

Sheindlia Krishtal With Her Sister Faina Krishtal



Me, Sheindlia Krishtal, and my sister Faina Krishtal. Photo taken during a birthday celebration. Kiev, 1952.

In 1954 our son Yura was born. We had no comforts: no gas or running water. My sister Faina managed to exchange our room in the basement for a 12-square-meter room on the corner of Saksaganskogo and Tarasovskaya Street, one of the central neighborhoods in Kiev (central districts of towns are more prestigious to live at due to more extensive infrastructure, public transportation, closeness to work, etc.). Later she received a room in a communal apartment on Kirov Street and we got her room in Saksaganskogo Street.

This was the period of persecution of Jews, but we couldn't speak our mind, even though we understood that there was much injustice.

Young journalists came to work at our newspaper. They were very young people that had a long road ahead of them to accumulate some experience, but they brought in national rows that I couldn't make peace with. Our editor was an anti-Semite and wished to get rid of me. I complained to the Central Committee of Komsomol - they knew me and I needed their protection. I stayed at work, but I lost my position as head of department. A University graduate held my position, but I had to do all the work by myself. We hired a babysitter for our son - a very nice woman, but she quit. We hired another one, but she wasn't quite suitable and we decided that it was better for me to quit work and stay at home. My husband kept his job, because he was a veteran of the war and had worked for this newspaper for many years. I became a part-time correspondent in 1955 for the "Socialist Culture" and "Pravda" newspapers.

The "Rabochaya Gazette", where worked my husband, became a trade union organ and they began to build a house for their employees on Vinnitskaya Street. In 1962 we received a two-room apartment on the 1st floor in this home. We were so happy to have an apartment of our own - and the neighborhood was very nice, quiet, green and located near the center of the city.

I worked part-time for almost 9 years. It was convenient - my husband often went on business trips and I stayed at home to look after our son. I used to write at night. When our son went to the 2nd form at school I went to work for "Sviatoshinskaya Gazette": I was a corrector, editor, correspondent and I also went on business trips. Our friends visited us sometimes - we had tea and various discussions. We didn't celebrate Soviet holidays - we usually worked on these days, and, besides, they weren't that important to my husband and me. My husband and I went to theaters, cinema and read foreign and Russian classical books.