

Eva Ryzhevskaya



This is me. The picture was taken by my brother when I returned from the lines. It was the first time when we spent New Year's together. The picture was taken in Moscow in 1947. In 1945, after demobilization I was sent to the hospital of the veterans of war, located in the vicinity of Moscow. There were severely wounded soldiers who were supposed to take a long course of treatment there. I worked there for about a year as a surgeon. I lived in the hostel of the hospital. In 1947 we were unexpectedly told that the hospital would be closed down and we had to look for another job. In the post-war period there were very many surgeons, much more than during civilian times. That is why there was no demand for surgeons. There were no therapists in the lines, as people usually didn't get sick. In spite of the hard conditions, internal reserves of the organism were working well. I was looking for a job and understood that surgeons were not needed. I was suggested that I should get reeducated. I was given an assignment for courses of physiotherapists, held in the State Institute of Physiotherapy and Balneotherapy. I stayed with my brother Mikhail. He lived with his family in a two-room communal apartment, located in a two-storied barrack without conveniences. Toilet and water pump were outside. The apartment was heated with a stove, which was in the corridor between the rooms. We were heating it in turns with another family, who lived in our apartment. We cooked food on a Primus stove. I didn't think I would stay there, but I ended up living in my brother's apartment for 18 years.