

Larissa Khusid's Father's Family (Iosif Khusid)



My father's family. Left to right: Mirrah Khusid; my father, Iona Khusid; my father's sister, Mikhlia; and Iosif (wearing a cap). This photo was taken in 1896 in Gorodischi, in the province of Kiev. My father, Iona Khusid, was born on August 5, 1892 in the town of Stepantsy, in the district of Kanev, in the province of Kiev. He received a Jewish education in a cheder, but that wasn't enough for him. When he turned 13, he said 'goodbye' to his parents, and left, going to Kiev on foot. There he found a temporary job and shelter in the home of a woman who sold milk. My father slept on a big

windowsill in the basement that served as her shop. In exchange for food and lodging, father had to unload the milk carts that arrived from the surrounding villages early in the morning, wash out milk cans, and do other related chores. In the evenings, my father sat and studied on that same windowsill. Sometimes he studied so late into the night that the milkwoman told him to switch off the lamp. By working hard and studying until late, my father managed to earn a degree in economics in the higher educational institution he attended, the name of which I unfortunately don't know, because my father never told me. When World War I began in 1914, my father was recruited into the tsarist army. He was a Private in the infantry and finished the war with the rank of Private First Class of Putivl Regiment 127. In September 1916 my father was severely wounded. His legs were broken, and he was sent to the hospital, where he remained until May 1917. After being released, my father was dismissed from the army as an invalid. During his service in the tsarist army, father was awarded two George's Crosses - the highest award that Privates could get. He never told me what deeds of his were so rewarded. My father died of a heart attack in 1958. Father's oldest brother, Iosif, was born in 1880. I don't know what he did for a living before the Revolution, but afterwards he lived in Leningrad (now St. Petersburg). He had a wife named Eva and two sons, Alexandr and Naum. He sent them to Barnaul for evacuation during the Great Patriotic War, while he himself stayed behind in Leningrad. He loved the arts, and worked as an administrator in one of the theaters. He loved music and the ballet, but most of all he loved ballerinas. Many of them were his lovers. My father often met with Uncle Iosif when he went to Moscow. Iosif visited Kiev only once, in 1953, and died in mid-1980. His son Shurik lives in St. Petersburg. Mikhlia was born in 1888, and Mirrah in 1890. Mikhlia's husband's name was Nahman - I can't remember his first name. Mirrah was married to Mendel Gurevich, an attorney in Kiev. Mikhlia had two daughters, Sarrah and Polia, and Mirrah had two sons, David and Naum. David perished on the front during the Great Patriotic War. The rest of the families were in the evacuation in Tashkent, I believe. Mikhlia died in Kiev in 1960 and Mirrah died around 1965. Their children have passed away, too.