

Pessya Sorkina



This photograph was taken in 1960s. It shows me.

I returned to Leningrad in 1946. I found work at the factory of aircraft instruments. I worked there as an engineer. At that time the factory was called Techpribor [one of the oldest enterprises of aircraft instruments founded in 1942]. During some period of time the factory had got no name, but different numbers: 936, later 448, etc. Unfortunately I have already forgotten the other numbers of it.

In Leningrad our room appeared to be occupied. So we had to rent a room and had legal proceedings for the room. We managed to evict our property from its unlawful possessor. And we lived here all together: Mom, Daddy and I.

After Mom's death in 1953 we remained together with Daddy. He worked for some time, but later he had to stop working because of high blood pressure. He kept the house (cooked, cleaned) and I worked.

And almost every day I ran home from my factory like mad: our neighbors (we lived in a communal apartment) called me that they had sent for ambulance. I rushed home and usually found Daddy attacked by his disease.

We spent summer in a suburb (rented dacha) together with Daddy. I remember myself running to the railway station in Vsevolozhsk to catch the electric train and get to my factory in time. In Vsevolozhsk we spent two or three seasons. At that time there were no refrigerators, and I had a special hole in the vegetable garden, where I used to put a box with food. So many interesting

things surrounded us! I used to take folding beds with us to dacha: my friends often visited us on days off. I went nowhere. When I was young and Mom and Daddy were alive and fine, I often went to the South of our country. I received many permits to sanatoriums at my factory. I also often visited Riga and Riga seashore. Later I used to go on two-day tourist trips to Belarus, Ukraine (Kiev). I also liked to climb mountains.

Daddy died in 1966.

I never got married officially. I had got a man. At present he would be called my boyfriend. But at that time it had no name. He was lost during the war.

When I worked, people held me in respect. For my 90th birthday people from my factory came to my place and brought me a congratulatory address, flowers, and verses. They were nine.

I often recollect it. Besides all these congratulatory addresses I keep this newspaper, which everybody pays attention at. It has already faded. There you can see me among my coworkers. They called me Polina. For my 70th birthday they presented me fabric and I made an overcoat. You know, I have been wearing that overcoat more than twenty years!

I remember that when I was young I had only one pair of shoes (sports style plimsolls) and only one dress. I did my best to earn money: copied and drew for money.