

Pyotr Bograd And His Family



This photograph was taken in Dobroye, at our neighbor's house in 1929.

This is our family. From left to right: I, Pyotr Bograd, my father Leib Bograd, my brother Ruvim Bograd, and Mama Sophia Bograd standing behind us.

My father whose Jewish name was Leib was born in 1896. He graduated from a four-year Jewish elementary school. He could read and write well in Russian.

He worked as a cattle drover for cattle dealers and later he finished a course in cheese making and became one of the best cheese makers in the region. He had his own business in our village.

Later, he moved to Nikolaev where he worked at the cheese factory where he was employed as a shop superintendent. My father was a kind person. He took after his father.

My mother was born in 1897. She graduated from a four-year Jewish elementary school, and could read and write in Yiddish and Russian. My mother was a dressmaker, when she was young.

Families commonly invited a dressmaker to their house where she stayed and had meals with them and meanwhile made clothes for all members of the family. The majority of her clients were the German families.

Her grandfather, Ruve, was a wealthy man. I don't know whether he was her paternal or maternal grandfather, but he raised her, educated her and taught her to work and earn money.

My parents got married in 1919. I don't know any details of their acquaintance, but they met each other without matchmakers. They had a chuppah, klezmer musicians and a huge wedding party which half of the village attended.

My parents had two sons. I was born in 1920, and then my brother, Ruvim Bograd. My brother was short and had blonde curly hair. My mother was also a blonde. I remember the day when he was born.

This happened on 21st January 1924. My mother was lying in her bed tied to the legs of the bed. My mother's younger brother wrapped me in a shawl and took me away.

Then I remember my younger brother lying in his bed playing with the golden ring on a thread that my grandmother was holding. He grew up and went to school.

He studied well. He transferred to the fifth grade after finishing the third grade. He was a clever child. Ruvim went to school in 1931. He didn't go to cheder.

My mother had a very strict morale. She raised my brother and me to observe her strict rules. Boys used to play around without wearing pants in the village, but my mother never allowed us to go out like that. We always wore clean white shirts. When she washed us, she rubbed us so that we screamed, 'Oh, my God!' She was very tidy.