt, her daughter and me taken and left this picture with my aunt. Olter mentioned to our neighbor that he would marry a nice girl if he met one. This neighbor saw a picture of me and asked my aunt if she could introduce her to Olter. He visited my aunt and saw my picture. Later I received a letter from my aunt's daughter saying that a young man wanted to meet me. I visited them on New Year's Eve in 1953 and Olter and I met for the first time. We had been talking for a while when the neighbor's daughter came in to invite us to her engagement party. This neighbor lived on the first floor. We had lemonade and cookies and stayed there until morning. We had a lot of fun. Olter's acquaintances, who knew me fairly well, told him that we weren't a good match and that he needed to find a more common girl, but Olter was determined to marry me. He proposed to me. Of course, I wanted my husband to be an educated man, but Olter was reliable, and I understood that he would be able to provide for me. We got married in 1954.