

## Tamara Koblik And Her Family



This is me, my sister Sheiva Podriadchik, my mother Beila Uchitel and my father Elih Podriadchik. This photo was taken in Floreshty in 1939.

My parents got married in 1929 in Floreshty. Papa rented his shop facility from Petru Turcan (Moldavian), the owner of an inn in Floreshty. Mama and papa lived in a room in this shop. My older sister Sheiva was born in 1930. Two or three years later mama had a baby boy, born in winter, but he died soon. I was born in 1935.

We lived in the very center of Floreshty. We had two rooms: papa-s shop was in one room - he had 5 or 6 young employees [Jewish] and his clients visited him in his room. Papa made men's clothes. There were sewing machines and big coal-heated irons. There was another big room, our bedroom. We spoke Yiddish at home and Moldavian - with our neighbors.

Mama said I was a lovely child, and all neighbors liked me. Mama told me how Petru Turcan's daughters taught me walking in autumn. One girl held a bunch of grapes teasing me and another supported me on my back. At some instant she let me on my own and I walked. They ran to tell my mama: 'Your Tamara is walking' - 'How come? This can't be!' Mama ran outside to take a look and they showed her again. Then my father came home and we walked again. Well, I did eat lots of grapes then. I was a lively child. Once I feel hitting my chin on a hot iron. I had a big burn. It was cold in winter. Mama wrapped me in warm clothes and allowed me to stand by the front door to breathe in fresh air. Chief of police was passing. Seeing my red chin he came to my mama and asked: 'What's the matter with your pretty girl? What's up with her chin?' Mama proudly told this story afterward: the very colonel, chief of police, came by asking about her daughter.

On Sabbath papa's room turned into a fancy room. The sewing machines were covered with white cloth. Mama covered the table with a white fancy tablecloth. On Sabbath and Jewish holidays we celebrated in this room. Papa went to the synagogue on Sabbath. When he returned home, we had dinner sitting at the festively served table. Mama always lit two candles. She also covered her head with a lace shawl and prayed.

I remember Pesach well. Everything was cleaned and polished and checked for chametz. All everyday crockery was taken to the box room and a big box with fancy crockery was taken out of there. I remember little glasses with little handles - keysale. I also remember a 'kara' for matzah to be hidden on the first seder. It was like a round pillowcase. I've never seen any again. It was made from red satin, trimmed with fringes and decorated with inscription in Yiddish. It also had a lining. On Pesach mama made a pudding using her own recipe, on chicken fat adding chicken liver. I have dim memories about the first seder: we were dressed up and sat at the table. Papa sits at the short end of the table telling us about the Exodus of Jews from Egypt. The candles are burning, and there is a glass of wine for Elijah the Prophet on the table. The door is kept half-open for him to come in. I cannot remember asking papa for kashes, perhaps, Sheiva did this, being older than me ...

I don't remember the Sukkot at all. On Simchat Torah we, kids, carried little flags with apples on them. Boys played with nuts with a board, from which the nuts slid hitting other nuts on the ground. The winner was the one who hit the most nuts.

On Chanukkah we played with a dreidel.- a whipping top. Also remember the Chanukkah gelt. I remember that my sister and I got coins and I was very proud of having my own money. Then Sheiva suggested that we changed our coins for a smaller change. Oh, how disappointed I was - Sheiva got more coins than I! How I cried, when I came home! How hurt I felt!

Mama made hamantashen on Purim. We took shelakhmones to our neighbors, and our neighbors brought us theirs. Our relatives from Rezina also sent us shelakhmones. Purim was a joyful and

noisy holiday. Boys ran around with rattles - gregor. I also remember papa's apprentices making a performance for us once. Mama didn't want to let them in, because I was too young, but my sister and I convinced her to let them in. They were a merry bunch wearing masks and fur jackets turned upside down. I burst into tears and couldn't compose myself till they took off their masks and I saw familiar faces. Then I joined their dancing and singing.