

Natan Shapiro



That's me, photographed in Korosten in 1946. I sent this photo to my fiancée Tsylia in Malin. We were introduced to each other in the summer of 1946 in Korosten and corresponded for about two months before our wedding.

My personal life was good. I met a friend – Fania – in the evacuation. Fania came from Korosten. Our parents were hoping that we would get married when all of a sudden I met another woman. In fall 1946 I saw three pretty girls at my work. They all looked nice, but one of them was like my destiny walking to meet me. The girls went to have their photo taken at a photo shop of our association. When they left I asked our photographer to make an extra picture of the girls.

Korosten was a small town and soon I found out that the girl's name was Tsylia Potievskaya and that she lived in Malin. She came to Korosten on a visit. On that very night I went to meet Tsylia. I had never met a prettier girl in my life. She left home and we corresponded for about two months. Then I went to Malin to meet her mother and propose to Tsylia.

We had a small party and left by freight train to Korosten on 1st January 1947. We had a civil wedding ceremony at the registry office in Korosten. When Tsylia and I arrived Fania was at the station to look at Tsylia. In due time Fania married her cousin brother and became friends with my wife.