

Evgenia Shapiro And Her Family



My mother Anna Shapiro, my father Jacob Shapiro, my younger sister Margarita and I. The photo was taken on my mother's birthday in the 1950s in Kharkov. We stayed in Lvov until 1947. My mother worked as an economist. I went to school and got along well with my schoolmates. I had many friends. They were Ukrainian and Jewish children. I don't remember any anti-Semitism at the time. In 1947 my father returned from Romania and got a job in Kharkov. My mother and I followed him to Kharkov. We lived in a small room at the military unit and later got a room at the Red Warrior hotel. After a year and a half my father received a three-bedroom apartment. From the late 1940s to the early 1950s it was the period of the struggle against cosmopolitanism and the Doctors' Plot. Many of my parents' acquaintances were doctors of Jewish nationality. They were fired and suffered a lot under this campaign. My parents knew some doctors that were fired and deported from bigger towns to smaller ones. I didn't quite understand the situation. I believed everything the Soviet propaganda was saying. My parents didn't share their views with me. They were afraid that I might blurt something out and the whole family might suffer from consequences. My parents understood a lot more about Stalin and his regime, but this understanding didn't break their faith in communist ideals. My father was highly respected at his work although he was a Jew. My father always kept everything in order. He didn't drink or smoke. He was smart and well organized. In 1948 my sister Margarita was born. I was very happy about it, as I always wanted a sister or a brother. My mother became a housewife after my sister was born. She was a very sociable and easy-going person. She got along well with people.