

Yoyl Vaksman



These are workers of the shoe factory, which my father used to work with, at the 1st of May demonstration in Kishinev in the early 1950s. My father fourth from right, is between a woman with a fore-and-aft cap and a man.

In April 1945 we went home from evacuation. Of course, our way back home was much shorter as we took the train as passengers with tickets. I couldn't recognize my native city. It was devastated. The central part was in shambles. Our pre-war apartment was also destroyed. A Moldovan lady leased a small room to us, where the three of us stayed before my father's arrival.

Father worked at a shoe factory as a shoemaker. He was well-respected and became a foreman. My mother spent the whole day sewing as she did before the war. I helped her about the house, looking after my little sister.