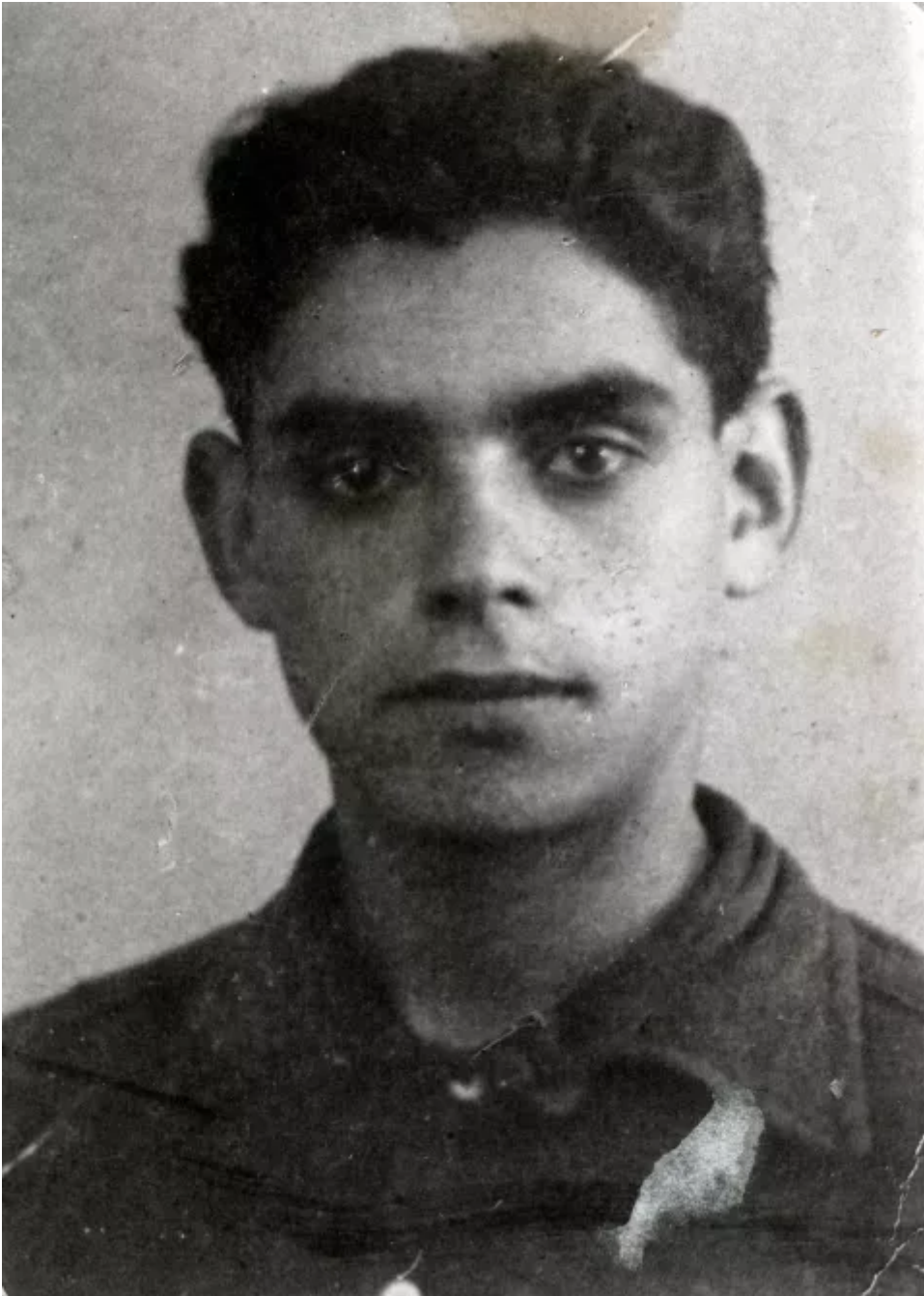


Efim Bezrodniy's Abram Bezrodniy



My brother Abram Bezrodniy that perished on the border on the 1st day of the war. My younger brother Alyosha was born in 1920. On Friday my father came home a little earlier than usual to pick up Abrasha, my older brother and me to go to the sauna. We were back home before the first star appeared in the sky, before Sabbath. My mother said a prayer and lit candles in the antique silver candlesticks. They didn't do anything on Saturday. Janitor Afanasiy came in on Saturday to start a fire in the oven, turn on the lights and greet us with Saturday. My father treated him with some vodka and delicious snacks. Later the whole family got together at the table to have a nice dinner. There were my parents, Abrasha and I left in our apartment. He was my brother, my friend, my advisor and protector. After finishing school Abram worked at the shipbuilding yard and studied at the technical school. In 1940 he was recruited to the army and sent to serve on the border with Poland. When the war began in June 1941 Abram was at his frontier post and he perished there on

the first day of the war. My mother didn't want to evacuate. She said that if Abrasha was alive he would be looking for them in Kiev and that she had to stay and wait for him.