

Zoya Shapochnik And Her Mother Pesya Shapochnik



This is me and my mother Pesya Shapochnik. The picture was taken in Bugaz in 1937.

I spent almost all the time with my mother. My father was always tied up at work .He had various duties: he was a superintendent, foreman, cashier and accountant. He got money from Bucharest and paid off wages to the workers. My mother was scared that he could be robbed and killed as everybody knew that he was carrying large amounts of money. On weekends my father took us for a walk. I remember the park along the firth. The wind band played there. The King of Romania came for the opening ceremony of the sanatorium. My parents and I were on the platform waiting for the train to come. We met the King with flowers and then all of us went to the feast. It was held in the only restaurant in town. The King, clad in a white suit, was at the head of the table. My parents and I weren't far from him.

My father still believed in high ideals of communism. Bugaz was close to the border with the USSR. There were times when people crossed the firth to get there. At that time we didn't know what was in store for them. As a rule they were caught by the NKVD and then sent to Stalin's camps. My father's dream was to live in the USSR. If it hadn't been for my mother, my father most likely would have crossed the border. At least he could listen to the radio. My father rose when the International was played. I also stood by him being solemn and strict. My mother laughed at us.