

Adela Hinkova With Her Mother Matilda Ilel And Husband Dimitar Hinkov



This photo was taken when my mother was leaving for Israel in 1949. We didn't see each other again. On the left is my husband Dimitar Hinkov, in the middle is my mother Matilda Ilel, nee Mitrani, and I'm on the right. My mother and my husband didn't have time to get to know each other because she moved to Israel in 1949 and we got married in 1948. She didn't approve of me marrying a Bulgarian, but since I was relatively of age, she agreed. I remember how my mother welcomed my husband with a bunch of flowers. She didn't call him Dimitar, but she used the short form for Nissim - Niko. She really wanted me to marry a Jew. When she gave him the flowers, she told him that she didn't have any money to give him, but she was giving him the most precious thing she had - me. My husband was a military officer and he was able to provide for me. I was a

very good housewife also; I never wasted money and strictly allocated it. My husband was a silent and calm man. A military officer, neither tall, nor short, good-looking. We had been corresponding with each other before that, we had taken part in anti-fascist demonstrations together. I met him in Stezherevo; he had a friend living there who introduced us to each other. He invited me to the theater, he was very well read. But later it turned out that he was from the 'silent academy' [i.e. he didn't speak much]. He couldn't graduate from the Academy in Svishtov. He was negligent, not trying too hard, an inert man. He did hard work and didn't mind doing household work either. We lived like that for 30 years and raised two children. I looked after the children and did everything that was expected of me. He knew only 'no' in his life. For everything I asked him to do or buy, he said no. Let's buy a fridge - we shouldn't, let's buy a stove - we shouldn't. We already had two granddaughters, when he met an old love of his and we separated. But even nowadays I'm in very good relations with his sisters, Lyuba and Vera. He went to live with this old lover from Svishtov, but we got divorced three years later. After less than two years he died. Everything we have and we have achieved was thanks to me. I supported the children by myself.