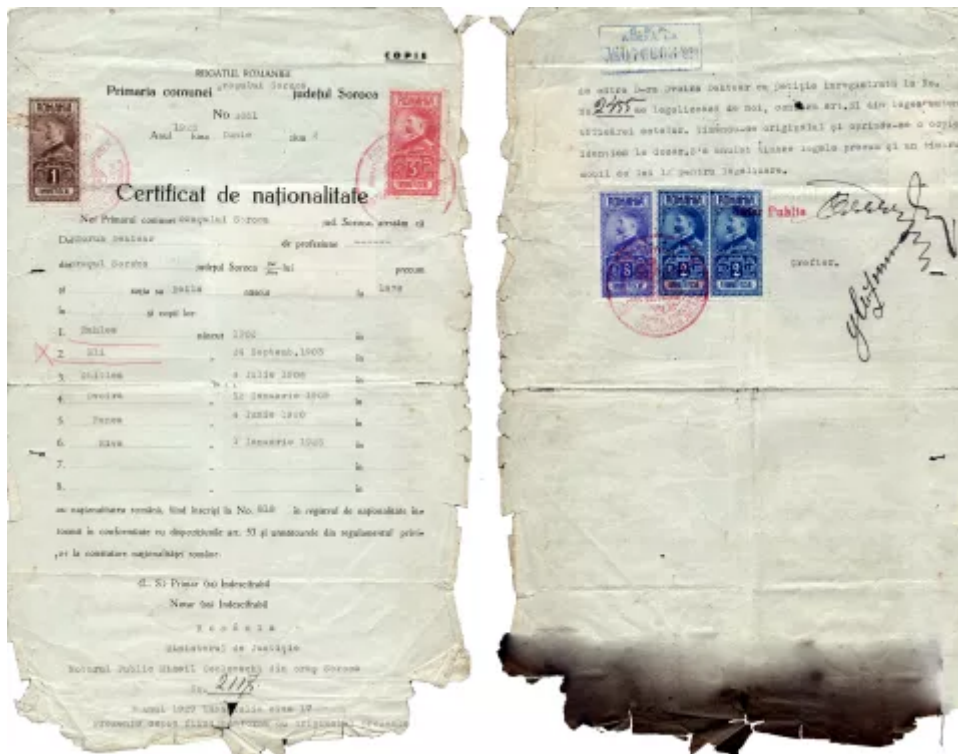


Borukh Degtiar's Certificate Of Citizenship



This is a certificate of citizenship # 3055, issued to my paternal grandfather Borukh Degtiar by the community Primar in Soroki in 1925. This is to confirm that Mr. Borukh Degtiar, his wife Beila, born in eighteen seventy eight, and their children: Rachil, Gitl, Elih, Dvoira, Fenia, Riva have the Romanian nationality, registered under number 818 in the roaster of citizenship, approved under Article 53 and following the rules for verification of the Romanian nationality. My paternal grandfather was born in 1877. He lived in Soroki, Bessarabia. He owned a fabric store. My grandfather wasn't highly educated, but he could read, write and count well. He could read and write in Yiddish and spoke fluent Russian and Romanian. My father told me that my grandfather was extremely good in mathematics and could solve complicated problems in algebra just by using mathematical principles. My father, who had graduated from the Electromechanical Faculty of the University of Cannes, couldn't figure out how he managed to do this. Grandfather Borukh's grandsons must have inherited their grandfather's talent to exact sciences. My grandfather had a number of talents. He could sing well and was a cantor at the synagogue. My grandfather and grandmother spoke Yiddish to one another. They were religious, read the Yizkor and I'm sure they followed the kashrut. Soroki was a Jewish town, but there were also Russian, Moldovan and Ukrainian inhabitants. They got along well and had no conflicts. My grandfather was a very decent man and was well respected by all in the town. I stayed with my grandparents in Soroki when I was seven years old, but I can't remember what my grandfather was like. I think he was tall. My aunts have his photos where he has a moustache, but no beard. He had a brick house with a shingle roof, in the center of Soroki. I don't know how many rooms there were in the house, but there were four families living there before the Great Patriotic War. It was a long house with a porch on each side. There was a smaller house in the yard. There was a square verandah in the center of the yard with grape vines twining around it. There was also a deep cellar under the verandah where my grandparents kept their food stocks in summer. My grandfather's store was somewhere else. However, my grandfather proved to be a poor businessman. He used to sell fabric on trust. Some

customers never paid back their debts and my grandfather went bankrupt. Then he had to sell half of the house to a doctor or a lawyer. He also sold his little house in the yard. My grandmother was a housewife and had to work hard having to take care of their six children: five daughters and a son, my father. My grandmother was hospitable, and the house was always full of visitors.