

Boris Girshov And His Family



Here you can see me and my family at home in Leningrad. The photograph was taken in 1990s.

I got acquainted with my wife, Tamara Gershtein in 1944, when she was a student of the Technological College and I was a cadet of the Academy.

One evening the Technological College arranged a party for students. Because only girls studied there (most guys were at the front line), they invited cadets from our Academy. And we (200 young people) came to them (marching in well ironed naval uniform).

We stood on the one side of the hall, and girls stood on the other one. I looked round and saw a pleasant looking girl. I invited her to dance (I was not shy at all).

We danced and danced, and I did not want to let her go. But I had to return to the ranks. I asked her about her telephone number, and she gave it to me. Well, we got married in 1946.

Her parents were veteran Bolsheviks, they started their activities before the October Revolution of 1917.

Her father's name was Abram Rafailovich, and her mother's name was Berta Abramovna. He was born in 1897, and she was born a little bit later. Father died in 1976, and mother in 1973.

They were devoted to communist ideas, knew almost nothing about Judaism. My wife's mother Berta Abramovna was a Communist Party member since 1920.

Later she worked as a director of a canteen. She finished a secondary school, and her husband got higher (he was a lawyer).

We lived together with them in their apartment. Therefore I was not allowed to discuss my anti-Soviet moods at home. We were in good relations with my wife's mother, she called me her son.

They always lived in Leningrad. My wife's father worked as a public prosecutor of the Baltic fleet and a public prosecutor of the October railway (major-general). They lived in a smart apartment on Vassilyevsky Island.

On holidays Tamara had an opportunity to watch military parades on the main square of Leningrad (only VIPs and members of their families could be invited there).

In 1937 my father-in-law was read out from the Communist Party. They dismissed him from everywhere: they alleged him to be in touch with an enemy of people.

He remained free and alive by a miracle. He got frightened to live in a general's apartment, therefore he changed it for two rooms in a communal apartment, where I got acquainted with them later.

Tamara was the only daughter in their family. She was brought up in the communist spirit. Her father's friends were veteran Bolsheviks, too (they used to play cards together).

My wife's father survived a serious heart attack at the age of 60. He stopped working, though he was a legal adviser at several organizations.

At the 19th CPSU Congress his reputation was restored.