

Alexander Ugolev And His Wife Elena Ugoleva



This photo belongs to the time of our honeymoon. Here I am together with my wife Elena. We are at home. Who managed to take this photo - I don't remember.

In 1981, at the beginning of April, the Metallist administration gave me two tickets for a paid trip to a rest home in Komarovo. There I met my wife Elena Shikalova. She was born in the city of Glazov on 25th May 1954. She is Russian.

I asked employees of the sanatorium, 'Girls, what can you offer to a young handsome man of average fatness in the prime of life? I do not drink alcohol, I do not smoke, do not romance...' I tried to publicize myself. They asked me, 'Do you mind if we place you on the second floor, where mainly women live? I answered, 'Sure, I do not mind! I promise to behave properly!

I lodged in a large room. Next morning I went out of my room to take a shower. I soaped myself and heard a woman's voice: 'Why are you washing yourself in the women's shower-room?' I asked, 'And why do you think that it is the women's?' She answered, 'Because only women live on this floor!' I said, 'Not only women, I also live here!' She replied, 'You are lodging on the women's floor illegally!' I was surprised: 'Where did this legalist come from?' She answered, 'From Glazov, do you know it?' I said, 'I know everything: it is situated on the way to Perm and Sverdlovsk through Cherepovets, one day journey from Leningrad.' She said, 'You know everything indeed; I already made sure of it.' You know, several days before I had won two quiz-games in that sanatorium.

Later I got to know that her name was Elena. We found plenty to talk about. After dinner I invited her to play badminton. It was Sunday and the rental store of sports equipment was closed. Elena got upset, but I had brought two rackets with me from Leningrad and she was delighted. Elena is 25 years younger than me. I showed her magazines with photos of well known dancing couples: elegant men and beautiful women in evening dresses with décolleté and a cutout back. Elena considered these photos to be nearly pornographic. She stayed in the sanatorium for a long time,

and I came there to see her on my days off. We had a stormy romance. I used to spend nights in her room. She told me about herself: in Glazov she worked as a teacher at a kindergarten. She graduated from a Pedagogical School in Glazov and Perm Pedagogical College by correspondence. Elena is an extra-class teacher. At present she teaches one very sick child. She took a fancy to him and doesn't want to change this work for a better-paid one.

On 19th February 1983 we got married. It was a historic day not only for us, but also for the country: the day of abolition of serfdom in Russia. But in contrast to peasants who celebrated their freedom, we celebrated our interdependence.