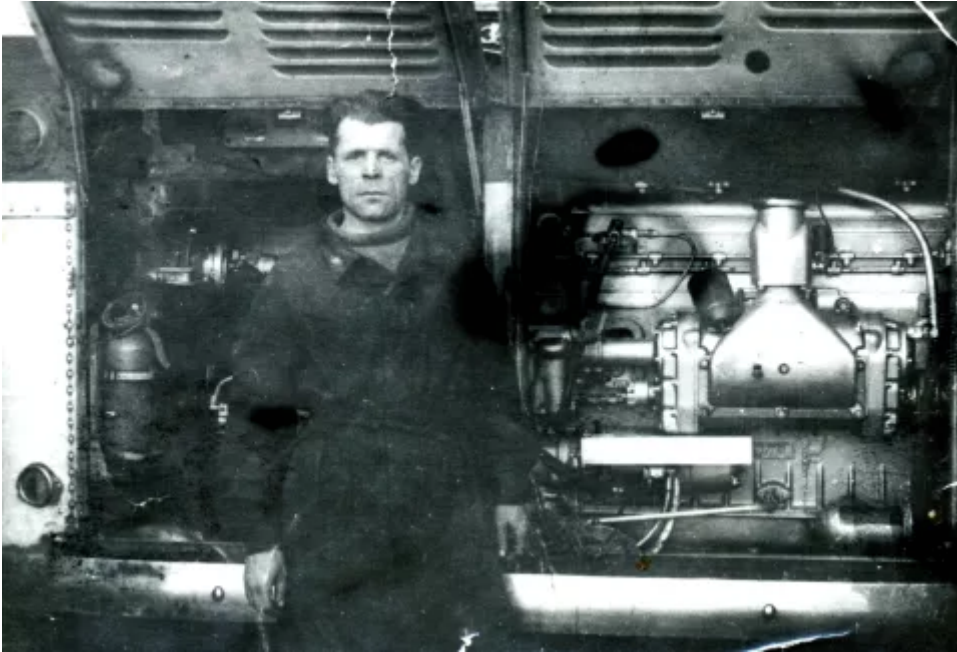


# Makhlia Khalzova's Husband Vassiliy Khalzov



This is a picture of my husband Vassiliy Khalzov watching flour grounding equipment at his work place. The photo was taken in Lvov in 1958. Vassiliy Khalzov was an attendant and then a medical nurse in the same hospital where I worked during World War II. He was a Tatar man who came from the Volga area in Russia. He was born in 1919. He was very handy, and he was a great storyteller. We were friends and he proposed to me several times. I couldn't understand whether it was a joke or he was serious and replied that I wished to be a spinster. I hoped to meet a Jewish man, but where was I to find one? So many Jews perished either during the occupation or at the front. Vassiliy often went on trips to the frontline or to escort a patient home. When he came back he used to say, 'Don't be afraid of me, I'm a Jew, too', meaning that the two of us had to stick together and that we were alike in some respect. I was raised in such manner that developed a conviction in me that Jews had to marry their own kind and I wasn't used to thinking about a man of a different nationality. After the war Vassiliy kept proposing to me, but I just cracked jokes in return. When my brother returned and met Vassiliy they became friends. My brother said to me, 'Makhlia, he is not a Jew, but he is a good man. He won't let you down'. Vassiliy told me that he was also circumcised. [Circumcision is also customary with Tatar people.] Vassiliy always made a good impression on people. I don't know where he studied, but he seemed to know everything. He could discuss any subject and was great company. In 1946 Vassiliy and I registered our marriage in a registry office. We didn't have any wedding party. We didn't have a wedding party. I took my husband's last name - Khalzova. Vassiliy demobilized from the army and began to work at the flour mill factory; he was a mechanic there. Vassiliy was a very skilled mechanic and had a lot of work to do. He picked up any work to make more money for the family. Vassiliy was very hardworking and thought that 'a hundred rubles was better than a hundred friends'. [Editor's note: he reversed the Russian saying 'A hundred friends are better than a hundred rubles'.] He was very smart at work and his colleagues said about him, 'he is smart as a zhyd'. Common Ukrainians used to call smart people 'zhydy', there was even some envy to this word. My husband worked a lot and we didn't have free

time. We didn't go to theaters. He died in 1972 - he came home from work, lay down and never woke up. I don't know what happened to him, but he drank a lot. He worked hard and drank hard.