# Zlata Tkach



This is me. This photo was taken in Kishinev in 1945. One of my friends photographed me in the street. I am wearing my only fancy blouse and a skirt with shoulder straps, and a Komsomol badge on one strap. During the war my father arranged for my mother and I and my grandmother Kenia, to leave Kishinev by railroad. On our way into evacuation we got separated and I began to live in a children's home and go to school. We had sufficient food, four to five of us slept in one room. At this age it was no problem for me. It's nowadays that I don't like to share my room with anyone in a recreation home. I told Rosa Abramovna that I could play the piano and violin, and she engaged me right away. I formed a small band of the children from this children's home, found some patriotic

poems and composed the song 'Red army troopers'. We learned this song, and I even staged dances. My father's energy emerged in me. Later, our band went to the Olympiad of Children's Amateur Arts in Tashkent. We were a great success and took the second place. Rosa Abramovna was very happy and provided additional rations of food for the 'artists.' It was amazing but I don't remember any of these children. Life in the children's home was totally different from my life in Kishinev, but it wasn't that bad for me. I was 14 years old, I was full of energy, had my music and joined the Komsomol. Imperceptibly I became an atheist like all Soviet children. Rosa Abramovna helped me to search for my mother and grandmother. She wrote to Buguruslan in Orenburg region, where they opened an evacuation inquiry office, and my mother finally responded in 1943. As it happened, my mother and grandmother were in Kokand near Namangan. My mother had been looking for me all that time. She and my grandmother were exhausted and miserable. They moved to Namangan. Rosa Abramovna employed my mother as a tutor in the children's home. My mother had meals in the children's home and took food for my grandmother. They rented a room and I lived with them.