

Chasia Spanerflug With Her Second Husband Mikhail Spanerflug



This is me, Chasia Spanerflug, with my second husband Mikhail Spanerflug. The photo was taken in 1962 in Vilnius.

I loved Mikhail Spanerflug. In November 1945 we registered our marriage in the marriage registration office of our district. We were practically indigent. I had a skirt, a jacket and an old coat. My husband had one pair of uniform pants. I had to start a new life, bear children and live with the man I loved. For some time my periods stopped, which was common for most women in the ghetto. It happened in 1942. Only in late 1946 I gave birth to a son. I called him Velvl after my deceased son from my first marriage. In 1954 I gave birth to a girl. We named her Sofia after my

adopted little daughter, who perished in the ghetto. The girl was normal and made us happy. She was healthy and developed.

Our life was getting better. My husband was promoted at work. In spite of the fact that my husband had a rather high position – head of the district militia department – he wasn't touched by all that trouble, which Jews had in the late 1940s, early 1950s. Many friends of my husband, Jews, who were partisans, were fired and even arrested. My husband survived this ordeal. He didn't even want to join the Party, though he was insistently recommended. Nevertheless he was promoted to a rather high rank: lieutenant colonel. In the early 1960s he got a good two-room apartment. Both of us were worried when Israel was at war: the Six-Day-War. We didn't even think of immigration as my husband was a true Soviet man, though he wasn't a member of the Communist Party.

Right after the war I worked as an accountant in the communications department. Then Mikhail Brantsovskiy, who was a chief engineer at a shoe factory, offered me a job. First, I was a rate setter, then I worked for the planning department. Later I finished courses, while working at the factory. I was promoted to chief of the Human Resources and salary department. I was very actively involved in trade-union work, amateur performances, singing in the choir, no matter what position I had.

Mikhail was a wonderful sportsman. He was among the five best swimmers and often went on competition. He was so handsome. He looked so good in his uniform. When we were strolling, or went to the theater or cinema, people were looking back, admiring us. Our life was pretty good. A housekeeper took care of the housework. I didn't have to do the chores. We didn't live from check to check. My husband and I made pretty good money. In the summer we went on vacation to the seaside in the Crimea and the Caucasus. We had a lot of friends, but the most loyal were our bosom friends: Mikhail and Fanya Brantsovskiy. We often spent time together on the weekends, went for a picnic or to the beach.