

Ronny Sheyn-Kuznetsova



That's me, skiing. Even now I enjoy skiing. My picture was made by husband Alexander Kuznetsov. The photo was taken in Tomsk in 1979.

I got married, when I was in the fifth year of my studies at the construction institute. I met my future husband, Alexander Kuznetsov, in the hostel. He had finished Tomsk Polytechnic Institute by that time. He came to us with his friend, whose sister was my roommate. We met and shortly after that got married.

We were given a room in a hostel. Then the company where my husband was employed built houses. Those who were willing to have a house were given materials for a wooden house. One construction expert ran the process and the denizens built their houses themselves. Thus, Alexander, along with some others, built a house consisting of eight apartments.

We got a two-room apartment in that house and brought Mother from Bakhchar and took her in right away. Finally, Mother lived in good conditions. I bought her a dress from my first salary. I was happy to give my mom at least that. I went to the construction site in pants and in winter time I was given a fur coat. I thought I didn't need anything else.

Our daughter Margarita was born in 1968. In the same year I got an offer from the construction institute to teach resistance of materials, construction mechanics and the theory of resilience.

During my work at the institute I wrote a candidate thesis and defended it. I understood that they might put a spoke in my wheel. There was a chance to defend a dissertation without post-graduate studies, if the work was excellent. I was used to being independent and wrote my dissertation

myself, without a supervisor, without post-graduate department.

In 1972 I defended my thesis in the Moscow Engineering and Construction Institute and got a unanimous vote of the board. I chose that institute myself. I knew if my work was good it would be approved there, if I did it in some hick places, there would be one or two unskilled specialists and the result couldn't be predicted.

There were true, excellent, fair professor of the old school. I was conferred a degree of the candidate of science. I hadn't changed my job and obtained the title of assistant professor. That was it, there was no new fear for me; I had just improved my educational level.