

Frieda Stoyanovskaya And Her Aunt Gisia Stoyanovskaya-Peschanskaya



This is me and my aunt Gisia Stoyanovskaya, my father's sister. The photo was taken in Kiev in 1925. In 1924 I finished school. By the way, this school became a Jewish school in 1925. There was a decree issued. According to this decree some schools in Kiev became Jewish schools. My school also became Jewish and they taught in Yiddish in it, although it was a secular school. I wanted to study and could continue my education, thanks to mamma. I had chosen my profession by then. I went to the Pedagogical College. I didn't have any nationality or social problems during my entrance to school. I had a problem when I wanted to become a Komsomol member. In contrast to my sister Ida, I was interested in politics and I accepted the Soviet way of life and thinking, although it did not agree with our family tradition. Still, I wanted to become a Komsomol member and tried very hard to implement this. This also had to do with the numerous forms that everyone had to fill out at that time. There I had to put down the social origin of my father. If I had written that he owned a store, even if it was a long time ago, the road to the school or Komsomol would have been closed for me. Mamma and I found a way out - we wrote that my father had been a minor craftsman. We did so and it worked out. I became a Komsomol member in 1924, the year of Lenin's death. Father's younger sister and my favorite aunt, Gisia, worked in his store. I have the warmest memories of her. She was not much older than I. She had a rosy complexion and she smiled readily. Young people in Borispol enjoyed buying stationary from her. I always enjoyed coming to daddy's store and watching aunt Gisia working. During the pogrom of 1919 aunt Gisia was almost raped by some bandit. She told me that only her monthly indisposition saved her.