

Rachel Randvee



In this photograph I am 20 years old. It was taken in Tallinn in 1949. Upon my return to Tallinn after evacuation, I went to work. Although I had only finished seven years of school I found employment as a manager's secretary at a large factory. I entered the eighth year of a school for adults and had my classes in the evenings after work. In 1954, I finished secondary school. I didn't work while my children were small. I decided not to waste time and went to university to study foreign languages. For an entire year I applied myself to serious studies at a university preparatory course, then successfully passed my entrance examinations, however, my application was refused. I was told that the foreign language department was not intended for children of public enemies. It was extremely vexing. When my son Riho started school I went to work at the large book-store in the

department of foreign literature. Before that, I was tested for my command of the German language. It was an interesting job, but a few years later my sister's relative, who managed a manufactured goods warehouse, persuaded me to change my work place. He was looking for an honest person to supervise a jewelry stockroom. I assented. The job was a very important one; in the stockroom there were great valuables. I was in a constant state of nervous strain. After 16 years of this work the doctors advised that I should do a more tranquil type of job. For the last 10 years before I retired I worked as an inspector at a knitting mill.