

Arkadi Milgrom Wit His Wife Lilia Yarkho And His Sister Dora Goltsfarb With Her Husband Yakov Gol'tsfarb



Standing by the common grave of Jews of Krasilov where my parents were shot and buried in Manivtsy village near Krasilov. From left to right: I, Arkadi Milgrom, my wife Lilia Yarkho, my sister Dora and her husband Yakov Goltsfarb. This photo was taken in the 1970s when we visited the grave of our dear ones, where there was a monument installed already. There were flowers by the monuments. It meant that there were still people in Krasilov who remembered those who perished during the WWII.

My wife and I arrived in Kherson, where her parents lived, in 1952 after graduation from the Odessa Polytechnic college. I went to work in the port right away. My wife worked at the at the motor repair plant. She was at the incentive of the plant laboratory. She was involved in purchasing equipment and hiring personnel. Everybody else was promoted, but Lilia retired from the plant as an engineer after working there for 45 years.

My wife and I have had a modest life. We lived in her parents' apartment until we received one. We've never had a dacha [summer cottage] or a car, but we always spent our vacations nicely. I often received a stay in recreation homes due to my lung problems. After our son was born we often went to Odessa and Crimea. However, my favorite spot to spend vacations was Baku, my sister lived there for many years. My wife and I didn't celebrate [Jewish] holidays when we were young. We believed we were real internationalists. However, we tried to have Jewish friends to feel free in our own environment.

In 1947 Dora's Jewish boyfriend from Krasilov, who courted her before the war, Yakov Goltsfarb found Dora. Yakov served on a submarine and became a warrant officer. He took part in the war and was wounded. He came to Baku in 1947 and Dora married him. They had a civil ceremony in a registry office and arranged a wedding dinner for their friends and relatives. In 1948 their daughter Iraida was born. They had a good life. Yakov held good positions after the demobilization. My sister

was a typist at the same plant where he was working.