

## Leya Rubina And Yakov Rubin With Their Grandchildren



This is a picture of my mother Leya Rubina, nee Kantor, my father Yakov Rubin and their grandchildren: Felix Strashnoy, my sister Riva Strashnaya's son, sitting beside his grandfather and Edward Safroniev, my sister Sonia Rubina's son, sitting beside his grandmother and they are holding my son Stanislav Kristin. The photo was taken on my parents' wedding anniversary in 1939 in Chernigov. My older sister, Riva, was born in 1910 and my second sister, Sonia, followed in 1914. Riva finished a lower secondary Russian school and went to work as a typist, an assistant accountant, an accountant and then became chief accountant with Energosbyt company [a power supply company]. At 23 Riva married David Strashnoy, a very nice Jewish man. They didn't have a Jewish wedding. They had a civil ceremony and in the evening our mother arranged a wedding dinner for relatives and friends. The young people considered themselves to be progressive people without any patriarchal illusions. David finished Kharkov Construction College. He worked with Gorplan company and the town executive committee in Chernigov. Their son Felix was born in 1935. My second sister, Sonia, finished a lower secondary school and entered a veterinary school. When she was on a training session in a kolkhoz she met a veterinarian called Leonid Safroniev. He was much older than Sonia and was married. His wife was severely ill. She died and Leonid came to Chernigov to seek my mother's consent to their marriage. My mother turned him down at first. It had nothing to do with his nationality; my mother just thought that Sonia was too young. Leonid continued to court Sonia and after a year my mother gave in. She wanted her daughter to be happy. They got married in 1932, and in 1934 their son, Edward, was born. I got married to Boris Kristin in 1936 when I was 17 years old. Our son, Stanislav, was born in 1938. My mother adored him and helped me with everything. When my son turned a year and a half I decided to go to work. My husband believed that I had to be among people and find a job that I liked. I became an assistant accountant with a bookselling company where I worked for almost two years. My mother looked after my son.