

Leonid Dusman And His Future Wife Ludmila Karachun



This is a picture of me and my future wife Ludmila Karachun. The photo was taken in the park in Odessa in 1957. During World War II I lost most of my closest relatives. After all I had to go through I was quite an introverted person in my private life. I read a lot and went to the theater. I met with girls, but they didn't touch my heart. I only wanted to marry a Jewish girl. My mother shared this decision of mine. During the war I witnessed Russian wives reporting on their Jewish husbands, although some of them also rescued their husbands. In 1957 I met a girl, Ludmila Karachun, at a party at our plant. Ludmila was Jewish. She was born in Odessa in 1936. She worked at the design office and studied at the Polytechnic Institute. I met her again half a year later and fell in love with her. I dated her for a year and a half. She turned out to be a real friend. We got married on 5th

December 1959. I wanted to have many children. Our daughter, Marina, was born in 1960 and our son, Michael, in 1967. I always helped my wife about the house. It's still customary in our house to share things, whether it's money or house chores. I went to work at the plant of radial units in 1961. I became a designer at the design office, and then the supervisor of a department. I wasn't promoted higher due to my nationality. I had many patents. I took part in the start up of an automatic line at the Volzhskiy Automobile Plant. At work I got the opportunity to buy a car without having to stand in line for a few years, which was quite an ordinary thing at the time. I worked at this plant for 30 years until 1991. I retired when I turned 60, but I continued to work at my private business: I designed production units. My wife and I were doing fine. There are 11 of us in my family: my wife and I, our children, grandchildren and my in-laws. We get together for all the birthdays of my relatives and on holidays. We mainly celebrate Soviet holidays: New Year's, 1st May and October Revolution Day . Our mostly cherished holiday was 9th May, Victory Day [the official date of the victory over Nazi Germany in the USSR]. On Pesach we always had matzah, we bought it at the synagogue in Peresyp. My mother, who lived with us, taught my wife how to cook gefilte fish. My children knew they were Jewish. They studied in a Soviet school and had both Jewish and Russian friends.