

Larisa Radomyselskaya's Husband Isaac Radomyselski



This is my husband Isaac Radomyselski in this photograph. He is wearing his soldier's shirt. This photo was taken in Lvov, USSR, in 1948, during his service in the Soviet army and studies in the school for working young people.

I met my husband Isaac Radomyselski in 1956. He was born in 1929 in Chopovichi town in Zhytomyr region, Ukraine, [150 km from Kiev]. My husband's mother Rieva was born in Chopovichi in 1888. Isaac didn't know his father Yakov Radomyselski: his mother left her husband when she was pregnant. She was raising her son alone and then she married a widower from Kiev who had five children. She moved to her husband in Kiev. Isaac was growing with his stepbrothers and stepsisters. Rieva was a housewife. She didn't get along with her stepchildren. She was a rough woman and she couldn't even find a common language with her own son. I don't know how religious Isaac's family was, but he knew Yiddish well. He often talked Yiddish with his mother. Before World War II Isaac finished the 6th form at school. In 1940 his stepfather died. During World War II the family was in evacuation in the Altay region. After the war they returned to Kiev. Their house was ruined during bombing and Isaac and Rieva had no relatives in Kiev. Rieva's stepchildren stayed in Kiev and Rieva and her son moved to Lvov [500 km from Kiev]. Isaac didn't go back to school. He didn't get any education at home: his mother was too busy trying to survive through trying times. Isaac went to a factory vocational school at the mechanic plant and spent his leisure time with other children like himself. They even used to steal food from vendors at the market. At the age of 18 Isaac went to the army. My husband told me that service in the army saved him from the way of life that he had led before: at least, he got food and clothes in the army.

After mandatory term of service he remained in the army. He had no other alternative. When he was in the army he finished an evening higher secondary school. This was all education he got.

Neither my husband nor I were members of the Communist party. In his youth my husband was a Komsomol member and secretary of the Komsomol unit of his military unit, but when he overgrew his Komsomol age and was offered to join the Party Isaac refused. He believed it was a great responsibility and a big honor to be a communist and he didn't deserve it as yet. It's hard to say whether this had an impact on his career or it was his national origin, but he never got promotions when his time came and received higher ranks with big delays.