

Semyon Tilipman And His Sons Evgeni And Michael Tilipman



This is my wife Tatiana Tilipman, me, Semyon Tilipman, and our sons Evgeni (the one that I am holding) and Michael. This photo was taken in Odessa, in 1955.

After the Great Patriotic War I stayed to continue my military service in Radebuil near Dresden in the communications department in the army headquarters. In 1947 our son was born in the army hospital in Dresden. We named him Michael. We returned to Odessa in 1949. I still served in the army as the chief of a communications department in Odessa. In 1951 our second son Evgeni was born. We named him after my sister Ghenia. In 1954 our older son Michael went to school # 59. Tatiana was eager to go back to work. She couldn't find a job in Odessa for 12 years. She applied to the regional health department with requests for employment many times, but they replied that she didn't have to go to work being a military's wife. In 1958 she went to the Ministry of Health in Kiev. The Minister happened to be a kind person. He issued a letter addressed to the regional health department ordering them to help Tatiana find a job to keep up her qualifications. She started work in Illichevsk near Odessa. There was no regular transportation to Illichevsk and Tatiana often had to get a ride on trucks. Commuting took a lot of time. She also had to take care of the household and take care of our sons. Michael was in the 4th form and Evgeni went to school. Several months later Tatiana found a job in a local polyclinic in Deribassovskaya where she worked as a neuropathologist until she retired. I was earning well and so did Tatiana and we were quite well off.

In the early 1950s we bought our first TV set. We spent our summer vacations with Tatiana's parents near Tashkent. We were young and valued the joys of peaceful life. We celebrated all birthdays and Soviet holidays: the Soviet Army Day, October Revolution Day. We always got together at Yozef Chizhyk's home to celebrate New Year. We lived in a big room in 19,

Pirogovskaya Street in the early 1950s. There were 18-20 people at our parties in our room. We spent time with friends and went to the theater.