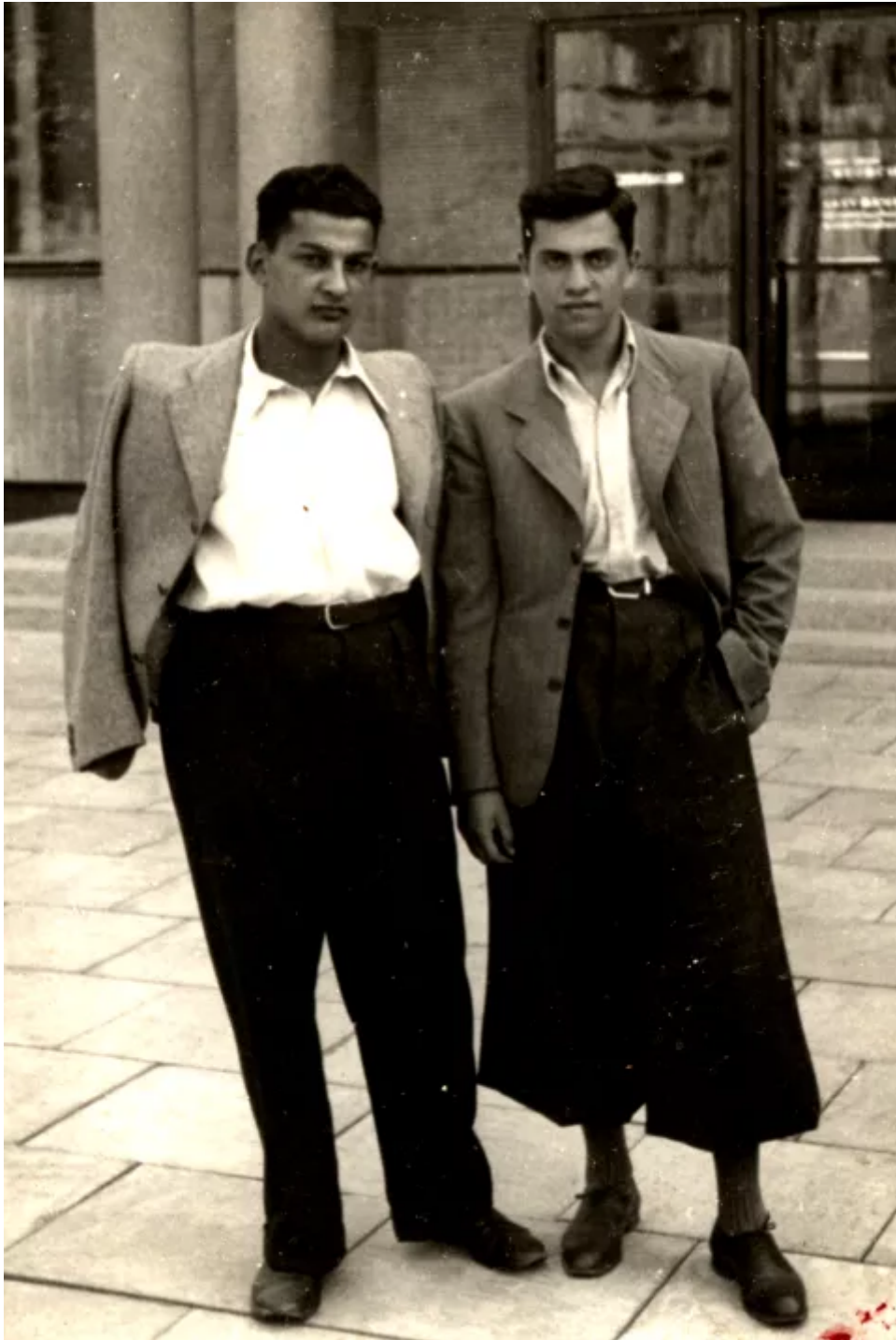


Mikhail Brantsovskiy With His Friend



My husband Mikhail Brantsovskiy (on the right) photographed with his friend, whose name I don't know, in 1938. This friend perished in the ghetto in Vilnius, long before I met my husband. In 1943, in the partisan unit, I met my true love. My future husband, Mikhail Brantsovskiy, came from Vilnius. He was born on 10th November 1921. The name Brantsovskiy was well-known in Vilnius. There was Brantsovskiy, who owned a paper factory before the war. There was wood cut for the factory stored in the forest and our comrades used to joke: 'Misha, we've burnt your wood'. Mikhail wasn't related to the rich man. His father Max owned a food store. Mikhail finished a Hebrew gymnasium. Before the war Mikhail's brother, whose name I don't remember, went to visit his grandfather in Lida and perished there. Mikhail, his father and mother were in the ghetto, but we had never met there. A

Jewish man from the police reported on Mikhail's father one day when he was hiding in a 'malina' shelter. Max was taken to Ponary. Mikhail's mother Dina stayed in the ghetto. Mikhail and I felt close to one another at once. We had a common fate: a happy cloudless childhood interrupted by the war and the ghetto. We were both worried about what happened to our dear ones kind of guessing their tragic end. We had very moving relationships in the partisan unit. When Misha and I started seeing one another, a friend of mine came to tell him not to hurt me.