

Raissa Makarevich's Husband Semyon Sokolianskiy With His Friend



My husband, Semyon Sokolianskiy, with his friend. I don't know his name. This was taken in Kiev in 1924.

I had many friends and we celebrated holidays together. In 1940, at a New Year's celebration, I met my future husband. He came with his girlfriends, but he liked me very much. The following day he found out my address and came to our home. He started courting me and we got married on 5 March, by which time I had turned 18.

My husband's name was Sokolanskiy Semyon Phippovich. He was much older than me. He was born in 1908 in Kiev, but his family came from Litin, in the Vinnitsa region. I didn't know my husband's parents. But I did know his brothers, Victor and Yuriy. They both held high, official positions and were Party members.

My husband had finished his service in the army and graduated from the Institute of Trade. He was the director of a store. We didn't have a big wedding. We just had a festive dinner. Although my parents insisted on a religious wedding, we didn't have any religious rituals. We didn't even want to hear about it, as I was a Komsomol member and my husband was a Party member.

My husband was part of the front-line forces. He was wounded in a battle around Rostov and sent to the hospital in Oufa. I needed a special permit to visit him, and I managed to get it because he was severely wounded. His leg was damaged and he became an invalid.

My husband didn't have any problems finding a job. During the war he managed to change his official nationality. He became a Ukrainian when they were reissuing his papers after he was wounded. He came to Ulianovsk as a Ukrainian. So my husband didn't have any problems with employment. He found a job as a director of a store.

In 1947 our second daughter, Svetlana, was born. Although we had a family and two daughters my husband and I didn't get along. In the early 1950s he went to Kemerovo on a business trip and never returned. After that, he was seldom interested in our life, never helped, and rang only on holidays. We got divorced years later. I worked hard for the rest of my life to raise my daughters and provide them with a good education. My ex-husband saw his daughters rarely, and only if it was on his way to the Crimea or the Caucasus. He died a long time ago, in 1978.