

Andrey Shamardin And Rosalia Goldenberg



The picture was made in 1975 in Moscow.

My husband Andrey Shamardin is to the left. My mother Rosalia Goldenberg is next to him.

In 1938 I was offered a job in French chair of Moscow Foreign Languages Institute, I graduated from. It took pains to be lodged in the institute hostel.

The hostel looked like a wooden barrack, located in the outskirts of Moscow. Then I decided to move my mother to Moscow from Sevastopol. It was very difficult to get my mother registered in Moscow.

Mother stayed by me the whole time. She shared all my tribulation and worries. We survived war in the hostel, and it always was easier for me as my dear person was close to me.

My husband Andrey Shamardin was born in 1907 in some tiny hamlet of Kursk province. He came of a common family of a Russian peasant. I have never seen his parents. I do not even know their names.

He finished compulsory school in 1925. When he left school, he went to the navy as a volunteer. He was allocated in Sevastopol.

Then he had one of the leading positions in the party work in Sevastopol, where we bumped into each other in 1937 during one my holiday trips home.

We saw each other for couple of times, went dancing and to the cinema. After that we used to correspond regularly. I used to go Sevastopol on multiple occasions, and Andrey came to Moscow to see me. We understood that we wanted to be together.

We got married at the end of 1939 in Moscow. We just went to the marriage registration office and got registered there. And then in the evening we drank a bottle of champagne.

Now the three of us appeared in the hostel. We had lived in the hostel with one shower on the floor and toilet, at the end of the corridor, one common kitchen with two gas cookers, cockroaches and rats until 1977.

Andrey found a job of a locksmith and retired from that organization. He worked for different companies involved in water supply, such as "Mosvodokanal" [Moscow water channel].

In 1941 my husband has been mobilized to the army. He was in the Baltic navy, and stayed there by the end of the war. He was demobilized in June 1945, and he came back to Moscow.

When my husband came back from the front. He used to work for different companies in Moscow in support staff. First he went to work for the same organization Mosvodokanal as a locksmith.

Then he worked in the brewery. All his jobs were connected with administrative support. He changed jobs very often because of the conflicts with directors, though he was not a conflict person. He was very sociable and willing to help.

He was very socially active in the district he lived. Our phone was constantly ringing. Our neighbors, acquaintances called asking to tackle complicated communal issues as they knew there would be an understanding, though we lived in the hostel.

My mother did not always get along with husband. Of course, he was not as intelligent as my kin. Sometimes my mother was offended by his roughness and brusqueness. But when my mother got seriously ill, he was looking after her very devotedly. If I had to leave somewhere , he stayed with her .

When my mother had the fits at night, he stayed by her bed the whole night. I was very grateful to him for such an efficient and precious support.

Our life was difficult and joyless. I used to get ill very often, my mother was constantly unwell. I kept late hours at work, had classes with my students ,but still we could hardly make a living.

Mother took care of the household, cooked, cleaned and went shopping. I still remained modest and shy, did not want to be a burden to anybody. I did not get along with my husband. He had his own life- friends, carousing and caboose.

He stopped to reckon with my opinion, did not spend nights at home. I did not even try to change anything. It was of no importance nor interest to me. Our upbringing, education and values were way too different, but we still lived together because of momentum.

We did not have children. We lived modestly, did not have any guests or receptions. I remained in the institute until 1977. Then I got unwell and retired.

My mother had a long life, 103 years.