

Yuri Bogdanov



That's me. The picture was taken at my birthday party when I turned two. The photo was taken in Babruysk in 1923.

My parents moved to Babruysk after getting married. In 1914 my elder brother Solomon was born. In 1915 my mother's father, Volf Rosenblum, passed away and that is why my second brother, born in 1915, was named Volf.

When my brother went to school he was called by the Russian name Vladimir, consequently he kept that name. I was born in 1921. I was given the Russian name Yuri; my Jewish name is Yudl.

Only Yiddish was spoken at home. It's my mother tongue. I spoke Yiddish in my childhood and I remember this language very well now. Of course, we were fluent in Russian, but we didn't speak it at home.

My father was a very intelligent and active person. He was good at everything he tried to do. He lived for his family, strove to maintain his wife and children, and managed it very well. Father worked hard and was entrepreneurial to earn money.

During the NEP my father came into money due to his entrepreneurial skills, hard labor, business acumen and intelligence.

He had a shop for casting mill stones and grain milling, which were in high demand in the collective farms and state-run collective enterprises. We were rather well-off due to my father.

My mother didn't work after she got married. She helped Father the way she could. She was also a homemaker, who nurtured the children and created a hearth.

When I hear 'Jewish mother,' I associate it with my mother. She was a true Jewish mother, who lived for her children and kept them in her heart and soul. My parents were religious. We observed all Jewish traditions at home.

Almost every summer my parents took us to father's brother Noson in the village of Daraganovo. We spent the whole summer there. These are very pleasant memories. I recall the taste of fresh milk given to us by Aunt Nehama.

I remember a pine coppice not very far from the house, where we hung a hammock. Uncle Noson and Aunt Nehama didn't have children, and gave all their love to their nephews.

Daraganovo wasn't very far from Parichi. We always stopped by Grandfather Gershen's and enjoyed his hospitality. We loved Grandfather very much.