

Nusia Gonopolskiy And Rosa Gonopolskaya



These are my parents Rosa and Nusia Gonopolskiy and Rosa Gonopolskaya, nee Weiser. The photo was taken in the village of Grossulovo, Odessa region, where my father was sent to, in spring 1934. My mother's and my father's parents were neighbors and my parents knew each other since they were children. They had a traditional Jewish wedding in the late 1920s. The newly-weds moved to Odessa. They managed to find accommodation in the vicinity of Privoz market. My father went to work at the buttery. He was an operator of the pressing unit that pressed oil from sunflower seeds. My father was a hardworking employee and was respected by his management. He joined the Party. My mother was a housewife. I was born on 17th November 1927. I was named Simon after my grandfather Simkha. I remember when in 1933 my father came home and said that all communists were sent to villages to help collective farmers since they were having a hard time [The interviewee is referring to the time of the famine in Ukraine]. He was explaining to my mother that it was necessary to take every effort to get good crops. He left and in some time my mother

and I joined him in the village of Grossulovo, Odessa region. It was fall and we went by train - I remember this was my first trip by train. I was too small to know what position my father was holding, but I remember that people treated him with respect. In summer my mother fell ill and was taken to Odessa. I stayed with my father. I remember how we went to the slaughterhouse where my father asked for a piece of meat to cook for me. In the fall of 1934 after harvesting was over we returned to the town. I remember that my father's bosses were reluctant to let him go. He went back to work at the plant, but he got into an accident and injured a joint of his finger. He began to do some administrative work.