

Raya Teytelbaumene With Her Son Simon And Their Friends



This is I, Raya Teytelbaumene, standing on the right in a beach hat, and my son Simon and people who also were on vacation in Palanga. I don't remember their names, the picture was taken in the early 1960s.

I gave birth to a son ten years after my wedding. It happened in 1946. We named him Simon. When our son was born, one room wasn't enough for us anymore and our lodging conditions were improved. We moved to a small two-room apartment on Kestucchio Street. I still live there. As soon as my dear son grew up a little bit, I started my husbandry again. I made a garden in the yard of our house, where I planted all kinds of vegetables, including potatoes. It was not our main source of income. I bought a cow, then a pig, then another cow and we started having a very good living. Our boy grew up having fresh cow milk and homemade butter in the years when these products were in demand. I sold milk. It was so nice and fatty that there was a long line of people wishing to buy it from me. Of course, it was hard for me to work, but I always thanked my parents in my heart, as they had taught me how to work since childhood.

Our son went to a Russian school. There were a lot of Jewish children there. He had many pals, who came over to us very often. Our house was always open for our son's friends. They ate here, had a chat and listened to music. We bought our son a tape-recorder.

Every year we went on vacation. Usually we were in Palanga and Druskininkai. Usually we got privileged trade union trip vouchers. If we couldn't do that, we went to the resorts and rented a room from local people. We loved holidays, but, we mostly celebrated family ones, like birthdays or memorable days. Soviet holidays – 7th November, 1st May – were also celebrated in our house. Jewish traditions and holidays were rarely observed. I strove to celebrate at least Pesach. There

was always matzah for that holiday at home, though everybody ate bread too.