Israel Averbukh

This is my brother Israel Averbukh. The photo was taken in Kiev in 1927. My brother was four years older than me, born in 1917. He was born in Yekaterinoslav shortly after the February Revolution. When my parents' friends came to congratulate them on the birth of their son, everyone wore red rosettes in their buttonholes and everyone was happy that a democratic regime would finally replace the Russian Empire. My brother had no gift for languages, but he was a wonderful technician. He didn't join the pioneers, while I did, but I didn't join the Komsomol. After finishing

seven years of school, my brother entered the Technical Communications College, which still exists on Leontovich Street. But the college was soon - in 1931 or 1932 - moved to Kharkov, and he, a 14-year-old boy, left for Kharkov and lived there in a dormitory. I remember one of his letters from there. He made my mother rejoice by saying that he washed his socks because he knew that she worried a lot about him keeping his hygiene there. In 1934 he came back from Kharkov with the diploma of a communications technician. But since he couldn't find a job according to his profession, he went to work at the same company where my mother worked at the age of 17. He made spring beds. He learned that kind of work very quickly and other workers praised him a lot. Later he found a job at the radio laboratory of Kiev Polytechnic Institute. From there, on 6th or 7th July 1941, he went to fight in the army as a volunteer. By that time he had finished the first year. We never saw him again. He was killed during the war.