

Evgeniy Kotin



The picture was taken in 1970 at the platform of Moscow station. My parents came over to see me off when I was bound for a business trip. From left to right: my father Moisey Kotin, my mother Berta Kotina and me.

On the 17th of November 1945 I was demobilized. I received the traveling documents and came back to Moscow. My school friend studied at Technical Institute (former ammunition institute, and nowadays it is called Moscow Engineering and Physics Institute). The name of the school was changed, but the profile remained unchanged- weapon production. There were three departments: technological, design and physics. She talked me into entering that institute, the design faculty. The participants of war were admitted beyond the competition. I was supposed only to have the interview in mathematics. I was not admitted to the design department and I was offered to study at technological department of that institute. On the 1st of September 1946 I started school. I became an engineer- metallurgist. I had worked in that field until retirement.

I had worked in the Central Institute of Machine Building for 13 years, since 1953. Then in 1966 the elderly retired and the management changed, so I had to come across anti-Semitism once again. Without any grounds I was transferred from the position of the leading engineer to the position of the chief engineer. It was a lower position and much lower salary. I decided to change my job. I was known as an expert and had quite a few publications. I addressed to one of the institute and filled in the form there, but I was not scheduled the interview. Finally, my acquaintance, director of the department at the Institute of Steel and Alloys, also by the ministry of defense industry, offered me a job there but with a lower salary. I agreed to it. Gradually I got a pay rise and my salary was even higher than at a previous job.

We marked all soviet holidays at work. It was mandatory to attend the demonstrations on the 1st of May and 7th of November. First people got days off for participation in demonstrations and people were willing to go there. Then it was canceled and people were made to attend demonstrations. Each department was told how many people should be present and people were responsible for the presence of the representatives of the department on the demonstration. We had a feast at work

after demonstration, and a concert afterwards. On Victory day veterans were honored. It was the only day throughout a year when I put my awards on. At home we also marked holidays, but apart from New Year's day and victory day, they were just ordinary days-off when we could invite guests over and have fun.

During the WWII my father was the commander of the hospital platoon of the medical battalion. It was not a military hospital, but a medical battalion which was in the rear troops. The doctors and nurses assisted the wounded right in the battle field or not far from it. Father reached Hungary with medical battalion. He met the victory day there. Father has military such military awards as Medal for Military Merits and Red Star Order. After the war father was offered a job in the tuberculosis hospital in a small town out of Moscow, Zvenigorod. He was the deputy chief physician, mother was a housewife. Parents lived by themselves. They were dependable. My sister Ella exchanged her apartment for a bigger one in late 1970s. They settled in Biryulevo, the outskirts of Moscow. It was very far from our previous place. Probably they should not move. Mother died in 1980, and father died in a half a year. We buried them on the common cemetery. The funeral was secular as none of the parents was religious.