

Raisa Roitman And Her Husband Nahman Roitman



This is a photo of me, Raisa Roimtan, with my husband Nahman Roitman, taken in 1946, in Kishinev, after we got married.

In late December 1944, right after the liberation of Bessarabia we left for home. Here in Kishinev I met Nahman. He barely participated in any battles. Like other Bessarabians, Nahman was demobilized from the lines in a month, as the Soviet regime didn't trust people from the newly-annexed lands. In Buguruslan he entered the History Department at the Teachers' Training Institute. In 1944, Nahman was among the first graduates. By that time he had become an active Komsomol member, the secretary of the Komsomol committee of the institute.

Nahman came to Kishinev with other graduates of the institute right after the liberation of the city. Nahman moved in with us, being our relative. His close relatives died. His mother Perl and brother Gedali perished in a ghetto. Nahman and I became more and more close. Soon he proposed to me. It happened on Victory Day, 9th May 1945. Nahman and I were in Odessa on that day, strolling along a beautiful maritime boulevard. It seemed to us, that the entire population of Odessa was in the street. Unacquainted people were kissing each other, rejoicing in our victory and hoping for a bright future.

In spring 1946 Nahman and I got married. We had a hard life. Bread was given out by cards: there was neither provision nor essential commodities. But we were young, we loved each other and hoped for the future. I sold my bread card and bought my dream – nylon stockings. I also put on a

skirt made from burlap and a patched blouse. That was the way I was dressed to go to the state registration office to register our marriage. In the evening our relatives got together in our dark room. We had tea with rye bread and sweets made of colored sugar and water. Then we danced to the gramophone and had fun.