

Moisey Marianovskiy With His Friends



This is me, Moisey Marianovskiy, the 1st on the left, in a hospital in Moscow, after my 3rd wound on the 2nd Belarus Front. Unfortunately, I don't remember the others in this picture; they are patients of the hospital and a nurse.

In October 1941 I was appointed commanding officer of a tank company. I was at the frontline in the Briansk and later in the Moscow direction. In spring 1942, when I was in tank brigade 187, I was wounded and sent to a hospital. After the hospital I was assigned to the 23rd Guard tank brigade. When I returned to the front after the hospital, the situation there stabilized a little. Germans were defeated near Moscow and Stalingrad. This was the turning point and our forces started moving in the western direction. We already struggled for the Ugra and Dnepr Rivers, etc. Battles for

Smolensk [about 350 km west of Moscow] began. My units took part in the operation to liberate Spas-Demensk, Kaluga region [about 180 km west of Smolensk]. These were hard battles and I had to use my wits. I was awarded an Order of Alexandr Nevskiy for this operation.

We headed to fight for Byelarus. There were also hard battles during crossing the Dnieper. General Zakharov, Commander of our front, decided to attack the enemy on its flank. This operation was also successful and in 1943 I was awarded an Order of Red Banner. In August 1943 I was wounded in my eye and was sent to a hospital in Moscow. After two weeks in hospital I returned to my regiment. The hardest battles were at the Mogilyov-Minsk roadway. Some of them were outrageously savage. Commander of the Front ordered me to take command of the brigade, though I was very young (I was just 24 years old). We were at the Mogilyov-Minsk highway at the time. This didn't make me feel happy, but this was what I had to do... For this Mogilyov operation I was nominated for the award of the Hero of the Soviet Union in June 1944, and I received this award on 24 March 1945.

Then operations were held one after another. After finishing one we started preparation to another. Soon we directed our efforts to liberation of Western Byelorussia. We were hurrying to the Polish border heading to reach Koenigsburg, Berlin and end this war victoriously as soon as possible. One of those days I was severely wounded. We faced particularly adamant resistance near the Osovets fortress [over 900 km west of Moscow]. This happened on 13 August 1944. I had all tanks of the brigade under my command. The objective was challenging. I was wounded all over with shell splinters. However, at the very last moment I managed to look at the fortress and saw our guys breaking into it. However, we lost almost all battalion and the penal company. When the commanding officer heard that I was severely wounded, he gave his permission to send me to a hospital in the rear. This saved my life. For this operation I was awarded an Order of the Combat Red Banner.

I started a new life in a hospital in Moscow. My ward was the ward of deadly wounded patients. I suffered from awful pain caused by a nerve injury. The doctors gave me drugs and since the pain strong, I received a lot of them. Professor Shliapoverskiy, a Jew, a very talented doctor and an intelligent man asked what happened and the doctors and nurses told him the story. He decided to operate on me. He X-rayed my hand and saw little splinters that he removed masterfully. This was a unique surgery and I started to recover. However, I never fully recovered. I was still exhausted and was became an invalid of the second grade. I spent in hospital almost two and a half years with some intervals. I was in hospital on the Victory Day as well.