

# Evgenia Wainshtock's Father Miron Wainshtok



My father Miron Wainshtok in 1924 in Kiev.

My father Miron Wainshtock was born in Nemirov, Kharkov region (in about 400 km from Kiev) in 1900. My mother told me that his parents died of cholera when he was 8. My father had two sisters. When their parents died the girls went to their distant relatives' families. All I know is that their father's name was Jacob. My father worked at the forestry after his parents died. After my father graduated from Kiev military engineering school (about 1929) served in the Red army in Kiev.

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At first my parents lived with my mother's father in his apartment. Then in about 4 years my father received a room from his military unit. In 1934 my father was sent to serve in the Far East (about 8000 km from Kiev) where my mother and I followed him. We lived in a room there and I remember a portrait of Lenin on the wall. There was my parents' bed, my bed and a table in the room. My mother worked at the kindergarten and my father was a commanding officer. In summer my mother and I went to Kiev. My father was awarded a complete volume of Lenin's works and a bicycle for his excellent performance of work. My father was very intelligent. But in 1937 my

father's co-student and friends submitted a report on my father, accusing him of refusing to buy a state loan lottery! (Editor's note: The Soviet power was in bad need of money for development of its industries and issued a state loan lottery in late 1920s. People were forced to buy these loan lotteries.) My father told me later that he had seen and read this paper. My father was arrested when my mother and I were in Kiev; he was tortured - every ten minutes he was called to interrogation, they didn't let him sleep. It lasted for about a month. They wanted my father to sign a paper confirming that he was guilty to have a document to sentence him, but my father was a strong person and he didn't accept any accusations.

After he was released he demobilized and returned to Kiev.. He became trade union leader at the container factory. Director of this factory was my father's best friend. In 1938 I went to the first form of Russian secondary school in Kiev. I enjoyed studying and my father spent a lot of time with me. My father was an atheist, but he was very tolerant about my grandparents' faith. He was a convinced communist and was a member of the Communist party since he studied at the military college.