

Lev Mistetskiy



This is me. This photo was taken for my passport in Lipovets in 1969. In 1953 I was appointed director of cattle breeding stocks in Lipovets. I was a commodity expert: I received sheep wool from kolkhozes and assessed astrakhan fur skins. I was a decent worker, but I often heard unfair words and suffered just for being a Jew. This always happens: if something goes wrong, they will always find a Jew to blame. Doesn't matter, whose fault it really is. People began to drink after the war. They drank at work and this was not considered to be a violation of rules. Our director was a retired lieutenant colonel, who didn't know a thing about our business, but liked commanding and yelling. He was always drunk at work. He was hard to deal with. I finally quit. I was sent to Tulchin in Vinnitsa region. Then I worked in Yampol and other towns of Vinnitsa region. I was appointed to do work as a good specialist, and my bosses asked me to train my replacement, when I was to take another job. My wife and children moved with me. Our older son Iosif, named after my deceased brother, was born in 1953 in Tulchin, and the younger Anatoliy was born in Tulchin in 1957. Our daughter Lilia was born in Aratov, Vinnitsa region in 1960. My wife and I saved money to build a house in Lipovets. I gave our savings to my mother-in-law, but when the construction was finished, she didn't want to give us the house. I had to sue her, and the court issued its verdict in our favor. In 1962 our family moved to Lipovets. My wife is Ukrainian and we didn't observe Jewish traditions

at home. We celebrated Soviet holidays: 1st May, 7th November, Victory Day, Soviet Army Day, New Year's. We always celebrated our birthdays. We invited guests and had jolly parties.