

Larisa Shyhman



I, Larisa Trachtenberg, in Zhuliany airport: we are planting trees on the territory of the airport. This photo was made in Kiev in 1950.

I arrived to Kiev in 1945 from evacuation and went to work as a radio operator in Zhuliany airport. I worked there until retirement. I didn't brood about things. I was cheerful and pretty. I danced in the ensemble of the Civil Air Fleet. We danced folk dances. Even Veryovka wanted to take me to his group, they were just starting. He wanted to have me and Tania Belaya, he liked us a lot... I think we danced well. I shouldn't boast, of course. I also danced solo... We gave concerts in the Harrison and in Aviation College... We performed a lot.

My husband's name was Abram Shyhman. Everybody called him Misha: he chose this name for himself, but his family called him Abram. We met at work. He was so serious and sound-minded and I teased him. Misha conducted our political classes. He lectured on political economy, politics and communism... He was a communist and believed in the party. He was devoted to its ideas. Just imagine: after working a night shift we were sleepy and he was telling us about communism... I found it funny: we were hungry and cold, so who could speak about communism? But these political hours were mandatory. We began to meet in a strange way: he was seeing my friend, but then he decided to meet with me for some reason. I didn't even think about him. Frankly, I didn't want to get married. Why marry? I knew plots and danced in my group and always had enough admirers. I was afraid. I didn't like housework, it wasn't for me. I liked reading and going to theaters and cinema. I always had many friends. Misha was smart, and it was interesting to spend time with him. I was fond of astronomy and he told me interesting things about stars... Then we had a walk in

Podol and were passing a civil registry office and he said: 'Let's go in', and I said: 'Let us'. So we registered our marriage. No parties, no traditions. We were poor. My aunt, when she heard about it, she ran out to buy me tights; mine was all patched. We got married in April 1954.

On 8 December 1954 our son Leonid was born. I wanted to stay at work. I liked my collective, I enjoyed it there and my colleagues liked and respected me. So after my second son Gennadiy was born on 17 March 1961 I returned to work at the airport. We had a good life.