

# Arkadi Yurkovetski With His Father Efim Yurkovetski And Brother Igor Yurkovetski



From left to right: I my father Efim Yurkovetski, my younger brother Igor Yurkovetski. This photo was taken in Uzhhorod in 1960.

My father remarried a year after my mother died. His second wife's name was Zelda. I understood that my father and brother needed some support at home and I didn't blame my father. Zelda was a very nice and kind woman. However, it hurt to see another woman in my home. I went to my mother's sister Ida in Uzhhorod. I went to work as senior commodity expert at the Association Enterprise of Deaf People where I worked 10 years. I also finished an extramural department of the Trade Technical School in Uzhhorod. It is now called Commercial College. After I received my diploma I went to work as logistics manager at the Mechanical Plant in Uzhhorod. I worked there until I retired.

My younger brother finished a higher secondary school in Tomashpol. He studied very well. He only had one 'good' mark, the rest were excellent. His single good mark was for the Ukrainian language. They didn't want to award a gold medal to a Jew for his successes in studies. My father was very upset and even complained of school authorities, but it didn't help. My brother successfully passed his entrance exams to the Mechanical Faculty of Zaporozhie Machine Building College. When he finished it I asked him to arrange for a job assignment in Uzhhorod. I wanted him to be near. My brother came to work at the machine building plant in Uzhhorod. Igor is a skilled employee. He was promoted to Deputy Technical Manager and then he became a Technical Manager. He met Rosa Babiak, a Slovakian girl. They got married shortly afterward. My father was more indulgent to their marriage than to mine. They had two daughters: Svetlana, born in 1970, and Marina, born in 1974.

I continuously asked my father to move to Uzhhorod. In 1965 my father and his second wife came to live in Uzhhorod. They bought an apartment in a small house near where we live. My father was a pensioner. He spent much time at home reading the Torah and the Talmud. My father and his wife celebrated all Jewish holidays and I joined them at such celebrations. I often went to see them. My father went to pray at a prayer house in Uzhhorod.