My Cousin Grigoriy In His Childhood

My uncle Yosif Kipniss had a son Grigoriy Kipniss. When the war broke out, Grigoriy was called up to the army and several years my uncle and my aunt knew nothing about him, the same way as we knew nothing about Ilya for a long time. It happened that Grigoriy was taken prisoner, and when Germans drived a column of captives Grigoriy managed to escape. He rolled down into a ditch imperceptibly for guards and waited until the column passed away. So this is the way he escaped. He was picked up by natives - an old man and an old woman, they took him home and cured him. They also advised him to change his Jewish surname Kipnis - so, he became Kipnichenko. These old people kept him at themselves, fed and protected him, probably, they also had a son who was at war somewhere. Grigoriy started working at the railway station as Kipnichenko Grigoriy (he managed to get registered officially somehow, though Germans played the master everywhere).