

## Eva Ryzhevskaya



This is me, a doctor of town hospital # 29. The picture was taken for the board of honor of the front-line doctors of the hospital in Moscow in 1958. In 1948 the municipal health care department sent me to town hospital #29 to work as a physiotherapist. I worked there for over 40 years. Physiotherapy was my main job. I liked neuropathology and took up a few neuropathology cases. I was on good terms with a very qualified neurologist, a Jew named Solomon Kantorovich. We worked in the same hospital. He taught me, and treated the patients independently. I was lucky I worked with great experts and learnt from them. They treated me very well at work. They loved me and appreciated my work. I really worked very hard and did not refuse anybody. I met my future husband at work. Leonid Krichevskiy was an engineer. He worked with medical X-ray and physiotherapy apparatus. Leonid graduated from college. He was a jack-of-all-trades. He was good at mechanics. Leonid previously worked in the military hospital and was responsible for equipment

repair. In 1948 Leonid came to work in our hospital because of the mass dismissal of Jews. We got married in 1952. In 1954 my daughter was born. She was named Olga after my perished sister. The birth of my daughter changed my life. My maternity leave was very short - only two months. I had to put Olga in a nursery so I could go back to work. The salary of engineers was very skimpy, it was hardly enough to get by. I couldn't afford to stay with the baby. Leonid wasn't able to provide for us. In 1960 I was assigned chief of the physiotherapy department of the hospital. Of course, it was a promotion, but I didn't get a pay rise. We didn't have enough money for a comfortable living. So I had to look for additional work. When my daughter turned one, I went to work half time for the military academy of chemical defense. I held lectures there three times a week for four hours. I worked there for thirteen years. My husband died in 1964, when my daughter turned ten. He was buried in the city cemetery. I remained by myself. I had to provide for my daughter and for myself. After my husband's death I took another job. A medical school was opened by our hospital. After work I taught neuropathology and physiotherapy. I coped with my work. When I was young I was very energetic.