

Golda Gutner 's Father, Osher Gurevich



My father, Osher (Isaac) Gurevich. Novy Oskol, 1900.

My father said that his ancestors came from Austro-Hungary. His grandfather was a rabbi (I don't know his name). He was somebody special - he was buried in a crypt, with a lamp always burning in it. That rabbi had three sons. One of them was my grandfather, Ele Gurevich. His brothers came to visit us from Kharkov in 1920-s. I was named in honor of father's grandmother. My mother said that my great-grandmother Golda came to visit us too. She liked to drink tea very much, so she always carried her own kettle with her and asked people to boil tea for her only in this kettle. As

she was drinking tea, she always said in Yiddish, "Grandmother Golda loves tea". Grandfather Ele Gurevich was a watchmaker, and his wife, grandmother Sima - a housewife.

My father, Osher Isaac Elevich Gurevich, was born in 1883 in Belarus. There he got his education. I think he finished a cheder and then learned Russian on his own. He was a very good tailor. When he was young he never sat at one place for a long time, but lived and worked in different places, and in the beginning of the 20th century he found himself in Konotop. My mother, Chaya Lurye, rented a small store and traded in various small articles there. In that store she met my father. Then my father met mother's brother Meishko. They became good friends. Brothers liked sports very much - there was a "cult of muscles" in the family. Every time a guy would come to ask for my mother's hand, Meishko, as her brother, would always try that guy's jacket on. If the jacket was small for him, it meant the guy was not developed physically enough. Gurevich's jacket was too big for Meishko. My parents married in autumn 1907. My father was a raven-head with black eyes. He was not a party member, but he sympathized with revolutionists. Probably due to being a good tailor, he had to work for his boss (when I was born he already had his own workshop with hire-hands). But he always said, "A boss is a boss".

Father grew up near the Dnepr River. He was a good swimmer and an oarsman. In Radul, their house stood almost over the river. When revolutionaries had their meetings, my father helped them cross the Dnepr. He was huge and was often standing on duty for them. Right before the October Revolution, father rescued some revolutionary in Konotop. He put that man among the workers of his workshop, and the tsarist police did not find him.

My father sewed clothes for men: coats, special costumes, and military coats for officers. After the revolution, father worked in an artel for some time, but he did not like it there. So, he began to work alone and pay taxes. Before the war, in 1930-s, he got some additional training and began to sew for women, because, he said, women always ordered more than men.

After my father's death in 1957, we took mother from Konotop to Kiev. First she lived with the sister, then with me.