

Roubin Kamiyenovskiy



This is my husband Roubin Kamiyenovskiy. His picture was taken on his birthday at the age of 16. This picture was taken in Tartu in 1930. I got married after the war. I don't remember how I met my husband. Roubin Kamiyenovskiy was born in Tartu and graduated from Tartu University. He was a Jew. Before the Soviet regime came to power, I often attended students' dancing parties, arranged by the university. We probably met there. Later, when I went to Tartu on business trips, Roubin went to Tallinn. I can't remember how many years passed. My memory fails me now. After graduating from university, Roubin became a lawyer and worked as legal counselor. When the war was unleashed, he was drafted in the lines. With the foundation of the Estonian Rifle Corps, Roubin

was transferred there. He had served in the corps until Victory Day, but in 1945 he wasn't demobilized. He was still serving in the army as a lieutenant. We got married when Roubin was in the army. We went to the marriage registration office and he said that he had to be off to the military unit on the same day. We didn't have a Jewish wedding. My father-in-law was very pious and he didn't forgive us. Roubin's elder brother had a true Jewish wedding under a chuppah, carried out by a rabbi. My father-in-law used to say that he had only one daughter-in-law, the wife of his elder son. Only after my husband's death, at his funeral, his father said that I had been married for three years and even if I had lived with his son for 30 years, I wouldn't have been able to do more than I had done in those three years. Roubin was afflicted with quinsy. He didn't stay in bed and had a complication on the endocardium. He was sick for two years, mostly staying in hospital. It was dreadful. The conditions in the hospital are much to be deplored now, but back in that time they were simply inhuman. Then his front-line comrade was appointed the Minister of Health of Estonia. I had an appointment with him and he made arrangements for Roubin to be transferred to a governmental hospital. The conditions were much better there, but it was of no help. I was at work during the day and at night I was on duty in the hospital, staying by my husband's bed. It was scary. Roubin died in that hospital in 1951.