

## Sophia Abidor With Her Family



This is a picture of my husband Grigori Abidor, my son Iziaslav Abidor and me. The photo was taken in Tashkent in 1944 when my husband came to see us from the front. Evacuation from Odessa began at the beginning of World War II but when I started to think about it after my son was born, it was difficult to arrange for it. Germans were firing at the town, killing people in the streets. I evacuated at the end of August or beginning of September when Germans surrounded Odessa and cut off the water supply. I decided to go to Buturlinovka village, Voronezh region, in Russia. My husband's older sister Golda had graduated from Odessa Pharmaceutical Institute before the war and got a job assignment in this village. When we came to Golda's house my husband's parents were already there. They had received a letter from Grigori and told me that he was all right. We lived there for half a year until Germans began to attack Voronezh. In spring 1942 my husband's parents, Golda and her family, my mother, my sister and I moved to Tashkent, Uzbekistan. Evacuated people were accommodated in the houses of local people, Uzbeks. They were waiting for trains at railway stations. An Uzbek woman took us to her home. They had a big yard and a house divided into two parts: one for men and one for women. My mother, my sister, my son and I were accommodated in a room in the women's part of the house. I became a 3rd-year student at Tashkent Medical University. My sister passed the entrance exams to Tashkent Credit Economy College and was admitted to the Faculty of Industrial Economy. My mother went to work as a laborer at a tank plant. I had classes in the morning, and my sister started at 3 in the afternoon. We took turns looking after the child. In the evening our mother looked after the boy, and we could do our homework. On 10th April 1944 we heard that the Soviet army liberated Odessa. It was such good news! I was waiting for my husband to contact me via a letter, but I didn't hear from him. One day I met him in the street. He had distinguished himself in combat action and his commandment offered him a choice between receiving an order or a month's vacation. Of course, Grigori preferred a month's vacation. He got it along with some money and a travel pass and came to Tashkent. He stayed with us for a month. He finally met his son and often visited his parents. Then he had to return to the front. In summer 1944, after Khmel'nitskiy was liberated, Grigori's parents went home. I stayed in Tashkent to graduate from college.