

Boris Dorfman With His Wife And Mother-In-Law



This is a picture of me with my mother-in-law Riva Rechister and my wife Betia Dorfman (nee Rechister). The photo was taken in Lvov in 1952 after I got married. I sent this picture to my mother in Long Bridge labor camp in Krasnoyarsk region, where she was imprisoned for Zionist activities, so that she could see what her daughter-in-law looked like. I decided to leave Kishinev in 1949. Itzhak Zinger, my cousin, the son of my mother's brother, lived in Lvov. He was a chief accountant there and began to look for an apartment that I could exchange for my apartment in Kishinev. I was lucky and soon moved to Lvov. I moved my sofa and other stuff into my new apartment. There was a bathroom and a kitchen in this apartment and this was more than I could dream of. I was lucky to get a job as the chief engineer of the Housing Department of Leninskiy [today Shevchenko] district in Lvov. I also became the chief of the Capital Construction of Pharmacies. Soon afterwards I met Betia Rechister, a pretty Jewish girl, born in 1927. She had recently graduated from the Faculty of Foreign Philology of Lvov University. Her family came from Tulchin, Vinnitsa region. Her father owned some stores before the Revolution of 1917. During the Soviet regime he didn't have the right to vote and his children weren't allowed to study in higher educational institutions. He moved to Tashkent, Middle Asia, where nobody knew him in the 1920s. He became an apprentice to a locksmith and later brought his family there. There were three children in the family: David, the oldest brother, my wife Betia and Chaim, her younger brother. They bought a house in Tashkent and had a good life, but due to the bad climate they returned to Vinnitsa region before the Great Patriotic War. Something didn't work out there and they moved to their relatives in Poltava. They bought a house in Poltava. Betia's older brother finished secondary school when the war began. Betia's father worked as a mechanic at a company. The company evacuated to Samarkand, Middle Asia. Betia's family stayed there during the war. My wife finished school with honors there. After the war Betia moved to Kharkov where she entered the Foreign Languages College. Her parents went to Lvov where they received an apartment somehow. They

weren't a religious family. They spoke Russian. They knew all traditions, but they didn't observe any. In 1950 Betia got a transfer to Lvov University. She graduated from it and stayed to work as a lecturer at the Linguistics Department. I was a bachelor and I was handsome. I met Betia's father at work. He liked me and invited me to dinner once. I met his daughter and liked her. Since I was 28 I had to think about my future. Betia was 24. We had much in common. We both loved music, theater, poetry and tourism. We got married in 1952. We had a civil ceremony in a registry office. We went to live in my apartment. We have been together for over 50 years now. We have a good marriage. We've traveled all across the globe together.