

# Sheindlia Krishtal's Husband Shabsai Khandros



My husband Shabsai Khandros, he is wearing a uniform of the time of the great patriotic War. Sasha was a war veteran and had an order of the Great patriotic War and few medals. Photographed on the front in 1943 and sent to me in evacuation to Alma-Ata.

My husband Shabsai Khandros was born in Kiev in 1913. He was from a purely Jewish family. My husband worked at a shoe factory in Kiev before the war. He was a smart man and often wrote articles about the life of workers. He sent them to newspapers. He was noticed and employed by "Komsomolets of Ukraine" newspaper after the war this newspaper was renamed to "Youth of Ukraine"[a big all-Ukrainian weekly newspaper]. Before the war Sasha studied at the philology faculty in Kiev University. He was at the front during the war and became a Party member in the army.

At the end of 1947 Shabsai Khandros, (he was generally called Sasha) returned from the construction of an automobile factory. He became head of the department of propaganda in the "Youth of Ukraine" newspaper. I transmitted my materials to him by phone. This was how we met. We had food coupons and went together to have meals at the canteen in 22, Vorovskogo Street. He began to court me - he brought me a little food to the train when I was going on business one day. Or he would put an orange into my desk when oranges were hard to get. Sasha was a taciturn man and when he said something it was interesting and smart. We began to date and built up a very warm relationship.

In 1949 we got married. Since we were both journalists I decided against changing my last name to my husband's and remained Krishtal. After the civil ceremony our colleagues arranged a wedding party for us in the office. They bought a bottle of champagne and changed the sign "Champagne" to Komsomol youth wedding #1" and also glued our photos on the label. They also gave us a beautiful set of dishes made in Czechoslovakia - I still have 3 pieces from it. So, we celebrated our Komsomol youth wedding in our basement in Vorovskogo Street.