

Feiga Tregerene With Her Friends



This photo was taken in August 1945 before we departed for Lithuania from evacuation in Glazov. These are my friends and I, Feiga Tregerene: we were photographed for a keepsake before going home from our evacuation. Sitting on the left is Clara from Odessa. She is Jewish. The one with a lace collar is Luda. I am standing on the right, standing on my left is Raya. She was from Leningrad. I corresponded with Raya, but I don't know where she is nowadays. We worked at the military plant. She's a little older than me. They worked in a design office. During the war, I was in evacuation in the town of Slobodskoy, Kirov region. My aunt Riva was with me. We were accommodated in a local house. Soon my aunt had to go to hospital. Her baby was due soon. I was alone with our landlady. At some point of time I felt so starved that it caused giddiness.. One morning, when I woke up, somebody knocked on the door. Those were my parents standing in the doorway. We were laughing and crying, hugging and telling each other of our misfortunes. They happened to leave Birzai a few hours after us and kept looking for us. A Lithuanian acquaintance of theirs directed them to where we were. By that time Riva gave birth to a girl and named her Nadia. My sister Hanna and I worked at the flax harvesting in a kolkhoz. My father also worked in the kolkhoz, and so did Riva. My mother stayed at home with little Nadia. We were in bad need of food. The kolkhoz provided some gray bread and cereal. Mama started selling our clothes. When Hanna left, Riva decided to move to the town of Glazov, where she was offered a job. Nadia was to go with her. I also went with them. Riva had to go to work, and I was to look after the baby. Some time later our parents joined us in Glazov. We shared our room with a young Lithuanian woman, who had two children. Her name was Neele. She was older than me, but we became friends. Neele loved a man, who was an officer in the Soviet Army. Neele looked forward to his letters and kept hoping that he would be safe. We got along well and lived like one family. I also looked after Neele's children while she was at work. We celebrated the Victory Day in Glazov in May 1945. It was full of joy and tears. This was a day off. People marched the streets. My sister was already making arrangements for us to go back home. Riva left in early 1945. In August I said "good bye" to my friends, and my parents and I headed to our homeland.