

## Masha Zakh With Her Mother Dina Kitt



This is my mother Dina Stumer (Kitt in her second marriage) and I. This photo was taken in Tallinn in 1939. My mother was born in Põlsamaa on 31st December 1912. She finished an elementary Jewish general education school. Her mother tongue was Yiddish. My grandfather died, when my mother was still a child. My mother had to go to work, when she was still very young. She had to earn her living. Mama had no vocational training. She was employed as a worker at the socks and stockings shop, Punane Kojt haberdashery factory. My father became a shoe leather supplier. He cut out shoe top leather delivering it to shoe makers. My father lived with my grandmother and his brother Zemakh. The families of my parents happened to rent an apartment in the same apartment building. My parents just met on the staircase in their building. My father told his family that he would only marry Dina Zitron, if he were to get married at all. So it happened. My parents got married in October 1935. They had a traditional Jewish wedding. After the wedding they rented a large two-room apartment with a spacious kitchen in the same apartment building. I was born in 1936. I was given the name of Masha after both my grandfathers. Both of them had the name of Meishe, and my name also started with M. After I was born, Mama had a maternity leave to take care of me, and when it was over, she resumed her work at the Punane Kojt factory. My mother liked going to work and communicating with people. She actually didn't have to go work. My father earned quite sufficient, but my mother wanted to be independent. Both grandmothers were helping to raise me. I can't say my parents were deeply religious, but they did observe Jewish traditions. We always celebrated Jewish holidays at home. On Pesach Mama always cooked traditional Jewish food. We celebrated all holidays according to the rules. On holidays my parents went to the

synagogue. I cannot remember celebrating Sabbath at home, but my parents didn't go to the synagogue on this day. The older generation was obviously much more religious than their children. This was what they needed, while for their children this was merely a tribute to traditions.