

R. Geller, M. Freyder

FRAMPOL IN MEMORY OF DESCENDANTS

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*In glowing memory of our family and friends
and all their fellow Frampolians
dedicated*

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*These are the souls of the
Holocaust...
Asking to be warmed,
And washed and clothed,
And they betrayed the earth,
And whispered a prayer.
And somewhere in the
expanse of the sky
The shadows of the ghetto
wander quietly,
Like stars in the sky,
But there is no rebbe with
them....*

Anatoliy Zusman

Introduction

Many cities and towns have disappeared over the millennia of human history. A history full of devastating wars and environmental disasters preserves myths about abandoned cities and legends about the people who lived there. Some cities are lucky enough to be mentioned in biblical sources and to be found on the map of the modern world, although sometimes their greatness is only expressed in ancient time of their historical path. But even this is not insignificant. The descendants can see in a number of sources, though sometimes with a lot of imagination, the traces of their ancestors dear to them.

Our story is about the little known Jewish shtetl of Frampol. It was home to more than 1,000 people only in the short periods of its existence. But Frampol has a 200-year history, and its inhabitants did not leave of their own accord or because of a natural disaster. But there was a catastrophe: the pitiless Nazis took their lives. The few relatives who had gone to the front or evacuated despite the inaction of Soviet statesmen lost their beloved elderly parents, little brothers and sisters in an instant.

But that's not enough. Even the name of the place was changed, as if it was his fault. For many years Frampol from the former Kamenets-Podolskiy region has been absent from the world map, but there is the village of Kosogorka in the Khmelnitskiy region. Of course, there are no Jews left here. Fascists destroyed and burned all Jewish houses. Only

lonely *matzevos* in the cemetery and kind words of the elderly residents about their former neighbors remind us of the Jewish inhabitants.

Almost seven decades have passed since the greatest tragedy. Our notes are a story about Frampol, about the former inhabitants of Frampol and their descendants, about the monuments to those who have passed away. All these years, the descendants have kept the memory of their native place alive. We - also descendants of its departed inhabitants - have been thinking about our roots for almost two decades and have been collecting this information and names bit by bit. Let this book be a printed memorial to Frampol and the Frampolians. Eternal memory to them!

Roman Geller
Mikhail Freyder

Statistical Information

The shtetl of Frampol was very small. The war of 1941-1945 was devastating, and there are only few surviving local documents, so there are few references to Frampol in the literature. During its existence, the village changed its state affiliation several times: in the late 18th century it belonged to Poland, then - until 1917 it was part of the Russian Empire, then - the USSR, and since 1991 - Ukraine. Below is some information about Frampol, which we found in various printed sources.

"Frampol is a shtetl in Podolsk province, Kamenets district. According to the 1847 revision, the "Frampol Jewish Society" consisted of 570 souls. According to the census of 1897 there were 1240 inhabitants, among them 1216 Jews" [15].

According to the Polish lustration of 1784, there were 84 Jews in Frampol [2].

In 1822 all the craftsmen in the township were Jews, of whom 70 were members of workshops and 163 were not [5].

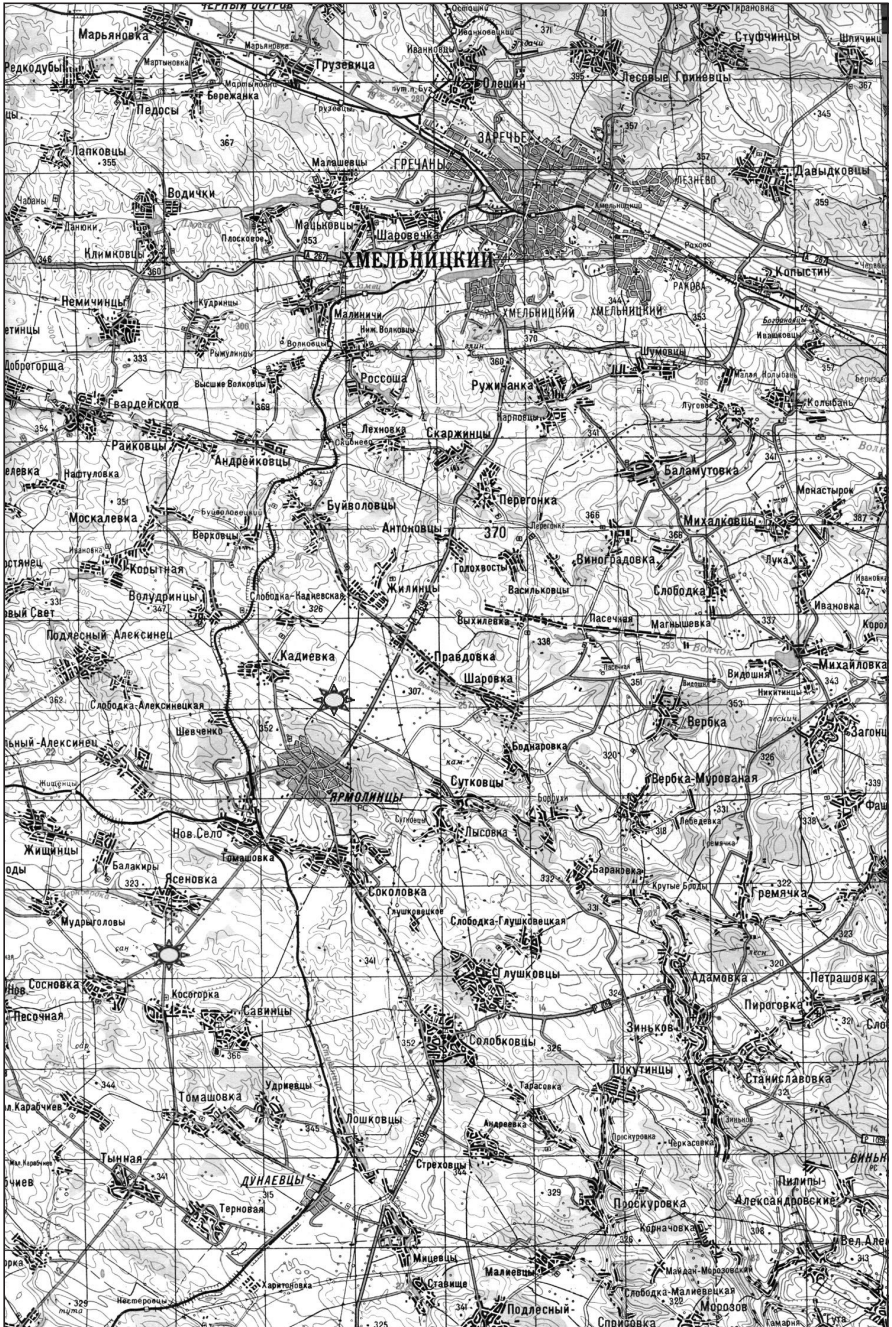
As of 1897, there were 1,216 Jews living in Frampol [3].

In 1916 there were about 350 Jewish families living in the town [6].

According to the data of 1925, most of the 2787 inhabitants of the village were Jews [4]. At that time there were 4 synagogues and hostelry in Frampol [1].

"FRAMPOL is a place with the suburb of Franovka (to the west) and the village of Perelesk (to the east) - on the old postal road from Kamenets to Proskurov, 2 versts from the village of Savintsy. This settlement appeared at the beginning of the last century, and at first it was called Franovka, but when at the end of the century this settlement, lying on a important road, began to be populated by Jews, Jewish part was called Frampol (or rather Franpol) t, and the old settlement with

Christian population retained the name of Franovka. Both of these settlements belonged to the Savinty key of Potockiy, and in 1820 Kordulya Potockaya had 34 serfs in Frampol, and 70 in Franovka and Perelesk... According to the book by Guldman's "Populated places of Pododolskiy province" (published by Podolsk province statistical committee in 1893) there were 207 households and 1365 inhabitants in Frampol; there were 58 households and 280 inhabitants in Franovka; there were 138 households and 549 inhabitants in Perelesk. According to the data of the Podolsk province statistical committee for 1894, in shtetl of Frampol there were inhabitants 595, including Jews 565 (they have 1 synagogue and a 1 house of worship), 2 own yards and 146 on the rank right, 13 shops, bathhouse, slaughterhouse, fairs in two weeks(26 days), craftsmen 30. here was postal and telegraph department." [7].



Map of Khmelnytskyi region

From the Memorial Book "Kaminits-Podolsk and Its Surroundings"

In the 1950s and 1960s, a movement began to develop in Jewish communities around the world among former pre-war inhabitants of numerous towns in Eastern and Central Europe to organize the collection of memories of the places of their former pre-war life, destroyed in the Holocaust, for the purpose of preserving the memory in the form of a memorial book. Emigrants who left their homes before and immediately after the First World War also reminisced. Photographs and texts of memories were collected, sometimes very unprofessional. But they were invaluable because they expressed the people's keen desire to preserve bits of truth for history and their descendants. All these materials were included in various memorial books published in the 1960s. Individual chapters in such books were written in Yiddish or Hebrew. Unfortunately, one of the authors of this book, M. Freyder, learned about the existence of one of these memorial books and familiarized himself with it only at the end of 2000.

In the early 1990s, the Jewish world began to translate such publications into English. One of them [8] was published in 1965 in Tel Aviv, Israel, and was translated into English in 1999.

There is a short chapter on Frampol. The translation into Russian was done by M. Freyder's daughters for initial publication in his book "The Wisdom of Sorrow" [12].

Frampol

The origin of the town of Frampol is hidden in the annals of history. Approximately 200 years ago there was a Jewish community at the same place that is now the town of Sviench (perhaps here the author Z. Meiberg means Savintsy? - *Author's note*), about two kilometers from the place that is now known as Frampol. In my youth there were still extant in the ancient cemetery, remnants of tombstones of former residents of that place. Some of the older people used to go visit the grave of one called Reb Abbele, there. He was a holy man, a descendant of first Hasidim.

It is thought that the first settlement of Frampol was centered around a wall called Aavstria... which was built in the days of Fanshtashina (in the Hebrew version of the sound: "Panchizhni", i.e., "Fortification" - *Author's note*). It was the center of the town's marketplace. This wall was built in the shape of the square.

On the south side there were a palatial dwellings. The other three sides included about 20 stores for groceries, flour, textiles, and other household goods for surroundings, that consisted of about 20 villages and the above mentioned Sviench, which was the largest and closest one.

Frampol and its adjacent villages were a self-contained economic union that counted on each other for their livelihoods. The shopkeepers and craftsmen provided the farmers with clothing, shoes and other goods. The farmers, in addition to working on their nobleman's estate, would hire themselves out as transporters of goods between the two industrial centers in our region, Kaminits-Podolsk (this description is in original book, *Author's note*) and Proskurov.

Our place was on the highway between these two cities, and its main street, from the south side of Aavstria, was one long line of inns for the merchants and carters commuting between the two large cities that were at that time centers of trade and manufacture and the location of the district's government offices.

As each of the towns on both sides of Aavstria grew and flourished, some of the first settlers took the initiative to build taverns for the farmers who came to market twice a week (Sunday and Wednesday). The Frampol marketplace gained a reputation for

itself, and on fair days, attracted the farmers from beyond its environs as well as merchants and craftsmen of the cities in our district. In essence, the location of the main road between Kaminitz-Podolsk and Proskurov was an important factor not only for the economic flourishing of the town but also for its cultural development.

In 1850, when a road was being built between the two major cities, the engineers asked for a bribe of 100 rubles from the innkeepers, who would be the ones to profit most from the road's location. The latter refused to comply. The engineers then rerouted the road about 10 kilometers from the town, and the town's progress came to halt. In addition, because the traffic on the dirt road declined, the larger inns remained empty and many livelihoods were gone. The main road, which in former days was a thriving, bustling place, became a ghost town.

Even though the livelihood of the neighboring farmers and the market days existed as before, weeks and months could pass without the townspeople seeing a new face; there was no commercial, social or cultural contact with the outside world, and news was late in reaching the town. The spirit of the Haskalah, that started in the Jewish world in the second half of the previous century did not reach us until the world outrage of the Dreyfus libel and the First Zionist Congress that followed on its heels.

Around 1898, some young educators from the *kloiz* and *bet midrash* who already sensed the new era and whose measure of idealism was indeed greater than their knowledge and enlightenment, decided to open a new Talmud Torah. Poor children whose parents could not afford to pay for private teachers would benefit from this school. It was decided that in addition to the studies of *Rashi*, *Tanakh* and *Talmud*, the curriculum would include Hebrew grammar and also the Russian language. A large protest broke out, waged by the orthodox faction who exclaimed, "Is this a school for learning *Torah* they wish to establish? No, indeed! It is merely a school for learning how to write!"

The battle raged all over the town; in the marketplace, in the synagogues, and, of course, in the bathhouse. It even came to the attention of the town's rabbi, Simha Kahana. The opponents of the idea confronted the rabbi and complained about the atheist abominations in the form of writing school about to be instituted. The rabbi, however, paid no attention to the complaints and decided in favor of the proposed idea. (More about rabbi Simha follows in the

course of this narration.)

I remember this story well, because my brother Shmuel, our nephew Eliezer, and I, the youngest, were among the first pupils of this institution. Our parents, Yosel Feisis is and Velvel Feisis, were learned people, and they expected their children, even if not tutored in the conventional schools by *melamedim*, to be brought up knowledgeable teachers, but expected to give their children not only a good knowledge in *Torah*, as well as good manners and culture of the world they live in. We were sent to this pilot school with the hope that we would receive such an education, even though perhaps to a limited degree; also sincere gratitude was extended to the the young idealistic people who were willing to give of themselves and their time to teach, without remuneration, the children of the poor. Our parents became deeply involved and, with their common sense and persuasive powers fought for the establishment of this school and argued with the opponents until they won on all points.

As far as I know, Mendel Kramer, the only living member of the *Talmud Torah's* founders, may he live and be well, emigrated to America, studied to become a dentist and retired from his profession two or three years ago (1962-63 - *Author's note*).

These young men were all bachelors, unmarried men in their twenties. After a few got married and left our town, the supervision of the institution and its development was passed to Yitzhak Rabin and his brother-in-law, Yitzhak Eliash. The two Yitzhaks were the cream in our town because of their affiliation with its spiritual aristocracy. The former was the son of Meir Rabin. The scholarship of the latter was no less than that of the greatest rabbis in Israel, but he did not use his learning to earn a living by it; he dealt with wheat and flour. His son, Yitzhak Rabin, was no less a scholar than his father, but he already mastered the treasures of the new Hebrew literature and Russian literature as did his brother-in-law, Yitzhak Eliash. Both were grandchildren of Rayzel the Matriarch of our town. It was a honor of her that her son-in-law was dubbed "Meir Rayzel's." After she was widowed, the measure of her unequalled hospitality was well known in our environs. Any poor man who came to town knew her address and her observant adherence to the spirit of hospitality that was practiced by our Patriarch Abraham; her good name preceded her in all the surrounding cities.

They, these grandchildren of Reyzel, dreamed about a modern *heder* for the town and hung their hopes on the first educators and graduates of

the *Talmud Torah*. The graduates themselves also wanted in some measure to repay the debt to their benefactors and their town, but the advent of World War I with all its upheavals brought their plans to naught.

I would like to recall fondly remember some favored Jews of the town. First and foremost was the above-mentioned Simha Kahana. He stemmed from a rabbinic family whose genealogy includes Don Abrabanel. In addition to being versed in the Six Orders of the *Mishnah* and *Posekim*, he was a man of common sense, and the reputation of his fine intellect spread for the wide. He acted a mediator in the arbitration of arguments between merchants of distant localities. Der Frampoler Ruv was a household word throughout Podolia.

My father, may he rest in peace, was a *Zinkover Hasid*, who prayed in the large *kloiz*, Reb Simcha in the *bet midrash*, where he served as a cantor for the High Holidays. Even though we shed many tears during the *shemone esrei* on *Rosh Hashanah* and *Yom Kippur* in our *kloiz* where the services ended before those in the *beth midrash*, we would, nevertheless immediately go to the *beth midrash* to hear the Rabbi's incantation of the *Le-David mizmor*. In my mind's eye I see the Rabbi standing upright before the *Torahs*, pouring out his words before prostrating himself to pray for himself and his congregation, the congregation of the children of Israel.

At the beginning of World War I, Rabbi Simha reached his seniority and retired from the rabbinate in favor for his son, Rabbi Nahum, who was the son-in-law of the Rabbi of Chortkov. Rabbi Nahum was a young man of fine character who savored the scent of the Galician Haskalah in Chortkov. The town was as proud of him as it was of his father. He served as rabbi and teacher in the town until the middle of World War II. When Hitler's troops, may their names be erased, asked him to submit to them ten Jews to act as hostages, he replied that he could provide them with no one but himself. They seized him in the center of the town and immediately killed him. He will forever be remembered in blessedness and magnificence by all townspeople and by many future generations.

A few more words about two or three Jews, common folk remembered for their simpleness and righteousness. One was Moshe Wallis, the bookbinder of our town. When he was given a book to bind, one would never know when he it would return. There were so many prayers and verses of *Psalms* to be recited each day. To go

to the *mikueh* each day was also necessary, as was collecting alms for the poor; and in order to avert anyone's suspecting an innocent person, he would steal off of himself a coin from the proceeds of his collection. On Sabbath nights in the two rooms of his house, in addition to the lit candles, there would be 20 large oil lamps, and the illumination was splendid in its magnificence, "almost sevenfold greater than that of the sun."

One couple in our town, Yohel Yehudh and his wife Deborah, were not blessed with children. Although they were childless, they married off sons and daughters of poor families providing dowries and wedding expenses; thereby they gained for themselves many grandchildren.

I will recall one more townsman whom I was not privileged to meet, because he died before I was born. The town elders, however, remember him with pride. His name was Itze Tolner. Were I.L. Peretz a native of Ukraine, I would dare say that Itze Tolner served the archetype for his story "*Gib nisht nokh hekher*". It was the same depiction of righteousness that Peretz portrays in the story about the Zaddik of Nemirov, the elders maintained, that could be attributed to the earthly being of Itze Tolner.

Personalities

Dr. Yaakov Hoffman

I remember him in all his glory. Dr. Yaakov Hoffman, of blessed memory, was an outstanding person, admired and loved. He arrived in Frampol from far away, from Elizabetgrad; that is to say he came to us directly from there but happened to remain with us by chance. He had been with the Red Army that was retreating from the front in World War I. The army encamped in Yarmolinitz, and from there we persuaded him to settle in Frampol, especially since we didn't have a doctor.

One of his first accomplishments was to organize the community on a democratic basis. On no account would he agree to serve as a private physician, he wanted to be hired by the *kehillah* who would remunerate for his services. by the head of the community (), which would pay him for his service. He would visit the sick without receiving payment; the patients paid into a community fund on a progressive scale based upon ability to pay.

The well-to-do of the town, who would have to pay larger sums of money raised a furor; they didn't need a doctor and didn't want to pay

the sums imposed on them. A typhoid epidemic that was raging that time, however, did not bypass the homes of the rich; then they came running, wailing, "Doctor,save us!" He then reminded them, "Didn't you say you didn't need a doctor, so why are you coming to me?"

I recall one incident when he requested from one of the rich man, who wanted the doctor to visit him, a fee of 500 rubles which for that time an exorbitant sum. The doctor received the money, but right then and there he destroyed it; and then he went to visit the sick patient.

Dr. Hoffman introduced much vitality to the town. Most of the monies raised from the large area of surrounding villages were used for the school that was established in the town. From Yarmolinitz he brought over the young teacher, Sh. Shpan, and supported him with food and lodging.

Dr. Hoffman and his wife more than once rescued the town from pogroms. I remember one incident when the infamous Ukrainian army had to camp at night near the town. Dr. Hoffman surmised what might happen. He gathered up some of the more respectable officers, prepared a small party for them and kept them in his house until late at night when they heard screams for help from all sides. He, together with the officers, mounted their horses and chased every last soldier out of town.

Moshe Meiberg

An Account by V. Grossman and I. Ehrenburg of the Resistance in Yarmolinty

Back during the war, in the liberated territories, I. Eherburg and V. Grossman began collecting materials about the Nazi atrocities related to the extermination of the Jewish population. Then, probably, they listened to the stories of local residents about the mass extermination of Jews at the Yarmolinty station. "The Black Book" [9], of course, was not published during the Soviet era, only at the beginning of perestroika it was printed. Here is a short story "Resistance in Yarmolinty" from this book.

"[In Ostrog the Jews met the German executioners with machine-gun bursts. In Proskurov the firefight lasted for several hours. The Jews killed three SS men and five policemen. A few young men managed to break through and escape into the forest]."

In Yarmolinty the Jews resisted for two days. Weapons had been prepared in advance; they were brought along with their household goods. It was in the military township. The Jews killed the first policeman who entered to take away a batch of the doomed and threw his corpse out the window. A shootout ensued and several other policemen were killed. Trucks with policemen from neighboring districts arrived next day. Only in the evening, when the Jews ran out of ammunition, the besiegers entered the town. The execution lasted three days. Sixteen policemen were killed during the resistance, among them the police chief and five Germans.

There were cases of suicide in other buildings of the military township. One father threw his two children out of a window and then threw himself down with his wife. One girl, standing in the window, shouted: "Long live the Red Army! Long live Stalin!"

[Report by E. Lantsman, prepared for printing by Ilya Ehrenburg].

1944 ГОДА ИЮНЯ МЕСЯЦА 20-ГО Д Н Я м. Я Р М О Л И Н Ц И. —

Мы нижеподписавшиеся комиссия по расследованию совершенных зверств и насилий немецко-фашистскими захватчиками и их пособниками на территории Яромлинецкого района над мирным Советским населением и Советскими военно-пленными в составе:

- | | |
|-----------------------|--|
| Председатель комиссии | — ТОМШЕНКО Петр Кириллович
Председатель Исполкома Депутатов
Трудовых Яромлинецкого р-на,
Камеице-Пудольского области. |
| Член комиссии | — ВОХОНСКИЙ Федор Андреевич
Рабочий Курор |
| | — ЗАЙКИН Андрей Андреевич
Капитан медицинской службы
В/ч № 05879 |
| | — РЕМОВСКИЙ Мофодий Давидович
Главврач больницы |
| | — ОСИПЕНКО Федор Потапович — врач |
| | — СЕЛИТРЕННИКОВ Александр Георгиевич
Связист |
| | — ЗАКИШНА Елена
колхозница к-за им. Сталина
с. Гробица, Яромлинецкого р-на,
Камеице-Пудольского области |

Проведенным расследованиям и раскопкой могил комиссия считает установленным, что 8-го Июля 1941 года немецко-фашистские захватчики оккупировали Яромлинецкий Район с 1-го дня оккупации обвержение фашистские ордн грабили население г. Яромлиница, ловили попавших в окружение советских воено-пленн-ых и под видом военнослужащих арестовывали гражданское население и сразу расстреливали.

Так, допрошенный комиссией свидетель ГУМЕНЮК Григорий Федорович 1883 года рождения, житель и уроженец с. Гробицы по казали: "9-го Июля 1941 года немецкие солдаты поехали в г. Яромлиницу 16 человек местных жителей, привели ко мне на огород расстреляли их в голову и заставили меня вприть иму, снять обувь, а трупы зарыть в яму". В тоже время немцы поехали 2-х советских танкистов и расстреляли их на огороде гр-на ШВЕДА Ивана. Немецкий солдат в селе Туринцах встретил авиационного мужчину лет 45 и женщину лет 65, которые шли поосиною дорогом и расстрелял их, что подтверждает очевидец свидетель БОРЕЦКИЙ Алексей Викитович.

Немецкими захватчиками на территории хозяйства к-за им. Вольшевик села Туринце был организован в Июле месяце 1941 года персонал-ной лагерь для советских военнопленных в котором содержалось свыше 5000 чел. По показаниям свидетелей-очевидцев БОРЕЦКОГО и др. установлено, что советских военно-пленных морили голодом, давали изрядка муки бы один раз в сутку суп из проса, не давали им воду, в результате чего среди военнопленных была большая смертность. Трупы военно-пленных командованиям лагера увозились машинами в неизвестном направлении.

Свидетель БОРЕЦКИЙ показывал, "я лично видел как неизвестные по фамилии немец через ограду бросил военно-пленным рыбю, голодные бродяги толпою бросались на эту рыбю а немец заставлял других военно-пленных пайкой бить тех, которые бросались толпою на рыбю, а кто не хотел избивать своих товарищей, так немец избивал его. Кроме того, по рассказам очевидцев немецкие охранники стрелили в толпу пленных, когда они будучи голодными бросались на пищу принесенную гражданским населением. Немцы из числа военнопленных находившихся в лагере расстрелили 16 человек, которые закопали на хозяйстве колхоза.

По приказу оружного комиссара немца МЕРТЦСА Эмиля в Июне месяце 1942 года в г. Яромлицах, м. Шеровке и окрмные бы отведен участки для лагера, но торцы был огорожен колючем проволоком и туда кандалермеры и полиция отбыва всех мужчин, женщин, детей, которые были лишены права на добычу продукю в питания, воды и других жизненных потребностей.

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кто пытался из находящегося в лагере достать себе на базаре продукты питания, их ловили полицейские жандармы, избивали и в последствии в упор расстреливали. В последних числах Октября месяца 1942 года по приказу окружного комиссара МЕРТЕСА Эмеля, находившегося в лагерях население в Ямшлинском, Махампольском и Городокском районах, было вывезено с личным имуществом и загнано в один 3-х этажный дом расположенный на территории военного городка ст. Ямшлинцы.

По показаниям свидетелей в этом доме было сожжено свыше 14-ти тысяч мужчин, женщин и детей разных возрастов, которых три дня держали под охраной без питания и воды. После 3-х дневных пыток и лишения по свидетельским показаниям многие из заключенных кончали жизнь самоубийством, бросались с 3-го этажа, присагали к повешению на окна, среди вывезенного числа было 3 врача.

Немецкие палачи в заблаговременно выкопанном шуманам на территории военного городка яму, увели с казарм группами до 50 человек мужчин, женщин и детей под предлогом напились воды, а за тем около ямы их расстреливали наголо и заставляли лесть в яму ложиться вплотную рядом в ряд лицом, после чего немецкий палач проходил по переданной поперек через яму доске расстреливал последних. Таким образом было расстреляно свыше 14 тысяч мирных жителей мужчин, женщин, детей и военнослужащих. А все имущество и ценности было загреблено и вывезено в Германию.

Для наведения нового немецкого "порядка", т.е. ограбление и уничтожение советских граждан, окружным немецким комиссаром МЕРТЕСОМ Эмелем была организована жандармерия во главе с начальником БУГОЛЬЦОМ и оберпалачом БРИНГЕРОМ Кесфом и полиция во главе с нач. полиции КОЛЕСАЮМ и ОМАНСКИМ, которые в апреле месяце 1942 года замутили восточных жандармерию и полицию 10 стариков и старух из г. Ямшлинцы и 10 человек из м. Ямшля, а за тем замучили 20 человек повесили на деревьях и балках. Эти также арестованы не в чем неповинных советских граждан ПАХОИШКО, ТОКАРИ, БУРКОВСКОГО Станислава, БУРКОВСКОГО Ивана, ПРИГЛАДИ Ивана, ВИТЕР и других, которых на допросах избивали, подвергали пыткам и за тем вывезли на военный городок и расстреляли.

Таким образом только по Тамбовскому О/Совете немцы палачи расстреляли мирных жителей 34 человека, военнопленных 15 человек, и расстреляно раненойных советских В/оужаких 10 человек.

Произведенным комиссией осмотром и раскопкой могил установлено: что на территории военного городка ст. Ямшлинцы обнаружено шесть больших ям, в которых были захоронены трупы.

Произведено и раскопкой ям и судебно-медицинской экспертизой установлено, ям длиной 35 метров, шириной 7 метров, глубиной 3 метра выявлено 10 слоев трупов лежащих в следующем порядке:

1-й слой головами в одну и направлении, 2-й слой в противоположном на 1-м, и таким образом 10 слоев трупов составляет около 8000 человек трупов.

В остальных могилах свыше 7000 человек-трупов.

В первом могиле при детальном изучении установлено массовый расстрел это видно из того, что среди трупов численность около 8000, среди которых есть мужчины, женщины и дети не обнаружено ни одного случая мгновенной смерти, которая наступает при выстреле в голову. Расстрел производился массовый, произвольно не учтяя мгновенной смерти а нанося лишь случайное ранение в любом месте тела, и смерть наступала в мучение о последующим удущением в силу нагреждения полуживых таких же случайно раненных при массовом и произвольном расстреле, что видно из того, что не обнаружено ни единой черепной коробки с следами повреждения огнестрельным оружием.

При исследовании выборочным порядком отдельных трупов были обнаружены осколчатые передние бедренные кости и, равные изотельного характера мягких тканей в области поясницы, конечностей, грудной клетки итд., большинство трупов ротовая полость заполнена землей.

При исследовании черепов и челюстей выявлено, что у многих о тую часть передние зубы верхних и нижних челюстей в нарушении целостности зубных лунок. Из наведенного судебно-медицинская экспертиза делает вывод, что перед расстрелом люди подвергались пыткам и избиениям.

При детальном изучении черепов, челюстей, судебно-медицинская экспертиза делает вывод, что эти люди были в большинстве молодого возраста, что подтверждается аналогичными особенностями /о тую часть ямки зубных лунок, что бывает при естественным выпадении зубов в молодом возрасте и атрофии челюстей, что характеризует старческий возраст/.

При открытии второй могилы длиной 25 метров, шириной 6 метров, глубиной 3 метра было установлено следующее:

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В срединной части могил при снятии земляного слоя толщиной в 1 метр, 40 см. была обнаружена ступень, состоящая из основных досок длиной 2 метра и 30 см. под углом 45°. Одновременно с этим при снятии земляного слоя было установлено через каждые пол метра земли происхождение земляного гудрона. При изъятии трупов судебно-медицинская экспертиза делает следующий вывод: нам заблаговременно приготовленных немецкими палачами колоды только как резервные для индивидуальных расстрелов, что подтверждается такими данными, что в большинстве из вскрытых трупов в области затылка кости обнаружено входное пулевое отверстие с нарушением целостности внутренней пластинки черепной кости, в то время как лобная и теменная кости отсутствуют, что подтверждает то, что всякая пуля обладающая гидродинамическим действием в черепной полости при выходе из нее увеличивает выходное отверстие в десятки раз.

Экспертиза пришла к выводу на основании вышеизложенного, что люди расстреливались обыкновенно в поле в затылок.

В отдельных случаях были трупы у которых совершенно отсутствует черепная коробка за исключением оснований черепа, что дает право сделать вывод, что эти люди расстреляны разрывными пулями, в числе этих трупов были обнаружены и такие у которых установлено нарушение целостности черепной коробки вследствие удара холодным оружием. В значительном количестве на трупах сохранились головные уборы, гимнастерки, брюки, образцы красноармейки, из этого сделан вывод, что немецкие палачи расстреливали большую часть советских военнопленных, которые располагались в казарме военного городка в октябре-ноябре 1941 года.

На основании свидетельских показаний, осмотра и раскопок могил и выводов судебно-медицинской экспертизы комиссия приходит к такому заключению: что немецко-фашистские расстрельщики прислауживали часть мобилизованных советского народа в массовом порядке расстреливали до 15-ти тысяч мирных жителей: мужчин, женщин, детей и военнопленных. виновниками совершенных преступлений являются и должны понести ответственность следующие:

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| 1. Окружной комиссар | - | МЕРТЕС ЭМИЛЬ |
| 2. Комиссар Окружного Комиссариата | - | ВАЛЬДЕ |
| 3. Помощники комиссара | - | КУНН, ГЕССЕНКАЕР, ПОДКЕР |
| 4. Командант лагеря военнопленных | - | ШУЛЬЦ |
| 5. Окружной С/Х командант | - | ГОЛЬКЕ |
| 6. Помощник С/Х команданта | - | ОППЕНВОРН |
| 7. Начальник канцелярии | - | БУГОЛЬЦ |
| 8. Помощник начальника канцелярии | - | БЕРГ |
| 9. Начальник полиции | - | НОМБАСЮК |
| 10. Помощник начальника | - | ОМАНСКИЙ |

ПРЕДСЕДАТЕЛЬ КОМИССИИ:
ЧЛЕНЫ КОМИССИИ:



ТОМАШЕНКО
ВОХОНОВИЧ
ЗАКИН
РЕМОВСКИЙ
ОСИПЕНКО
ОБЛАТРЕННИКОВ
ЗАКИПНА

Tomashenko
Vokhonoich
Zakin
Removskiy
Osipenko
Oblatrennikov
Zakipna

Brief Historical Essays by A. Leybman about a Small Shtetl of Frampol

The Leybman family in Frampol had the following membership: mother - Ethel Lipovna Leybman, father - Gersh Moiseevich Leybman, four sons - Yankel, Lyova, Sasha (Shaya) and Semyon (Senya) and daughter Miriam. Sasha, Lyova and Senya left Frampol before the war and settled in Moscow and Pushkino. The parents, elder brother Yankel Gershkovich Leybman with his wife and children, daughter Miriam Gershkova with her husband and young children remained in Frampol until the beginning of the war and were exterminated by the Nazis together with all the Jews of the village. Alexander Grigorievich Leybman (1919, Frampol - 1983, Moscow) was married to Leya Davydovna Kleyn (1914, Kamenets-Podolskiy - 1985, Moscow). In the mid-1970s, Sasha Leybman wrote his memoirs in the form of a small book, copies of which were kept by Nelya Fuks, Semyon Leybman's daughter, and Igor Ketselman, a descendant of the Ketselmans.

Dedicated to children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren

First essay

Between two century-old linden trees to the north and two similar century-old linden trees to the south, on a small hill bordering the Ukrainian village called Perelesk to the east and Franivka to the west,

there was a small shtetl called Frampol with 130 houses and a population of 600-650 people. This place administratively belonged to Yarmolinty district of Kamenets-Podolskiy region of the Ukrainian SSR.

The Jewish population living in the shtetl was engaged in various trades. The main part of them worked well in the collective farm "Trud", which was exemplary in the district. Another part worked in sewing artel as tailors and seamstresses. The rest were engaged in bushcraft.

There were no industrial enterprises or cultural institutions in Frampol. But this small shtetl did have some peculiarities.

The first feature is that the population lived in friendship and harmony. Not only among themselves, but also with the neighboring Ukrainian and Polish population. It was also characteristic that the Village Council was a common international one, where all events and problems of the whole population were solved together. The second peculiarity was that young people were very eager for a new life. Most of them went to the city, some to study, some to work in industry.

The shtetl was especially interesting and cheerful in the summer during vacations. Young people came from all over the USSR to their native home. They gathered in groups in the evenings, sang songs, danced, exchanged knowledge and impressions. The amateur and cultural work among the population came to life, and all local people were very happy about it, which was remembered until the summer of the next year.

This is how the shtetl continued its life until June 1941, when suddenly came a great disaster - the treacherous attack of Nazis to the Soviet Union. Like other frontier regions, Frampol was enveloped by black clouds and squalls of fire from all sides. Old men, women, small children and sick, helpless and defenseless people were left alone.

The Germans entered the village, and immediately life became unbearable, the oppression of the dirty boot of the Germans was felt at once. Women and old people were beaten and abused for their husbands and sons who had gone to the front. It is impossible to describe all the sufferings and experiences, robberies began....

The whole population was gathered and the commandant announced that the people of the shtetl had to pay a large sum of money to the authorities; in the meantime, they arrested 10 people, elderly men, as

hostages and issued an ultimatum, "If this condition is not met, the hostages will be shot." And so it happened, the barbaric demand was impossible to fulfill.

On hearing that the population refused to comply with the order, the commandant ordered that all the people be herded into the square and that the hostages be hanged to intimate others for not complying with the German order. On the second day the people were again rounded up, and all the hostages were hanged from the beams of the balcony of a two-story house with the strict instruction, "The victims are not to be removed for burial until authorized by the authorities under threat of execution for violation." Here are the names of the hostages who were hanged first:

1. Burshteyn Nukhim Simkhovich is the rabbi of the shtetl;
2. Eydelman Shlyoma Leybovich;
3. Freyder Alter Froymovich;
4. Shilman Perets Shlyomovich;
5. Puker Nakhman Shoylevich;
6. Gillis Gershon Meerovich;
7. Veksler Srul Mekhelevich;
8. Hendelman Aizik Mendelevich;
9. Millionschik Moshko Srulevich;
10. Oyrik Moisey Izraylevich.

It is impossible to ignore very important moments that took place during the execution. First, during the interrogation of the first hostage, Burshteyn Nukhim, he was asked, "Who are the Communists here? He answered, "I am a Communist alone," and before his execution, standing with a rope around his neck, he made a prophetic speech in German, saying, "You, Germans have already lost the war by your cruelty," thus predicting a black verdict for the entire Wehrmacht. Secondly, despite the orders and executions, a brave man came to the hanged men, cut the rope of Burshteyn Nukhim with a knife, put the rabbi on the ground and kissed him on the forehead, for which he was immediately shot. This was Oyrik Moyshe.

From that time on, the terrible horrors and massacres increased every day and became even more terrible and horrible. Life began according to the Fascist brutal law, under the slogan: "Exterminate all Communists and Jews indiscriminately". After a while, the entire Jewish population

was expelled from their homes and driven into a specially allocated housing plot, in which they squeezed the remaining 3-4 families per room, enclosed them in a restricted area and called it a Jewish ghetto. Khaim Khantsis Galender was appointed by the chairman.

It is impossible to tell about the further sufferings, the terrible agonies that befell these tortured, half-dead people, for my nerves cannot bear it. I will limit myself to what I will write: the exhausted, exsanguinated people in this ghetto were condemned to a painful starvation death, which they daily asked for themselves, envying those who had died yesterday.

This miserable existence lasted until October 18-19, 1942. The occupation authorities, seeing that these people were completely exhausted, completely robbed materially, morally and physically destroyed, issued a secret order, in the thieves' way, "Destroy all those in the ghetto." Under the cover of night darkness, harnessed wagons were brought to these houses, loaded with all the frightened unfortunate people there, and taken to the Yarmolintsy railway station. They were driven to two two-story houses nearby, which had belonged to the military before the war.

The next day, the guards forcibly transported the people to a previously prepared antitank ditch, partly shot, and the rest were thrown alive into pits and covered with earth, despite their horrible screams and groans. In telling this story, Frida Pakhter said that on the second day the earth on the grave was still breathing, and there were terrible cries, sounds and groans of the half-dead martyrs.

This is how horribly and tragically were ended the lives of our beloved and dear fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters from the hands of the hated enemy of humanity, German fascism, which can never and nowhere be spared and forgiven on the entire globe. Death to fascism and the German occupiers!

Despite executions, intimidation and reprisals, there were brave people among our fellow countrymen. I will write about some of them.

1. Shlyoma Berkovich Zilberman, a local barber, cut the throat of a German Nazi with his razor and fled, later to be captured and executed.

2. Sh. B. Zilberman's wife, the teacher Khaya Izraylevna Zilberman, climbed up to the unfortunate balcony and from there she made a speech in German in which she branded the German invaders

a disgrace, but was immediately hit by a machine gun.

3. Ilya Volkovich Bedniy, a school teacher, gathered a group of boys in the house and smashed the Germans with their own weapons.

4. Math teacher Mikhail Eydelman was also a member of a group of avengers behind enemy lines.

5. A local doctor, Mikhail Volkovich Pakhter, could not bear the abuse and protested to the authorities and was immediately taken to a public execution, but he did not give in to fear and made a strong speech against the murderers and human evil. Immediately he and his family were executed in front of the people.

This list is far from complete, but we have no more data, unfortunately. I just have to say, "Eternal glory to them!"

Another case I will describe from the words of witness, my older brother Lyova, who in 1944, after the liberation of the area, was near Balin station and went to Yarmolinty to visit the place of execution and the two houses of the former ghetto. There, in one of the rooms, he found sacks full of neatly folded women's hair, as if for sale, and piles of worn leather shoes, separate children's and separate adults', women's and men's. In one open desk drawer he also found two passports; one in the name of Alter Yakovlevich Puker and the other in the name of Yosef Ekhilovich Ketselman (they must have been the ghetto superiors). He talked to some local residents and established the date of their death, i.e. October 19, 1942 (from their words), which we honor to this day (according to the documentary inscription on the act-list of the commission of the Frampol Village Council of June 5, 1944, the probable date of the execution of the residents was October 30, 1942, which corresponds to 19 Heshvan of the same year according to the Jewish calendar (probably later this date was transformed into October 19 - *Author's note*).

After the victory of the Soviet Army and the defeat of the Nazi hordes, our entire territory was cleansed of this plague. Two years after the end of the war, when the country recovered a little from the devastation and other hardships, on October 6, 1947 a monument to the victims of fascism was erected on this mass grave.

In July 1974, during a vacation, we went to that region with our family and visited that mass grave; we worshiped our relatives and friends and took with us some earth from their grave, soaked in the blood of the victims, as a part of their ashes, symbolizing them.

On the basis of this handful of earth we made and installed a

monument at the cemetery in Pushkino near Moscow and buried this handful of earth on the day of their death on October 19, 1975, thus perpetuating the memory of these innocent victims who died at the hands of fascists! Eternal memory to them!

This essay is based on eyewitness accounts and data collected over the years. Many other Soviet citizens suffered the same fate, but I have written only about those I knew, about relatives and friends with whom I grew up and about the place where I spent my childhood. I did not have enough material and data for more.

There is one more point worthy of very great attention. In the summer of 1974, during her vacation, Fira Shner went to Frampol to visit the graves of her relatives and friends. With great difficulty, she managed to make and erect a monument to the first 10 victims who were hanged in 1942 and buried near the old Jewish cemetery in Frampol, their names are listed above. The monument has been preserved to the present day.

My main goal is that the younger generation should know about this tragedy and try to find time to come to this monument and bow to the innocently killed dear people. It is especially important that our children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren know about it and can never forget what fascism is and what it cost to mankind. Then it will be clear to them how grateful they should be to our heroic Soviet army, including us, participants of those events, for the defeat and expulsion of the fascist plague from our land... Glory to the Soviet soldiers! Death to fascism! For peace in the world!

1975, Moscow

Second Essay. The Living and the Dead of Frampol

In the ocean of grief that fascism brought to the Soviet people, there is a small island, a drop in this ocean, which reflected the general horror of all the places where Hitler's hordes visited. This island is called Frampol, and it is part of the Kamenets-Podolskiy region.

It is well known that with special zeal enemy sowed despair, fear of death, and then death itself wherever he found Jews. He did not hesitate to kill one as well as thousands, tens of thousands of unfortunates. He was not choosy. Unlike ancient Noah, he did not separate the clean from the unclean. As long as there was Jewish blood in the person. He chased the Jews as if they were beasts of prey, not him. He did his black deed with sadistic delight, convinced that the more evil he acted, the kinder to him would be the beasts above his rank. He shot at people as one shoots at toy targets in a shooting gallery, and was pleased when he hit them accurately. He turned cities into ruins, the living into the dead.

My little shtetl of Frampol was not spared. Noisy, lively, I did not recognize it after the shameful escape of the enemy. It was black, charred, like a fire. And silent from the desertion. Only on both sides of the place stood the linden trees, like guards, no longer needed, and it seemed to me that by the rustling of their leaves they told each other in their own language a sad tale of those to whom they gave shade. There were three hundred and fifty people and not a single one left. The trees are sad, the people who come to worship their innocently fallen relatives and friends are grieving. But tears require a vision of a place of eternal rest. But there is no hotel in Frampol, whose doors, according to Heine, are opened with a shovel... There are no graves even of those people who were hanged and shot in the first days of Hitler's special activity. The earth knows but will not tell. There were the "aesthetes" among the blood lovers who did not want to spoil the landscape behind the municipality. But it was even more difficult to hide the mass grave of the majority of the Frampolians, who had been starved to death, dehumanized in a special ghetto in the municipality, and then transported to the nearest station, Yarmolinty, for final extermination....

Museums have been established in most places where innocent people were killed. There is no memorial vault in Frampol, nor in Yarmolinty.

Now. I will try to create a non-man-made museum of memories and tears, for I know everything that would be exhibited there. It would be an exposition of cruelty, of things, of names, an exposition of death itself.

Frampol was not different from other Jewish neighborhoods. Peaceful in character and industrious in upbringing, the Frampolians worked. Some worked in the nearby collective farm "Trud", some in the sewing artel. The only doctor treated the sick, the only barber shaved unshaved, and two shoemakers mended shoes. There were few young people in our shtetl. The dreams of freedom and equality realized by the Great October Revolution had drawn the youth to the big cities. The ironing boards of tailor shops were replaced by drafting rooms, sewing scissors by surgical scissors, students became teachers, talkers became lawyers. Those of draft age joined the army.

The place had cooled down on religion. But there was a synagogue and a rabbi. This is a tradition that has been going on since ancient times.

The place was lively in summer: young people came for vacations. Dances were organized around fragrant linden trees, songs were sung, and witticisms were contested.

While the children frolicked in the trees, the parents gathered in groups at their shacks and sat on their porches, gazing at the starry world and lamenting that things were not so good under the stars, on earth. The alarm was coming from the west, where a terrible man had come to power, possessed by an irresistible thirst for blood. Alien blood, of course. The quiet Frampolians said that if they caught this madman, they would put a straitjacket on him and be done with it... The country was not a madhouse where a mad maniac could go on a rampage for a long time.

Meanwhile, it was true. The madman's obsession was a favorite of a bunch of adventurers who bet on his madness. When abomination is proclaimed a virtue and meanness a merit, these vile qualities take hold of the masses. With delusions of grandeur, Hitler thought he was the god of the earth and demanded to be worshipped.

Poland was his first victim. Intoxicated by an easy victory, Hitler, to his misfortune, started a war with the flourishing country of the Soviets. As long as man lives, hope lives in him. The people of Frampol believed that the imposed war would come to an end, that the enemy would be repulsed before reaching the place. But the faith was not justified. The enemy rumbled their tanks past the place, leaving a

group of their brigands for order.

And what kind of the order it was! The Frampolians were the hereditary poor. They counted their money on paydays and spent it on other days. They were sure of a better future, but for the time being they put up with a modest present. In any case, they were as far from Rothschild as the earth is from the sun, and if they knew about him, it was only from a sadly humorous story by Sholom-Aleichem. But the Germans saw in every poor man a hidden Parisian banker. They ordered everyone to report to the market square and demanded that by tomorrow all valuables be brought in, which should amount to a value that the people of Frampol could not even imagine in their imagination... To make the order convincing, the fascist cronies arrested the most respectable old men as hostages, threatening that if the order was not carried out in full and on time, the hostages would be destroyed in front of the entire population.

I've already said there's no museum in Frampol. If there had been, we would have seen all the wealth of the place that had been collected to save the lives of the hostages. A tablecloth was brought, and in it the doctor's wedding ring, a few silver glasses preserved from the wedding days, spoons and forks used on the Sabbath, a handful of cash, and a dozen or two watches, which with their little hearts counted down minute by minute the terrible time.

Today, in the days of light and joy, it is difficult to write about yesterday's black and sad. But how can we forget the unforgettable? The next day, all the inhabitants, paler than death itself, were rounded up, and the commandant, dissatisfied with the paltry contribution, ordered all the hostages to be hanged in public. There were ten of them. Let us give their names. For only their names are left of them. Here they are:

- Burshteyn Nukhim Simkhovich is the rabbi of the shtetl;
- Eydelman Shlyoma Leybovich;
- Freyder Alter Froymovich;
- Shilman Perets Shlyomovich;
- Puker Nakhman Shoylevich;
- Gillis Gershon Meerovich;
- Veksler Srul Mekhelevich;
- Hendelman Aizik Mendelevich;
- Millionschik Moshko Srulevich;
- Oyrik Moisey Izraylevich.

They were hung up in a hurry on the metal beams of the balcony of the only two-story house in the place.

Rabbi Burshteyn was the first to have a rope thrown around his neck. Like barking was the German shout to Burshteyn, "Who is a communist here? - If you tell us, we'll let you go!" And the rabbi, by virtue of his spiritual position - non-partisan, shouted loudly, to the whole square, "I alone am a Communist!" Those close to the fatal balcony heard a few other words of his prophesying doom for the murderers, but the loud command "hang" drowned out his words. When the rope strangled him, it was cut and he fell to the ground. Oyrik Moyshe ran up to him - there is courage not only in battle! - and began to kiss the rabbi's still warm corpse. The greatness of Oyrik's impulse cost him his life. The commandant gave him a line from a machine gun, doubling the number of corpses. At that moment the teacher Khaya Zilberman appeared on the balcony, driven by unquenchable hatred, and in German pronounced a curse on the murderers. Her words were cut short by a German bullet. The local doctor Pakhter Mikhail Volkovich tried to continue Khaya Zilberman's unfinished speech under the balcony. His family stood around him. And then they all passed from life to the bitterest thing of all - death. The screams of horror drowned out the voices of the killers who had been ordered to hang the other hostages. Grief does not always scream. The loved ones of those to be destroyed were silent - they were faint. Only the Germans were indifferent. Apparently, they were used to it.

The shtetl was still in mourning when the entire population was herded into a small plot of land with dilapidated buildings - a former landlord's *folvark*. Three or four families lived in one room. The site was fenced with barbed wire and called the Jewish ghetto.

In life, as in the artist's studio, there are all colors: pink, gray, black. To paint the life of the Frampolians in the ghetto, an artist would need only black colors. The specter of death hovered over every family. To live, you need food. And there was none. The guards ate potatoes and meat. The ghetto dwellers would get potato peels and swallow the smell of meat. Among the my relatives, my father Gersh Moiseevich Leybman, my mother Etel Lipovna, my brother Yakov, my sister Mariam, and their small children, who were starving and deprived of strength even for despair. "Mom, Dad," they asked, "why were we kicked out of our homes and driven here like cattle, locked up like criminals? After all,

you worked honestly, we - well studied. What is this for all of us?..." The parents could only answer their children with tears, but they had shed so many of them that their tear glands had stopped producing salty moisture.....

It is with great gratitude that we must remember the inhabitants of the surrounding villages who, at great risk, would slip some food through the fence at night. The ghetto elders, Alter Yakovlevich Puker and Yosef Ekhilovich Ketselman, divided the food one by one among each family so that they would have the strength to carry their bones. But the strength was gone, people were dying of hunger. The suffering made them indifferent to life. The living envied those who died yesterday. This miserable, unbearable existence lasted until October, 18-19, 1942.

There are no scales to weigh the misfortune in which innocent people found themselves. Those who were still moving, half alive, were loaded like firewood onto wagons at night and taken to the nearest station, Yarmolinty. "The Ukrainian night is quiet, the sky is clear, the stars are shining," wrote the poet. Indeed, everything was silent: both stars and people. The people being transported had no strength even to whisper.

Perhaps the death appointed for these unfortunate people would have been averted if it had not been for the barber, Shlyoma Berkovich Zilberman. A German guard demanded that he shave him. Shlyoma shaved him and, looking at the martyrs barely walking in the yard, decided to take revenge: he cut the client's throat and fled into the forest where Ilya Volkovich Bedniy, a schoolteacher who had previously fled, was operating, smashing Germans wherever he could. Shlyoma believed that if he did not find Ilya, he would find another group behind enemy lines, led by the mathematician Mikhail L. Eydelman, who called themselves the People's Avengers.

In Yarmolinty they did not deal with the Frampolians for long. They were brought to an anti-tank ditch and, hurrying to their flasks, some of them were shot, while others were thrown alive into pits and buried with earth. A woman visited the horrible place of the graves a few hours later, said that the earth was still breathing, muffled moans were still coming from under the ground.....

How can these groans from the depths of the earth, from the uttermost suffering, be voiced? If there was a museum in Yarmolinty or Frampol, the tragic end of innocent people would not be depicted. There are no such places of death. Pits, ditches,

murderers, concentration camps, gas chambers, shootings over cliffs. God, how many misfortunes were brought by the furious beast, the savage of the 20th century, whose name was Hitler.

As the Talmud says: don't dig a hole for someone else, you may fall into it yourself. And so it was. Justice was realized. Soviet heroic warriors began to chase away the fascist hordes, a savage tribe. My brother Lyova soon managed to visit Yarmolinty. In an empty house, a staging post for the doomed Frampolians, he found bags full of women's hair, bales of worn-out shoes, separate adult and separate children's shoes. He imagined the children's feet that would have to walk, unshod, to death and he cried. From talking to the locals, my brother established the date of the terrible execution - October 19, 1942. And on October 6, 1947, a monument was erected on this mass grave.

In July 1974, I visited this place with my family, we showered it with tears, worshipped our relatives and friends and all the dear people of the land. There was no measure for our sadness, our impotent bitterness. The only thing that we considered necessary was to take with us a little bit of the holy earth that had received the martyrs of fascists, and to bury this earth here in Pushkino, Moscow region. Over this handful of earth, which heard the groans of the buried alive, we placed a memorial on which we expressed our feelings, our pain and unceasing sorrow.

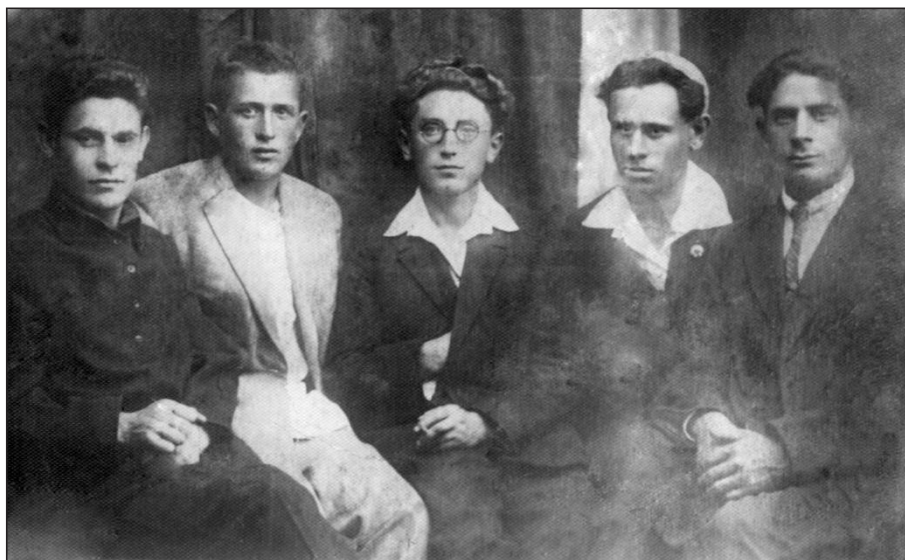
There was a lot of unimaginably scary stuff. There was. But there will be no more. No matter how many criminal seeds fascism leaves behind, it will not revive. The Great, Invincible Republic of Soviets will be the guarantor of that. Eternal glory to her!

These are Leybman's notes, which have survived to this day in several Pushkino families. Everyone with whom we had contact noted that A. G. Leybman, or as he was often warm called Sasha Leybman, was a faithful friend and comrade to many Frampol residents. It is to him that we all owe many thanks that the memorial to the fallen countrymen in Yarmolinty was opened almost immediately after the war, and later the earth was brought from the place of Jewish deaths and buried in the Jewish cemetery in a town of Pushkino (Ivanteevskoye cemetery). And at the same time a monument was erected there with the money collected by fellow countrymen.

Sasha Leybman was one of the first to start compiling lists of the dead Frampolians, and, while much was still fresh in his memory, he

made on paper the topographical plan of the pre-war shtetl of Frampol given in this book. And finally, Sasha Leybman was the executor and, in fact, the initiator of the creation of commemorative photographs-photomontages in memory of the dead. In the 1950s, such photos with the names of those who died in the same family were given not only to the families of the Pushkino community, but were also sent to many surviving Frampol residents, who settled after the war in various cities across the country, to keep the memory of their relatives alive.

We managed to collect only six of these memorable photographs, which are still kept by the descendants of the Frampol residents. These photos are dedicated to the deceased in the following families: Averbukh, Burshteyn, Daychman, Ketselman, Lander, Leybman.



Abram Ketselman, Boris Daychman, Alexander Leybman, Yosef Daychman, unknown peer, Frampol, ca. 1930



A. S. Leybman, ca. 1950



E.D. Kleyn, ca. 1936

Основной своей целью является, то, чтоб, молодое поколение знало об этой трагедии и старалось найти время, чтоб прийти к этому памятнику и поклониться невеликому колебшим дорогами людям.

Особенно важно, чтоб наши дети, внуки и правнуки, знали об этом и никогда не могли забыть, что такое фашизм? и во что, он обошелся человечеству. Тогда мы станем ясно, как они должны быть благодарны нашей героической Советской армии, в том числе и нам, её участникам, за разгром и изгнание фашисткой чумы с нашей земли.

Слова советским воинам!
Смерть фашизму!
За мир во всем мире!

Слова советским воинам!
Смерть фашизму!
За мир во всем мире!

1975. Москва

Newspaper Article and Memories by Sh. Nikolaevskaya *

Sheva Nikolaevskaya (Migdal Azmek).

Remember the terrible past!

In the endless stream of bloody stories, I don't want to forget the little shtetl Frampol where I was born,

My name is Sheva Nukhimovna Nikolaevskaya (maiden name Burshteyn). My family lived in the small shtetl of Frampol (now Kosogorka), Yarmolinty district, Khmel'nitskiy region.

My father, Nukhim Simkhovich Burshteyn, was a rabbi in one hundred and first generation of rabbis and the last in our family. He was a man of broad outlook, generous heart, high intelligence and exceptional humanism.

Of course, I was brought up in religious traditions, I knew all the customs, traditions, laws, Jewish history, all the ups and downs of our long-suffering people. However, my father never taught us religion (there were four children in our family, and my mother died young - 32-33 years old). My father taught us humanity, and to this day (I am an old woman now - I am 86 years old) I appreciate humanity in people most of all. I remember when we used to come to my father with a question: whether we could eat a chicken that had a needle in its navel or something similar. My father would first of all ask whose chicken it was. If it turned out to be a poor man, and his family had been waiting all week for such a treat as broth, he would immediately - allowed it to be consumed. And if this man was wealthy, he forbade it. These trivial

* Article in the Israeli newspaper "Index Agalil", 22.05.1998 These materials were received by the authors from I. A. Ketselman.

details are given so that the reader may understand that for the father, humanity was more important than old dogmas that caused physical and moral damage - he could not allow a poor man's children to be deprived of a Sabbath meal.

When winter came with snowy blizzards, he would harness me to a sled with firewood and we would deliver a bundle of wood to the poorest villages. I remembered for the rest of my life the shabby shacks and the piles of rags under which the curly-haired children's heads peeked out, their hungry eyes glowing with a special light, and the frost glistening on the walls....

The inhabitants of a small, lost shtetl in Ukraine were very friendly and came to each other's aid immediately. Back in the 1920s, they saved the life of my older brother Samuil, who was captured by the Petlyura's soldiers and led to be shot. The local community collected a large sum of money and bought him out. He secretly crossed the Polish border and made his way to Vienna to his maternal grandparents. He graduated in chemistry at the university and after graduation he lived and worked in Paris. During the German occupation he fought in the Resistance and survived. After the war, to my great joy, we found each other, but correspondence was soon forbidden by the KGB. It was only in 1975 that I received a letter from my brother's wife saying that he had passed away.....

My father retained his dignity even when the rampaging fascists, together with local bandits, rained down on the defenseless people. Hunger and typhus swarmed over them like flies. My father went d o o r - t o - d o o r , begging for a little and giving it to those who were literally starving to death. It was especially hard for the wife of the former head of the school Kharlamb. As a Party member, he left, but his family stayed behind. His daughter was married to a Ukrainian, the head of the post office Baychuk* (he himself led her to the shooting...). Sonya, the Kharlamb's wife was in complete isolation, and contact with her threatened death, but my father, risking his life, supported her in any way he could. It was a time when the place still existed at the expense of "ransom". Every month, money was collected, gold coins, rings. In this way, a handful of people existed, if you can call it life, until 1942. When the supplies ran out completely, my father became the first

* The husband of I. I. Kharlamb's daughter Mariya was J. M. Cherniy - *Author's note.*

hostage - he was demanded to hand over all the communists of the locality. He said that he was the only communist and knew no others. My father neither betrayed nor betrayed anyone. All that he had to go through was not told to me, sparing me. But it's not hard to imagine. And then he was hanged in the market square in front of a crowd of people who had been driven from the legal places.

My father spoke German and was able to address the executioners and tell them that by their inhumanity and cruelty they had already determined their defeat. It is known from the history of mankind that those who aim at the extermination of all Jews are defeated. They didn't let him finish and tightened the rope. All day long his corpse hung there, and in the morning one brave man, his friend, crept up to take his father out of the noose and bury him, but a bullet whizzed by, and ten more people were shot that day.

Then the big action began. Eighteen thousand Jews from all the surrounding villages were rounded up and shot. My only sister Paula and her children Simkha and Klara, as well as my second mother Khaya, perished in that nightmare ditch. My brother David died in the Red Army, and I received his last letter in 1943 on the day of the liberation of Kiev.

These are the facts I learned from a woman named Fedora, who witnessed them and after the war came from Frampol to Pushkino to the Rozental family, with whom she lived from a young age and helped raise the children. There were four of them in the Rozental family, two sons were taken to the front, the eldest daughter was in evacuation. The parents were destroyed in a big action, and the little girl Khava (seven-eight years old) Fedora gave out her daughter to save her life. But "well-wishers" reported that the girl was a Jewish. Khava was immediately shot. The only survivors were Rozental's eldest daughter, who returned to Pushkino from evacuation, and her brother, who survived the Nazi bullets.

This is what I learned about the deed of Shlomo Zilberman, a Jewish barber from our village. A German officer came to him to shave, Shlomo slit his throat, and then threw himself out of the window of the only three-story house and crashed to his death.

My former housemate, in front of whom I grew up, died tragically. He was hiding from a big Nazi action in a chimney. He was doused with gasoline and set on fire, burning like a torch before everyone's eyes. Every inch of the land is watered with innocent Jewish blood. I hope that

Olga Bergoltz's words are still relevant today, "No one is forgotten, nothing is forgotten."

So much has been written about it that my facts can hardly add anything new. The mass grave where 18,000 tortured Jews are buried is located on a military training ground near Yarmolinty village in Khmelnytskyi region. There is a monument there, built with money of the American delegation. In 1979 I visited these sorrowful places. A pile of decayed shoes was still lying in the granary next to it. The blood ran cold in my veins, my heart was stony with sorrow and pain. I also took a handful of earth from my father's grave, where he is buried with ten hostages in Frampol.

The town of Pushkino near Moscow rallied the survivors of the village. We came to each other's aid in trouble, in joy and in grief, quietly observing Jewish holidays and traditions. We sealed in a capsule the earth brought from my father's grave and from the tragic grave of 18 thousand fellow countrymen, and buried it in the Jewish cemetery in Pushkino. Two people from a large Moscow synagogue were invited and performed the rite according to all the traditions of the Jewish people. By the common efforts of an initiative group of fellow countrymen a monument was erected in Pushkino. The funds for the monument were collected by my fellow countrymen: Margulis Yakov and Mendel, Vaysman Gedal, Nikolaevskiy Boris, Leybman Lyova, Leybman Sasha, Leybman Senya, Ketselman Abram, Rozental Arkadiy. Alas, all these people are no longer alive. I don't know whether our tradition of memorializing the fallen, which we observed since 1946, is still alive. Many people are no longer alive, many have moved away, and only a few people, old and sick, are left.

In the 1980s, two of our friends from the initiative group, Senya Leybman and Abram Ketselman, revisited the mournful places and the monument to their relatives and friends. To their horror they saw that a huge pit had been dug next to the monument to the 18,000 shot, where the local authorities were going to dump the monument, thus destroying the memory of the dead people and the Nazi atrocities. When our friends returned to Moscow, we wrote letters to the Central Committee of the KPSU and sent a copy to the editorial office of the newspaper "Pravda". Soon we received a reply not only from the Central Committee, but also from the secretary of the Khmelnytskyi Regional Party Committee, "The monument is in order and will be

protected by the state.”

I want our people to remember not only today, but also the coming generations remembered.

Memories of Evguenia Naumovna (Sheva Nukhimovna) Nikolaevskaya, Recorded from her Words by Igor Ketselman

1. Frampol before the revolution

Have you read about the history of the Jewish people? Remember, Abraham and Sarah had children with other children. And among them were *kohen*. “Kogan?” - “Yes.” Well, our family was *kohen*. And we weren't allowed to go to the graves of our loved ones. The rest of the *isroel* could, but we couldn't. When my grandmother died, my father wouldn't let me go to her grave. I didn't even go to my mother's grave.

Father was a 101st generation rabbi. Two cabinets of old Jewish books. A very authoritative man, people came to him from all over the place for his trial. There was one rabbi in Frampol. He was from Chertkov. My father used to buy two poods of wheat and we children used to pick this wheat all winter long, so that God forbid... And for Passover (from this wheat) we used to bake a special *matzah* - dark - *shmeir*. It wasn't tasty. In Frampol we carried gifts to the poor on the holiday. Some people sent us, the children. There were such families...

My brother Samuel studied in Odessa and wore a cap with a coat of arms. During the Civil War, the Petlyurovtsy wanted to shoot him: a student, so he was an instigator, a troublemaker. Our own local Petlyurovtsy wanted to shoot him. My brother graduated from high school, and when my father married for the second time, his wife demanded that he leave.

Samuel went to Chertkov, where his two aunts lived, and then went to Vienna, where his grandfather's family (on his mother's side) moved. Grandfather had 11 children. An apartment of 12 rooms. Two kitchens, because Jews should not mix meat and dairy. Grandfather Rapoport was a rabbi and he was invited from Chertkov to Vienna to become a rabbi (Hasidic). Samuel graduated from the university in Vienna. He studied to be a chemist, but could not find work anywhere. He went to France and there he met his wife. She was a

journalist. Her father, was the *shoykhet*, he wrote to the *shoykhet* of Frampol before he allowed the marriage, asking about Samuel, who he was and who his parents were. The *shoykhet* of Frampol gave a favorable answer, and he married his daughter to Samuel.

My father got married in same way. His father, Burshteyn, sent a letter to the rabbi of Chertkov, Rappoport, and they agreed that he would marry his daughter to his son. And my father saw his wife only on the day of the wedding. He was eighteen years old.

There were two movements in Frampol: *Paolei Tzion* and another, democratic, but more right-wing. I know this because my uncle, who was a member of *Paolei Tzion*, hid from the tsar's authorities at home for several years. In general, the left-wing movement was mainly represented by *Paolei Tzion*. It was actually like a labor party. It consisted of tailors, shoemakers, craftsmen, all they were considered as workers. Even my brother Samuel participated in it. There is a picture of all of them gathered together, and my brother Samuel is standing there with a shovel in his hand - it means that he is a man of labor. And in the other party...

"Zionists, maybe?"

"Yes, the Zionists - merchants, traders participated there. But the main place was occupied by *Paolei Tzion*."

"And the Bund?"

"Yes, there was the Bund, but they were considered quite left-wing, they even practiced terror...."

2. Dneprodzerzhinsk, 1937

Every night they came for someone. In Dneprodzerzhinsk, the arrests were mostly among specialists and managers. I was a w a k e every night. Once they came to a man in my neighbor's house... In the morning, his wife was crying and nobody said hello to her. I went to my husband Boris (Boris Iosifovich Nikolaevskiy). "Confess, you're not involved in anything?" He answered, "Are you crazy?" And yet I believed that people were arrested for a reason. If it touched me, it was a mistake, but most of them were right.

Boris wore a hat - so he was under suspicion. He had a friend, so they asked him at the party committee, "What's up with that potbellied one? He wears a hat!" Boris used to say, "You should run away from this country barefoot!"

An acquaintance of ours, Syoma Kaplan, was imprisoned. He was a Komsomol worker at the plant (he himself was from Belostok) and when Bukharin, one of leaders, came to visit, he talked to him, then saw him off, rode in the same carriage with him. And Bukharin gave him his book with a gift inscription. So Syoma bragged to his friend. And when Bukharin was arrested, Syoma's friend reported it. Syoma was imprisoned, he served 10 years. What saved him was that he knew a thousand poems by heart. And when he read, they gave him extra rations. And the kind of people he sat with! He never thought he'd ever meet them. And then they put him in jail again. He was sent into exile in Yakutsk.

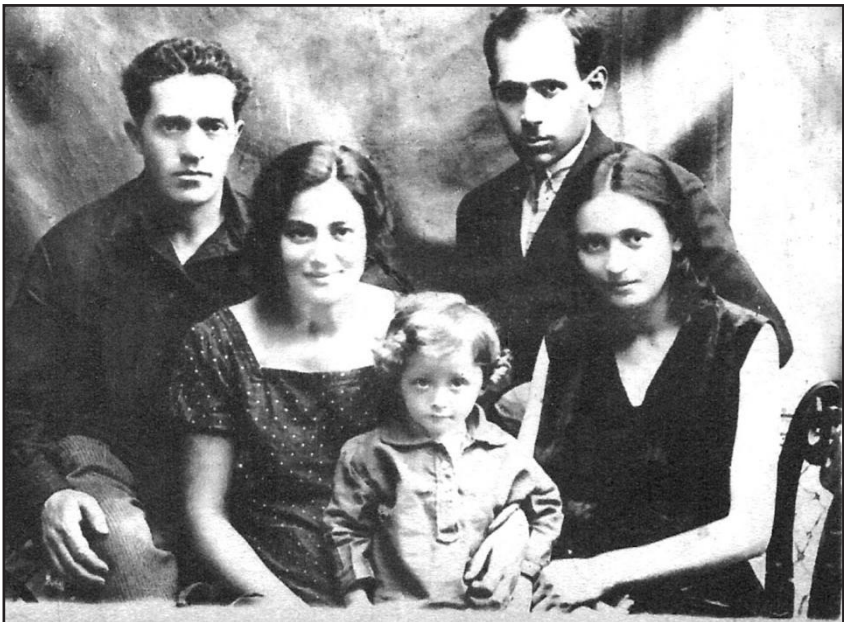
Boris and I didn't get to meet Bukharin. We couldn't get tickets to the Palace of Culture, where he was speaking...I could only go to Frampol in 1940. It was a border zone. I could go from Kharkov, but not from Dneprodzerzhinsk.



*Nukhim Simkhovich Burshteyn, rabbi of the shtetl
and Yekhil Ketselman(?)*



Sisters Polina (left) and Evguenia Burshteyn, Frampol, 1922



On the right - Evguenia Nikolaevskaya with her husband Boris, on the left - Polina, Evguenia's sister, with her family, Frampol, 1930

M. Freyder's Trip to Ancestors Land

After the M. Freyder's first trip to Kosogorka in 2001, he wrote notes in the form of a travel journal. These records were published in the literary and journalistic collection "Shtetl" of Khmelnytskyi Hesed-Besht (Khmelnytskyi Welfare Fund), published in 2003, and in the St. Petersburg newspaper Idud Hassadim in 2001-2002, they were also translated into English and placed in Internet (with the participation of his daughter Evguenia). This publication received many reviews from readers. In 2006 M. Freyder published a book "Wisdom of Sorrow" following the history of his family. Excerpts from the book and the travel journal are given below.

Excerpts From the Book "Wisdom of Sorrow"

Father's father Moysha died early, on his second marriage, he was probably 15-20 years older than his wife, father's mother, Brana. Most likely, my grandfather was buried next to Frampol, in a place of a cemetery on the slope of the mountain, behind the place where the synagogue used to stand. The Ukrainian school, where my father attended (it was at a distance of 4 km), probably located in the village of Kuyava (now Sosnovka). During my short visit in 2001 to Kosogorka, the former Frampol, I could not find any traces of my relatives.

In 1937 my father left Frampol to work in Leningrad, now St. Petersburg. He worked in the Leningrad housing and construction trust Electrotekhmehkkontora, as it follows from his employment record. In 1940 he was drafted into the army, he served in the Far East, on the Russkiy island near Vladivostok, from where he left for the war in 1942. Information about military units is available in his military record book. He received three injuries during the war, it is written that in the lungs, but the wound in the back,

under the shoulder blade, was severe: the shell fragment could not be extracted, and the father coughed his whole life. In 1946, he was demobilized, but his Frampol's house was already gone, alone with any relatives. He settled in Kiev and worked there, until he was invited to Chelyabinsk by the only remaining living relative who lived there, his cousin Aron Freyder, also originally from Frampol. Here, in Chelyabinsk, my father met Mara Shron, my mother, who lived with Aron's neighbors: the family of Cudek Shron, her elder brother ...

In the early 1960s ... my father settled down to work for one unit of the trusts of the Yuzhuralelectromontazh... Evidently, he was eager to use his electrical engineering skills obtained before the war in Leningrad and after the war in Kiev. My father made a variety of electrical fittings from steel sheets: cabinets, electrical panels. The iron sheet needed to be bent in the press, my Dad did this too. The work was physically demanding and, in addition, required a certain literacy in reading the drawings which was not easy for him. He regretted his lack of education. My father worked in this shop for about twenty years before retiring in 1980 ...

In the 1970s and 1980s, my father often went on vacation to Kiev to visit his childhood friend, a fellow countryman Naum (Nusya) Shoykhet, who lived in Kiev. Approximately once in two-three years my father visited in Sverdlovsk my uncle Aron Freyder, where he moved ...

Being on pension, my father suffered a lot, from hypertension and heart disease (he has suffered three heart attacks, during one of them he had to be revived from the state of clinical death) ... In October 1991, I caught myself thinking that I had not seen my father for ten days. That day the first snow fell, a snowstorm began, my Dad went out for a walk. After a short time, he barely had time to run into the apartment and it was his last time to lie down on the bed ...

Excerpts From a Travel Journal About the Trip to Frampol (Kosogorka)

The Road to My Father's House

Introduction

Age removes us from childhood events, but brings closer to parents. Perhaps, to feel their condition at different moments of life we need to make some way on our own path. I began to think about my roots only three years ago. At first, timidly, then more persistently came the idea to visit the place and and youth of my father, because it so happened that I had never been there ...

It was known that the township (shtetl) of Frampol, from where my father Sanya Moiseevich Freyder was born, was not on the map of the present Khmelnytskyi (former Kamenets-Podolskiy) region of Ukraine. It was unclear whether the settlement disappeared or had been renamed, or a part of the village remained, but under a different name. With the help of the Internet I was able to find the place of its existence and a new name - the village of Kosogorka.

We arrived in the capital of the Khmelnytskyi region the city of Khmelnytskyi on the Moscow-Lviv train. We, meaning me, Mikhail Sanevich Freyder and my wife Larisa Nikolaevna (Larisa). We live in the city of Chelyabinsk (Russia).

Initially, there was a question of linguistic and logistic orientation in an unfamiliar place. We were able to establish a connection with the organization, which heads many spheres of public life in the two regions of Ukraine - Khmelnytskyi and Ternopol. This organization is Khmelnytskyi regional charitable foundation Hesed-Besht. Its director Igor Ratushniy in a telephone conversation immediately readily promised to facilitate our journey to the places of life of our ancestors. We were given a car with a driver Vitaliy and accompanying and in fact - a guide to Lyudmila Pisklova ... Lyudmila helped us with everything - from accommodation in a hotel up to a translation from Ukrainian language.

Tuesday, May 29, 2001

From early childhood I remembered some strange names of father's birthplace: the shtetl of Frampol, the village of Yarmolinty (Yarmolinty

district). It seemed like a place distant from the whole world a piece of land where Jews lived alone. At the same time, the place seemed like a big village, because there Dad walked the streets, went to school for a long time, stole apples from someone's garden, watched his father, the Jewish shoykhet, doing his work.

The Village of Yarmolintsy

We were finally on our way to the present-day Kosogorka. First we've arrived to Yarmolintsy. The path took us along a good highway with two-lane traffic. On the sides of the road there were a lot of greenery: poplar, acacia, chestnuts. Yarmolintsy is an urban village with a population of 15-20 thousand people, many homes are simply buried in greenery. If you look closely, you can see that there is a neat house, often brick. We stopped at Mikhail Danilovich Lakhterman's apartment, met him and his wife, Klavdiya Mikhaylovna. Klavdiya Mikhaylovna, originally from Leningrad, came to Mikhail Danilovich's homeland, they brought up their son and daughter, have now grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Children live not far away, so that the doors do not close in the apartment: grandchildren and great-grandchildren, fortunately, do not let their grandparents get bored. We did not stay long in the cozy apartment of Lakhterman (an apartment in a brick two-story house for several families), but managed to feel peace and harmony in this family.

Mikhail Danilovich was born in 1927, left the village in 1941 together with the Soviet troops, but the war also burned this family: his father was taken hostage and was killed in Frampol, where Mikhail Danilovich often visited. During the war, Mikhail Danilovich and his mother lived in Bukhara, from where, in 1944, he was drafted to the front. He ended the war in Kyenigsberg.

We have likely interrupted some plans of the family for this day, but Mikhail Danilovich quickly responded to our request to be able to us in Kosogorka, he changed his clothes, and we saw medal ribbons on his jacket. Mikhail Danilovich with a few words, but in a businesslike way, he did everything to make sure we could hear from the residents of the district the grains of memories so valuable to us, . Everywhere we went, we felt that he was an authoritative old-timer in the district, familiar to all, and had good neighborly relations with everyone.

The Village of Kosogorka (Frampol)

Childhood years are always joyful, even if they are not very well-fed. Dad did not talk much about his childhood, perhaps because there were no good listeners. There was a Jewish school in the town of Frampol, where my Dad attended for 5 years, 2 years he studied at the Ukrainian school, I remember that she was not situate in the village. In 1933 there was a great famine, many residents were dying. About 1935, my father's father Moysha died (my name is Misha in his honor). The name of my father's mother, my grandmother, was Brana (my sister's name is Bronislava). She was sick a lot and could not properly support her family doing small business. There was an older sister and a younger brother in my Dad's family.

Distance from Khmelnytskyi to the village of Yarmolintsy - 35 km, we overcame in 20 minutes. To Kosogorka is another 15 km. There were signposts of villages, known to me on the map - Tomashevka, Semyonovka ... and suddenly the inscription appeared in big letters - KOSOGORKA, although there was still 2 km to the village. We photographed this sign and then there was a standard sign on the entrance to the village. The road though not very steep went up, justifying the word "hill" in the name of the village.

We entered the mountain and immediately opened a flat platform with a length and width of about 150 m. The site was almost empty, except for small indoor shopping arcades, which were empty and, as it turned out, no longer used. In the right corner of this square was a one-storey rural building of the Village Council.

Mikhail Danilovich said that Jews lived here, in the center of the village. I knew that Jews usually settled in the center of the village, but it seemed that there were not enough places to live for about 800 people, so many Jews lived in Frampol before the war. Ukrainian houses stood outside this area on the steeper slopes of this mountain. However, the mountain is really oblique - there was flat areas and steep. The houses of the villagers stood apart from each other, the villagers have vegetable gardens, near the houses - chickens, geese, turkeys. The houses were quite strong, some were made of bricks. There was a lot of green everywhere. It was very beautiful.

In the Village Council we talked with the chairman. He had no records of the pre-war population, he did not know when and why there was renamed Frampol to Kosogorka. We wanted to talk with the old-timers of the village, and the chairman allowed Tatyana Bronislavovna Garbuz, secretary of the village council, to go with us. Tatyana Bronislavovna could not remember the

year of renaming the Frampol to Kosogorka. She remembered that about 10 years ago there was an attempt to rename Kosogorka back to Frampol. But the young residents, who wrote the name Kosogorka in their documents, were opponents of renaming. She led us to her mother and to other elderly people born in the 1928-1930s who might have been able to find out by the name and photo of Sanya Freyder, who ran here along all the paths, but that day could not: human memory not perfect.

There were currently 190 houses in Kosogorka, the young ones were leaving the village, since they had not work. There was no Jewish population. Of the Jewish houses, there was essentially one - with bulging metal beams at the level of the windows of the second floor. Obviously, there used to be a balcony. On these beams during the war, the Nazis weighed five Jews caught in the vicinity of the village. Four were hanged next to this house on a tree.

We talked with the elder of the village Kseniya Grigoryevna Polonar (maiden name Lizun), born in 1909. She could not recognize my Dad from the photo of 1940, but she told a lot about the joined life of Jews and Ukrainians. Although they were part of different collective farms - Ukrainian and Jewish, but sometimes worked in any of them. The villagers communicated with each other, both in Ukrainian and Yiddish. Kseniya Grigoryevna even said one sentence in Yiddish, surprising us hers strong memory. There was a feeling until 1941, that there were very friendly relationships between the communities. We photographed one of the oldest residents of the village and wished her to keep cheerful and healthy. Kseniya Grigoryevna and everyone we spoke with, we asked where the Jews were killed. Everyone was talking about the Yarmolinty station ...

All the speaking of the villagers were in the Ukrainian language, I used to think that we, the natives of Russia, we understood many words, but it turned out that no more than half of the words were familiar. Lyudmila did a translation and told us everything. When we spoke in Russian, it seemed that we were also hardly understood.

My Dad was very good at school. He was well versed in mathematics, he knew the Hebrew alphabet well, and all his life, although rarely, he wrote letters in Yiddish. The last two years of the middle school my father studied at the Ukrainian school. Dad helped Ukrainians to understand math, and they in turn helped with the Ukrainian language. I remember the name Kharlamb among the teachers.

We were shown the pre-war building of the Jewish school, it was near the synagogue, the building of the synagogue has not been preserved. By appearance the former building of the Jewish school is a one-story hut, now there is a rural club in the building of the school. Teachers of the Jewish school were also taught at the Ukrainian school. Next to the school there was an obelisk with the names of fellow villagers who died on the fronts of the Great Patriotic War (WWII)...

The building of the Ukrainian school was also preserved, it was recently renovated and will continue to serve as a primary school. Petr Anatolyevich Onapriyuk, the school director, came out from the second building, for the middle school. He said that there are 60 students in the school. Students were engaged in the postwar history of the village, pre-war photographs and lists of pupils have not survived. The director pointed at a pile of bricks and told that in this ruined old Jewish house was found a thick stone wall with an arch, clearly ancient. I read that in the center of the village there was a square trading wall that existed since the 17-th century, and this was the first thing I tried to see near the entrance to the village.

Tatyana Bronislavovna remembered the director of the Ukrainian school Isaac Kharlamb, who simultaneously taught German. Kharlamb was also her teacher. Kharlamb died in about 1970. This man survived the tragedy, because during the war the Nazis were caught and innocently killed his daughter, who was hiding in the village. His wife, Sofiya Tsalevna, died merely old in 1955. Kharlamb was director of the school until 1941 and after the war. He had a tremendous influence on the upbringing of the Frampol's children, and then on the Kosogorka's children. His grave, together with the grave of his wife, was on the Jewish cemetery, we saw it later.

The Village of Kosogorka (Frampol), Jewish Cemetery

In about 1935 my grandfather Moysha died, he was buried on a cemetery, near the village. My Dad went to work in Leningrad in 1937. He left his mother, an elderly sister and a younger brother. I do not know if Dad came home until 1941. In 1940, he was recruited to the soviet army, served in Siberia, so he went to war in 1942 near Kalinin city. He had no letters from relatives during the war.

Having thrown a last look at the square where the houses of Frampol were located, we went to the Jewish cemetery. It could not be seen by us at the entrance, because it was located at a distance of 50 m from the village sign, on the left at the entrance, on the descent from the hill. There was a monument to

those who died during the Great Patriotic War at the beginning of the cemetery. There were seven Jewish surnames on it, the heavy plateau was broken and lying on the ground. The monument was raised by relatives of those residents were hanged in the village. One of the names is O. Freyder, of course, this man was my relative but unknown to me, since with the name Freyder in the village there were at least two families, and the family name is rare. All the graves were located on the territory of approximately one hectare. There were plates with inscriptions, probably in Hebrew, about 150-200 pieces. Some tombstones were felled, some ones were recessed in the ground. Apparently, this was a cemetery of the 20-th century, as the number of graves is approximately the same as the population of the town was at the beginning of the century. We did not notice direct vandalism. We photographed about 15 plates, which did not need a complicated preparation for shooting. We cleaned these plates a little with a scraper and a brush. The inscriptions on the back of the plates were often absent. We were next to my grandfather's grave, but nobody could read the inscriptions on the gravestones.

One plate with an inscription in Russian: a plate on the grave of Kharlamb's wife , Sofiya Tsalevna Kharlamb (1901-1955). Next to it is the unfinished grave of Isaac Kharlamb. Tatyana Bronislavovna said twice that it's a shame this grave does not have the appropriate tombstone.

The cemetery is generally in a good condition. Unfortunately, we did not inquire whether the number of stones decreased during and after the war, whether they were brought out somewhere for household needs. There were courtyard buildings of a village man living nearby on the far side of the cemetery.

Yarmolinty Railstation, Mass Grave

My Dad participated in release of Bucharest, Budapest, ended the war after the capture of Vienna. In the summer of 1945, he returned home. Arriving in the village, he learned that all his relatives were innocently killed by the fascists and buried half alive in one large pit .

I already heard the words "the ground was moving" and "there were pools of blood", which Mikhail Danilovich said. These words were heard by my Dad. We repeated his way here to the territory of the military unit, 200 meters from the railstation Yarmolinty. At first this sorrowful path was carried out by those who, as people said in the village, were brought here on the carts from Frampol, Sharovka and Yarmolinty. People were put in a huge three-story barracks, where they waited for death. This sinister building still watched with

eye sockets of empty windows on the world. Nobody dared to use it. People say that it was mined, but I did not think this is the case. It was terrible not only to enter the building but also to look at it.

After some waiting time an officer approached, and at his command the soldier opened the gate to enter. The territory of the brotherly cemetery was surrounded with concrete fence. On the plaque is the inscription: "Here in October 1942, 55 thousand civilians were killed." To the main monument - a victim with open arms leads a hundred meter track. Behind this monument there is a grave where the executed prisoners of war were buried.

To the left of the path, 30 meters before the main monument, there was a monument to the dead Jews in the form of a severed tree of life. "The connection of times has broken ...". On the right was also a second monument. Places of burial were decorated in the form of two hills-lawns. In these tombs, 18,000 Jews were buried, whose only guilt was that they were born Jews. Among them was my grandmother Brana with her children.

The memorial is maintained in a good condition. Mikhail Danilovich said that every holiday on May 9 warriors and veterans lay wreathes of memory. Due to the limited time, we did not have flowers or a wreath. We photographed monuments. It was impossible to stay there for long, but it would not be possible to leave it mentally.

The Village of Yarmolinty, Old Jewish Cemetery

We also went to the old Jewish cemetery of Yarmolinty, located in the forest, near the road to Kadievka. Cemetery, founded in 1910, was in a poor condition. The state of the cemetery was improved as a result of clearing the vegetation, carried out by "Hesed Besht". This was told to us by Lyudmila. Most of the tombstones are broken and felled. Latest inscriptions are in Russian and dated by 1978.

The monument and two graves, of the American "Joint" messengers killed in 1920, were sharply highlighted. They are Professor Israel Friedlander (1876 - 07/10/1920) and Rabbi Bernard Cantor (1892 - 07/10/1920). The gravestones showed that they arrived with a mission of helping Jews who suffered during the civil war. The monument on the grave was installed by the Joint in 1923 and restored in 2001 by the foundation "Hesed-Besht". Great help in restoring the monument was rendered by Mihail Danilovich's son-in-law. I photographed my wife, Lyudmila and separately Mikhail Danilovich at this grave.

The Village of Yarmolinty, Local Historian Alexander Semyonovich Snegur

Some inhabitants of the village and Mikhail Danilovich remembered that the local regional historian Alexander Semyonovich Snegur was also interested in those killed during the war. We stopped at the regional Palace of Culture, where he had a working place. Alexander Semyonovich said that he compiles and prepares for publication lists of innocently murdered people during the war. When he found out, who we are, he showed his lists. Our name was not there. We wrote the name of the grandmother for the supplement. Alexander Semyonovich also studied the history of the Jewish shtetles of the Yarmolinty district. He gave a list of these places: Mikhampol (Mikhalpol), Sharovka, Solobkovtsy, Frampol, Yarmolinty. We promised to send him some information on the history of Frampol. Snegur gave us a book of the history of Yarmolinty, written by him. We wished this enthusiastic person success in his hard work.



Sanya Moiseevich Freyder, 1939



Sanya Moiseevich Freyder, 1978



Ida Freyder, ca. 1940



Ida Freyder, Kamenets-Podolskiy, ca. 1940



Two-story house in Kosogorka, before the war belonged to the Jews, the place of execution of Jewish hostages, photo about 1974



The building of the club and library in Kosogorka, the former Jewish school, photo 2008

Correspondence with Local Historian

A.S. Snegur

As M. Freyder already told us, during his first trip to Kosogorka in 2001, he met with Alexander Semyonovich Snegur (b. 1933), a journalist and local historian from the village of Yarmolinty. It so happened that during their brief meeting M. Freyder contributed to the compiled A. S. Snegur's list of the villagers from Frampol, who were killed during the war. M. Freyder added the name of his grandmother, Brana Freyder, and Alexander Semyonovich told about his plans to participate in the preparation of the "Book of Sorrow" with the aim of perpetuation the memory of all the dead and killed residents of the region. Mikhail, for his part, promised to send information on the history of the town, gleaned from the memorial book "Kamenets-Podolskiy and his environs". And it turned out: Mikhail sent the text of the promised passage, and also told about the information on his Frampol's ancestors of the middle of the XIX century, received from the Kamenets-Podolskiy archive. In response, Snegur also told about his historical finds. So the correspondence started, which lasted for several years. Excerpts from the letters of Alexander Semyonovich's and Mikhail's comments to them are given below.

Snegur (07/03/2001) wrote, " In a village (near Frampol) of Savinty there was a Jewish community, which occupied a part of the village, now called Torgovitsa. This was due to the fact that the road to Yarmolinty from Proskurov (now Khmelnitskiy) through this village was the shortest of these places. But, when the transportation of mail and people with the change of horses was planned, the road through Antonovtsy, Yarmolinty and Frampol

was formed. At the end of the XIX century the Jewish community from Frampol was negotiating with the Savintsy landowner about selling a plot of land between Kosogorka and Savintsy (near the Jewish cemetery). In its geographical position, Frampol displaced the volost center of Kuyava, now Sosnovka. The reason for laying the railroad was also the desire of the military department to push back the strategic transport branch from the river of Zbruch, which at that time was the border with Austria-Hungary. Of course, if Frampol remained to be a station, its position would have been much stronger today, even after the destruction of the Jewish population.

When studying the period of the Second World War, I heard many tragic stories that will never be forgotten. And it is a great pity that I could not find all the names of those who died in the fall of 1942.”

A.S. Snegur planned to continue work on the search for any data, and also to search for traces of my relatives in the lists of the Frampol's citizens from 1882-1885 in the Kamenets-Podolskiy archive. But the work in the archives was prevented by the deterioration of Alexander Sementovich's health.

Snegur (2001) wrote, “ Most of the residents who remembered the names of Frampol’s Jews died. The search for pre-war photos in Savintsy and Sosnovka did not lead to anything. The Frampol’s children went to school in Sosnovka. There were people who studied with these children, but no one remembered the surname of Freyder. I looked through the district newspapers with information about the affairs of the Jewish collective farm and wrote all the names, leaders and workers, but also - no trace, and not all were very good workers. It is difficult for me to name the exact number of Jews in Frampol before the war, but their approximate number is 1000. In Yarmolinty at that time there were slightly more than two thousand, in Solobkovtsy - about two thousand, in Sharovka - about one thousand.”

Alexander Semyonovich continued searching for traces of the dead and found lists of killed villagers. These documents were compiled at the request of the competent authorities immediately after the liberation of the Yarmolinty district, as well as throughout the liberated territory of the USSR. This information about the atrocities of the Nazis gathered with a purpose to preparing for the Nuremberg court.

Snegur (05/24/2002) wrote, “ I looked through materials of the Khmelnitskiy region archive of the pre-war period and 1944-1946, when it was studying, who was killed and whom the fascists robbed. Found an act - a list of the Frampol Village Council, compiled on June 5, 1944.

Among the authors of this valuable document were two Jews: the son of Isaac Kharlamb, Nyuma, and the teacher M. Pakhter, apparently, comes from Solobkovtsy, the former district center. But this document lists only the names of the owners of their homes and their families. There were total of 85 homeowners. There were also many tenants, they lived in this houses, as there were houses of 300 square meters and the house of Alter Puker - 682 square meters. Among the petty homeowners was mentioned Alter Freyder and his wife Giya. I remind you that the Frampol's Jews were murdered on October 30, 1942. This year the community of the region will be commemorate this mournful date. I hope that the relatives of the deceased will also come.

In other lists of the dead people I found the name of Sender Freyder. By decision of the village executive committee, his house was given to the kolkhoz (collective farm)."

Snegur sent me a copy of the list he had found. About three years later, the Yad Vashem Museum in Jerusalem, on its website, opened a database with Shoa-Related Lists Database for access. This list was included as a list of the Extraordinary State Commission on German-Fascist Crime committed on the Soviet Territory (Frampol, Ukraine, 06/05/1944). This list, in turn, was a copy of the list kept in the state archive of the Russian Federation (GARF). The list had slight differences from the list kept in the Khmel'nitskiy regional archives by Snegur and these differences were the result of manual correspondence. This list was processed by me, the number of inhabitants represented in it was 280 people (here and further - list # 1).

Snegur (10/25/2002) wrote, "I continue to work on the "Book of Sorrow". It remains to print it. There are about 3,700 names in it. Unfortunately, for the publication it is necessary to add a patronymic in those cases when it is absent; days of birth are only about 40% of the population. Even in official documents, the words "about 7 years old", "up to 10 years old", etc. I gave also five essays to the editorial office of the local newspaper - one for each shtetl in the Yarmolinty district. I am sending you a newspaper with an article about the Frampol. The article was written in Ukrainian."

The article was translated by my friend in Chelyabinsk into Russian. Together with Alexander Semyonovich the author of the article was also his grandson Bogdan Lis, head of the local history club at Palace of Schoolchildren.

Last Way

A long time ago, maybe a thousand years ago, a path was laid that connected the southern Prikarpatian region and Bukovina with Volyniya. And it passed through the current Kosogorka. So this corner was chosen by enterprising Jews three hundred years ago.

The population grew very fast. Soon were built inns and small shops; artisans engaged in tailoring, processing of grain, meat, oil crops, the production of goods that were in great demand among the rural population. In a word, the former Frampol flourished until the road from Solobkovtsy and Dunayevtsy and further on to Kamenets-Podolskiy was paved.

But the shtetl fought for the right to live. It continued to fulfill the role of the county center, although officially it remained Kuyava (village of Sosnovka). Jews were friends with Ukrainians and Poles, many of them were saved by Jews in the hungry 1933. Local girls, in order to have reliable earnings, hired to them to work or carried out certain assignments. Large-scale fairs continued to operate and the leading place was given to local goods. Horse carriages continued to drive the old Kamenets-Podolskiy road and stopped here for rest and lunch.

But the invaders came and destroyed the usual rhythm of life. The road from Kamenets-Podolskiy to Yarmolinty was destined to become the road to death.

Meanwhile, black-eyed boys and girls looked at the street with frightened eyes, disregarding the prohibition of parents to appear to the invaders in their eyes. And the adults did not dare to go out on the street, so as not to bring trouble on their heads.

The fascists came by themselves. Local henchmen rewrote all the remaining families. Each had to pay certain funds for the needs of Germany as an indemnity. But not everyone had gold and money. Therefore it was hard to save up an unnecessary amount. This was reported to the occupying authorities.

To intimidate the others, Yarmolinty district main-commissar Emil Mertes ordered the the rebellious Jewish elite to be hanged. And the next day they executed rabbi Nukhim, Gillis, Nakhman and Alter Puker and several others. Who hung on the balcony, and who - on the trees. It was strictly ordered the dead not to bury. The bodies were swaying but town residents passed from mouth to mouth the last words of fat Alter Puker, who broke with the rope

around his neck, "You can not even hang up, and want to conquer such a big country." He will hung again, picking up the rope thicker.

The Ukrainians who were friends with Jewish families before the war, tried to support people who had been driven into the ghetto by food, although they knew well that they could get a bullet for this. Sometimes it was possible to slip a bribe to the policeman to "see nothing", and sometimes behind the shoulders of the guard they transferred food or poured themselves into the forbidden territory.

For more than four months the fascists kept the people brought to despair into the ghetto. Grandmothers, mothers who had little year old children, wept all tears, seeing the suffering of hungry boys and girls. They said, "Mom, I really want to eat," every day, even every hour, people prayed for the children to save them from starvation.

When the golden autumn of 1942 came and showered the ground with its festive decoration, some children grabbed the fallen leaves and tried to eat it, so as to satisfy the hunger a little.

Rural schoolchildren recruited apples, pears, potatoes, beets and carrots for their bosom and ran to the barbed wire to throw them all into yards for their classmates and younger children. And those as locusts lashed out at vegetables and fruits, stuffed them into their mouths, hid in their pockets, and then disappeared behind the doors of their houses or apartments. So that the policeman did not see them and take them away, also so that they wouldn't get beaten up.

This was how the Holocaust martyrs survived until the last five days of October. Numbers on October 28, 1942, many policemen came to the village, a detachment from the gendarmery arrived. All Jews were ordered to take with them the most valuable, robust clothes and go out into the street. The weak, elderly or sick people were taken out by the younger ones. Farewell prayer sounded, because they had heard how their relatives and friends had been brutally massacred in Solobkovtsy and in other villages. A hundred-groan moan sounded over Kosogorka (at that time Frampol), All those expelled from the ghetto were built in a long column. Patients, cripples and old people were put on carts. On the sides, in front and behind stood policemen, fascists with dogs and gun machines on their chests.

Reluctantly the column moved along the Kamenets-Podolskiy road towards the district center. On the outskirts of the shtetl many of the Jews turned their

heads back to at least glance farewell to the place where they grew up, from which they saw off their parents, grandfathers and grandmothers on their last journey. Then they looked to the right, to where they found eternal rest. And again tears, sobbing again. And on the left and on the right rushed shots of rifles and whips. They were told do not to turn around, not to whimper, to groan.

Although the invaders demanded to go faster, the column did not rush to its true death. All people wanted to feel or see at least a little something pleasant: the sun's heat, the free flight of birds, the children's laughter from Yasenevka or New Village ... There was nothing. Only one sadness around, as in their burned souls.

Under the Tomashevka column was wrapped in the territory of the railway station. They arrived to a three-story barracks, where the Jews were taken and brought from the district centers and shtetls to the Yarmolinty district. And then life was cut short by bullets ...

Despite the fact that the village was emptied, the policemen remained on duty for several days and nights to catch those who hid or who was hidden. From the ruins they were driven out by the fire of rifles or grenades. They took away the hidden ones in Sosnovka, Savinty, along other villages. Some of them were killed on the spot, some brought to the Jewish cemetery. They did not spare either their teachers, or one-year-olds or one-grade students. Bayonets pricked children to not spend bullets ...

I. I. Kharlamb, who left his Frampol only during the occupation, almost until his death, was a director of the school. If he lived until now, he would have told very much about how his relatives, colleagues, just countrymen left this place from here. Isaac Iosifovich, by the way, the was the first of the teachers of his county deserved the order of Lenin, and before the war the medal "For Labor Valor".

Unfortunately, in Kosogorka they forgot how to respect the memory of the victims of fascism. A memorial sign installed on a mass grave, torn from its place and overturned. This point is a witness of vandalism. Yes, and the grave of I. I. Kharlamb is now without supervision. But there is a school, the village executive committee ...

Alexander Semyonovich told in the next letter about his continuation of the conversations in Kosogorka about the departed Frampolians, thus adding to the list of those killed for the book, in the issue of which he took part. Snegur

also said that for a long time he was looking for the book "Tempered in the crucible of war", published in Moscow in 1980 under the editorship of General Georgiy Fedorovich Samoylovich, the commander of the 167th Infantry Division, which liberated the Yarmolinty district in March 1944. After starting the search for this books from the Internet, I addressed to local and capital Russian libraries, but no one gave information about it. It became known to him that the division was formed in 1940 in the city of Balashov, Saratov region. After contacting the local history museum in Balashov, I found out former military Loktionov, a veteran of the war, a participant in the liberation of Novaya Ushitsa. Colonel Serafim Alekseevich Loktionov resided in this city, being an honorary citizen of the Balashov district, and acted as a researcher of the military route and organizer of post-war meetings of veterans of the 167th Infantry Division.

It turned out that because of the huge losses in the first year of the war , this division was formed again in December 1941 in the Urals town of Sukhoy Log of the Sverdlovsk region. Serafim Alekseevich gave me addresses of veterans from the town of Sukhoy Log. Then my short correspondence began with the veterans of this town, the result of which was a copy of the pages dedicated to the liberation of the Yarmolinty district, from the book that interests A.S. Snegur what were I sent to him.

Snegur (07/06/2003) wrote, “ The answer to you is the second letter for today. The first letter I wrote to a woman with a difficult past: in 1943 her family was shot by the Germans for their support of the Jews and the keeping weapons. She alone avoided reprisal, lost in the crowd of people who fled to the fire (their house was set on fire) and shoots. She is looking for documents about this event, but can not get an affirmative answer from the authorities.

I have some information about Kharlamb. After his death, he was buried in Kosogorka, the house where he lived was sold. I went to the village twice, trying to meet with a woman who should talk about him more. Sometimes she goes to the children, sometimes - to her sisters. Next Saturday I'll go there again.

The archive in Kamenets-Podolskiy did not recover from the fire. The surviving documents were transported to Khmel'nitskiy. It takes a lot of time and money to restore materials. Burned materials, related to the governor of the time before 1917, had information about the Jews. The fire heavily went through the hearts of those people who worked in the archive and knew its

everyday problems: archive stored in the dilapidated buildings were not good heated .

I looked through the lists of students of the Kamenets-Podolskiy universities: pedagogical and medical. After all, it is possible that your father's sister studied in 1940-1941 learning on some courses, where she took a photo.”

Snegur (12/26/2004) wrote, “Somewhere in February-March 2005 the "Book of Sorrow" will be published. Be sure to send it to you. If you want to publish the names from this book on the Internet, this can help you find the descendants. When the work on the book began, I did not imagine how much time this work would require. But I am glad that the names of the departed people will be kept on paper, and the younger generation will have an opportunity to see how many lives were murdered in 1941-1945, how many torments the survivors suffered. I am glad that my endless walks along the long and short streets of the villages will give concrete results. Let the memory of the innocently dead people always be alive!”

My relationships with the veterans of the town of Sukhoy Log had an unexpected continuation. Probably, both the city council of veterans and workers of the museum of local lore felt my genuine interest in the history of the 167th Infantry Division, so I received the wanted book in six months, as well as another book with short memories of fighters of the 167th division about military episodes, which they remembered. Then I sent both books to Alexander Semyonovich.

Snegur (05/28/2005) wrote, “Thank you for the books sent to me. During the celebration of the Victory Day, I spoke with stories before the soldiers and officers of the military unit. As in previous years, meetings were at the Yarmolinty railstation nearby the graves of soldiers and civilians, with the participation of front-line soldiers, students and residents of the surrounding villages. I talked about sorrow when it is impossible to know all names those killed in the fall of 1942. I do not know where they lie in the first or second grave, that's why I put flowers on both.

I have in my hands an alarm copy of the "Book of Sorrow". Money for printing the entire circulation in the regional administration are still not enough. I hope for an quickly decision of this issue. The editorial board of this book is planning the last volume (and our volume is the 4th volume of the "Books of the Sorrow of Ukraine" , Khmelnitskiy region) dedicated to the soldiers who died already in the postwar period. The book should contain information about the military units and fronts on which they fought.”

Soon Alexander Semyonovich sent me the expected "Book of Sorrow". I thanked Snegur for his generous gift. Next, I did a work to reconcile the names from this book with names from other sources.

Snegur (2005) wrote, “At the celebration of the 605th anniversary village of Yarmolinty, I was awarded the title of "Honorary Citizen of Yarmolinty", the fifth in a row. Well, almost fifty years have been given to work in journalism. The book "Local government of Yarmolinty district" was printed. I was not an author of it, but I have made considerable efforts to this edition, for which the authors are grateful.”

In the next letter, Alexander Semyonovich writes, still apologizing as he could not find the traces of my relatives, but he expresses a number of thoughts, which also follow from his results of many years of searching work. Snegur also talks about his grandchildren, who are drawn to knowledge. It is felt that he is proud of their achievements in studies. Alexander Semyonovich tells also the fact that the age is taking its toll: he have a lot of treatment.”

Snegur (12/22/2006) wrote, “Already after the inclusion of a number of names in the lists of the dead, I found references to the fact that they were saved, because they were hidden by the locals. After the liberation, many owners avoided mentioning this. If the authorities encouraged this feat (and this is a real feat), then everything would become clear. And so, until now the names of saviors are in total oblivion. Reflecting on such facts, I would like in the future book to name the villagers who saved the life of the Jews. But what about those who scolded and betrayed the Germans? This is a very serious issue.

As I already wrote, there was a man in Kosogorka, who compiled a map of the shtetl on which all the pre-war houses were painted and the names of the inhabitants were given. Unfortunately, the former secretary of the village council passed this important document to a sloppy man, who lost him. Of course, both the local authorities and the one above did not seek to restore the lists of those killed. If it was not easy to restore the lists in the cities, it was possible in the countryside, where everyone knew each other.”

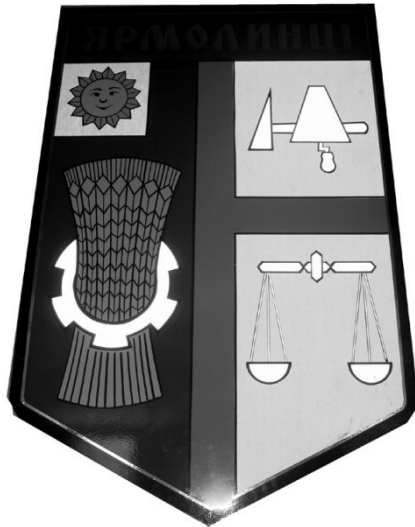
Alexander Semyonovich laments that I did not begin to study his roots before, during my father's life. Well, in youth, there's no time to think about it. Snegur's thoughts about preserving the memory of noble people who saved their Jewish compatriots were closely to the work of the Jerusalem Yad Vashem museum to preserve the names of the righteous.

There were several more letters from A.S. Snegur. In late 2008, I sent him my book "Wisdom of the Sorrow" and then before the new 2009, I received from him good reviews about this book and wishes for health and success in finding traces of ancestors. Alexander Semyonovich briefly told about his roots and plans for writing a book about the fate of people and the events of the war now in our Yarmolintsy district.

In 2009, me and R. Geller again came to Kosogorka, where we performed work in the Jewish cemetery. It so happened that Alexander Semyonovich was on preventive treatment in a hospital near Khmelnytsky. Returning from Kosogorka to Khmelnytsky for the departure home, we could not go to the hospital to thank him for the tremendous efforts in preserving the memory of our relatives. We only had time to meet with his son-in-law, Anatoliy Nikolaevich Lis, who cordially met us at his workplace, briefly told us about his work and family affairs, and we shared our plans in preserving the memory of Frampolians.



Map of the offensive of the 167th Infantry Division upon the liberation of Podoliya



The coat of arms of Yarmolinty

«The Book of Sorrow of Ukraine»

Alexander Semyonovich Snegur after many years of work to collect information about the dead civilians in the district in which he participated, finally waited in 2005 for the publication of the "Book of Sorrow" and sent it to M. Freyder. It lists many of the names of Frampolians who died during the war.

The authors used this book for reference when composing a combined list of the dead. In it were along with the names collected from printed sources and messages of relatives the names from the list of the householders that Alexander Semyonovich had was presented.

There is also information about Freyder's grandmother Brana Freyder, whose middle name is unknown, it is simply added for publication. In the same book on pages 278-279 is given information about several Freyders. Alter Moiseevich Freyder, one of the oldest inhabitants of Frampol, was clearly a relative of his father. Mikhail father's brother could be Sender Freyder.

There is also the surname of Mariya Solomonovna Daychman in the book , born in 1919, who lived in Dunaevtsy, as written in the book. This is the sister of R. Geller's mother, who died by the hands of the Nazis together with her parents in Yarmolintsy. R. Geller conducted a study of the source of publication of this name. Nothing specific has not yet been established. Most likely, the place of residence in Dunaevtsy is indicated erroneously.

Recently R. Geller managed to find the family of the already deceased and well-known Khmelnytskyi journalist Samuil Solomonovich Daychman, a member of the editorial board of the "Book of Memory of Ukraine", vol. 10, about the soldiers who died at the front in the Khmelnytskyi region. The journalist S.S. Daychman himself came from Dunaevtsy, not far from Frampol, and therefore the meeting with his family was naturally of special interest in the search for information about Roman Geller's aunt Manya Daychman, who lived with her parents in Frampol before the war and at the beginning of the war.

The meeting at the hospitable house of the Daychman family was a success. But, after examining the old pre-war photographs and remembering the names of many of the Dunayevtsy relatives of this family, everyone came to the conclusion that there are no family ties with Mariya Solomonovna Daychman, named on page 172 of the "Book of Sorrow". One more assumption left. In the 1880s and 1990s, a cloth factory was built in Dunaevtsy, which quickly became one of the leading enterprises of this industry not only in the region, but also throughout Ukraine. People came to work from afar and, of course, residents of nearby cities and villages. Maybe M.S. Daychman worked there for some time before the war, and her name was found by someone in the surviving lists of factory workers? It remains to be seen ... It's a pity, of course, that in this "Book of Sorrow" there are no names of the parents of Manya Daychman - R. Geller's grandfather and grandmother, as well as many other names of the famous fellows who are known to us.

The entry to the section "Yarmolinty region" for the that book was written by A.S. Snegur. An extract of this entry is published below.

Shoot years*

... Beginning in the autumn of 1941, the place for mass executions is the territory of the military garrison. Here they shot communists, Red Army officers, activists, Jews, suspects, prisoners of war. Therefore, in this area there are many single and group graves. There will never be an exact number how many military and civilians fell here.

Anna Rozygula, a young woman from the village, recalls, "One summer day we were carrying firewood. We came upon a freshly dug pit, over which the crows were circling. We approached and saw bodies swollen under the hot sun . We threw off our firewood and began to drop a handful of earth on the deceased."

With particular ferocity the Nazis attacked the Jews, who in the village of Yarmolinty constituted an overwhelming pain. So, according to the 1939 census, there were 2015 people living here, and among them Jews - more than 90 percent. For a thousand residents of Jewish nationality was registered in Mikhaylovka and Solobkovtsy, almost a thousand - in Sharovka and Kosogorka.

At first the Jews were driven to the ghetto. In Yarmolinty, for this purpose, a territory of several hectares, surrounded by barbed wire, was allocated. On

the other side there was a guard with evil sheep-dogs. Enter and exit the ghetto was strictly forbidden. Violators were shot or hung.

The able-bodied men were taken to Tomashovka, where they cornered the reservoir and poured a dam for the future power station. They were starved and tortured. Those who never held in their hands neither shovel, nor hammer, nor kyle are the most difficult to endure these tortures. When water was released from the pond, a lot of big fish accumulated in the ditch. The guards wanted to eat it. Young Jews were used for fishing. They chased the fish, were fallen in the icy water, with stiffened hands they tried to grab the fish. Policemen "encouraged" them with sticks and bayonets. From here, with the construction of a hydropower plant and a stone quarry, not all of them have been alive.

The inhabitants were horrified when, once they saw ten corpses on trees, telephone poles and even on tall trees. As it turned out, it was revenge for the German killed in Pravdovka. It is still unknown who killed him, several versions are passed from mouth to mouth. Suspicion fell on Iosif Sorokatiy, who led a German in search of an overnight stay. He was also an interpreter of the Jews. He was blamed for this, and nine other dwellers of the ghetto were hanged with him. Many people hanged, however, and after this tragedy, sometimes singly, sometimes dozens. So it was in Kosogorka too.

And yet the thickest clouds over the victims of the Holocaust loomed at the end of October 1942. On the appointed day, police and gendarmerie were raised in Yarmolintsy. Arrived reinforcement from other areas. Punishers and their henchmen with rifles in their hands, with dogs on leashes drove the Jews out onto the street with whips and rifle butts. It was allowed to take with them the most valuable and necessary. The assembled column was moving along Michurin Street. On the sides - enhanced protection. Ahead of the Jews went outwardly calm Iosef Anbinder, the well-known in the regional center as the head of a brass band. Hundreds of inhabitants saw off the doomed to death ... The way to the scaffold lay on the territory of the garrison town. They took for them the last of soldier's barracks. Men were on the first floor, women and children - on the second, third. They kept without water and food. In intolerable agony passed two days. A group of the bravest men led by Mikhail Pres went to freedom through the aperture. Children rushed to the same place. But they did not enjoy freedom - the guards caught almost all of them. The next day, the doomed resorted to suicide: someone threw through the window their children and flied himself as a stone behind them, someone threw a noose around his neck and as so not to see the suffering of the children. Three doctors

were also driven to despair by the impotence to help the sick and children, also did suicide.

Finally, there was an offer to go out to get drink. First fifty of the most exhausted went. But they led them not to a barrel of water, but to a previously excavated pit. Before the execution they were ordered to undress and take the stairs down, lie down one by one, face down. And then there were gunshots ...

The massacre took place in front of those who looked at the execution of the doomed from the third floor, heard screams and moans. People in barrack rebelled. On one of the balconies a red cloth flew up. Three Fredman sisters scrambled to the very top. From there, the eldest of them cried out, "Comrades guards, turn your weapons against the Germans. They beat us today, and tomorrow - you! Long live the Red Army! Long live comrade Stalin!" and three sisters, like three torn flowers, flew down.

The policemen tried to break through to the middle of building by force to drive a new group of Jews. Then dozens of hands grabbed the first of them and ripped him in a frenzy. Through the window they threw out only the head and greatcoat. Gun machine bursts. Several policemen fell killed, an assistant to the chief of police was wounded.

Frightened by this course of events, the officers asked for support. No one came out. But they did not go to storm barracks. Only the armored transporter beat up in windows. Finally, several carts with straw were brought to the building and set on fire. The smoke crept into the windows and squeezed by the throat ... Only then the rebels surrendered.

The Jews went out into the yard in groups, the last time they inhaled fresh air and walked to the pit through the living guard corridor. Nobody dared to break through this wall ...

And next to the pit 7 meters wide, 35 meters long and 3 meters deep, children, men and women were required to remove all clothes and go down to where the first group of the dead was already lying. That's so the body to the body ... lived out the last seconds. And on top of the planks a monster stepped and poured them with lead ...

June 20, 1944 authoritative commission to investigate the atrocities of the Nazi occupation forces ordered a forensic examination at the place of execution of civilians. In the largest common grave, 10 layers of corpses were counted - 5 on each side and 5 on the other. Every half a meter the dead bodies

were covered with tar. As eyewitnesses recalled, the land that covered the last layer moved for several days. Eight thousand innocent people are buried here.

The Germans left the bloody trail also in Solobkovtsy. Before the war, the Jewish community helped the hungry in 1933. In 1942, inhabitants tried to respond with good for good. But when Arseniy Basalyuk was killed for harboring the Jews (a mother with four children), the Ukrainians became scared to take trouble with their family.

Zimmerman's family lived in Tarasovka. Sincere for good, it deserved the general respect and love of her fellow villagers. Tsiriya hid, when started the driving everyone lived outside the district center to Solobkovtsy. Her shelter became weeds, corn, and other places. But it's hard to hide from the evil eye. This girl, a student of a teacher's college, was caught. When they took her through the village to the execution, she bowed to every curtyard. As indicated on the obelisk, which was built near Solobkovtsy with funds from the children and grandchildren of the dead, about two thousand Jews died, including the Zimmerman, Shapiro, Rosentul, Goldenberg, Tesman-Lisenker, Shtern-Melamud and Kogan families. And that valley became known as the Valley of Death, Bursht in Ukrainian.

The last mass extermination of Jews was in Sharovka. Local Jews brought gold and other valuables and survived until November 4, 1942. There was a thick fog that day; for 10 steps you can not see anything. Policemen broke into the cramped Jewish houses and pushed out everyone who caught sight of them. The victims were driven to the square. A place for a common grave they chose a deep pit near the village cemetery. There brought the group of the doomed. Some were killed, while others waited for their bloody turn. More than 300 Jews of the village of Sharovka and separate Jewish refugees from Zinkov, Mikhaylovka, Pravdovka and Sutkovtsy were executed on that day.

With the same cruelty the punishers also attacked the underground. Who was shot on the territory of the railway station, who - in the tract Evelina, and who - in Starokonstantinov's prison. The fascists destroyed not only their direct opponents. They were shot whole families: Sukhikh - in Tomashovka, Mikhalinii and Monastirskiy - in Yarmolintsy, Stebletskiy - in Sosnovka.

In Sokolovka, the spouses Kirill and Mariya Maramon were killed under the bullets of the punitive forces simultaneously with their six children. The oldest - 22-year-old Elena Kirillovna - only received the diploma of the teacher, and the youngest - Peter - only eight. Someone was slaughtered on the threshold, but someone was flooded in the hut. Only those who were not hid in

the hut or in the courtyard were saved. The family grave of Maramon still scorches the soul of fellow villagers with fire.

On the same day, the punishers killed another teenager, who was going to lend his neighbors a car for the export of manure. Seeing that the estate is surrounded by Germans and policemen, rushed to get away. It was opened fire and Peter Berenda fell dead. The family hesitated for a long time how to say this hard truth to his mother who was driven to Germany to work. Have written. When villagers-Ostarbeiters ran their eyes through the text (Fyokla Nikitovna herself was illiterate), they went around these lines. But the woman suspected bad - and asked the Lithuanian woman to read the text. And then the 57-year-old Fyokla exploded with anger: cursed fascists, screamed. In the morning she did not become at the owner - he killed her, like a rebel ...

*Translation from Ukrainian - R. Geller.

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ФРІДМАН Сруль Беркович, 1900 р., с. Михайлівка, єврей, службовець. Розстріляний фашистами, жт. 1942 р. Похов. брат. мог. ст. Ярмолинці.

ФРІДМАН Шая Юхимович, 1906 р., смт Ярмолинці, єврей, кіномеханік. Розстріляний фашистами,

жт. 1942 р. Похов. брат. мог. ст. Ярмолинці.

ГУЦАЛ Арон Гершович, 1914 р., смт Ярмолинці, єврей, службовець. Розстріляний фашистами, жт. 1942 р. Похов. брат. мог. ст. Ярмолинці.

ГУЦАЛ Двойра Абрамівна, 1916 р., смт Ярмолинці, єврейка, домогосподарка. Розстріляна фашистами, жт. 1942 р. Похов. брат. мог. ст. Ярмолинці.

ГУЦАЛ Клара Аронівна, 1939 р., смт Ярмолинці, єврейка, дошкільниця. Розстріляна фашистами, жт. 1942 р. Похов. брат. мог. ст. Ярмолинці.

ГУЦАЛ Хава Аронівна, 1935 р., смт Ярмолинці, єврейка, дошкільниця. Розстріляна фашистами, жт. 1942 р. Похов. брат. мог. ст. Ярмолинці.

ГУЦАЛЮК Ганна Данилівна, 1924 р., с. Лугове, українка, селянка. Примусово вивезена на роботу до Німеччини в 1942 р. Померла від хвороби в 1943 р. Похов. нп Віслінден, Чехія.

ГУЦАЛЮК Олена Василівна, 1924 р., с. Перегінка, українка, селянка. Примусово вивезена на роботу до Німеччини в 1942 р. Померла від важкої праці та виснаження в 1944 р. Похов. р-н м. Прага, Чехія.

Д

ДАВИДОВИЧ Давид Гершович, 1898 р., с. Солобківці, єврей, селянин. Розстріляний фашистами 04.08.42. Похов. брат. мог. с. Солобківці.

ДАВИДОВИЧ Йосип Гершович, 1894 р., с. Солобківці, єврей,

слюсар. Розстріляний фашистами 04.08.42. Похов. брат. мог. с. Солобківці.

ДАВИДОВИЧ Хана Яківна, 1907 р., с. Солобківці, єврейка, домогосподарка. Розстріляна фашистами 04.08.42. Похов. брат. мог. с. Солобківці.

ДАЙЧМАН Марія Соломонівна, 1919 р., м. Дунаївці, єврейка, службовка. Розстріляна фашистами 30.10.42. Похов. брат. мог. ст. Ярмолинці.

ДАЦУН Олена Василівна, 1926 р., с. Соколівка, українка, селянка. Примусово вивезена на роботу до Німеччини в 1942 р. Померла від важкої праці та виснаження в 1944 р. Похов. р-н м. Гамбург, Німеччина.

ДВЯХОВ Павло Станіславович, 1922 р., с. Демівка Вінницької обл., українець, службовець. Помер від виснаження в концтаборі 28.11.41. Похов. клад. с. Іванківці.

ДЕДЕКАЛО Митрофан Васильович, 1918 р., смт Ярмолинці, українець, працівник банку. Вбитий під час бойових дій у 1941 р. Похов. м. Хорол Полтавської обл.

ДЕЙНЕГА Микола Петрович, 1923 р., смт Ярмолинці, українець, швець. Розстріляний гестапівцями за антифашистську агітацію 06.05.43. Похов. м. Старокостянтинів.

ДЕКЕРМАН Мець Давидович, 1899 р., с. Михайлівка, єврей, селянин. Розстріляний фашистами, жт. 1942 р. Похов. брат. мог. ст. Ярмолинці.

ДЕЛКАТНИЙ Михайло Сергійович, 1914 р., с. Томашівка, українець, вчитель. Розстріляний фашистами як заручник 26.03.44. Похов. клад. с. Томашівка.

ДЕЛІНЗОН Арон Шулимович, 1885 р., смт Ярмолинці, єврей, ганчірник. Розстріляний фашистами,

A copy of the page from "Book of Sorrow of Ukraine" with the name Daychman

ЧАЧКА Нуня Лейзерівна, 1923 р., с. Косогірка, єврейка, швачка. Розстріляна фашистами 30.10.42. Похов. брат. мог. ст. Ярмолинці.

ЧАЧКА Рая Лейзерівна, 1926 р., с. Косогірка, єврейка, учениця. Розстріляна фашистами 30.10.42. Похов. брат. мог. ст. Ярмолинці.

ЧАЧКА Яків Абрамович, 1900 р., с. Солобківці, єврей, селянин. Розстріляний фашистами 04.08.42. Похов. брат. мог. с., Солобківці.

ЧЕКАН Антон Миколайович, 1925 р., с. Скаржинці, українець, міліціонер. Загинув під час бойових дій. Похов. клад. м. Івано-Франківськ.

ЧЕКАН Броніслав Миколайович, 1928 р., с. Скаржинці, українець, селянин. Підірвався на міні, тр. 1944 р. Похов. клад. с. Скаржинці.

ЧЕРВІЙОВСЬКИЙ Броніслав Іванович, 1924 р., с. Лисівка, поляк, селянин. Примусово вивезений на роботу до Німеччини в 1942 р. Вбитий під час втечі з концтабору, лсп. 1942 р. Похов. р-н м. Любек, Німеччина.

ЧИЧЕЛЬНИЦЬКИЙ Микола Антонович, 1925 р., с. Солобківці, українець, селянин. Примусово вивезений на роботу до Німеччини в 1942 р. Помер від хвороби в 1945 р. Похов. клад. с. Солобківці.

ЧОРНА Марія Іванівна, 1903 р., с. Сутківці, українка, селянка. Загинула під час бойових дій 26.03.44. Похов. клад. с. Сутківці.

ЧОРНА Марія Карпівна, 1902 р., с. Жилинці, українка, селянка. Примусово вивезена на роботу до Німеччини в 1942 р. Померла від хвороби, бер. 1944 р. Похов. р-н м. Любек, Німеччина.

ЧОРНИЙ Майорко Абрамович, 1899 р., с. Солобківці, єврей, 19. Книга Скорботи України. Том. IV.

робітник. Розстріляний фашистами 04.08.42. Похов. брат. мог. с. Солобківці.

ЧОРНИЙ Мефодій Степанович, 1899 р., с. Томашівка, українець, селянин. Загинув під час бойових дій 09.07.41. Похов. клад. с. Томашівка.

ЧОРНИЙ Марія Ізівна, 1918 р., с. Косогірка, єврейка, вчителька. Розстріляна фашистами в 1943 р. Похов. брат. мог. ст. Ярмолинці.

ЧОРНОДОЛЯ Петро Митрофанович, с. Солобківці, українець, селянин. Загинув під час бойових дій у 1945 р.

ЧУБАТА Песя Данилівна, 1933 р., с. Шарівка, єврейка, учениця. Розстріляна фашистами 01.10.42. Похов. брат. мог. с. Шарівка.

ЧУБАТА Чарна Міхелівна, 1906 р., с. Шарівка, єврейка, селянка. Розстріляна фашистами 01.10.42. Похов. брат. мог. с. Шарівка.

ЧУБАТИЙ Григорій Данилович, 1928 р., с. Шарівка, єврей, учень. Застрелений поліціями як утікач з гетто, вр. 1942 р. Похов. клад. с. Шарівка.

ЧУБАТИЙ Йосип Данилович, 1930 р., с. Шарівка, єврей, учень. Розстріляний фашистами 01.10.42. Похов. брат. мог. с. Шарівка.

ЧУБАТЮК Григорій Дмитрович, 1912 р., смт Ярмолинці, українець, службовець. Загинув під час авіанальоту 06.07.41. Похов. клад. смт Ярмолинці.

Ш

ШАЄВИЧ Бень Аронович, 1893 р., с. Солобківці, єврей, слюсар. Розстріляний фашистами

A copy of the page from "Book of Sorrow of Ukraine" with the name of Cherniy Mariya Isaacovna, daughter of I. I. Kharlamb

Searches of Descendants

After his trip to Kosogorku in 2001, M. Freyder continued to search for traces of his relatives, both with the assistance of A.S. Snegur and independently. At the same time, Mikhail was looking not only at the people of Frampol, but also their descendants who were alive or born in the post-war period. So, a letter was written by Bonnie Schooler Sohn, who in 1999 translated the book "Kaminits-Podolsk and its environs" from Hebrew to English. The story of Frampol from this edition, translated into Russian, has already been described by us in this book. It turned out that Bonnie was born in 1936 in the USA and she does not know any people from the former Kamenets-Podolskiy region. In any case, her work on translation causes not only respect, but also admiration: in a memory of her ancestors she translated an impressive book, making it the available of all living descendants, who speak English. All this time M. Freyder was also looking for descendants of I. Kharlamb, who made an invaluable contribution to the study of Frampolians, and then - to the inhabitants of Kosogorka (several pre-war and post-war generations). It was hoped that his descendants could tell the facts of the life of this man, his family. The fact is that in the history of this family was reflected the tragic story of all the inhabitants of Frampol, our forefather's home. When Freyder's father recalled his childhood, there was always talk about Isaac Iosifovich Kharlamb ...

Continuing the search, Mikhail turned to the sheets of witness testimony of the Jerusalem museum Yad Vashem. Around 2006, these sheets, collected by the museum for many post-war years, were entered into a computer database, and remote access was opened. Mikhail began to look through the records of

that base on Frampol. They were not many sheets just over fifty. Among them, Mikhail saw a sheet of his grandmother Brana, who had been sent to them earlier. Part of the pages was filled by the authors in Hebrew, in Yiddish, which made it difficult to find information about the victim and about the author of the witness sheet. Some of the sheets were filled in the 1950s, which made it impossible to find the author. So, one of the authors, Moshe Tsvibak, recalled the phone call of Mikhail during his stay in 2007 in Israel. It turned out that M. Tsvibak visited Frampol at his relatives Pukers in 1939-1940, while he was still a boy. He remembered their names, which gave him the right to fill out sheets of testimony. Some people, to whom Mikhail addressed, did not want to speak at all about the themes of war and sacrifices.

A whole group of sheets of testimony belonged to Roman Geller. These sheets were filled by him in 1991. The sheets attracted Mikhail's attention with the accuracy of filling, the publication of a photo of the dead grandfather, grandmother, Roman's aunt, as well as a drawing of a monument and a reference to a chapter from the "Black Book" by V. Grossman and I. Erenburg, in the sheets of the document. With the help of the Internet, Mikhail managed to contact Roman's daughter Yuliya, who reported Roman's phone number. And soon Roman himself called Mikhail in Chelyabinsk. So our correspondence acquaintance took place.

In addition to the sheets of testimony Roman sent a list of about 60 families to Yad Vashem, the number of members of these families is about 150 people. But this list has not been published in full or in the form of sheets of witness statements.

For the first time Roman Geller visited the homeland of his ancestors on the line of his mother, in Kosogorka, in 1995. Then he met one of the oldest residents of Kosogorka Vladimir Demyanovich Boychak (1913-1998), listened to his stories, and also received from Boychak scheme a place and the address of his daughter Lukyanenko Nina Vladimirovna, who lives in Kiev. In 2008, Roman met several times with Boychak's daughter and received from her copies of pre-war and post-war photographs of pupils and teachers of the Frampol's, later Kosogorka's, school.

In July 2008 Roman came to Chelyabinsk. At the meeting Mikhail and Roman got to know each other, exchanged materials related to our common ancestral homeland, and also made a plan for our next steps to find descendants and documents. At the same time, they reviewed and discussed a copy of the list of the dead residents of the town, which were rewritten by

Roman in Ketselman's family in Pushkino. This list was sent by Roman to Jerusalem as described above. A similar version of the same list was also sent to Yad Vashem Jerusalem Museum by the daughter of Semyon Leybman Nelya Fuks. The search was continued: Igor Ketselman from Pushkino, Moscow region, sent a printed version of the same list of the dead, as well as a map of the shtetl and several essays prepared in the 1970s by Alexander Leybman. At the same time, Igor Ketselman sent us the article of Sheva Nukhimovna (Evguenia Naumovna) Nikolayevskaya, daughter of the Framlol rabbi, written and published in the Israel newspaper.

At the end of 2008, Roman Geller made his second trip to Kosogorka, met with Tatyana Bronislavovna Garbuz, chairman of the village administration of Kosogorka, with the librarian of the village Masha Bodnar, and also in Yarmolinty with Snegur, who has already been mentioned several times.

Another visit to Kosogorku Roman carried out in early 2009. Then he donated several dozen books to the rural library and learned the address data of the descendants of Kharlamb. It turned out that in the nearby village of Savinty, where the son of Isaac Iosifovich Naum lived with his family, Naum's wife Klavdiya Koval recently died, and now the daughter of Naum Isaacovich Malvina Naumovna and her family live in this house. They permanently reside in Khmelnitskiy. The establishment of a connection with this family made it possible to think about going to Kosogorka to restore the monument to the hostages of Frampol and to restore the old Jewish cemetery. We made this trip at the end of May 2009.



Page of Testimony for commemoration of the Jews who perished during the Holocaust; please fill in a separate form for each victim, in block letters.

The Martyrs' and Heroes' Remembrance Law 5713-1953 determines in section 2 that: "The task of Yad Vashem is to gather into the homeland material regarding all those members of the Jewish people who laid down their lives, who fought and rebelled against the Nazi enemy and his collaborators, and to perpetuate their names and those of the communities, organizations and institutions which were destroyed because they were Jewish."

Victim's photo Please write victim's name on back. Do not glue	Victim's family name: FREIDER		Maiden name:		
	First name (also nickname): BRANA		Previous/other family name:		
	Title:	Gender: M/F	Date of birth:	Approx. age at death: 45	
	Place of birth:		Region:	Country: RUSSIA Nationality: JEW	
Permanent residence: FRAMPOL		Region: KAMENETS-PODOLSKIY	Country: USSR		
Residence before deportation: FRAMPOL		Region: KAMENETS-PODOLSKIY	Country: USSR		
Victim's father's family name:		First name:			
Victim's mother's name:		Maiden name:			
Victim's spouse:		Maiden name:	Family status: MARRIED	No. of children: 2	
Member of org./movement:		Place of work: FRAMPOL		Profession:	
Places, events and activities during the war (prison / deportation / ghetto / camp / death march / hiding / escape / resistance / combat): GHETTO					
Date of death: 1942 22 OCTOBER	Country: USSR	Region: KAMENETS- PODOLSKIY	Place of death: YARMOLINITSKY		
Circumstances of death:					
I, the undersigned, hereby declare that this testimony is correct to the best of my knowledge.					
00576	First name: MIKHAIL		Family name: FREIDER		
	Previous/other family name: FREIDER				
	Street: SHEMKURSKAYA		House no.: 11-196	City: CHELYABINSK	State/zip code: 454084
	Country: RUSSIA	Tel.: (3512)35-4231	I am not a survivor: <input type="checkbox"/> Relationship to the victim (family/other): GRANDCHILD		
During the war I was in a camp / ghetto / forest / the resistance / in hiding / had false papers (circle relevant options)					

Date: **10 AUGUST 2001** Place: **CHELYABINSK** Signature:

"...And I shall give them in My house and within My walls a memorial and a name...that shall not be cut off"

10000 50-5

Page of testimony by Brana Freyder, filled with M. Freyder

יָד בַּשֵּׁמ

НАЦИОНАЛЬНЫЙ ИНСТИТУТ
ХОЛОКАУСТА И ГЕРОИЗМА,
ИЕРУСАЛИМ, ИЗРАИЛЬ.

דאָפּ-אַד טי-טי

ЛИСТ
СВИДЕТЕЛЬСКИХ
ПОКАЗАНИЙ

יד ושם

פ. י. 3477
יְרוּשָׁלַיִם, יִשְׂרָאֵל

<p>זמן תכנון השואה התבצע — תש"נ 1953 קובץ מס' 2: הקדמו של יד ושם הוא להעביר אל העולם את זכרם של כל אלה מבני הקה היהודי, שנפלו בסכר את נפשם, נולדו והצדק בזיכרון הנצחי והבטחה, להחיות שם וזכר להם, לפעילות, לצרכים ולמוסדות שנוצרו בגלל ההשפעה אפק היהודי. (ספר העדות מס' 132, י"ו תמוז תש"ב 28.8.53)</p>		<p>ЗАКОН ОБ УВЕКОВЕЧЕНИИ ПАМЯТИ ЖЕРТВ НАЦИЗМА И ГЕРОВ СОПРОТИВЛЕНИЯ — ЯД ВАШЕМ ОТ 1953. — 5713 ГОДА устанавливает во втором параграфе</p> <p>задачей ЯД ВАШЕМ является собрание документов и увековечение на Родине памяти всех евреев, которые погибли, пали жертвами в борьбе сопротивления против нацистского врага и его пособников, а также увековечить память общины, организаций и учреждений, уничтоженных потому, что они были еврейскими.</p>	
<p>1. שם המשפחה * דאָיטמאַן</p>		<p>2. השם הפרטי (שם לפני הנישואין) INISe'</p>	
<p>3. תאריך הלידה 5639</p>		<p>4. מקום הלידה (עיר, מדינה) פֿראַמפּאָל, סֶסֶר-רוֹסס</p>	
<p>5. שם אבא בֶרֶס</p>		<p>6. שם האם אַנטה</p>	
<p>7. שם בן / בת הזוג (שם משפחה לפני הנישואין) שֶׁמַּעַח</p>		<p>8. מקצוע פּוֹרְטְנױ</p>	
<p>9. מקום מגורים לפני המלחמה יבֿר פֿראַמפּאָל, סֶסֶר-רוֹסס</p>		<p>10. מקום מגורים במלחמה יבֿר פֿראַמפּאָל, סֶסֶר-רוֹסס</p>	
<p>11. נסיבות המוות (זמן, מקום, סיבה) 19.10.1942 פֿראַמפּאָל, סֶסֶר-רוֹסס</p>		<p>12. מקום ומאריך קי"ב, 5751</p>	
<p>13. יא, הנכונת/הנכונות (היא) גֶלֶלֶר רֹמאַן</p>		<p>14. יחסי המשפחה (אם ידוע) אַבֿא</p>	
<p>15. פרטים נוספים (שם, כתובת) פֿראַמפּאָל, סֶסֶר-רוֹסס</p>		<p>16. מקום ומאריך קי"ב, 5751</p>	
<p>17. חתימה רֶגֶלֶר רֹמאַן</p>			
<p>18. מקום ומאריך קי"ב, 5751</p>			

* Please, please, name each deceased on a separate sheet
* נ.נ. לרשום את שמו של כל נספה על דף נפרד.

206119

..ונתתי להם בביתי ובחומותי יד ושם... אשר לא יכוח" ..IM DAM Я В ДОМЕ МОЕМ И В СТЕНАХ МОИХ ПАМЯТЬ И ИМЯ... КОТОРЫЕ НЕ ИЗГЛАДЯТСЯ."

R. Geller's Story About His First Trip to Yarmolinty and Kosogorka. Memories of V.D. Boychak

For the first time I made a trip to Yarmolinty and Kosogorka at the beginning of the summer of 1995, the year of the 50th anniversary of the Great Victory. The main purpose of the trip was to visit the memorial complex on the site of mass shootings of Jews in the autumn of 1942. My relatives were also killed there: grandfather, grandmother and mother's sister. Kamenets-Podolskiy train from Kiev arrived to the station Yarmolinty about 7 a.m. It was still very early. I went to the village's market to buy flowers. Then I went back to the station. The matter is that the memorial complex is not far from the station on the territory before the war of the existing military unit. At 9 a.m. I approached the checkpoint, called, explained the reason for the visit. Accompanied by two soldiers, I went to the memorial. First of all, I approached the monument to 18,000 Jews who were killed on the territory of a part of the surrounding villages. This monument in the form of a severed tree back in 1947 was set at their own expense by fellow countrymen - some of the relatives of the deceased. I knew this monument only from photographs. I put flowers, bowed, stood, was silent. I went around the whole memorial complex with the brotherly graves.

And, although no one hurried me, I had to leave the territory of the unit. At the checkpoint, I talked to the attendant, told him about my relatives were killed here. The person on duty to me says that there is one person working as

a watchman who witnessed those terrible events and could tell me something. And suddenly he shows, "And there he goes!". An elderly man, unfortunately, I do not remember his name. He told me how, when he was a 10-year-old boy, he collected frozen beets in the field and threw it across the fence into the territory of the unit so that the doomed could at least eat something. Then he told how the executions were carried out: people who had been stripped naked were forced to lie down in the ditch through which the boards were moved. A German was walking along the boards and shooting randomly on the lying people. Many died not at once, remained alive and for a long time were tormented, since they were only wounded. Therefore, apparently, it is not by chance, in the stories of many people after the war, the same theme sounded: for many days the earth moved over the dead and the groans of the dying were heard. This story only confirmed the already known circumstances of the death of thousands of innocent people ...

It was still quite early, at the beginning of the eleventh morning, the train to Kiev was leaving at half past eight in the evening, and I thought, I must go to Kosogorka, in the former place of Frampol, where my relatives came from. I'm going to the bus station in Yarmolinty, I get in line for the ticket. In front of me is a tall, elderly man without a hand. I hear, he asks for a ticket to Kosogorka, takes a ticket and goes to the platform. I also took a ticket, I went out, I saw this man. For some reason, I immediately decided that this man was from the Kosogorka. I went up to him and asked him, "Excuse me, but have you been living in Kosogorka for a long time?" He answers, "Will it last 60 years?" I said, "Enough." In turn, he asked who I was. I explained that my mother comes from there and also all the relatives on my mother's line. Then he asked: "And how is the name?" I say: "Daychman". And his answer struck me immediately, "Ah, Manya Daychman, I knew her!" It was absolutely unexpected for me - a chance meeting and such a success! Manya Daychman - my mother's dead sister. So I met with a resident of Kosogorka Vladimir Demyanovich Boychak (1913-1998). Go to Kosogorka just 15 km, it took about half an hour on the old bus for the broken road. I immediately take out my list of the dead inhabitants of the then Frampol and, as I could under these conditions, wrote down Boychak's story about those he remembered - at first while the bus was waiting, then at the bus itself.

The conversation was already in the house of Boychak, where he invited me, and where his wife Tatyana Nikolaevna Zakharevich (1919-2000) greeted us warmly. There was a lunch and we continued our conversation. Then I learned a lot of interesting facts about the untimely gone inhabitants of the village during the military occupation of 1941-1943.

Boychak's wife Zakharevich worked as a teacher at the school before the war. This is the first time she showed me some of the old pre-war and the first post-war photographs of students and teachers of the Frampol school. According to V.D. Boychak, before the war he worked in the Village Council of Frampol. When the war broke out, he personally drove the whole archive of the Village Council and the archive of the local registry office to Yarmolinty. When the Germans came, he hid for two years, then went to the front, where he lost his hand ...

Boychak's daughter Nina Vladimirovna Lukyanenko already lived with her family in Kiev. When we met with Mikhail Freyder the first thing we decided was that we needed a meeting with Nina Vladimirovna in order to see the pictures that had been saved.

For the first time I met Nina Vladimirovna only in the summer of 2008, preliminary, at the beginning of the year, phoning, and I learned from her that my hospitable hosts are no longer alive: Nina Vladimirovna's parents passed away, as is often the case, with the difference of the whole in two years - Vladimir Demyanovich in 1998, and Tatyana Nikolaevna in 2000.

The second time I met with Nina and her son in January 2009 and for these two times I managed to copy a few very interesting old photos, kindly provided by Nina Vladimirovna.

Altshuler Yakov
Samoylovich

Head of timber trading warehouse at st. Dunaevtsy. He hid in the cellar, Shutsman found him and brought him to the police department, put his wife Tsyupa on a sledge, but he didn't fit, they hit him and he sat on other sledges separately from his wife, the name of the deceased daughter was Dvoyra, 1927.

Bedniy Volko

Was a tailor.

Blekkher
(Bleycher)
Pinchas

Was a tailor, along with him died his daughter Rosa with a husband and children.

BronshteynYakov v Shlyomovich	Was born in 1918, son of Shlyoma and Riva, he worked at a school for young people. Germans took him in Sokolovka, drove to dig a pond. Died in Yarmolintsy.
Budman Haim	Did caps (in Ukrainian - cashketis).
Waynblat Benyamin Gershkovich	Was a buffet manager.
Galender Haim	His wife, two daughters, the child of one of the daughters were murdered. The eldest daughter's name was Fanya. Her husband, a military man, came to Kosogorka after the war.
Gillis Moisey Yakovlevich	Was born in 1913. Was a teacher of history of a middle school.
Gillis Motya Meerovich	Moisey's father, the head of the family from a 2-storey building, Peyrl- his wife, son Moyshe-was born in 1908, son Isaac - 1911.
Gotloyb Lazar (Leyzer) Itskovich	Hid in the cellar with his wife, they were found. Then Gotloyb found a bottle of wine, poured and said to the Shutsmans, "For your health and for my death."
Daychman Shlyoma Berkovich	Was a tailor, wife Pesya Berkovna - housewife, daughter Manya Solomonovna, was born in 1920.
Demb Sheiva (Jane)	Her husband is Babayev (he was from Turkmenistan), a teacher of German in Frampol's school. Died with the baby.
Ketselman Yekhil Yakovlevich	Was a home tailor.
Ketselman Yosif Yekhilovich	He was married to the sister of Moisey Gillis.

Leybman	He died with his family, sewed harness (pavoroznik in Ukrainian).
Oyrik Haya Samoylovna	Was Daychman's neighbour.
Patishman Isaac (Itsko) Yosifovich	He was a blacksmith.
Pakhter Vevik Alterovich	Was born in 1904. Was recruited to the army even before the war.
Rozental Moisey (Moshko) Meerovich	His relatives lived in Pushkino, daughter Eva was a teacher, did not lived in Frampol, remained alive. Son Meer died at the front. Moisey had also a younger son.
Sas Mokha	His daughter lived in Novgorod, came to Kosogorka.
Khodachnik Semyon (Syoma) Itskovich	He was born in 1913, was a lieutenant, lawyer. During the retreat he was driving through Gorodok, went to his sister, she persuaded him to stay, he came to Frampol secretly. Then he returned to Gorodok, and he was shot by own when the inhabitants of Gorodok were taken away for execution (residents of Gorodok were shot in the village of Kupen).
Khodachnik Yankel Itskovich	His elder brother was married and had no children, died with his wife.
Khodachnik Iosif Itskovich	The younger brother of Yankel, died with his family.

Information that remembered V.D. Boychak about the difficult and tragic fate of the inhabitants of Frampol is summarized in the table below.



Vladimir Demyanovich Boychak, 1980s Alexander Semyenovitch Snegur, 2008



Mikhail Aleksandrovich Komarnitskiy with his wife Zina Andreevna, 2008

New Story of R. Geller's Meetings on the Land of Ancestors

Before leaving Kiev I called up Nina Lukyanenko daughter V. D. Boychak. she could not compose the company on a trip because she works. I asked her how to find T.B. Garbuz, about which Mikhail Freyder spoke to me, she answered that Tatyana Bronislavovna is no longer the secretary, but the chairman of the village council, who is in the neighboring village of Sosnovka. It turned out that these materials were also obsolete: for the village council they had rented a room in Kosogorka, and now the village council is there. In addition, Boychak's daughter said that Tatiana Bronislavovna is her classmate and even a relative (I did not specify how the relationship).

After that I bought a ticket on 11/11/2008. I arrived in village of Yarmolinty early in the morning. It was dark and very cold. I decided to visit graves and a monument in the memorial on the territory of the military unit, which is not far from the station. I sat a little in solitude in the shadows of the waiting room, I decided to go to the bazaar for flowers, by that time it was already light. I went out near the bazaar, found a place where they were selling flowers, but on that cold day there were no real flowers, but artificial ones - I do not like. I look, at the saleswoman on the counter there was a bouquet of live chrysanthemums, such, unpretentious. I asked, she said that it was given to her. So sell me, please. I bought this bouquet, then the bus waited a long time - I went back. Immediately went to the unit - the duty officer does not want to let me know, he asked who I am and from where, but not allowed, he said they should check, etc. I explained that when I served as an officer in aviation, I

also was a duty officer and knew how to decide such a question: you need to call the commander. He called and, in short, the commander authorized, gave a pass, accompanying. I was there myself. I put flowers at the monument, sat on the stool, remembering innocent victims of my relatives and all their countrymen, made about 15 photographs. There was still a lot to do, it was necessary to leave.

Again I went to the bus to Yarmolinty - to look for A.S. Snegur. I came to the center, but street Parkhomenko plainly people do not know, and even Snegur is far from everyone knows. I look - the administrative building, went there. There inside - one half is occupied by the district administration, the other is the district Council. I noticed on the 1st floor the sign "Public Reception", "Council of Veterans" - I go in. At the table - an elderly man, I say that I'm looking for Snegur. "And what to look for him, - go up to the 3rd floor, find an office with a sign Anatoliy Nikolaevich Lis, this Snegur's son-in-law, he will tell you," he replies. I went up, found the sign, the door was locked. Near - a waiting room (son-in-law is a manager of the district Council), I went and asked about Lis. Had an answer, "And today we have a session of the district Council, he is there." But the secretary came down with me to the meeting room and summoned Anatoliy Nikolaevich from the meeting.

A very nice young man came out, smiles, clasps his hand, said: "I know you," "Where?", I answer. "... I've been here for the second time after 13 years and we were not acquainted", "... So, heard about you!". I personally understood that he did not hear about me, but about Mikhail Freyder, who first came to these places in May 2001. Without going back to the meeting room, he comes down with me, starts a car and drives me to the hut. And there - a new contingency: Snegur went to Khmel'nitskiy to the archive, this was told to us by his wife, Lyudmila Demyanovna. There is nothing to do, we return to the district Council. On the way I say that I want to go to Kosogorka and find T.B. Garbuz. "And she is also in the session," answers Lis. "I'll tell her that you want to see her." We arrived, he went to the hall, leaving me in the corridor to wait for a break in the meeting.

So, I'm sitting in the corridor, waiting for a break in the meeting (through the closed door there are very emotional performances). Break for 15 minutes was announced at approximately 12:40. It turns out A.N. Lis along with T.B. Garbuz, introduces me to her and leaves. Tatyana Bronislavovna is very friendly and sympathetic, but she says that I myself must decide where I will spend the night in Yarmolinty (A.N. Lis invited me to wait for Snegur and have a night) or in the Kosogorka. The break quickly ended and everyone

again went into the hall, I stayed to wait. I decided to go somewhere in a cafe - to eat Ukrainian borscht, to warm up. I look - after a break Lis and Garbus returned to the hall but Garbus agreed to wait me, so that she would not leave without me. I took the decision to go to Kosogorka, there to spend the night and in the morning, until it's light, before lunch, to be there, take photos, then go to Snegur and leave him in the evening, especially as I understood, there will be someone to take me to the train. I returned at 2 p.m. and waited another hour for the session of the district Council to end.

Garbus came out, I told her about my decision and then she says that I now can not spend the night in her house, because her daughter came with a one-year-old child from Khmelnytskyi, and she deals with this child, helps her daughter. But she supposedly has a family where I can stay, however, it is necessary before traveling to warn and coordinate my visit. She calls Mariya Mihaylovna Bodnar (simply - Masha, the head of the village library), she says, "I must ask my husband." He said "good"(as me said Tatyana Bronislavovna, Masha told her, "Only for you") ... We are waiting at the bus stop, freezing ... School bus is coming, loaded into it. Older children - gave us the sit place, which can not be said about the schoolchildren in other countries where I had to visit - they sit, their eyes are goggling, there is no such thoughts, that even with the few old men standing on their feet, it is possible to give up. Sometimes in such cases, I for example gave or prompted myself.

We arrived and, when we were walking from the bus, the husband of Masha Viktor (Viktor Grigorievich Bodnar) caught us from the bus, drove us to his house. Garbus went to her room, saying that she would come for me in the morning. Viktor took me to the house (Masha did not come yet) - everything is fine, the furniture, the TV, the computer (without the Internet), the scanner, etc. There is a car in the yard , a tractor, two cats run, two dogs bark, chickens and geese, livestock is also there, but is closed from the eyes. People are standing on their land well. They built the house themselves.

Soon Masha came, met, and she immediately began to work in the kitchen. While she was preparing for the table, Viktor drowned (with gas) the house, so that I frozen, warmed, and then offered to go into the room to his elderly mother - Ganna Timofeevna Lizun - mostly lying and blind, although she can remember something else. Come on, we met. I decided to ask about the daughter of Kharlamb. Here is her short story.

Mariya (Manya) Kharlamb, who died, had a husband. He was Ganna Timofeevna's cousin - Cherniy George Milyenovich (Ukrainian - Chorniy

Georges Milyonovich). His father, Milen was an uncle of Ganna Timofeevna, mother of Viktor Bodnar. Son of Manya Kharlamb and George was Felik. When the Germans arrived, they did not stand in the villages, local people worked there - policemen, or Shutsmans. George hid his family in the cellar: the wife of Kharlamb Sonya Kharlamb, the son of Kharlamb Nyuma and Felik - Manya's son. As for Manya Kharlamb, she was pregnant and was therefore not hiding in the cellar, but in the hut on the stove. It was then that she was noticed by a local Shutsman. When he took Manya from the hut, her husband George, gave him gold objects (apparently ornaments) to pay off and save his wife, but Shutsman took the jewelry and took his wife. According to Ganna Timofeevna Lizun, he shot Manya in the cemetery. This story roughly coincides with the fact that 13 years ago, in 1995, Boychak told me.

Masha Bodnar herself is interested in the history of the village, so she can become a good assistant in the search. I gave her several tasks - to find out the address of the daughter of Nyuma Kharlamb, Malvina, who lives in Khmelnitskiy, to go out to Nyuma Kharlamb's wife Klavdiya Koval, who lives in Savintsy, to find out about the fellow villager Fishler living nearby (the house has survived, but nobody lives in it). Fishler worked as chairman of the collective farm, and in the Village Council. His wife, Vera Grigorievna worked as a teacher in Kosogorka's school, daughter Alla lives in Khmelnitskiy (she may have old photos and documents), she sometimes runs into the garden... The village library, where Masha is in charge, is located opposite the school in a rural club, in this one-story building used to be a Jewish school ...

When we talked about our affairs with Masha and Viktor at dinner, Masha told me this year two more descendants from abroad visited the Kosogorka and gave me their coordinates. This is Avi Bortman from the USA, his relatives by the name of Hendelman are from Frampol. The second person, Dan Pattir, from Israel, the family name of his relatives is Pakhter.

So, on the morning of 11/13 Garbuz came for me around 8 a.m. I was already waiting for her on the street (by the way, from the house of Masha and Victor, part of the now abandoned house of the Boychak family is visible) ... The first thing Garbuz brought me to a 2-story house Gillis and told that now it is a school canteen. The school is right behind the house of Gillis. Then we approached the club that was opposite the school, there was a village library in the club where Masha worked, and next to it there was a memorial to the villagers who were killed at the front, there were names on it, among them two Jewish names - Srul Davidovich Nek and Meer Moiseevich Rozental. Near the right, a small monument to the victims of the Holodomor was erected - on

November, 15; his discovery was prepared. After visiting the memorial, I came up with the idea (for the sake of completeness of the history of the village) to erect a monument to fellow villagers-Jews, brutally murdered by the Nazis in Yarmolintsy. It can be erected to left or nearby of this monuments. But without the help of practical and material things it will not be realized.

Then we headed towards the old Jewish cemetery. From the road we went directly on the wet grass (dew), our feet even got soaked. I started taking pictures, then Tatyana Bronislavovna left me for a short while - she walked across the road to the Russian cemetery...Of course, it was not possible to shoot everything, only a small part - the burial of Kharlamb is immediately visible, it stands out, as the white stone, next to his wife, there are flowers on the grave, laid by the granddaughter coming from Khmel'nitskiy. Many gravestones are in bad condition: they are covered with moss and dust. It was thought that it was necessary to organize cleaning of all tombstones and then to photograph them. I did pictures of several common species. The monument with 7 hostages, unfortunately, I did not find and then Tatyana Bronislavovna returned and we left. On the way to the village, I was photographed near the sign "Kosogorka" and made a general view at the entrance to Kosogorka.

When we entered the village, Tatyana Bronislavovna leads me to the right (if to enter the village) a hut and introduces the oldest inhabitant of the Kosogorka by the Komarnitskiy Mikhail Aleksandrovich (born in 1918) and his wife Zina Andreevna (1924). I introduced myself, and said, that before the war, natives lived with Deychman names (so mom was written after the war, her brother Boris, and the other brother Joseph, as Daychman. They answered, "Manya Deychman!" Mikhail Aleksandrovich said that they studied at school together with Manya (she was also about the same age, 1918-1920), she was a Komsomol member, and he was the secretary of the Komsomol organization, and remembering one episode, he began to cry. Then I realized that I had to go into the hut, and let Garbuz go to work, agreed that I would come to the Village Council myself.

Mikhail Alexandrovich first told about himself. He remembered how, under the Germans in 1941, he worked first as a club manager, then as a cabman on a collective farm, then it was called a national economy... Later, they wanted to take him to work in Germany, but he did not want to work for the Germans, did not go, hid. And the future wife, Zina Andreevna, also Germans also wanted to send there, so she had to hide. Mikhail Alexandrovich contacted the partisans, helped them - gave information, distributed leaflets. Once he was arrested for four days, beaten, then thrown to the frost, his mother came, threw

a handkerchief on him and shouted at the policemen, "You are worse than the Germans!" His mother took him, he continued to give information to the partisans. In 1943, Red Army took him to the front (Western Ukraine, Poland, Romania, Hungary, Austria, Czechoslovakia). He married in 1943. Further, Mikhail Aleksandrovich remembered about a meeting with my aunt Manya Daychman ...

But it was time to leave. Zina Andreevna offered to feed me, I gratefully refused, really, time was running out. I helped to dress Mikhail Alexandrovich his jacket with medals, made a couple of pictures of him and his wife in the yard in front of the house ...

I went to the Village Council, I quickly took a photo of Tatyana Bronislavovna Garbuz, thanked her for everything, said goodbye and went to the bus to Yarmolinty - ahead was a meeting with Snegur. It was a very little time left until the bus, I ran back to school to take an old photo from the stand hanging in the school's corridor. I was taken out of the classroom (there was a lesson) a chair, made two samples ... Then a copy of the same photograph was given to me by Boychak's daughter Lukyanenko.

... The bus came up and soon I was in Yarmolinty. When I got out of the bus, a woman approached me - she was a German teacher from Kosogorka - she saw me photographing an old photo from the stand. Then she asked me to help find the coat of arms and the flag of Germany for the design of the school cabinet of the German language. Soon I made her request, sending to Kosogorka not only the coat of arms and the flag of Germany, but also books about this country in German ... After a short conversation with the teacher I went straight to the district Council, to Lis on the 3rd floor ... I knocked, I come - he had a visitor, but he got up from the table, came up, said hello, and immediately we went down to the car.

When we arrived - Alexander Semyonovich already waited for us on the porch, greeted me, I introduced myself, we went into the house. Talked about the general, Alexander Semyonovich lamented that he had been waiting for news from Mikhail Freyder for a long time and did not understand what was happening. I calmed him down a bit, said that Mikhail had not forgotten about him, he would soon write a letter and send him his book. We also discussed common lists of the dead ... By the way, while we driving with Lis, he told me that his family persuaded Snegur not to do it any more, as I understood, to search for the dead, anyway, no thanks (from the authorities, apparently). And indeed, during our conversation Snegur bitterly told me that he was awarded

the title of "Honorary Citizen of Yarmolinty", only for his many years of work. But ... he still writes a book, apparently, of a general nature on the same military theme ...

As usual, while we were talking, dinner was being prepared. We were very well served, we drank some vodka with Snegur. On the way home, Anatoliy Nikolaevich said that he wants to give me the famous "Book of Sorrow of Ukraine" in the Khmelnytskyi region, but said that Alexander Semyonovich has these books, maybe he will. Snegur said that he has only 3 such books. remained, and he had already distributed them - one for each grandson (his two adult grandsons and a small granddaughter). Then Alexander Semyonovich called his son-in-law, so that he did not forget to grab the book from work...

Then it came a time to talk about Lachterman. Unfortunately, Lachterman has already died. Lachterman's wife Clavdiya is alive, and Snegur's wife, Lyudmila Demyanovna, phoned her while we were sitting at the table, talking, and, apparently, that prevented her from listening to what Lachterman's wife was saying. I did not hear this conversation, but then I wrote down for Lyudmila Demyanovna in Ukrainian. M.D. Lachterman was born and lived in the village Loshkovtsy Dunaevtsy area. When the war began, even before the German occupation, his father collected relatives to send to evacuation. The first five people he sent, but immediately, on the way they were murdered. Lachterman's father himself did not leave, because there were not arrive yet one son and one of the relatives. So his father stayed in Loshkovtsy, the Germans came, called him and told him should go to Kosogorka to take gold there from those Jews who were locked up in the ghetto in a one house. Lachterman's father Danilo refused, then all of them (father, son and relative) ruled to Kosogorka (according to another version, they might have been sent to the same ghetto, and then they tried to get the gold from the Jews) and in some garage all three men were hanged. All this was told by an old grandmother who lived near the Jewish cemetery in Kosogorka, someone who came from Russia. This is all that we managed to learn.

While Lyudmila Demyanovna Snegur told, and I wrote down, A.S. Snegur brings and gives me the "Book of Memory in the Khmelnytskyi region", Yarmolinty district - vol. 10, about the dead at the front during the fighting...Then Lis came from work and handed me a gift of the "Book of Sorrow", which listed the names of the civilian population of Khmelnytskyi region, those who died at the hands of the Nazis during the Great Patriotic

War. It is necessary only to thank those people who compiled and published these books, they did a great job, although there are many omissions, a reissue with additions is required ... Lys gave me a ticket for the train - he went and bought! Anatoliy Nikolaevich took me to the station and returned home. So ended my stay in the homeland of my ancestors. Early in the morning I was already in Kiev ...

January 2009

Even when I visited Kosogorka in the family of Masha and Viktor Bodnar we spoke about books, because Masha was in charge of the village library. Then I promised Masha because of my ability to replenish the rural collection of books from my personal library. This opportunity was introduced in January 2009. I prepared five boxes of books and went for one day to Kosogorka to take them to a rural library. It was all-small, and the room was very small. Viktor met me at the train in Yarmolinty, the train came, as usual, early in the morning, then we arrived in the village. Masha was already in the library, so the books were delivered right there ...

There was another important task in that short visit: to find the family of the descendants of the former director of Frampol's (later Kosogorka) school, I.I. Kharlamb. Masha, Viktor and I after breakfast went to Savinty, where many years after the war Kharlamb son's family lived. Nyuma Kharlamb also worked as a teacher at the school of Kosogorka. His wife Klavdiya Koval died in 2008. This was the first thing we learned in Savinty about this family, it happened soon after the death of her son Alik, but Nyuma Kharlamb died much earlier than his wife ...

Then we continued our search. We went to school, talked in the teachers' room, no one particularly knows anything, but gave the coordinates how to find the telephone of Nyuma Kharlamb's daughter Malvina Naumovna. Along the way, we went to a certain Rose Boychak (is in some kind of relationship with Boychak from Kosogorka) - a talkative old woman, commented on the photos from the school stand, naming the names of the teachers in this photo. Then we went to the hut where one young family lives, and the hostess told us the mobile phone number of the granddaughter of Nyuma, also Malvina, who teaches at the institute in Khmelnytskyi. From her we learned the phone number of her mother, daughter of Nyuma Kharlamb - Malvina Naumovna Brizhatoya. So we managed to reach this wonderful family, with whom a personal acquaintance took place pretty soon, in May 2009. But this is another story.

R. Geller's Story of the Daychman Family. Family Photo, Frampol 1938

I have before me the only pre-war family photo of all the members of the large and friendly Daychman family living at that time. Later, two more were born: my cousin Inna, daughter of uncle Boris and his wife Sonya, and me, Roman, son of Riva Daychman. But that was another story...

The photo taken in 1938 in Frampol is unique for our family because it was probably the only and, unfortunately, the last time when all the children, already married, came to visit their parents in Frampol. Only my grandparent's youngest daughter aunt Manya was unmarried. After that, perhaps my mother's brothers came separately to visit their parents, I don't know; but I know for sure that in 1940, when I was already 1 year old, my mother came with me to visit her parents in Frampol for the summer.

Ludmila Isaacovna (née Lander), aunt Lyusya, also came to visit her parents, who also lived in Frampol, with her one-year-old daughter. In 1991, aunt Lyusya told me how she and my mother used to walk with us, sitting in baby carriages, outside the neighborhood. This is a touching detail...

But the peaceful life did not last long, soon the war began, which dramatically changed the fate of all family members, and in which not all were destined to survive: grandfather Shlyoma, grandmother Pesya and aunt Manya died during the Shoah.

In the center of the photo are sitting my grandfather Shlyoma and grandmother Pesya, about whom we know very little. Grandfather's full name was Shlyoma Berkovich Daychman (1879-1942), his parents names are known - Yenta and Boris.

My grandfather, before the revolution was considered poor by social status, worked at home as a single artisan tailor and, as my mother told me, many people from Frampol came to him to sew clothes. In 1926 my

grandfather joined an artel where he worked until the beginning of the Great Patriotic War... My grandmother's name was Pesya Berkovna Daichman, nee Kaplun (1881-1942), her parents names are also known: Leya and Boris. Having four children, grandmother Pesya was a housewife, she kept the house warm and cozy and cooked well.

Jewish holidays and traditions were observed in the house, which unfortunately were lost after the war, as well as the Yiddish language, in which my mother could speak a little, and I remember that when my mother and father wanted to talk about something that was not for our children's ears, they switched to Yiddish. It's sad, but this was probably not only in our family. It is also sad that I do not remember my grandfather and grandmother because they were killed in 1942.

To the left of grandfather sits aunt Manya, Mariya Solomonovna Daychman (1918/1919-1942). She died with her parents in the days of mass execution of Jews on 30.10.1942 (19.10.1942 according to the Jewish calendar) in the territory of the military unit near the station Yarmolinty in the former Kamenets-Podolskiy (now Khmelnytskyi) region, Ukraine. We also know very little about aunt Manya. Mom's brother uncle Joseph always remembered that aunt Manya sang very well. It is also known that she wanted to come to visit her brothers and sister in Kiev, I think that was in 1940, but something prevented her and she stayed in Frampol with her parents.

And recently I learned that even after the war she was well remembered by some old residents, thanks to which one unexpected meeting in Frampol (now Kosogorka village) in November 2008 helped me to learn more bits of information about my mother's sister... The oldest resident of the village, M. A. Komarnitskiy, recalls how one day he was walking from the stables, where he worked at the beginning of the war, and passed by the house where the Daychman family lived.

Manya was sitting on a bench in front of the house. She called out to him, "Misha, come here!" she asked: "Misha, what will happen to us next?" Misha replied, "I don't know, Manya, we'll see." And then she said: "I wanted so much to get married, to have a husband, a family, children"... While they were talking - her father came out of the house (my grandfather Shlyoma), a tall man(only now I realized it looking at the family photo of 1938), walked around the yard, looking... Manya: "I wanted to study"... "We parted", Mikhail went home and left her on the bench... That's all....

All that's left is an eternal memory and an old photograph.

On the right, next to Grandma Pesya, are my parents: my mother Riva Solomonovna Daychman (married Geller, 1915-1990) and my father Naftaliy Gershovich Geller (1914-1979). In 1930 my mother graduated from an incomplete secondary school, then in 1932 she completed a pedagogical course in Kamenets-Podolskiy, after which she taught school in her hometown - in the village of Pesochnoye Solobkovtsy region, located not far from Frampol. In 1934 my mother came to Kiev and studied at the labor faculty of the pharmaceutical institute, but in 1936 she started working as a librarian in the library of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian SSR. By that time my mother's brother Boris had been living in Kiev for two years already. He was a graduate student at the Institute of Physics of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian SSR and lived in a dormitory on the territory of the Kiev-Pechersk Lavra. My mother also lived there.

At the end of 1937 at one of the holiday parties at the Institute of Physics of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian SSR my mother met my father, who by that time also worked at the Institute of Physics of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian SSR. My parents got married in March 1938. I have the warmest memories of my parents. My mother was a kind, cheerful, caring and responsive, a wonderful hostess. Just like her younger sister Manya, who died, mom sang Ukrainian and Jewish songs well. After the war, Dad worked as a teacher of physical exploration methods at the Kiev Geological Exploration Technical School until his retirement, where he trained many specialists in the search for uranium deposits. A great worker, a theater lover, he played the piano and my mother sang. Dad loved mom very much, and I don't remember a time when they ever quarreled. Eternal memory to them!

In the center of the photo, between her grandparents, stands a little girl who was not yet four years old at the time. This is Maya, the daughter of my mother's brother Joseph Solomonovich Daychman (1908-1998) and his wife Frieda Solomonovna Averbukh (married Daychman, 1907-1987). Joseph and Frieda are standing on the right in the 2nd row in the photo. Today Maya recalls some details of those distant years, which are etched in her childhood memory. She remembers how her maternal grandfather Averbukh Shlyoma, a short man with a luxuriant white beard, once put a tallith on his head and took her to the synagogue in Frampol. She even remembered the

room of the house of worship with the wooden tables.

Maya's maternal grandmother was paralyzed, so when Maya's parents left Frampol to seek a better life, she stayed for some time with her paternal grandparents, the Daychman family. In the early 1930s Joseph and Frieda went to Dneprodzerzhinsk, where they got a job at a heavy engineering plant, working very hard, Frieda told how she had to carry pipes. At that time another woman from Frampol, Dora Gilis, lived in Dneprodzerzhinsk too, and they were friends all their lives....

Presumably in 1937 or 1938 Joseph and Frieda moved to Kiev, at first without their daughter, renting a corner on Sverdlov Street (formerly Proreznaya Street). Joseph got a job as a tailor, following in his father's footsteps. Then they got a room in a communal apartment on Frunze Street in Podol, in the lower part of Kiev. A dark room without a window, facilities in the yard, in the yard often came junk dealer, collecting old clothes, and sometimes the tenants of the house from him something received. They also brought milk and buns in large wicker baskets. No matter how poor and hard they lived, but it was a peaceful life....

The war began... Maya remembers how children together with adults dug trenches, the enemy was already bombing Kiev. In the first days of the war Joseph Daychman went to the front. This is how Maya remembered the episode when her father came home to say goodbye: "I will never forget this, he came in a military uniform, took me in his arms, and I saw that there were needles sticking out of my breast pocket. I said, "Daddy, where are you going?" He replied, "Can't you see I'm going to work?". Joseph participated in the defense of Kiev, fought at Stalingrad, where he was wounded, and finished the war in Germany.

For the rest people there was an evacuation. We left Kiev on July 7, 1941. There was a commotion when boarding the steamer - screaming, crying children, some fell into the water. That day almost all of ours - my mother, father and I, Frieda and Maya, Frieda's sister Genya, Boris Daychman's wife Sonya and her daughter Inna, and Sonya's sister Anya Smolkina - boarded the steamer. The terrible journey to the place of evacuation began, first by steamship, then by train, through Stalingrad to Ufa, in Bashkiriya region. My mother often told me that when the planes came to bomb, everyone ran out of the carriages and hid wherever they could have been, under the train

carriages or in the woods. All of us survived by a miracle. The main miracle was that all of us were lucky to leave Kiev at all. My mother's brother Boris Solomonovich Daychman (1909-1962) helped us in this - he is the second from the left on the photo, who had already finished his post-graduate studies and worked as a researcher at the Institute of Physics of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic, and therefore was the only one of our family who had a reservation. And although uncle Borya could not leave with us at that time, it gave him the opportunity to send all his relatives to Ufa, where the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian SSR was evacuated. So we escaped the terrible fate of those people who went to Babi Yar.

During the evacuation, my mother and I lived in the settlement of Nizhne-Troitskoye, Tuymazinskiy district, while aunt Frieda and Maya settled 10 km away from us, in the settlement of Verkhne-Troitskoye. My mother worked as a clerk at the Nizhne-Troitskoye secondary school, and I went to kindergarten. My mother often left on a cart to Tuymazy to get food for the school, and I stayed overnight in the kindergarten on such days. The episode when one night in the kindergarten I got out of bed, went out into the corridor, climbed on the window sill and looked out into the snowy winter night, trying to see if my mother was coming back, has been etched in my memory all my life. The next morning I was rewarded - my mother came to pick me up and gave me the most precious gift in the world - a tiny little apple of paradise, as they called it. It was indeed a small miracle then....

After the evacuation, only my mother and I and my mother brother's wife Frieda with her daughter Maya and sister Genya returned to Kiev. The family of my mother's brother Boris stayed in Ufa. I already remember a lot of things from that time. We returned in August 1946, when my mother's brother Joseph came to pick us up after demobilization from the army. I remember the waiting room at the railway station, a huge and dense queue at the ticket office and the crowd near it. It was a big problem to get to the ticket office, and only thanks to uncle Joseph we managed to get tickets. I remember uncle Joseph well - he was so thin, in a greatcoat, with awards on his chest. In those days the presence of a front-line soldier was something special, and we were very proud of him. There was a train ride then, which I also remember very well. The crowd at the carriage was unimaginable, shouting of adults, crying of children. One of us was the first to squeeze

into the carriage, after which my mother passed me through the open window.

First we traveled by train to Moscow (V.Vysotskiy's words immediately come to mind: "...And from the evacuation the civil servants were pouring in droves"), then we changed to the Kiev train and arrived in my hometown of Kiev. I even remembered how my mother and I with my father, who met us, got home - on a cart. My father was already working after demobilization, First, we went from the station along Komintern Street, then to the right along Shevchenko Boulevard along the Botanical Garden and then turned to Timofeevskaya Street, later renamed to Mikhail Kotsyubinskiy. The next year my sister Linochka was born in our family, who was not destined to live long - she passed away prematurely at the age of 35.

Uncle Joseph Daichman's family settled in Kiev, first in Podol, and four years later moved to Chudnovskiy Street, now Repin Street. After the war, uncle Joseph worked as a tailor for many years, as did his father, my grandfather Shlyoma, who died in Yarmolinty and worked as a tailor in Frampol before the war. Daychman was a very famous tailor in Kiev for individual tailoring of ladies outerwear. He worked in the most prestigious workshops in Kiev, among others, sewing the wives of the leaders, as they said then, of the party and government. It was not for nothing that he was considered a great master of his craft, a true virtuoso with golden hands. And in 1982, at the age of 75, uncle Joseph even received a gold medal of the All-Union Exhibition of Economic Achievement, his only civilian award. I also recall a funny episode related to his profession. Remember the movie "Ladies' Tailor" with Smoktunovskiy in the title role? The movie was shot by the Dovzhenko Film Studio in Kiev. My uncle was offered to be a consultant for the film, he was already retired, but his daughter wouldn't let him in even when a black car "Volga came to the house to pick him up. She frightened by the mere sight of that car. So uncle Joseph did not become a consultant for that film....

But let us return to the story of B. S. Daychman. Uncle Boris was a bright and outstanding personality. Like his brother and sisters, he had an even, kind character. He graduated from school in Frampol in 1928, entered the Kamyanyets-Podolskiy Pedagogical Institute, which he graduated from in 1932. He was immediately sent to the Institute of Physics of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian SSR in Kiev for postgraduate studies. After graduating from the postgraduate

program in 1936, he was retained at the Institute of Physics of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian SSR in Kiev to the same institute as a researcher. Then he was evacuated together with the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian SSR. In April 1942, he was drafted into the Soviet Army by the Ufa District Military Commissariat and sent to the Higher Political School in Shuya, after graduation from which he was sent to the Voronezh Front. He held the position of a senior instructor for work among the troops and population of the enemy in the political department of the 237-th Infantry Division, in which he fought until the end of the war. After the end of the war Boris Daychman worked as a lecturer at the officers' home in Germany, and in 1946 he was sent to work in the information organs of the Soviet Military Administration in Germany. In this system, he worked as head of radio broadcasting at the Dresden radio station and as a party desk officer at the Dresden Commandant's Office. In 1950, he was transferred to work at the School of Junior Aviation Specialists in Sterlitamak (Bashkirskaya ASSR).

In the same year uncle Borya came to Kiev, where he reconstructed from his memory a dissertation that had been lost during the war and even before the war and soon defended it in Kiev. After defending the dissertation he was demobilized from the army and sent to work as a senior lecturer at the Ufa Aviation Institute, where he soon became head of the physics department and worked in this position until his untimely death in 1962.

Next to Boris Daichman in the photo: on the right is his wife Sonya (Sara Khonovna Smolkina, born in 1915), and on the left is Sonya's sister Anna Khonovna Smolkina (married Petrova, 1921-2002), who after the war also lived in Ufa with her family, working for many years as a technologist at the factory.

I should also note that I had a chance to live and study in Ufa at the same Aviation Institute, where I met many wonderful people, and I never forget my institute friends, with whom I keep in touch all the years.



The Daychman family, Frampol, 1938



Frieda Daychman and Riva Geller in evacuation with their children Maya and Roma, Bashkiriya, 1944



*N.G. Geller and R.S. Geller,
parents of R. Geller,
Kiev, 1938*



*B.S. Daychman
with his wife Sonya and daughter
Inna, Germany, 1947*



J. C. Daychman with his wife Frieda and daughter Maya, Kiev, 1955

The Pushkino Community of Frampolians

The emergence and growth of the Pushkino community (Pushkino is a town in the Moscow region) can be attributed to one of the most impressive phenomena of the formation of a community of people who had lost their childhood environment but who preserved it in such a remarkable way. The core of the community was the Mermulis family with their children, but around them were grouped not only those who lived permanently in Pushkino, but also descendants of Frampolians, who came from all over the world. We present information mainly from Igor Ketselman, one of that descendants living in Pushkino, but not only: we have also gathered information from conversations with other descendants.

The birth of the Pushkino community of Frampol dates back to 1933, when the family of Yankel Mordukhovich Mermulis was the first to arrive in Moscow from Frampol. Around the same years, before 1935, one of the sons of the Leybman family, Shaya (Sasha) Leybman, came to Moscow to study. Shortly after graduation he got married and called his unmerried brothers Senya and Lyova. In 1937 from Dnepropetrovsk, where they lived for 2 years after Frampol, the relatives of Y. M. Mermulis - the family of Shulim Shimanovich and Beyla (virgin Mermulis) and their sons, as well as the family of Gedal Veyssman - arrived and settled in Pushkino, 30 kilometers from Moscow. The two Leybman brothers, Senya and Lyova, also settled in Pushkino. Thus, even before the beginning of the Great Patriotic War, the Pushkino community began to form. This community was finally formed in the late 40's - early 50's, when the survivors of the Frampolians were drawn to Pushkino, because the families of their fellow countrymen had lived here since the 30's.

The following Frampol families lived in Pushkino: Wexler, Rozentel, Vaysman, Morgulis, Mermulis, Patishman, Leybman, Ketselman, Hodachnik, Gurfinkel, Goldenberg, Esphir (Fira) Moiseevna Shner, Sheva (Evguenia) Nukhimovna Nikolayevskaya (virgin Bursteyn), Shimanovich.

It so happened that after the war the Pushkin community became a unifying center for all the surviving Frampolians who had settled in different cities of the country. Wherever the Frampolians lived, they always communicated with each other, became friends and visited each other. For many years the families of Sasha Leybman, Abram Ketselman, Boris Daychman and Joseph Daychman never broke their friendship ties. The family of Joseph Daychman was a lifelong friend of Dora Gilis' family.

More than once in the post-war years, the citizens of Pushkino and Moscow came to their ancestral homeland, to the places where their relatives were killed, to worship their graves. Immediately after the war, the Frampol residents who returned from the war came to their homeland and when many witnesses were still alive, they learned the terrible truth about the martyrdom of their relatives. Two years after the end of the war, a monument was erected at the Yarmolinty station, on the site of the brutal murder of the Jewish population, among whom were relatives of many survivors of Frampol, thanks to their efforts, and its unveiling took place on October 6, 1947.

Many Frampol residents came to their homeland over the years. Among them were Sanya Freyder, who was returning from the war and only reached Yarmolinty, where he learned about the tragic death of his mother, sister and brother, as well as Fira Shner and Sheva Nikolaevskaya, Sasha Leybman's family from Moscow, who later lived in Pushkino. Thus, in 1974, Sasha Leybman's family on their vacation visited entirety: Sasha with his wife Liza Kleyn, daughter Donya with her husband Volodya Breyman and their 12-year-old daughter, went to Ukraine to visit the site of the mass shooting of Jews that took place at the end of October 1942 on the territory of a military unit near the railway station Yarmolinty. They visited the mass grave and saw the memorial site that had been erected at in 1947. They took pictures of the monument and did one more very important thing: they brought to Moscow a polyethylene bag of earth from the mass grave. This earth was placed in a sealed

vessel and soon buried in the Ivanteevsk Jewish cemetery near the town of Pushkino, where many relatives of the victims lived. According to the official version, mass shootings in Yarmolinty were carried out on October 30, 1942, which corresponds to 19 Heshvan 5703 according to the Jewish calendar. Someone mistakenly equated 19 Heshvan to October 19, as a result of which this date became traditional and every year on this day in Pushkino according to the Jewish tradition the Yurtzeit - the date of commemoration of the dead was celebrated.

From Moscow, Lechter, Gilis, Sasha Leybman, Mikhail Luder (Ludmila Isaacovna Ketselman's paternal uncle) came to the Yurtzeit. Boris Pakhter came from Leningrad (he had a nephew living in Moscow). From Orenburg came Lisker, from Kiev Josiph Daychman, and from Ufa Boris Daychman. Nyuma (Naum) Isaacovich Kharlamb (Kharlamov) came from Frampol, which after the war became known as Kosogorka and where there were few Jews left.

The Pushkino community received the status of a religious community when in the 1970s its representatives were given a Torah scroll in the Moscow Choral Synagogue. However, the Pushkino community left it there in the synagogue for safekeeping.

For many years, the Vaisman family was the unifying center of the Pushkino community. However, with the death of Gedal Weyssman in 1986 and the subsequent departure of his wife Lisa Vaysman and their children and grandchildren to Israel in 1991, the community was essentially dissolved. No more Yurtzeit were held after 1990.

But the monument in the cemetery remains, and people still visit it. It was installed on October 19, 1975, and the official opening took place on December 18, 1975 (according to other information, in January 1976). The monument is a vertical tetrahedral stele with a height of about 150 cm in the form of a parallelepiped with a width of about 80 cm and side edges of 35-40 cm. On the front side is a reproduction of the monument at the mass grave in Yarmolinty, the inscription contains the date of mass shooting is October 19, 1942 and the name of the place - shtetl Frampol, Yarmolinty county, Kamenets-Posolskiy region is shown. Below is the inscription, "A handful of earth from the mass grave of our relatives and friends who perished at the hands of the Nazis is buried here."



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Opening of the monument at the cemetery in Pushkino, 1975

On the right side of the monument, under the heading "These families were shot", the following names are embossed: Altshuler, Brunshtein, Vaysman, Gotloyb, Galender, Gurfinkel, Dayschman, Ketselman, Leybman, Lechter, Lander, Burshtein, Breyman, Leisker, Lachman, Gilis, Patishman, Roytman, Rozental, Averbukh, Vexler, Pakhter, Hadachnik, Goldenberg. A total of 24 surnames.

On the left side under the heading "They were hanged" are the names of the hostages who were hanged in Frampol on the balcony beams of the only two-story house in the shtetl and on nearby trees. These names are: N. S. Burshteyn, S. M. Veksler, G. M. Gilis, A. M. Hendelman, Sh. Sh. Eydelman, M. G. Oyrick, M. A. Milionshchik, N. Sh. Puker, A. F. Freyder, P. S. Shilman, M. V. Pakhter, E. E. Bedniy, Sh. B. Zilberman, a total of 13 names.

Twenty-seven people were present at the unveiling, all of whom are depicted in the famous photograph taken on that day. The following names of those who were present at the unveiling have been identified:

1. Boris Iosifovich Nikolaevskiy;
2. Sheva Nukhimovna Nikolaevskaya (Burshteyn) - daughter of the rabbi;
3. Abram Ikhilovich Ketselman;
4. Semyon Grigorievich Leybman;
5. Gedal (Grigory) Pinievich Vaysman;
6. Shaya (Alexander) Grigorievich Leybman;
7. - ;
8. - ;
9. Misha Fuchs - grandson of S. G. Leybman;
10. Malka Gurfinkel ;
11. Leya (Lisa) Davidovna Kleyn - wife of S. G. Leybman;
12. Leya (Lisa) Mordkovna Vaysman - wife of G. P. Vaysman;
13. Lyusya Isaacovna Ketselman (virgin Mermulis);Ketselman
14. -;
15. Faina Isaacovna Khodachnik - sister of L.I. ;
16. Feyga Aronovna Zherder - wife of S.G. Leybman;
17. Joseph Patishman;
18. -;
19. Alexander Fuks - son-in-law of Leybman S.G.;
20. Rozental;
21. -;
22. -;

23. Esfir Moiseevna Shner;

24. -;

25. Rozental - brother;

26. Rozental - brother (one of them is Arkadiy);

27. -.

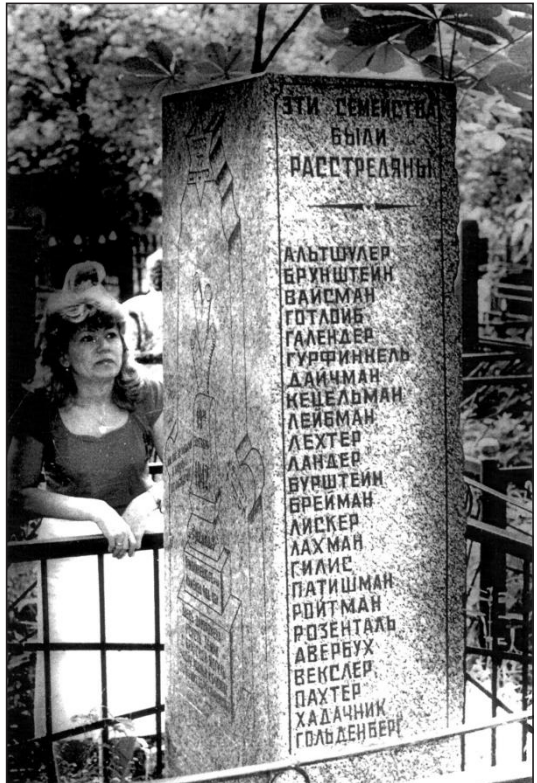
To this day, the people of Frampol still come to Pushkino to visit the graves of their relatives and to honor the memory of the people whose names are inscribed on the monument. For example, Mark Margulis, son of Mendel Mermulis (1895-1982), visits the cemetery every summer. He still remembers the moral and material support in difficult moments of life among his fellow countrymen, their loyalty to Jewish traditions and the memory of the departed Frampolians.



Front part of the monument in Pushkino



Left side of the monument in Pushkino with the list of hanged men



The right side of the monument in Pushkino with a list of those shot, Nelya Fuks stands to the left of the monument



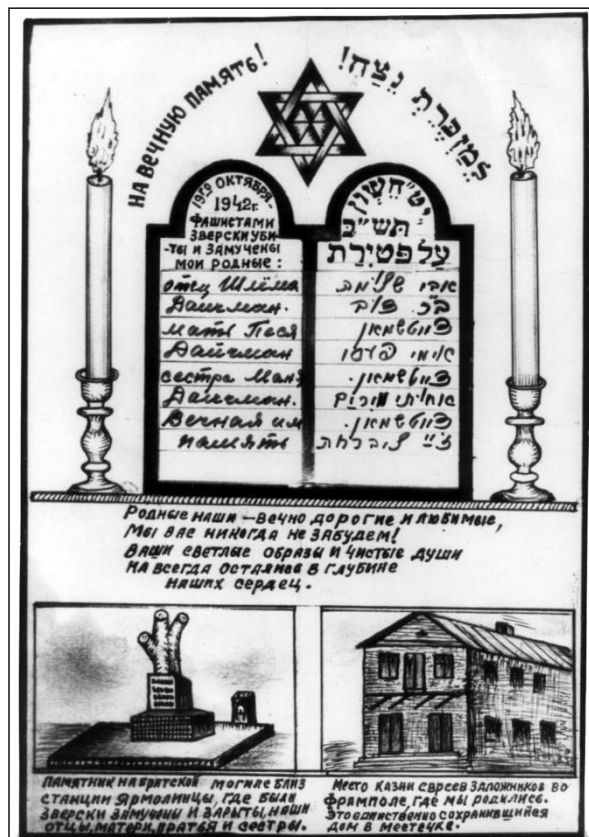
Minyan Frampolians, Pushkino, ca. 1965



Mendel Margulis, his wife Reyna Margulis, Eugenia Nikolaevskaya and her husband Boris Nikolaevskiy, ca. 1975



Photomontage with the names of the deceased
in Averbukh family



Photomontage with the names of the deceased
in Daychman family.



Photomontage with the names of the deceased in Bursteyn family



Photomontage with the names of the deceased in Ketselman family

Two Frampol Families

Here I would like to give short stories about two families from Frampol, to remember once again those who were not destined to survive the Shoah. These are the Ketselman and Lander families. A little but invaluable information about them was provided by Igor Ketselman.

The Ketselman family, like many other Frampol families, was also large: the couple Yehil Yakovlevich and Adele Veniaminovna Ketselman had four sons, named Joseph, Aron, Veniamin and Abram. Yehil Yakovlevich Ketselman was a tailor as was R. Geller's grandfather Shloma Berkovich Daychman, which may have been the reason why the friendship between the Ketselman and Daychman families began in those early years. It is known that E. I. Ketselman took part in the Bund in his youth and even once helped to smuggle a revolutionary across the border.

When their son Abram married, the Ketselmans became related to another Frampol family, the Lander family. The head of this family, Isaac Davidovich Lander, worked in Frampol as an accountant in the collective farm. One rather interesting fact from the life of the village at that time is connected with his name. I. D. Lander in the 1920s travelled with a group of Frampol residents as a bookkeeper on a collective farm. D. Lander traveled to Gulyaypole, Zaporozhye region, to study the possibility of resettlement there. In this ancient village, known since 1770, land was allocated for those who wished to resettle there. However, they did not like Gulyaypole and abandoned their plans to resettle there. So these two families - Ketselman and Lander - continued to live in Frampol.

In 1941 came grief - the war began. In October, 1942 together with all died Yekhil Yakovlevich Ketselman, Adele Veniaminovna Ketselman, their sons Joseph Ehilovich Ketselman and Veniamin

Ehilovich Ketselman with their families, and son Aron Ehilovich died at the front.

Isaac Davidovich Lander, his wife Esfir Mordkovna Lander and their daughter, a teacher, Munya Isaacovna Lander, were killed at the same time.

Frampol before the war

*(From the memoirs of Lyusya Isaacovna Ketselman,
mayden name Lander)*

How they had fun in Frampol. Older generation: in the winter they were meeting at someone's house in the evening. They could sing songs, tell stories, eat seeds, and someone could play the violin. And they gathered as they were not relatives or neighbors, but friends. They could come from all over the shtetl.

And the young people had fun differently. Most of the young people had gone to the city - to study, to work. They tried to schedule their vacations for June and July. There was a long street through the whole shtetl. A group of young people walked along it, stretching the street wide. Frampol road was dusty, young people walked knee-deep in dust. In the evening, they would meet in groups, one by one, at everyone's place. Companies took shape by friendship ties. It was fun. There were lots of young people.

In winter, they organized sleigh rides. We'd hitch up the horse and ride out. All the snow was flat and white....



Photomontage with the names of the
deceased in Lander family



Photomontage with the names of the
deceased in Leybman family

M. Freyder's Correspondence with M. Yadushliviy and I. Zeyfman

Continuing his search for traces of the shtetl and its inhabitants or descendants, in 2006 M. Freyder found a link to an article in the Brooklyn newspaper "The Jewish World" (subtitled "The Russian-speaking American newspaper"). Manus Yadushliviy's article was about the unveiling of a monument to the Jews of the former Kamenets-Podolskiy region who perished in the Holocaust. He also found several other articles in the same newspaper that directly overlapped with our search.

Mikhail got acquainted with the second article - about the unveiling of the memorial stone, after which he entered into correspondence with the author of the article Manus Yadushliviy and learned from him the address data of Isaac Zeyfman, a native of Frampol, who was previously unknown to us. Manus himself was a native of Yuzaliya, a place in the same Kamenets-Podolskiy region. Manus, being a journalist, continued to publish little by little even at an advanced age. For example, he published notes about his contacts with Mikhail in the magazine "I".

Below we present the texts of M. Yadushliviy's publications as they appeared, as well as, with some comments, the texts of Michael's correspondence with this man, who lived in Brooklyn at that time, and with I. Zeyfman, who lived in Manhattan at that time.

Manus Yadushliviyy,
"The Jewish World",
November 18, 2003.

*The ashes of the wormwood-covered
places are still knocking silently at my
heart.*

Khaim Beyder

Many remarkable people were born and lived in the towns and cities of Podoliya and Volyn, which became part of the Khmelnytskyi region. Each issue of the collection "Shtetl" tells about them, as well as about the history of the Jews of this region, about the heroism of our fellow countrymen on the fronts of the Second World War, about the terrible days and nights of the Holocaust, about the present-day fate of Jews who left their native places and those who continue to live there. It is published by the Khmelnytskyi Regional Charitable Foundation "Chesed-Besht". Igor Ratushnyi, director of the fund, writes: "Each issue of the collection is an acquaintance with new names and a long-awaited meeting with old friends, it is not only a nostalgic journey through the streets of our memory and history, but also a joyful celebration on the square of today. The many colors of words reflect our life, our rebirth and formation, the triumph of reason, goodness and charity."

Jewish history... There were and still are many white spots in it. The fascists and communists wanted to deprive our people not only of the future, but also of the past. I remember the academic edition in the 70s of the last century of "The History of Towns and Villages of Khmelnytskyi region". Almost nothing was said about Jews there. Such "histories" were published in other regions of Ukraine as well.

As if there were no Jews in Ukraine at all. And Dr. Ion Vinokur, a doctor of historical sciences, in an article "The Jews of the Right-Bank Ukraine in ancient times and in the Middle Ages" published in the "Shtetl", indicates that the Jewish population in the lands of Ukraine has been recorded since the 4th century BC.

One of the first local historians of Podoliya, physician Iosip Rolle (1830-1894), was the founder of the Kamenets-Podolskiy Museum of Local Lore. The editorial board of the "Shtetl" decided to familiarize its readers with Rolle's story "Memories of the noble delegates sent to the Sejm of 1789," printed in Krakow in 1892. Many lines in it are devoted to the life and activity of Jews of Kamenets-Podolskiy in the XVII -

early XVIII centuries.

Much attention is paid to the history of the Jewish theater in Proskurov. Irina Bogolyubova, deputy director of the Khmel'nitskiy Regional Museum of Local Lore, says that in 1907 philanthropist B. Shilman built a building for the Jewish theater on Aleksandrovskaya Street. On April 25, 1908 the theater hosted a performance for the benefit of the Proskurov Jewish library. In the 30s the Jewish theater was closed. However, the Jewish theater named after Petrovskiy still operates in the city. There were many Jews among the actors in the post-war years. The old residents remember the wonderful artist and director Abram Katz. Tatyana Kozubnyak, Katz's daughter and head teacher of the current Jewish school, shares interesting memories of her father.

The "Shtetl" does not avoid the questions that concern all of us about the heroism of the Jews of the region on the fronts of the Second World War, the death of Jewish localities during the Holocaust (Yefim Kisilevskiy "Babiy Yar Yarmolintsy", Zinaida Tsitrina from Iziaslav "Patchwork Quilt", Mikhail Freyder from Chelyabinsk "The Road to Daddy's House", etc.).

Many warm words are dedicated in the collection to fellow countrymen - prominent Hasidic preachers, as well as Jewish poets Peretz Markish and Khaim Beyder, artist Isaac Waynshelboym and others.

Evguenia Ginzburg is well known to Podoliya residents. A remarkable teacher of Kamenets-Podolskiy Pedagogical University, after her retirement she moved to Khmel'nitskiy and took an active part in the activities of the Jewish community. Readers' letters and poems are dedicated to her memory.

Michael Lerman, Chairman of the Jewish Community Council, writes: "The lives of such people do not end with the date of their death. They continue to be present in every volume of the library donated to us, always guiding those who knew them to decency and knowledge."

One of Evguenia Ginzburg's friends, the Ukrainian poetess Nadezhda Pukas, dedicated a poem to her memory with the following lines: "You are in synagogue, I pray in church. And G-d is over us alone. I touch your gentle hands with my head and sadness disappears like smoke."

The collection also tells about the charitable activities of the employees of the "Chesed-Besht" fund and the revival of Jewish life in Podoliya. The Khmelnytsky Charitable Foundation "Chesed-Besht" does a good and noble deed by publishing the collection "Shtetl". It opens our past to the readers, helps them understand the present and choose the right paths.

Books by our emigrants

Manus Yadushliiviy,
"The Jewish World",
26 February 2006

For 60 years thousands of books about the Great Patriotic War have been published: memoirs of marshals and generals, memoirs of officers and privates... Each of them opens a new page of history. But I was particularly excited by Isaac Zeyfman's book "The Life of a Boy from Podoliya." Maybe because the author is my fellow countryman, born in Frampol, which is 50-60 kilometers from my native Bazaliya.

This book transported me back to my youth with its joys and sorrows, anxieties and hopes. Instead of a bright future, we got Stalin's terror and Hitler's genocide. Fifty-four of Zeyfman's close relatives were killed in the Holocaust. But the most vivid pages of this book are about the war. Isaac Zeyfman's combat biography is typical for most front-line soldiers. But only partially. It began a year before June 22, 1941.

...It was in Lvov. In the summer of 1940, Zeyfman, together with two men of the first squadron, noticed three men in civilian clothes putting something under the monuments in a nearby cemetery. Isaac reported it to the commander of the mounted platoon Nikolay Kononenko - the suspicious men were taken by surprise. Afterwards it turned out that they were German spies who had left instructions to their agents. The vigilant cavalymen were commended. Zeyfman's powers of observation came in handy when he took command of a partisan detachment.

But let's go back to the first fiery morning of the war. The cavalry corps was stationed on the border with Romania, in the region of Belgorod-Dnestrovskiy. Here Zeyfman, who had become deputy battery commander by that time, took his first battle. "We opened rifle and machine gun fire," he writes. Our battery was hitting the rafts. Many Romanian soldiers drowned, and 30 men, headed by an officer, were taken prisoner. Then the retreat began - fights for Nikolayev,

Dnepropetrovsk, Poltava. Near the town of Romny, Sumy region, the Germans threw tank and mechanized troops into the battle. The Corps suffered heavy losses: "I received five bullet wounds in my left leg and two fractures of the tibia and fibula. With me was sergeant Nikolay Rysakov and gunner Nikita Yurchenko, who were also badly wounded. As long as we had strength, we crawled." It is hard to say how it would have ended if they had not been seen by village shepherds. They called the adults. They carried them to the village and then transported them to the hospital. Isaac called himself by the name of his fallen colleague Ivan Grinyuk and organized a partisan detachment. He had many glorious deeds to his credit. Like this one, for example...

"At the end of December 1942 we received information from our scouts that in the village of Sinyovka (former district center) the fascists had set up a recreation center (over a hundred places for pilots) in a secondary school. We decided to smash this nest. The detachment was divided into four groups. The first group was advancing from the east towards the center of the village (I commanded it). B. Zhiglovskiy's group was coming from the west. From the south was F. Egorov, our intelligence chief, and from the north was sergeant F. Khudakov's group. They must to destroy a tank with tankers and then join us. Khudakov on horseback got close to the tank. He took cover behind an old oak tree and started throwing grenades into the hatch... I signaled the rocket, and all the groups began to approach the building by short runs. Fascists in their underwear jumped out of the windows, and many were killed...In total, more than 30 Nazis pilots were killed and 20 wounded".

There were many such episodes. The detachment was responsible for blowing up bridges, killing punishers and polizeys, constant sabotage on the railroad, gathering intelligence needed by the advancing Soviet troops, and capturing bridgeheads on the western bank of the Dnieper. Even before the army approached, the people's avengers captured the town of Lebedin in Sumy region, for which Zeifman was awarded the order of the Red Star. The partisans coordinated his actions with the military command during the Battle of Kursk and the liberation of Kharkov. Then there were battles in Belorussiya. As part of the army, Zeyfman crossed the Neysse and met American troops.

Among Isaac Zeyfman's awards are the order of "Alexander Nevskiy", two orders of the Patriotic War, the order of the "Red

Star”, medals "For Bravery", "For Combat Merit", "To the Partisan of the Great Patriotic War" and others. Moreover, the order of “Alexander Nevskiy” was awarded to the most courageous and skillful generals and officers.

The author writes warmly about the people who together with him brought the victory closer. The author writes about L. Perelman, his assistant Fyodor Egorov (Mikhail Kats), the commander of the united partisan detachment Alexander Fashchenko, and the teacher Matrena Kramarenko, about the young scout Dima Katsman, whom the Nazis tied to the trunk of a tank, carving a Star of David on his chest. The partisans saved him and he became the son of the partisan unit and then the son of the regiment. Isaac did not forget the Ukrainians who saved him and did not hand him over to the Nazis.

The episodes of the post-war years, his departure to America, his active work in the American Association of War Veterans and its Manhattan branch headed by Isaac Zeyfman, and his trip to Israel are also read with interest. One reads the book and it is as if one hears the quiet, heartfelt story of this unusual man, who at the age of 85 is full of energy. "Isaac Zeyfman's exploits are a bright page in the biography of a man whose life is a good example for the younger generation," writes Prof. David Meltser. "Thank you, dear Isaac, for an honest and instructive book!" wrote Boris Rabiner, a World War II disabled person and a political commentator on radio and television, he is succinct in his military manner.

Opening of the monument - August 27

Manus Yadushliviy,
"The Jewish World,"
August 2, 2006.

Readers of the newspaper will no doubt remember how, last fall, the initiative group I led approached the former residents of Proskurov (now Khmelnytskyi, Ukraine) and the towns of the former Kamenets-Podolskiy region (now Khmelnytskyi region) to raise the necessary amount of money for the construction of a memorial stone to the Jews who perished at the hands of the Nazis murderers during the Holocaust. This appeal found universal support among our fellow countrymen.

Within three weeks, the money was raised, although the price for the

monument doubled compared to last year. In addition to the town of Proskurov, the names of 25 localities will be engraved on the Stone Monument. As requested by the initiative group, the names of the localities whose former residents collected the funds were indicated when sending us the checks and money orders.

We expected that we would be able to open the Stone Monument in April, on the anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, or on the eve of Victory Day, or on the 65th anniversary of the beginning of the Great Patriotic War. But it didn't work out that way. As we were told by the board of the Holocaust Memorial Park in Brooklyn, it took the most time to clarify the prewar names of the places. As we know, there are no Jews left in most of them today, and the former shtetls have become ordinary Ukrainian villages. Therefore, many of them now have completely different names. For example, the locality of Frampol is called Kosogorka, Felshtyn is called Gvardeyskoye, and others. Three books published in the post-war period, which are in my home library, list all the villages of the present Khmel'nitskiy region and what they were called before the war. Besides, I myself came from a town in this region and worked in Podoliya newspapers for 47 years. Most of the members of our initiative group also come from Podoliya. But, of course, we did not refuse additional verification.

When choosing the day of the solemn opening of the Stone Monument, we proceeded from the fact that many people who sent us money went on vacation. And the second thing. Among our fellow countrymen who will take part in the solemn opening of the Stone Monument, there are many elderly people who can hardly bear the heat. That is why we unanimously decided to postpone this event to the end of summer. We would like to inform all those who wish to come to the Holocaust Memorial Park in Brooklyn the unveiling of the Stone Monument to the Jews of Proskurov and the towns of Dunayevtsy, Derazhnya, Zinkov, Yarmolinty, Bazaliya, Teofipol, Satanov, Antoniny, Black Island, Pilyawa, Felshtyn, Kupel, Medzybozh, Kupyn, Letichev, Michalpol, Nikolayev, Frampol, Gorodok, Minkovtsy, Vinkovtsy, Volochisk, Chemerovtsy, Yampol and Kulchin will be held on Sunday, August 27, 2006 at 11 am.

The members of the initiative group - Faina and Lev Zilberman, Leonid Tenpler, Eva Lozdernik-Beyder, Anna Braverman and Anna Yadushlivaya worked hard. The Initiative Group thanks the leaders of the United Association of European Jews Moris Shuster and Dmitriy

Margulis for their help and assistance. We are grateful to Russian-language newspapers and magazines for their systematic coverage of the fundraising and preparations for the unveiling of the Stone Monument.

The initiative group received a number of letters from fellow countrymen, as well as many people contacted us with suggestions by phone, were interested preparations for the opening of the Stone Monument. For this, we are grateful to the Schmidt couple from Detroit, Joseph Lakhman from Boston, 90-year-old Lazar Sharfstejn from Queens, Isaac Zeyfman from Manhattan, Yakov Shteynberg, David Barenboym and others.

Memorial candles will be lit on August 26. Each of us will remember our relatives and friends who have remained in our hearts forever. See you, dear fellow countrymen!

The sounds of the shofar in Memorial Park

Manus Yadushlivi, y,
"The Jewish World,"
September 6, 2006

Despite the rain, more than 150 people gathered at the Holocaust Memorial Park in Brooklyn for the unveiling of the Stone Monument to the Jews of Proskurov and 25 localities in the region who perished at the hands of the Nazis during World War II. Speaking at the rally, Rabbi Moshe Khaim Levin reminded: "It is symbolic that you are opening the monument in the month of Elul, on the eve of the Jewish New Year. Because 65-66 years ago, the Nazis blasphemously used the Jewish holy holidays to massacre the Jewish population. But the Jewish people are alive. Our shofar sounds in these pre-holiday days in synagogues and other dear to our hearts places, symbolizing the immortality of the Jewish spirit.

And then the shofar sounded. Everyone present at the rally felt even more deeply that he was a part of our G-d's chosen people, that the enemies would never be able to destroy it...

The initiative group, which I headed, made sure that a large number of places were immortalized on the monument. A letter of invitation was sent to each person who contributed to this endeavor. The speeches of Lev Zilberman, member of the initiative group; Joseph Lakhman, doctor of economic sciences, president of the American Anti-Fascist

Association, who came from Boston; Dmitriy Margulis, chairman of the board of directors of the Association of Eastern European Jews; Eva Lozdernik-Beyder, member of the initiative group; Leonid Rosenberg, president of the Association of War Veterans, and Ari Kagan, well-known journalist and candidate for the State Assembly, were exciting. Speaking on behalf of generations born after the war were Ella Milerman and my 11-year-old granddaughter Rebecca, who was born in America. Faina Zilberman, Leonid Telpner, Inna Lagburg, members of the initiative group, named cities and towns where all or almost all of the Jewish population perished. I was entrusted with the unveiling of the monument. The anthems of the United States and Israel are played. Memorial candles are lit. Those present recite the Memorial Prayer. Semyon Greenberg sings songs that were sung in the ghetto.

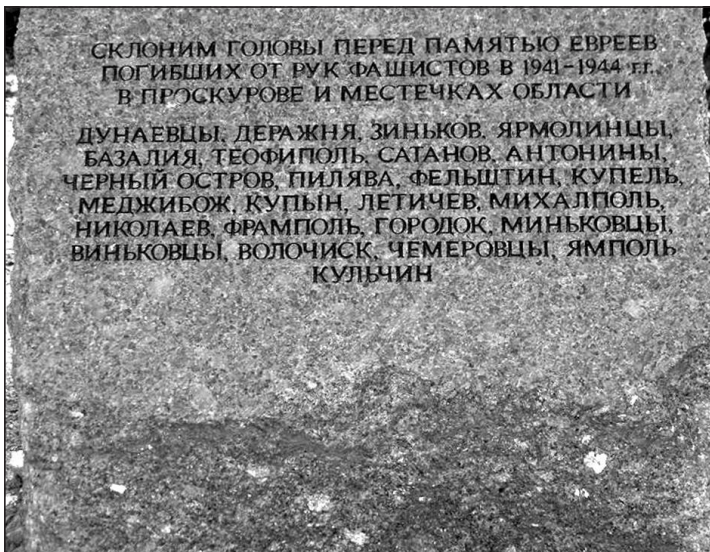
The participants spoke of their solidarity with the people of Israel. They collected about a thousand dollars, which will be donated to the victims of bandit shelling in Israel.



Holocaust Park in Brooklyn, 2007, Central Monument



General view of the memorial stones in the park



*A memorial stone in the Holocaust Park
with the name of the place Frampol, 2007*

About ancestry and family traditions

Manus Yadushliviy, Brooklyn,
New York,
Article in "I" Magazine,
No. 2, January 14-27, 2008.

I got a call from a woman in New Jersey. She called herself Evguenia Freyder. "My father," she said, "lives in Chelyabinsk. He was very interested in your article about the opening in Brooklyn of a memorial to the dead Jews of Proskurov and 25 localities in Podoliya. Among them is Frampol, where his father was from. My father wrote a book about how he compiled his family genealogy. He visited Frampol, but he didn't find any Jews there... Who told you about Frampol? So there's someone from that place alive?"

I told her I knew a man from the neighborhood. Isaac Zeyfman. During the war he was a partisan commander, now he lives in Manhattan. "I" magazine wrote about him.

In response, Evguenia told about her father. It turned out that he had been collecting data for his family tree for several years. His father was born and lived in Frampol. Evguenia's father had published a book about the collected data. This interested me and soon the book was on my desk. It was sent to me from the distant Urals, from the city of Chelyabinsk, the author himself. On the beautifully designed cover I read: "Michail Freyder. "The Wisdom of Sorrow." And the subtitle was: "Experience of revival of the family book". Published in Chelyabinsk in 2006.

Mikhail Freyder was born, raised and studied in this Ural city, his mother tongue is Russian, and he was brought up on Russian culture and traditions. But his parents told him about their roots. Now they are no longer alive, and Mikhail set himself the task of finding out something about his distant ancestors: who they were, what trace they left in his life. In the preface to the book he writes: "Everything that I managed to learn from oral stories and found documents, as well as read in various sources, is collected in this book... Dear granddaughter or, perhaps, grandson, your grandson, grandson of this grandson, if you are concerned about the family tradition, if you have already thought about your place in this world, this book is for you... Or maybe are you looking already for a place to write down the

interesting stories of your ancestors? Get started..."

The book is original in its construction. The author decided to trace and analyze the lives of his ancestors over the last two centuries. He devotes a chapter to each family that Freyder considers to be part of his family tree. He begins with a geographical map of the area where his ancestors lived, then lists all the members of the family under the heading "Genealogical information about the people in the family tree". This is followed by brief information and a search history.....

As already mentioned, the author's father came from the small town of Frampol in Podoliya. Frampol has its own history. According to the revision of 1847 there were 570 Jews living there, and according to the census of 1897 - 1216. Now there is no Frampol on the map, but there is the Ukrainian village Kosogorka, Yarmolinty county, Khmelnytskyi region....

Mikhail Freyder's father Sanya Moiseevich Freyder grew up among these people of this place. Having traveled hundreds of kilometers of frontline roads, wounded three times, he returned to his native place after the Victory. But this place was no more. The fascists and their local henchmen had destroyed all the Jews. Sanya went to Chelyabinsk, where his cousin lived. He got married and worked there. His son Mikhail, the author of the book, was born there. In 2001, Michael Sanevich Freyder together with his wife for the first time went to Podoliya, to the birthplace of his father, hoping to learn something about his relatives and to see the place Frampol...

With excitement, Mikhail Freyder and his wife were approaching the shtetl of Frampol, or rather the village of Kosogorka. Here Sanya Freyder's mother, older sister and younger brother perished. Not a single Jew was left in the former village. We stopped at the Jewish cemetery. Some of the tombstones had fallen down, some were buried in the ground... Here Mikhail learned that most of the Jews had been taken by the shutsmans to the ghetto, which the Germans had created in a military place near Yarmolinty. Jews from Yarmolinty itself, as well as from the small towns of Sharovka, Solobkovtsy and Huda, were also driven there. Mikhail Freyder and his wife went there, accompanied by people from the Khmelnytskyi Jewish charitable foundation Chesed-Besht"....

Now I want to digress from the text of the book. I was elected a member of the Council of the regional Jewish community in Khmelnytskyi "Thiya." On Victory Day, May 9, 1992, two months before I left for America, the members of our Council were invited to Yarmolinty for the opening of the memorial on the territory of the military camp. They gave us a bus. It turns out that the memorial consists of several monuments: to the fallen soldiers, to the countrymen who died during the war from bombing and fighting (civilians and prisoners of war) that were here, and to the Jews - prisoners of the ghetto. An Orthodox priest came from Khmelnytskyi. Everyone gathered around the first two monuments. And we, a small group of Jews, at the monument to the ghetto prisoners. All our men wore tales. There were elderly people among us who recited the appropriate prayers. We put pebbles on the monument.

Suddenly an elderly local Ukrainian came up to us and said: "Through this upper window here, the Jews threw out a murdered Shutsman. I saw it myself." He did not want to tell us anything more. None of the locals could answer our questions about what happened here in October 1942. Among these heroic prisoners of the ghetto were, no doubt, Jews from Frampol...

...And now the last page of this unusual book has been read. Although the author is not a writer, but an engineer, it leaves a deep trace in my heart. As if on the Wings of Time, I flew through the two centuries that Mikhail Freyder describes, got acquainted with the people who make up the family tree of this family.

After the publication of M. Yadushliviy's article about his book, M. Freyder wrote him a letter, which is reproduced below.

24.03.2008

Dear Manus!

Unfortunately, the distance between us was prevented by the erratic operation of the postal services, so you were not able to receive in a timely manner my response to such an important review of my book, which you thought it possible to publish in the magazine "I".

My thoughts have returned to your text several times in the three months since its publication, and I must say that you have succeeded in sensing my excitement and interest in the fate of my ancestors, both in

the narrow sense (ancestors in the family) and in the broader sense (ancestors, as a national mass of Jews), who had the same values as you and me: children, knowledge, tradition.

Many thanks to you and the editorial board who were able to prepare and publish this article about the book, about me and not only about me.

Of course, your professionalism and your knowledge of historical data can be felt in the review, so it is a history that binds your thoughts together. Our parents knew all this, but they were reluctant to talk about it because it was forbidden, which is why “The Black Book” was not published in time. These are the events that were avoided during the Soviet regime, but now, in our time, some inhabitants of the planet deny them.

Well, I also saw in the picture the charred dome of the famous synagogue in Bialystok, where my mother, who had lost her mother and my grandmother a few days before, huddled on the cold floor during her escape from Poland. I stood by the lawn in Yarmolinty, where was the burial site of the 18,000 innocent inhabitants, Jews from the surrounding villages, the place where my paternal grandmother was buried. No, not even buried, but covered with earth. And after the archives were opened, I got the scheme of all burial grounds. So I am also a witness, as well as the barracks at Yarmolinty station, which 65 years after these events stands in its place and reminds those who do not want to remember the facts of history about what happened.

Now my friend R. Geller and I are finalizing the lists of Frampol residents who remained forever near their shtetls. Many sources have been found and a few descendants are alive who many years ago placed a monument in the Jewish cemetery in Pushkino, Moscow region, carrying there a handful of earth watered with the blood of their relatives. Isaac Zeyfman sent me a letter. Your review is also a small monument to all the innocently killed, like the stone placed in Brooklyn. There are no witness sheets about most of the residents at Yad Vashem. I see that whole huge families have been killed, so there is no one to fill them in. The work will be finished, so we try to keep their memory alive.

Well, not very many witnesses of that difficult and sad events of the history of the Jewish people are left alive, but, as all the past millennia the memory is alive, it is our tradition. The desire to keep the memory alive and to tell the heirs is also alive in your heart, Manus, I am glad to feel its excited beating.

May your health, the health of all your enthusiastic friends, and your heart be filled not only with sadness but also with joy. Thank you.

I. Zeyfman also responded to M. Freyder's search. Mikhail also exchanged several letters with him.

Dear Isaac!

I do not know your patronymic, so I address you by your name. My father, Sanya Freyder, left Frampol in 1937 to work in Leningrad. He never returned to Yarmolinty... He never came back.

I happened to be interested in family history and the history of Frampol, where I visited (in Kosogorka) in 2001. It was necessary to put the information in the form of a book, which I published in 2006. I have a few requests for you. The gist of my questions:

When did you leave Frampol and did anyone (among your relatives) stay there in 1941? Do you remember the director of the Russian school Isaac Kharlamb, a well-known and quite important person who lived there before the war, survived, and his son made a list of landlord losses in 1944, which I have, but there are no names of my relatives (my grandmother, my father's brother and sister were there), whose traces I am looking for? I have visited the grave of Kharlamb.

Do you have a list (short list) of Frampol's residents or do you know of anyone who has such a list or any documents?

If your book contains information about Frampol or the names of the villagers, would it be difficult for you to make copies of the sheets and send them to me (I understand that there is no free copy left)?

Wishing you health and prosperity to your family.

Mikhail Freyder.



The cover of Isaac Zeyfman's book and the page with his photographs



Mikhail Danilovich Lakhterman at the old Yarmolinty Jewish cemetery near the graves of Friedlander and Kaplan, 2001

Hello, Mr. Mikhail Freyder!

I apologize for the late reply to your letter. First of all, I was in the hospital, my front-line wounds make themselves felt. In 1941 during the defense of Kishinev (July 25) I was wounded in the left arm. In 1942 in early October in the battles near Romny, Sumy region, Ukraine, I was seriously wounded in the left leg (5 bullet wounds); the bullets went through, but one remained - it was embedded in the tibia. In addition, I manage the Manhattan branch of the American Association of World War 2 Veterans of the former USSR. There is a lot of work. I am writing you these lines and apologize for the delay in replying.

You have really accomplished a feat in making your way to your father's home in Frampol. Mr. Mikhail Danilovich Lakhterman from Yarmolinty sent me copies of your travel notes (separate fragments). Very valuable observations.

I visited my native Frampol in 1944. I was then a member of the 1-st Guard Red Cavalry Corps participated in the battles in the Carpathians. At my request, I was given three days to visit my home town of Frampol. I visited the former barracks, a windowless two-story building where unfortunate people were starved to death.

I speak Yiddish and Ukrainian, and I was able to learn a lot about the terrible tortures of our relatives from Frampol, Sharovka, Yarmolinty, Solobkovtsy and Huda who were driven here. Before the shooting, a former student of the 7th grade of the Jewish school, Manya Leyderman, shouted through the window aperture: "Fascistbandits, Shutsmans (Polizei), the Red Army will come and you will get for these atrocities" And a Shutsman shot her and she was killed.

I emigrated to the United States on January 4 4, 1994. I will briefly answer your questions.

1. On July 28, 1940 I was drafted into the Red Army. From the first days of the war, i.e. from June 22, 1941, participated in the battles on the border with Romania. My parents are: my father's name is Aron and mother's name is Esther, my three brothers: Moses, Meer and Ushar - were killed, my close and distant relatives - 54 people were also killed.

During the Nazi occupation of Frampol there was a underground group and Puker Anya (Khomtsa) took out a radio set and the group listened to the latest news from the Big Land (from Moscow). Listeners spread the news to the community. Now a two-story building remains in Frampol. On the metal protrusions of the second

floor the Nazis hanged my father Aron Zeyfman, Simha Shuster, Danil Lakhterman, the father of the current head of the Yarmolinty Jewish community, and others for their connection with the this group.

2. Kharlamp (Kharlamb - *Author's note*) Isaac Iosifovich was the headmaster of a Jewish seven-year school and taught mathematics. His family: his wife Sofiya Tsalevna survived, and his children Manya and Nyuma (Naum) perished (Nyuma survived - *Author's note*). The school was located in the center of the village. The Russian language was taught by a wonderful linguist Nikolay Antonovich (Leontievich - *Author's note*) Zakharevich. He spoke Yiddish quite well.

3. I don't have any documents, much less lists of the residents of the place. I remember the names of my friends: Abram Rozental, David Nek, Isaac Kats, Isaac Demb, Leva Veksler and others.

I would like you to know that in the center of the locality there was a big long building (100 m from north to south and 50 m from west to east). In the southern part there was a Jewish school. In the northern part there was a post office and a barber shop. In the west of the village there was a beautiful house with an annex, walls and roof were glass. There was a photo studio in it. The photographer's name was Arnold, his wife Eleanor. She was a retoucher. Arnold's photographs adorned the homes of many residents of the shtetl and surrounding villages.

At the entrance to Frampol from the north there were blacksmiths working, with Yitzhak's forge on the eastern side and Shlomo's forge on the western side. At the bottom of the slope there was a Jewish bathhouse with a well - "Mikvah". According to Jewish law my father used to dip us in this "mikvah" on the Sabbath eve and on Jewish holidays. Perhaps this is what the Jewish law prescribed for hardening.

According to tradition, Jewish boys were trained in hereditary professions: blacksmiths, tailors, shoemakers, soap makers, carpenters, carpenters and others. Many boys graduated from high school in Yarmolinty and continued their studies in some higher educational institutions: in Kiev, Vinnitsa, Moscow and Leningrad.

I am grateful to you for your Internet post about Frampol. Of course you have never lived in Frampol and of course you are interested in your genealogy. If I can find out anything new information about Frampol, I'll try to let you know. Of course, I would

like to buy your book, it would have a worthy place in my home veteran library. I am sending you a copy of the article about Frampol, which is in my book: "The Life Path of a Boy from Podoliya". The article is called "My native place Frampol".

So, I have given short answers to the questions posed in your letter. If I learn anything new about your family's ancestry, I will try to let you know.

I apologize for the poor handwriting, my poor eyesight is currently failing me. The wounds of the front make themselves felt. I wish you good health, all earthly blessings to you and your family and active longevity!

Regards, Isaac Zeyfman.
30.01.2008 r. New York

Dear Isaac !

I hope you have received my book and will be able to familiarize yourself with my modest notes about your native place. Unfortunately, I have only fragmentary memories of my father's stories, and he, who was from 1920, has already passed away (in 1991).

We are currently preparing for publication, together with another Frampol descendant, R. Geller (his relatives are the Frampol descendants Daichmans and Averbukhs), lists of Frampol descendants murdered in Yarmolinty, based on all sources; we do not want to miss anyone, but it is not easy to combine all the lists we have. In Yad Vashem there are only 50 lists from descendants of the Frampolians. There are also many names in the Book of Remembrance published in the Khmelnytskyi region and a number of other sources.

I still have questions that will help us in this case. I'll try to ask them:

What year are you from? I think that in the Jewish school (near the synagogue?) you studied together with my father. How many students were there in the school, in the class?

Dad went to a Ukrainian school in the 6th or 7th grade, I wonder if it was in Savinty or Sosnovka, where Jewish children finished their studies.

You wrote about your more than 50 deceased relatives from Frampol. For our lists it would be important to get their names, occupations, etc., as it is very difficult to sort out the various sources.

I know Michail Danilovich Lakhterman (he helped me on my trip to Frampol), I know and see that his father also died in Frampol, I have not

sent him the book yet, and maybe he has the names of his father's friends who died. If you have any, send his address.

Maybe you have pre-war photos of the class, Kharlamb or other your relatives, they are needed for memory keeping when publishing, Is it possible to get copies of the photos?

According to my information Nyuma (Naum) Kharlamb, son of Isaac Iosifovich, survived. In 1944, he made lists of lost homes and landlords in the town. Where did you live after the war?

Thank you, Mikhail.

Hello, esteemed Uralian, Mr. Freyder, Michail Sanyevich!

I would like to inform you that I have received your book "The Wisdom of Sorrow". The book is not only rich in philosophical thoughts. You have invested a Herculean effort in collecting facts, and the photo-illustrative material is also very rich. Your relatives, who mostly lived far away from the front, managed to keep rich family albums. You have very successfully used the albums to write such a beautiful book. Your book will take a worthy place in my home library.

Reading your book, I can imagine the Herculean effort you put into writing it, it seems to be an art to write such a rich family history. I know I have re-read your interesting book twice.

As for the section "Travel in Podoliya", you successfully kept a travel journal. When I received a letter from Mikhail Danilovich Lakhterman, he wrote to me about you. He sent me several photos of your journey through the places of the Yarmolinty county and a photo where on one photo you, Mikhail Sanyevich, are holding a plaque with the inscription: Frampol (Frampol), now renamed to the village Kosogorka. Kosogorka.

Briefly about myself. I was born in Frampol on May 5, 1920. In 1940, on July 28, after graduating from the Tulchinsky Teachers' Institute, I was drafted into the Red Army.

In 1941, in March, our cavalry corps was transferred to Starokonstantinov. I wrote a letter and my parents came to visit me. Soon the Great Patriotic War began.

In 1944 I visited my native place (shtetl) Frampol. I visited the place where the Jews of Frampol, Sharovka and Yarmolinty were shot near the Yarmolinty station. I visited the barracks where the martyrs were kept for three days before being shot. I learned from the locals about the agonizing death of our relatives.

I am very grateful to you for the photos and the report about

Frampol and Yarmolinty. When I wrote my book "The Life of a Boy from Podolia", I used some fragments from your report about Frampol, Yarmolinty and Kamenets-Podolskiy. After demobilization, I continued to work in my profession.

In 1994, we emigrated to the USA. I am now involved in public work, heading the Manhattan branch of the American Association of Veterans of the Former Soviet Union. I decided to make photocopies of some sections and send them to you. I am very grateful to you for sending me this book. I wish you and your family good health, happiness, prosperity and active longevity.

Happy Pesach.

Sincerely, Isaac Zeyfman.

New York

March 8, 2008.

Isaac Zeyfman passed away in the summer of 2008. He was 88 years old. He may have been one of the last natives of Jewish Frampol, no longer in his teens at the beginning of the war.

On October 19, 2009, journalist Manus Yadushliviyy passed away.

Childhood Memories and Creative Biography of L. Shimanovich

L. Shimanovich's address information was given to us by Nelya Fuks, which helped us to contact him and get these notes from him.

Here and hereafter I shall write of all the events in succession as they lie in my memory, though long years have elapsed between them.

What was my childhood like? In my understanding, it started from the moment I remember myself. And I remember myself from the age of four. Why four? Because exactly two weeks after I turned four, my brother Motya was born, later renamed, and now he is Mark, although for me he is always Motya. I was also renamed. After I was born, I was given the name Leyzer and, of course, I was registered under that name. And they named me after some relative who was famous for his intelligence, optimism and kindness. He was a very religious man and very inquisitive. He had a great future, but when he was still young he was killed during a Jewish pogrom. It is said that the Jewish name Leyzer was the name of G-d's assistant, who was supposedly in charge of people's health. From him the word infirmary was derived. I think it's a story, though who knows. I don't remember ever being called Leyzer by anyone. That name only appears on my official documents. All my life, as long as I can remember, I have been called Lyonya.

Now, I remember very well everyone walking around happy. About my brother's birth, I vividly remember on his seventh birthday (according to Jewish law) an old man, whom I later hated, performed a rite of cutting on Motya. I hated him because Motya was crying a lot, and I was crying with him, and I could not understand why

everyone was rejoicing, congratulating my father and mother, while my brother and I were in tears.

I was born on February 8, 1927, in Ukraine, in a small Jewish shtetl called Frampol. I don't know what the population of this place was, but I know that it had about three hundred houses. I once wondered why small Jewish settlements were called *mestechkas* and not villages or hamlets, as was common in Russia or Ukraine. The name *mestechko* had existed since long ago, before the Revolution. I think it is because Jews in those times were allowed to settle and stay only in certain places, and the word *mestechko* comes from the Hebrew word "shtetl", which means stop. But anyway, I had the honor of being born in this charming little place.

I have doubts about the date (not the year) of my birth, because in those days there was not a registry office in the shtetl, and newborns were registered by the rabbi in the synagogue according to the Jewish calendar, which, as we know, differs from the Christian calendar. He recorded the children in Hebrew in a book, which, of course, has not survived. The civil registration with the issuance of the birth certificate was done in the district center, which was about 50 kilometers away from Frampol, and one went there only on occasion. It is quite possible that my father registered me there a year later, or even later, and it is unlikely that he remembered my true date of birth accurately. He had other things on his mind in those hard times. Later I asked him about it several times, but he dismissed it and said that he only remembered that it was freezing cold when I was born, and that it was on the eve of the Jewish holiday Purim, which is usually in February. I didn't bother to look further, the eighth - let it be the eighth, it suits me fine. Still, I am sure that the eighth is the day of registration, not the day of my birth.

What was the shtetl of Frampol? It was a Jewish-only village or hamlet in which the about 300 families. As families were large in those days, the population was not even small. In the center of the village there was a large two-story red brick house, which compared to the other houses seemed huge to me. The house belonged to a very rich man, who was a cousin of Gedal's uncle. He had given part of the house to a theater. There were small but good houses in the neighborhood, and ramshackle houses of poor people on the outskirts.

There were different classes. There were a few very rich people who were engaged in usury and big commerce, then the middle class - merchants, followed by small shopkeepers and artisans. The main crafts were tailoring and shoemaking. There was also one barber. Not

only the local Jews, but also the inhabitants of the surrounding Ukrainian villages turned to these craftsmen. They sold vegetables, fruits, meat and poultry to the Jews, and bought groceries, building materials and manufactures from them. Right up to the beginning of the war the town and the surrounding villages lived in great friendship. The villagers said that "our Jews were like brothers to us." But during the war, when hard times came, all friendship ended, and individuals from the Ukrainian villages helped the Germans to kill Jews in the shtetl, and also gave away those who had hidden. This metamorphosis remains an unsolved mystery. Of course, there were some who helped fellow countrymen in hiding.

In the pre-revolutionary and post-revolutionary shtetl there were many interesting young people who were eager to learn. They often gathered and discussed the necessity of a Jewish state, sang and danced, and even created their own amateur theater, with Uncle Mendel as the heart of it. There were several political circles in which my mother and her sisters took an active part. Many young people left in the 1930s for Kiev, Kharkov, Odessa, Moscow, where they received education and became good teachers, doctors and engineers.

When I was seven years old, I was assigned to the only school in the shtetl. I remember how happy I was when my mother bought me notebooks, a pen, an inkwell and a pencil and eraser. The lessons were in Yiddish and Ukrainian. I got good grades, which my parents were always very happy. But I studied at school for only one year, as we moved to Dnepropetrovsk. My first torments and sufferings in my life began there. Torments were because although I knew Ukrainian, that is I could speak and understand everything, but I could not write and read well at all, and suffering because I was constantly subjected to malicious ridicule and mockery, and sometimes even beatings because of my village origin. But after a year I got used to it and started to fight back. The teacher praised me at the end of the year, and I was happy. Unfortunately, this happiness did not last long.

We moved to Pushkino, near Moscow, and here began such torment and suffering, compared to which life in Dnepropetrovsk seemed like paradise to me. I could not speak Russian at all, and my mixture of Ukrainian and Yiddish caused wild laughter and mockery. In addition, my teacher hated me, either because I looked stupid, or because I sometimes did not understand what she wanted from me, or maybe because I was Jewish. She did not hesitate to express her

negative attitude toward Jews openly, even in the presence of the children. I was terribly tormented, coming home in tears. Several times my mother tried to talk to her, but she always replied that it was not her fault that my mother had given birth to such a stupid child. As luck would have it, my parents bought a part of a house on the other side of town and I was transferred to another school where I was rewarded for all my previous sufferings.

When I think back to that time, I can hardly find words to thank my new teacher, Anna Vasilievna, a very kind, gentle and intelligent person. It was only thanks to her that I quickly settled in and believed in myself. She immediately realized that I was far from stupid, and that if I studied a little more and paid a little more attention to me, I could do well. And I did not let her down, and the next year I was awarded a certificate of merit for my good studies, and when I received it in front of everyone, I could not hold back my tears and cried with happiness. I received a certificate of commendation in all subsequent years.

I have very vague memories of my early childhood in Frampol. In summer I ran barefoot with the boys along the dusty roads, rolling a cast-iron wheel with a specially bent wire, and in winter I played snowballs and went sledding when it was snowing. Since Frampol was closer to the south, the snow did not last very long, and we children were always happy when it did.

My grandmother had a vegetable garden behind the house, with an acacia tree behind the fence. It bloomed beautifully, and I loved to chew its flowers. It had such a sweet taste and a pleasant, subtle smell that I remembered it for the rest of my life. After my marriage, when “White Acacia” perfume first appeared in Moscow, I always gave it to my wife Gita on her birthday or on March 8. She liked them very much too. I ate acacia flowers also because was not spoiled with sweets at home - neither candy nor sugar. Sugar was only for tea. However, there was always plum jelly in the house. Every day, for many years, my breakfast was a piece of black bread smeared with a layer of butter, jelly and a glass of milk or a glass of sweet tea.

I remember how happy I was when my father brought mandarins from Odessa, where he occasionally traveled on business. Once he brought me a present - a small black tailcoat, black pants, lathered shoes, a cylinder on my head and a small cane. I was photographed in this outfit, and it is a pity that the photo was lost somewhere. I don't know why it occurred to him to buy me such an outfit. I suppose he

dreamed that I would become an educated man in the future, and how happy he was when his dream came true.

When collectivization began in the country, everyone in Frampol was forced to join the newly formed collective farms, regardless of whether or not they were peasants. Since Dad had been a merchant for a long time, he was not interested in working on the collective farm. It was impossible to work elsewhere because people in villages and localities were not issued passports, and without a passport they were not hired anywhere.

Dad somehow managed to go to Dnepropetrovsk and got a job as a blacksmith's assistant at a newly launched metallurgical plant. There was a terrible shortage of labor, and the plant management had secured the right to hire people without passports on the condition that after two years of work, they and their families would be entitled to a passport. Dad immediately called us, and we lived in Dnepropetrovsk for two years.

I have no good memories of life in Dnepropetrovsk. It was very difficult for a local boy to fit into city life, especially a boy who spoke a strange, not quite understandable Jewish-Ukrainian language. Everything was there: teasing, beatings, and downright spitefulness.

We rented an apartment from a landlady. She was a drunk, but she was kind to us. She respected and loved my mother very much and always caught me when hooligan boys tried to beat me up. I still remember the address of the house where we lived - 13, Glukhoy lane.

The house where we lived was not far from the Dnieper, and during the warm season Motya and I would sit on its beautiful bank and watch the fishermen. They were very kind and talkative, and I loved to talk with them. They treated us well and often gave us a good part of their catch. One elderly fisherman, when he heard about our problems, always stroked our heads and said, "don't worry, boys, everything will be fine".

Sometimes our mother took us to the movies. The movie theater was popularly known at that time as "Roth Front" and it was located on the main street called Prospect Marx. I'm not sure if all these names are still there, but in my memory they are still there. I did not have any friends in Dnepropetrovsk, which made me suffer a lot.

I well remember the horrible look on my father's face when he came home after work, exhausted from hard, unaccustomed labor, barely able

to move his legs, dirty, and fell dead on the bed without uttering a sound. And later I realized that he was doing all this for the sake of us children, to bring us into the world. To my great regret, and probably to my shame, I was not attentive enough to my father when he was left alone after the death of my mother, whom he had loved very much throughout his life.

It was with great, indescribable joy that I heard from my parents that we were moving to Moscow. I could not imagine that there awaited me there, unlike the Dnepropetrovsk sufferings I wrote about above.

Mikhail Freyder sent Leonid a map of the place made by A. Leybman and asked him a few more questions, also asking about his grandfather Moyshe Freyder. In response, he received a recollection.

Of course, I recognized my grandmother's house and our house in the diagram. Since I spent most of my Frampol life and time in my grandmother's house, memories of happy childhood times in that house came flooding back to me. My grandmother's house was located at the right entrance to the village, in the left corner in front of the bazaar.

My grandmother kept a shop and on market days (Wednesdays) there were many buyers from the surrounding villages. I remember peasants came to the bazaar to sell, among other things, aspic (*cholodets* in Russian) in plates. It looked very appetizing, but my mother always took me away because it was made of pork. Its extraordinary flavor surfaced in my memory.

In the house on the right, on the other side of the road, lived a family that often caused another event in the shtetl. The wife was much younger than her husband and had a lover who also had a family. The lover came usually in the afternoon, when the husband was not at home, and immediately the gossips informed his wife. She came to the house and throw stones at the windows with a shout, breaking all the windows. The whole place, curious, would run away and then discuss the event for a long time. And so on until the next time. I apologize for this little everyday picture, but looking at the map, I don't understand why I remembered it.

The name Kharlamb is also familiar to me. I actually studied with Isaac Iosifovich at the age of seven, when I finished first grade. I well remember how my parents came to him before leaving Frampol and thanked him.

I vaguely remember Freyder's grandfather. According to the

Jewish religion, before the new Jewish year, a sacrifice had to be made. The sacrifice was a chicken. So, every year my father brought me to that man and he has cut up a chicken and then waved it over my head three times while reciting a prayer. I remember it because I always cried when I saw the chicken cut. The name Daychman is also familiar to me. It was sometimes mentioned in our house.

Shimanovich offered to send his autobiography; it turned out to be very interesting and confirmed our idea of the acute desire of the Frampol descendants for knowledge.

I was born on February 8th, 1927 in a shtetl called Frampol. When I was 8 years old, our family moved to Dnepropetrovsk, and two years later we moved to the town of Pushkino, located 30 kilometers from Moscow. My mother's older brother, my uncle, Mermulis Yankel Mordukhovich moved the first. Unfortunately, probably because of my youth, I was not interested in the reason for his departure from Frampol. He came to Moscow with his family in 1933. I know about him that he was born in 1892 and was the favorite and hope of the family. He received religious education in Lvov and returned to Frampol with the status of rabbi. He chose religion over commerce. He helped his parents for a while and then left Frampol. He died in 1975. He had three children, of whom two are deceased and the youngest daughter lives in Jerusalem.

Our family came to Pushkino some time later after him. There were three of us in the family, the youngest brother is dead now, and the middle one, Mark, lives in Moscow. He is now 78 years old (all recordings made in 2010 - *Author's note*).

Parents' names: father - Shimanovich Shulim Volkovich (Solomon Volkovich, 1901-1976), mother - Shimanovich, maiden Mermulis, Khaya-Beyla Mordukhovna (Klara Markovna, 1901-1965). My name is Shimanovich Leyzer Shulemovich (Leonid Solomonovich), my brother's name is Mortko Shulemovich (Mark Solomonovich).

Following us to Pushkino, both of my mother's sisters and their families came from Frampol. The middle sister and her husband died and their children live in America. My mother's youngest sister (Vaysman Leya Mordkovna - *Author's note*), who is 97 years old, lives with her children in Israel, and her husband died in Pushkino.

The war was approaching. After its beginning, in October 1941, we all left for evacuation to Samarkand. My mother was a very family-oriented person and could be calm only if her younger sisters and brothers were around. In general, she was an extraordinary person. She was smart, kind and wise. She was highly respected by the people of Frampol and her relatives for her extraordinary kindness. Whenever there was a problem, she was the one to go to.

In November 1943 we returned to Pushkino. In Samarkand, due to various situations connected with the illness of my parents, I did not have to go to school. In September 1943, two months before my return, I graduated from high school with an external exam.

In February 1944, the winter enrollment was announced at the Bauman Moscow State Technical University and I entered the first year of the faculty of rocket engineering. Luckily for me, entrance exams were not required at that time. The head of the Rocket Engineering Department was S. P. Korolyov. Upon graduation from the Institute, Korolyov selected a group of those who had defended their diplomas with excellence to work in his design bureau. I was among those selected. I worked for Korolyov for two years and fit in well with the team.

In the early 1950s, there was a wild anti-Semitism and a large-scale dismissal of Jews. I was among the victims. Korolyov tried to defend me, but the KGB was beyond his control. I spent six months looking for a job, with no success. There were vacancy announcements everywhere, but when I came and showed my passport, the answer was that I was late. Once I called one institution, they asked me what institute I had graduated from, and when they heard the name Bauman, they happily replied that they needed such a specialist and asked me to come immediately. When they saw my face, they politely apologized, saying that I was late, they had already hired someone.

But the world, despite everything, is not without good people, and I met a kind person - the chief engineer of a design institute for the oil and oil refining industry, who, after listening to me, understood the situation and hired me. It did not bother him that I had zero knowledge in this field. He told me that my education was important to him. I was happy that I had found a job and I started feverishly re-learning things I had no idea about. Eventually I got the hang of it and ended up working at the Institute for 42 years, until I left for America. I reached the position of

chief engineer of the institute, and I am now a laureate of the State Prize. In America, due to advanced age and complete lack of language at the time of my arrival, I did not even try to look for a job. However, one American firm with which we had been cooperating for a long time offered me a job as a consultant, but I realized that it would be extremely difficult without good English and refused.

Why did I emigrate to America? It seemed to be all I needed. I had a wonderful, well-paid job, an excellent position. For the last five years, I had been traveling abroad. We had contracts with many European companies. I have practically traveled all over Europe. As a specialist, I have gained recognition and authority in many engineering firms, including abroad.

But all good things do not last long. In August 1985, coming home after a hard day's work, I saw a strange object on the floor by the front door. I picked it up to throw it away and then there was an explosion that tore off my left hand and my right eye. After recovering, I went back to work and worked for another 10 years, but all that time I was still thinking that something similar might happen again. Eventually I was ripe for emigration. And my age was pushing me, I was already 68 years old at the time.

The day of the tragedy of the Frampolians is October 19, 1942, which corresponds to 8 Heshvan 5703. On this day every year I recite *Kaddish* in the synagogue in the presence of the congregation, bring wine and a snack, and talk about the tragedy. As the rabbi explained to me, this is not an obligatory ritual, but a desirable one.



*Khaya Shimanovich (Mermulis)
and Solomon Shimanovich,
Frampol, ca. 1920*



*Molka Mermulis
and Eynikh Gurfinkel*



From left to right, adults: Nadya - Mark Shimanovich's wife, Khaya Shimanovich, Leonid Shimanovich, Solomon Shimanovich, Naum Shimanovich, Gita Shimanovich - Leonid's wife, 1957

D. Pattir's Story about the Pakhter Family

During his visit to Kosogorka in November, 2008. Roman Geller learned from Masha Bodnar that two descendants of Frampol residents had visited Kosogorka during the previous summer and early fall. One of them was Dan, with whom M. Freyder had exchanged several letters. Dan Pattir lived in Israel in 2008-09, where he was born in 1933. Here is what he told us in his letters.

Pattir's father, Tuviya Pakhter, was born in Frampol around 1904 to parents Moshe and Frida. Tuviya Pakhter had three sisters. Their names were Rifka, Sara and Zhenya. Fleeing the pogroms, his father left Frampol in 1920-21. He traveled through Poland to what was then Palestine, Haifa, in 1922. After graduating from agricultural school, Tuviya became a worker of kibbutz. He married and in 1931 Dan was born.

Pattir's father lost contact with his relatives during the war, believing everyone had died. After much searching, he learned that his mother, Frida, and his younger sister, Zhenya, had survived. But more information was not easy to obtain in Soviet times. He sent a lot of requests to various authorities to no avail. But suddenly they were released. It was 1964. Their health was poor because of the terrible conditions in the shelter during the war. Frida lived for three years, enjoying life with her son, grandson and great-granddaughter, Dan's first daughter. His aunt, Zhenya, was in hospital for a long time and died in 1976 (Zhenya Pakhter can be recognized at a young age among the teachers of the Frampol school in a photo from 1931 and in a photo from 1950-1960 also among the teachers - *Author's note*).

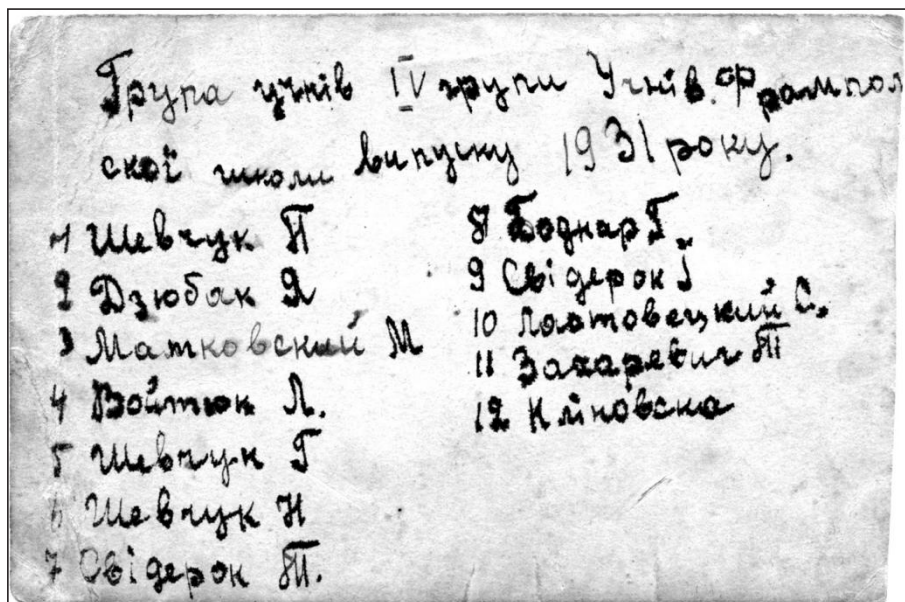
Dan's father lived a significant life, having acted as the founder of Kibbutz Tel Mond, he commanded a unit during the War of Independence in 1948, he was a flight commander. Then he returned

to work on the land. Dan's father died in 1982. Born in Tel Monde, Dan himself graduated in 1952 from the Hebrew University, specializing in political science and history. He married in 1956. He worked for almost 50 years in journalism, working in various media (radio, newspapers). Dan Pattir has served as President of the Journalists' Association of Israel.

During our joint trip to Kosogorka in 2009, Malvina Naumovna Bryzhataya, granddaughter of I. I. Kharlamb, also talked about her relatives on the side of her grandmother, Sofiya Tsalevna. She had a sister, Frida Pakhter, as everyone said "Moshko's wife," after Frida's husband, Moshko. One of Frida's daughters had been a teacher at the Kosogorka school since before the war, and her name was Zhenya. This is how Dan Pattir's story and the short memories of Malvina, Dan's third cousin, who lived in different countries, came together. Mikhail told Dan about it in his letter, but D. Pattir's correspondence with M. Freyder was interrupted for unclear reasons.



Pupils and teachers, school director Nikolay Leontievich Zakharevich from above, teacher Nina Ivanovna Zakharevich on the left, teacher Zhenya (Genya) Pakhter on the right, second from the left Tanya Zakharevich (12 years old) in the first row, Frampol, 1931



The back of the 1931 photo with a list of students

Memories of N. Fuks about her Parents

As already mentioned, A. Leybman was one of the first to move to Moscow from Frampol, and later, in the late 1930s, his brothers Lyova and Semyon did it too. Semyon Leybman (1912-1988) lived all his later years in Pushkino, and his family was formed here. During the preparation of our book we received great help from Semyon's daughter Nelya Fuks. These notes are also written in her hand.

Dad, Semyon Grigorevich Leybman, was born into a family of artisans in Frampol, Ukraine. Before 1917 his father worked as a craftsman making ropes for agriculture, his mother was a housewife. After 1917 his parents continued to work at home, and from 1931 they joined a collective farm. In 1941 my father's parents died during the occupation of Ukraine by Nazi troops.

In 1933, my father graduated from the factory school at the Dzerzhinskiy plant in Dneprodzerzhinsk, specializing in laboratory mechanics. After graduating from the school, he went to serve as a volunteer on the border in the SGPU troops, where he served until 1937.

In 1937, my father started working as deputy manager of store # 7 at the Mytishchi office of the "Oblmostorg" in the town of Losinoostrovsk. He worked as the head of this store from 1938, then as the head of the base and the head of the special part of the Pushkino trading center until August 1941, that is, until he went to the front.

When the war broke out, my father was a party worker and he had a reservation. He went to the front as a volunteer, served as a political commander, but in October 1941, in the battles for the defense of Moscow, he was seriously wounded. In 1942 he was demobilized from the army after the wounding, and for the rest of his life Dad was a disabled veteran of the Patriotic War.

Dad, being a very brave and also a very modest man, avoided talking about the war. But one day he told me about his injury. It was like this: during the battle, the Germans threw grenades, and our soldiers caught them and threw them back. The grenade exploded immediately when Dad caught it and threw it back towards the Germans. He was badly wounded. A metal comb case in his breast pocket protected his heart from the shrapnel of the grenade. Several fingers on his left hand were torn off and disfigured. For the rest of his life, a shard remained in his head, which doctors advised him not to touch. Many years later, the shrapnel in his head played a cruel joke, but more about that later. Dad was sent to a hospital in Central Asia. My mother spent a month traveling to him in a boxcar.

My mother told me that in the hospital the doctors noted the courage with which my father endured the terrible pain: not a scream or a groan. When my parents returned to Pushkino, it turned out that the apartment had been looted. Dad went to the police station, and he saw the doormats from his apartment there. The police officers went with him to other houses and found a lot of things that belonged to our family. They returned everything they managed to find. It turned out that the house had been robbed on the initiative of one of the police officers. This man was stripped of his armor and sent to the front line, where he died.

And that's how the shard came back to me many years later. One summer day, when the whole family was at home, the phone rang. It was my dad's closest friend, uncle Grisha (Gedal Vaysman - *Author's note*). Dad picked up the phone. For some reason a very excited uncle Grisha asked how Dad was feeling. Dad replied that he was as healthy as an ox. I remembered that day as if it were yesterday. Some time passed and uncle Lyova (Dad's brother) came to us in tears. He hugged Dad, kissed him and saw that Dad is healthy, everything was fine. And then it turns out that one of our mutual acquaintances told us at a meeting that Semyon Grigorevich had gone mad. It was not about Dad, but about another person. By misunderstanding, the person who was told about it thought that it was about Dad, and that it was due to the shifting of a splinter left in his head after being wounded in the war. Uncle Grisha found out about it, and the Nikolaevskiy family and others. It was a terrible commotion, and we were at home and knew nothing.

My mother (Feyga Aronovna Zherder, 1919-2005 - *Author's note*) had a difficult childhood. My mother's mother, my grandmother Rukhlya Zherder died of cancer in 1928. Grandfather Aron Rakhmilievich, my mom's dad, was left with four girl children, of whom my mom was the youngest. He married a woman with children. They lived very poorly. The eldest of sisters, aunt Fira, moved to Moscow first, she lived in a barrack and worked hard, then the rest of the sisters came to her one by one. Each sister was about 11-14 years old. Mom often recalled that when her older sister Fira bought her shoes, she was happy and did not put them on for a long time, but only looked at them, wiping them to a shine. Mother almost couldn't write, because she had not had the chance to study. Before mom met dad, she worked as a saleswoman in the subway. They were introduced by mutual acquaintances. In 1940 my parents registered their marriage in the registry office of Pushkino.

Mom was very pretty and funny. A lot of people liked her. Dad loved mom very much, took care of her and, of course, of my brother and me. When the war started, mom was pregnant. And at the next shelling she lost the unborn girl. That's how the war deprived me of my older sister.

Dad was a life-loving man, very kind, intelligent, generous and caring. A real gentleman, organized and neat. Mom was a wonderful hostess. When she married Daddy, she didn't work anymore. Mom was a cult at home. Dad made sure that we did not shirk work, helped around the house, treated mom with respect and care. For me, my father has remained a role model, an ideal of a real man. No matter what happened in life, he was a reliable friend. Dad passed away at the age of 75. He died of another stroke, before that he had heart attacks and other illnesses, but he never complained. I consulted with him until the last days of his life, and I always appreciated his advice. A bright mind, a bright man. Blessed memory to him!

In October 1988, Dad was buried in the Jewish cemetery in Ivanteevka (near Pushkino). My mother kept a place next to him. But life arranged it so that my brother Alik was buried next to my father (he died at the age of 53). Dad's death was an irreparable blow for mom. Life stopped. Since then she has never baked (and she was famous for the way she cooked), there were no longer, as before, many relatives gathered in our house.



Semyon Leybman with his wife Fanya, Tashkent, 1942



A copy of the pages of Semyon Leybman's military ID

Everyone loved mom very much. She helped her nieces. For example, when aunt Fira had three daughters and her husband died at the front, she helped her, like mom's second sister, aunt Anya. Well, when a misfortune happened and my mother lost her beloved son, it was a tragedy. Alik died in October 1995. After that event mom lived with my family.

Until the very end, mom was a soul in the company of her peers, she was very loved and respected, she is still remembered with love. In her last years mom was seriously ill and at the age of 85 she passed away. She is remembered fondly!



Semyon Leybman, his wife Fanya Leybman (Zherder), Elizaveta Kleyn, wife A. A. Leybman, A. Leybman, Tskhaltubo, 1971

Information about the Hendelman Family

We have already mentioned that a descendant of the Hendelman family, Avi Bortman, came to Kosogorka in 2008. We managed to contact him. He did not have much information about the family history, but he was very interested in the history of his family. His mother Esther Bortman (maiden name H e n d e l m a n), born in 1923 in Proskurov, was in good health in 2009. Her father, Isar Hendelman, moved to Kamenets-Podolskiy in the late 1910s and then moved to Proskurov together with Esther's numerous older sisters and brothers. A short time later, the whole family moved to Kiev, where they lived until the beginning of the war.

Esther herself lived in the USSR until 1946, when she left the Soviet Union. During the war years, Esther lived with her family in Central Asia, where she went to study at an institute, graduating as a lawyer immediately after the war. She still speaks Russian well and has retained her literacy in writing.

Esther's mother was born in Sharovka, a place near Frampol. Esther knew her grandparents who lived in F r a m p o l . As is known, her uncle, Ayzik Hendelman, died among the executed hostages. His name is on the monument to the hostages.

At our request, Esther sent us a copy of a family photo from the early 1920s, taken before she was born. Here is a list of the family members in the photo. Top row: Lena the maid; second row, left to right: Roza Hendelman, sister of Isar Hendelman; wife of Isar's cousin; Isar's cousin; Ita, Esther's mother; Velvel, Esther's brother; Malka, daughter of Isaac Hendelman, Isar's brother; Poly, Esther's older sister; Isar Hendelman, Esther's father; Mendel Hendelman, Esther's grandfather; Khaya Hendelman, Esther's grandmother; third, bottom row: Pesya, Esther's sister; Shimon, Esther's older brother; Khava,

Esther's sister; Rachel, Esther's sister; Pinkhas, Esther's brother; Dora, Esther's sister; Yilhiel, Esther's brother.

Isar Hendelman's parents, himself, his brother Ayzik and sister Roza were born and lived in Frampol. It should also be recalled that Ayzik, Roza (Reyza) and Malka are mentioned in the lists of the



Hendelman family, ca. 1915

L. Vaysman's Memories of Place and Family, Written for her Children

All our family lived in a small shtetl called Frampol: I, Leya, your father Gedal, my brother Yankel, my brother Mendel (your uncles), my sisters Khayunya, Molka (your aunts). There were about 300 Jewish families living in Frampol, and Ukrainians lived behind the village.

People lived in different ways: there were rich and there were quite poor. I don't know the reason for the poverty: either they were lazy or didn't want to work. They lived on handouts. The place itself was a very rural place, and people from other shtetls came there to go for a walk, to visit their relatives, to have fun. Good, cheerful people lived there.

Uncle Mendel was a very cheerful man, he had a very good and pleasant voice, he gathered talented people around him and organized a Jewish theater. They staged many good plays. I remember "Tevye the Milkman".

Many of rich Jews had small stores, manufacturing and grocery stores, and everything was in them, as they say, in the Jewish "*ol dings foyt foygel mylykh*" (the only thing missing was bird's milk).

There were Ukrainians and Poles (pans) around the shtetl, and they gave our Jews "*parnus*" (income). They never bargained, and no matter how much they were told, they paid. But soon they were dispossessed and many of them left. This was bad for the Jews

because they were good people.

Our family had a brick house, the only one in Frampol. It had two floors. Grisha's (Gedal Vaysman's) uncle lived in this house, and he gave the second floor to the Jewish theater. He was a rich man and wanted to have a Jewish theater...Our amateur artists, led by uncle Mendel, played so well that there were always large gatherings of people (full to bursting!). We had a lot of different people living with us, like in all shtetls. But our place was special!

Evguenia (Zhenya) Naumovna Bursteyn's father was a rabbi. He was very handsome, intelligent, modern. His father was also a rabbi, he was like a moloch, like an angel, indescribably handsome. On the holidays, the Hasidim would go home, they would lead him and his son to the synagogue with great honor. When it was the holiday of Simchat Torah, they lead them home with songs and dances. Yes, there were years that one cannot forget. People rejoiced in body and soul during the Jewish holidays.

My sister (ant for you) Khayunya spared no effort and always invited us all to her house. How much fun we had on those holidays! As a law, we were all at her house, as her husband Shulym Shimanovich liked everyone to be at their place. As long as I live, I will remember these holidays. And it all went away so quickly, only memories remain!

When dad and mom (your grandparents) were young, they worked in a little store in the house. The store had everything for the Sabbath, and Dad sold lime for whitewashing houses, and everyone came to buy the lime. When there was not enough lime left in the barrel, my dad would put me in this long barrel to get the lime out and give it to him. I remember how I laughed standing in that barrel, I don't know why. Perhaps it was my stupid youth - everything seemed funny, even in that long barrel. Everyone who came to buy from us loved my father very much. They called daddy "our vuyko", which meant "our uncle". That's how we earned money and didn't complain about life.

The religious life gave us vigor and fun. We visited each other, bought new dresses for the girls, new suits for the boys, new shoes for the girls and shoes for the girls. Oh, how happy the children's faces were on these festive days! It is impossible to describe with a pen - you had to see and feel everything. Their bright eyes, their smiling faces, and their parents' faces were happy.

Now I will write about my mom Khana (Anna, you are named after her). There was no end to her generosity! All the poor persons were her mind. In the synagogue, there was a *hazen* (servant), who died suddenly. His wife Riva and four children were left, and she was

also blind. My mother called her nephew and told him to raise money and send her to Vienna for treatment. They took the money, sent Riva to Vienna, she had an operation and came back healthy. Her grandmother helped her with some money and she started baking bread. She started to earn money. She bought a sewing machine, the children started sewing, they bought a house and everything was fine.

Another case. Molka got sick with typhus. My mother went with her to Kupen, to the hospital, and was there with her all the time. At that time, poor people in the village fell ill with typhus, and they had no money for doctors, so my mother began to treat them herself. She saw how they were treated in the hospital and helped them. They all got well! They all came to mom and said: "Oh, Khana, I wish you to be healthy!" She helped everyone - adults and children. One day the children were playing and one of them sprained his arm. His mother ran crying to my mother. Mom took the arm, put grease on it, twisted the handle back and forth and put it back in place! She went to the drawer, took a candy and put it in the child's hand, he took the candy and did not cry anymore. His mother hugged Khana, "How much should I pay you?", the mother replied, "Nothing!" She had never learned anything, but she knew how to do everything. She was smart, brave, kind!



*Leya Mermulis (center) and her parents, Khaya
and Mordkha Mermulis, Frampol, ca. 1930*

My father, your grandfather, was called Mordkha. It is rare to find such kind people as my father was. He loved my mother, he loved his children very much, he loved all his relatives. He was religious. Everyone called him "a Reb Mordkha" - that means respectful. He sat in the synagogue in a place of honor, and he was always called to read the Torah, which also shows great respect. At home he was an exceptional husband and a good father. When I wanted to eat, he fed me and very well. The children loved and respected him!



Gedal Vaysman at prayer, Pushkino, ca. 1980

The oldest brother was Yankel, then Mendel, then my sister Khayunya, Molka and me. When my parents became old, Yankel opened a manufactory store and became our breadwinner. Uncle Mendel worked without strain. He was a cheerful, joyful man. Our rabbi (Zhenya Nikolaevskaya's father) liked him very much. He sang Jewish songs, Ukrainian and Russian songs very well. When he went into a house, it was no longer boring in that house. He courted beautiful girls. A beautiful girl played with him at the theater and he fell in love with her, but her stepmother gave her away for a rich man from the GPU. Uncle Mendel went to Dunaevtsy and married Reyna there. That's how it happens in life.

When Yankel got married, Khayunya and Molka started working in the store. Khayunya Mermulis married Shulim Shimanovich, Molka Mermulis married Eynykh Gurfinkel, and I married Gedalya (Grisha) Vaysman. We all lived not bad, one might say well, and we all helped those who needed our help.



*Sisters Leya Vaysman (Mermulis) - left,
Khaya Shimanovich(Mermulis) - center,
Molka Gurfinkel (Mermulis) - right*

Memories of A. Zarnitskaya about her Father

As I begin to write my memories of my dad, I wonder if he was happy in his life? I would say, “Yes.”

My dad, Gedal (Grigoriy) Vaysman, was born in Frampol, which was the name of a shtetl in Ukraine in the former Kamenets-Podolsk region. Unfortunately, my father never told me about his childhood, so I can't remember much. Only now I understood, how stupid I was, or maybe it was such a time? I don't know, but I feel guilty.

Yes, I remember, when my dad was a little boy and went to school, he studied the Law of God. One day a priest came to the school and he asked the children who knew the Law of God. He came up to my dad and said, "Well, you are a Jew, how do you know the Law of God?" Dad told him so well that he patted him on the head and said, "Good boy, Jew!" Dad read the Law of God to me many times.

I remember my childhood. When I was sick, my dad would take me in his arms and sing. He had a good voice, and people said if he learned to sing, he would surely sing at the Bolshoy Theater. Dad liked to reminisce about how he got married. In Frampol, as in every shtetl, there were matchmakers. My father was told that the Mermulis had a girl, so he decided to go there himself. As he told me, “I came to the house, Liza (that was my mother's name in Russian) was whitewashing the stove. I liked her at first sight. “She is a good hostess,” I thought.” He continued, “Your mother had no dowry, only one dress and one pair of shoes. But I didn't look at anything, and we got married and lived happily ever after.” Soon my parents had a baby girl, but she fell ill and died.

Dad recalled that when he worked on the collective farm, there was still a separate Jewish link, and he was a linkman. My father gathered people at five o'clock in the morning. They were always recognized with commendations because they were the best.

Then some law came out that Jews were not allowed to vote because

they were prosperous. My mother's older brother Yankel was in Moscow at that time, and we went to Pushkino, where my mother's sister Khayunya already lived. It was about the year 1939. Dad got a job in a store, and soon my parents bought a room where we lived before the war. After us, all my mother's relatives came to Pushkino, they helped each other, and gradually they all bought apartments, got jobs, and the children went to schools.

My mother recalls that when my grandmother Khana, my father's mother, fell ill with dysentery, my father wouldn't let anyone near her. He fed her, gave to drink, changed her sheets, bathed her. He loved her and she loved him very much. She always brought him lunch to work, as he told me, always hot and delicious.

In 1941 war broke out and everyone of us were evacuated to Samarkand. Dad's brother, who was out of work most of the time, also came there, and Dad helped him. After the war we returned to Pushkino. Dad's brother went to Khmelnitskiy. In winter, Dad would get up early in the morning and clear the entire alley of snow so that people could easily walk to work. People called our alley "Grishin alley". We often heard: "Which street do you go to work on?" "Grisha's alley."

My father was a very cheerful, kind man. My sister Larochka was born in 1947. My parents were very happy.

After the war, my cousins started getting married, and my father bought a violin and played at all the weddings. And how he danced! He would put on a robe, a skullcap and dance an Uzbek dance, a polka with a broom (in Jewish "*Bezim polka*"). Everyone laughed and cheered heartily. Yes, Dad gave everyone a blessing "*Khyлак Idyshiz*", that is, they lifted the tablecloth, brought the bride there and got married. The bride would walk around the groom seven times, dad would read the blessings, and then everyone would shout "*ma-zel-tov*". What a fun time that was!

Dad was a believer in God. Every morning he put on *tvilin* and *tales* and prayed. He sang very beautifully during the prayers, and I would lie on the couch and listen. His voice still sounds in my ears.

Dad loved people, the smile never left his face. He always helped the poor, sent parcels to prisons! I can't tell about everything. No one left our house without a glass of wine, *leykekh*, *strudel* and a glass of tea. My mother always had sweet things: *kikhelak* - I still remember the taste, *leykekh* and *pletselakh* sprinkled with sugar.

In 1953, the "doctors' case" began, and Dad's brother was taken away for correspondence with foreigners. Dad helped his family, went to Kiev, and soon his brother was released... I remember an

incident when we were on a train and Dad was attacked by a man who called him with bad names all over the carriage, then the train stopped and we got off. My father immediately called the police, the man was fined, and he apologized to my father (he turned out to be an engineer)... And when a big man attacked my father in a store, my father did not hesitate and tore off his mustache. There was laughter all over the street, and, of course, the police arrived. The man was imprisoned for 15 days for insulting a person... Dad had many acquaintances from the city government. One day one of them came to him and told him that there was an order to make a list of all Jewish families to leave. The man said that our name was the last to be written down. But, thank God, everything was all right!

Time passed and a Jewish cemetery was needed. The community turned to Dad, and he arranged everything, and the cemetery was built. He built a house in the cemetery, he did everything himself in the beginning, and then Kolya (a Tatar man) took over the cemetery.

There was a large Jewish community in Pushkino, a house of worship was needed, and again Dad arranged everything. People prayed, there was a *hazen*. One day they collected money, and the *hazen* came from Romania, and we, all the children, were there and listened to the prayers.

One day a man came to him and told him he was going to jail, Daddy helped him. But this man didn't even say thank you.

There were Stalinist times - the Jewish theater in Moscow was closed. People from Moscow came to my father and



Gedal Vaysman, ca. 1954

ask him to help two actors whose families have no work. There was a team "Partisan" in Pushkino and Dad got them all jobs. Tatars, Russians, Jewish men come to him and he helped all of them. Neighbors went on vacation, they left him the keys, and he watered their flowers and looks after their apartments. "Grishok, Grishenka," they called him! Traktovenko, an artist of the Jewish theater, often visited us, and the whole family gathered. We used to sing Jewish songs, organized yurzeit on the day of the death of the Frampol relatives, but not much was told to us about the place of Frampol.



Anna Zarnitskaya, 1970

My mother's friend was Zhenya Nikolaevskaya, the daughter of a rabbi from Frampol. The people of Frampol found out that she lived in Orenburg, her husband was in prison, and it was very difficult for her financially. So Sasha Leybman, Senya Leybman, my father and several other families did everything possible to bring her to Pushkino. They got her a job and, since her salary was meager, they collected money every month and brought her money in addition to her salary. My father put her son in a professional school, then in a technical school, from which he graduated and worked in the ministry.

Dad loved my Mom very much. He called her Lezenyu tenderly. I never heard him raise his voice to her, or they were arguing. He never scolded us either. He was always with a smile, with a kind attitude toward everyone. And he took his sons-in-law to heart and did more for them than their own parents.

What Dad had from all his good deeds was only moral satisfaction! He didn't expect rewards from anyone. He did good. That was his motto. It was the motto of all Frampol's honest and loyal people.

With Our Own Hands

In this chapter Roman Geller describes our trip together in May 2009.

We traveled to Khmel'nitskiy region in May 2009 together with Mikhail Freyder. It was preceded by a lot of preparatory work. First of all, constant contact with the Kharlamb family ancestors was established. We repeatedly called the chairman of the Village Council, T.B. Garbuz, in Kosogorka and agreed our arrival and the work we were to do. Most importantly, we drew up a work plan and a method of carrying it out.

Mikhail and I had to tidy up the old Jewish Frampol cemetery, which is still located outside Kosogorka. We had to think about what tools and materials to bring with us, and what equipment we could borrow from the village. We also had to rebuild the monument at the supposed grave of the first victims of Frampol - the hanged hostages, which had been destroyed more than 12 years ago and had been lying on the ground overgrown with grass. The monument was installed with great difficulty and at her own expense by Esfir (Fira) Moiseevna Shner, who came to Kosogorka from Pushkino in 1974 specifically for this purpose.

We can only regret that nobody in the village cared about this monument or the old cemetery. It's very sad. I think anyone would agree with me that this is not in accordance with any morality, neither Jewish nor Christian. Moreover, when we went into the cemetery, we noticed that some of the rows of tombstones had fallen over in a domino effect. After analyzing and talking to the locals we determined that this was the result of some trees that had been cut down, allegedly for the purpose of cleaning up the area. It is difficult to believe in this explanation, the fact that they were cutting down is true, but for what purpose... Let us leave it to the conscience of those who did it...

So, first we arrived in Khmel'nitskiy. I arrived before Mikhail, as I

had never been there before. I met the family of Malvina Naumovna Bryzhataya (nee Kharlamb) - she and her husband, Leonid Pavlovich Bryzhatiy, made the best impression on me from the very first minutes of their acquaintance with their kindness, ease of communication, willingness to help and assist us in everything. And these were not just words spoken for the sake of propriety and politeness; there were words with a cause behind them, which we were soon to see for ourselves. At the same time I met I.I. Kharlamb's great-granddaughter Malvina Sergeevna Isaeva and her children Nastya and Rostik. While I was waiting for Mikhail, I got acquainted with Khmelnitskiy, visited the cultural and charitable foundation of the Jewish community Khesed-Besht, where I met a very good and kind person - Lyudmila Efimovna Pisklova. I could not expect any help from the management of the fund, so all hope was on the family of I. I. Kharlamb's descendants and on help from the Village Council. In general, it turned out to be so. On Sunday morning, May 25, Leonid and I went to meet Mikhail, because Leonid's car was always nearby. Leonid was a professional driver. Malvina Naumovna stayed at home... At lunch we discussed our further actions and agreed to go straight to Kosogorka. This time we were invited to settle there in the house where Malvina Naumovna's mother Klavdiya Koval had lived a couple of kilometers away from Kosogorka, in Savintsy. Leonid Pavlovich Bryzhatiy came there with us and later stayed with us all week and gave us invaluable help.

reaped.

We did so, and by evening we were there, settled in, and first thing in the morning we went to the Village Council. We were met by the chairman, T. B. Garbuz, who quickly decided who would rebuild the destroyed obelisk to the hanged hostages, and we went straight to the cemetery. Without hesitation, we got down to work right away. The first thing we did was to clear the cemetery. Leonid started cutting the grass and weeds, for which his gasoline mower was indispensable. Mikhail and I collected and trimmed dry wood and took it outside the territory. That's how the first day went.

The next day Leonid continued mowing grass in the morning, while Mikhail and I measured the cemetery, drew up a plan of the graves, numbered them, and then began systematic cleaning of the tombstones - removing dirt, dust, and thick layers of moss. As soon as there was a front of work to photograph, I continued cleaning, and Mikhail started photographing the monuments. It was already our

second working day. By this time Leonid had finished mowing and then joined us to help clean the stones and take photos. Each tombstone, or *matzevah* as it was called in Ukraine, has two components: the base, a long horizontal stone that gives stability to the whole structure, and the vertical stone that forms a whole with it, i.e. the monument itself with the Hebrew inscription. Some monuments, as mentioned above, were broken off from the base of the *matzevah* - and lay on the ground. What could be lifted, we lifted by leaning against trees, others we only cleaned and photographed.

At the same time, we solved issues related to the restoration of the obelisk. We determined how to raise it, how to fix it on the concrete pad, for this purpose we had to drill holes in the concrete, and to pull an electric wire three hundred meters from the private house next to the cemetery. The main work on the restoration of the obelisk was carried out by Alexander Pakhniy, a Kosogorka resident who lived nearby, together with his assistant. On the first day we brought sand, arranged for the purchase of cement in Yarmolintsy, and solved the issues of payment for the work and materials. The monument was actually restored within two days.

On the fourth day, all the planned work was practically finished. In total, we cleaned and photographed more than 200 preserved tombstones-monuments to our landowners and ancestors. There was still a lot of work to be done to translate the inscriptions on the stones from Hebrew into Russian.

This will be discussed later, but in the meantime we had to finish our work officially and durably. For this purpose, we organized a small rally, which was attended by all the participants of the work, the Village Council chairman T.B. Garbuz, with the oldest resident of Kosogorka M.A. Komarnitskiy, as well as members of the Jewish community of Khmel'nitskiy who came specially from Khmel'nitskiy and whose minibus was provided by the management of the regional charity fund Khesed-Besht. T. B. Garbuz, R. Geller and two representatives from Khmel'nitskiy spoke. After the rally we all toured the cemetery together, the guests saw the result of our work. Everyone came also to the graves of I. I. Kharlamb (1899-1971) and his wife S.Ts. Kharlamb (1901-1955). These two graves are the latest burials in the cemetery and the only post-war ones. So ended the official part, and the next day, May 29, we finally completed all the planned works.

We have been walking around the village for the last few days, as it was centered around the market square. We used Sasha Leybman's

scheme to find landmarks to locate our ancestors' houses. In particular, we were able to find the correct place where the house were the Daychman family used to live, thanks to this scheme and the explanations of the villagers. It was right next to the village outpatient clinic, which is still located there. We met new people and listened to the memories of villagers.

The hospitality of the Komarnitskiy family was especially memorable. In their house we looked at family photos and the host's military awards. The wife recalled her murdered friend Betya Mikhaylovna Epshteyn and allowed us to make a copy of an old photo in which she was photographed together with her youthful friend....

Everywhere we heard regrets about the tragic deaths of the Jews. We also remembered a heartbreaking story about the shooting of two sisters who have fled in a haystack in the cold autumn, but were discovered by a policemen who shot them when they timidly asked, "Have pity, we were sitting at the same desk." Before that, when the policeman led the unhappy girls past one of the houses, one of the villagers brought them either a glass or a crinkle of milk, which was mercilessly knocked out of their hands... This is how we breathed the air of our ancestors....

On Saturday morning, May 30, we went first of all to the Yarmolinty station to the memorial at the site of mass shootings, where we laid flowers at the monument to the Jews who perished in 1942, our relatives and all our fellow countrymen, innocent victims of fascism. A retired colonel of a military unit accompanied us through the territory, which had not yet been completely liquidated. He regretted that when the unit ceases to exist and access to the memorial complex becomes free, it will fall into desolation and will be destroyed, if it will not be timely taken under the protection of the state as a cultural and historical monument.

We did not ignore these conversations and immediately went to the center of Yarmolinty, to the District Council. There we, i.e. me, Mikhail Freyder and Leonid Bryzhatiy - were listened very kindly and with great attention by Anatoliy Nikolaevich Lis, who had already known me since November 2008. We had a friendly, relaxed conversation, during which Anatoliy Nikolaevich assured us that the issue of taking the whole memorial complex into account and under protection has already started to be discussed and will definitely be solved. At parting Anatoliy Nikolaevich gave each of us a book "Local self-government of Khmel'nichina: sketches of the history of local communities of Yarmolinty district" [13]. Having accepted the books with gratitude, we said goodbye in the hope to meet again.

Next, we traveled to Medzhibozh, where we visited the Hasidic community and the old Jewish cemetery, a pilgrimage site to the grave of the founder of Hasidism, Rabbi Yisrael Baal Shem Tov (BeShT). BeShta's grave is located in the ohel, a small rectangular house for prayers, along with the graves of Rabbi Khaim Efraim Moshe of Sudilkov and Rabbi Boruch of Medzhibozh, BeShT's grandsons, as well as Avraham Yoshua Kheshel (Rabbi of Apta), one of the most prominent leaders of Hasidism of the next generation. There was a synagogue nearby, a hotel with a *mikvah* and a kosher canteen for incoming pilgrims. There were many people praying everywhere.

We finished our Saturday program with a visit to the old fortress in Medzhibozh, where we toured the fortress itself and visited the local history museum located on its territory. And after visiting the fortress we went to another tragic place of the day: to the ravine located on the edge of the city, the place of mass execution of the Jewish population - more than 3 thousand prisoners of the Medzhibozh ghetto on September 22, 1942. The memorial complex is unusual and impressive: at the top there is a granite obelisk with an inscription, and behind it - going as if under the sloping down a very long ravine, poured in concrete in the form of a tomb over this mass grave.

Toward evening we returned to the hospitable home of Malvina and Leonid Bryzhatiy in Khmel'nitsky. It was time to pack our things and leave. In the morning we all together, as well as Ludmila Pisklova from Khesed-Besht, who had come to the station, saw Mikhail Freyder off on the Moscow train. I left after midnight, Leonid took me to the station a little earlier and I stayed to wait for the train. Early in the morning I was already in Kiev.

This is how our next trip to the ancestral homeland ended, and we really want it not to be the last one. We hope for the realization of new ideas and plans.



A general view of the monument to the victims of the Frampolians in the Great Patriotic War, Kosogorka, photo 2008



A plaque with the names of those killed during the Great Patriotic War, Kosogorka, photo 2008



Monument to Holodomor victims, Kosogorka, photo 2009



Mikhail Freyder, Aleksander Pakhniy, Tatyana Bronislavovna Garbuz, Mikhail Aleksandrovich Komarnitskiy, Roman Geller at the restored monument to hostages, 2009



The obelisk of the monument to the hostages broken off lying on the ground, photo 2001



Restored monument, photo 2009



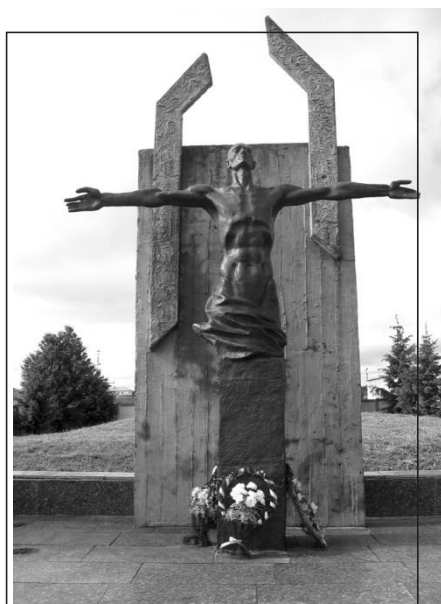
A group of participants of the rally at the opening of the restored monument, May 2009



Inspection of the cemetery after the opening of the restored monument, May 2009



Barracks in the military camp where the Frampolians were held before being shot, photo 2001



The central figure of the memorial to those shot in the military camp, Yarmolinty station, photo 2009



Monument to the executed Jews in the military camp, erected in 1947, Yarmolinty station, photo 2009



Medzhibozh, ohel with the graves of the founders of Hasidism, photo May 2009



Medzhibozh, tombstones of the graves of the founders of Hasidism in ohel, photo May 2009



Obelisk at the place of death of the Jews of Medzhibozh, photo May 2009



Collective tombstone in the ravine of the mass shooting of the Jews of Medzhibozh, photo May 2009

Memories of M. Bryzhataya about Close People

We have already written that the family of I. I. Kharlamb's descendants made it possible for us to clean up the old Jewish cemetery in Frampol - cleaning the tombs and cleaning the territory - and to restore the destroyed monument to the hostages, erected more than 30 years ago. Malvina's husband, Leonid Pavlovich Bryzhatiy, worked with us.

Malvina Naumovna Bryzhataya wrote notes about her ancestors and supplemented our materials with profiles of her grandfather and father. These materials provided a number of facts that clarified our understanding of these remarkable people. Isaac Iosifovich Kharlamb (1899-1971) was born in Kiliya, Izmail Oblast, Ukrainian SSR. In 1934-1939. Isaac Iosifovich studied at the Nezhyn Pedagogical Institute, specializing in the following subjects "middle school physicist-mathematician."

His wife Sofiya Tsalevna Kharlamb (1901-1955), maiden name Mumblat, worked as a teacher before the war. In the questionnaire filled out by her husband I. I. Kharlamb in 1948, we read that she was already an invalid of the second group.

Life dates of Naum Kharlamov (Kharlamb), son of Isaac Iosifovich and Sofiya Tsalevna and father of Malvina Naumovna are: 1928-1968. In 1950, he was already a third-year student at the History Department of the Chernivtsi Pedagogical Institute, from which he graduated.

All these ancestors, together with Malvina Naumovna's mother Klavdiya Koval (1924-2008), were teachers. This tradition today is

continued by Malvina Naumovna's daughter, also named Malvina. Her full name is Malvina Sergeevna Isaeva. Below we present short reminiscences of Malvina Naumovna.

For as long as I can remember, every Sunday the whole family went to visit my grandfather, Isaac Iosifovich Kharlamb. We lived in Savintsy, two kilometers from Kosogorka, where my grandfather lived. I was always waiting for my favorite chocolate-waffle cake, which my grandfather brought from Khmelnitskiy for me. My grandfather seemed strict, but I could afford any pranks, which for some reason he was always happy about.

Grandpa taught physics and math at school, but he was also good at French and German. We sometimes talked in German because my father, Naum, was also fluent in that language. When we left my grandfather, we always took home magazines, newspapers and books in German. My father was reading them all, and my brother Alik and I were often reading them too, which helped us to learn the language.

Grandfather had been a member of the Union of Primary and Secondary Schools since 1923. Before teaching, he completed two or three courses at the Medical Institute, and this came in handy during the war: he was a military paramedic in a hospital in 1942. Since 1939 he was a deputy of the Village Council and had a number of state awards: the medal "For Labor Valor" (1939) and "Excellent Worker of National Education" (1945), "Order of Lenin" (1951). Isaac Iosifovich Kharlamb was awarded the title of "Honored Teacher of Ukraine" in 1951.

Thanks to grandfather's care and intercession, a road to Kosogorka was built and regular bus service was organized to Yarmolintsy and Khmelnitskiy. After the war my grandfather worked as the head of the district department of public education in Yarmolintsy, and after the returning home all war veterans he again became a teacher and director of the school in Kosogorka village. At one time Kharlamb headed the party organization in the collective farm. He was an extremely businesslike and energetic person who never sat idle.

In 1959, he already had 40 years of experience as a teacher. During these years the school bought sewing machines for teaching female students in labor lessons. In 1956, a new school building was built and children began to study in one shift.

It always seemed to me that my grandfather was known

everywhere, so there was no town, village or district in our region where anyone had not heard of him. His former students did not forget him either: they came and wrote letters.

But grandfather's fate gave him not only happy moments in life. During the war, he and my grandmother Sofiya lost their daughter Mariya. She was handed over to the Nazis by the local police and killed together with all the Frampolians in 1942. Mariya (for me aunt Manya, who died before I was born) was seven months pregnant. She left behind her son Felik, born in 1939. He was raised by my grandmother and grandfather after the war. The death of her daughter was the cause of grandmother's illness and early death. She died in 1955, barely 54 years old when I was only four years old, so I don't remember my grandmother very well. Grandmother Sofiya is buried in the old Jewish cemetery of Frampol.

Isaac Iosifovich, of course, was familiar with the story of his daughter's death, but he never took revenge on anyone. Moreover, the people involved in her death sometimes had the courage to ask him. However, I don't know why, but their life after the war was not very happy. Of course, it is hard for me to remember all this.

In the last years of his life, grandfather was ill a lot: he had four strokes and had diabetes

My family will remember the tragic pages of its history and keep the memory of our wonderful ancestors all our lives. We will always come to their graves... Through his humanity, diligence and kindness, grandpa Isaac not only won high honors, but also, more importantly, recognition and love from his fellow countrymen, even though bad rumors sometimes unfairly label Jews with bad qualities. Fortunately, there are far fewer bad people who think this way than good and decent ones. I am glad that my children and grandchildren are not ashamed to say what their great-grandfather was like.

My father Naum changed his surname from Kharlamb to Kharlamov after the war. He fulfilled the request of my grandmother, his mother Sofiya. She was afraid that her descendants might experience a new tragedy as Jews. In front of her eyes always were heavy events related to the beatings and the death of her daughter. Grandmother was also hiding at this time and could not help, being responsible for the fate of her son and her young grandson Felik. We lost the name of our family, but did not forget our memory, and have a pride of our ancestors.

My dad, Naum Kharlamb, was born in 1928. During the war, he

hid from the Germans in a hole that was under a pile of manure.



Sofiya Tsalevna Kharlamb and Mariya Kharlamb, photo ca. 1937



*Isaac Iosifovich Kharlamb,
photo ca. 1948*



*Mariya Isaacovna Kharlamb,
photo ca. 1940*

After the war, my father enrolled in the Sverdlovsk Aviation School, but after one year he fell seriously ill and could not continue his studies. He followed in his parents' footsteps and became a teacher. My mother, Klavdiya, also worked as a teacher, she taught in the lower grades. Dad taught history and German. Despite the hard youth, which came during the war years, he was a very kind man, he worked hard. It seems that kindness and hard work were family traits. Dad died after living only 40 years.

My father asked me not to go to a pedagogical school, considering the work of a teacher to be very hard. I obeyed and went to medical school, but I have been working with people all my life. My childhood was happy - I was surrounded by loving people. Besides my parents, I had grandparents on both sides. My brother Alik was three years older than me. We loved each other very much, never argued, remaining all childhood an example for other children. Once I read poetry from the stage at school, but it was noisy. My brother helped: he stood up and said loudly, "Quiet, quiet, my sister Malvinka is reciting a poem." All the children were silent, and then they gave me a round of applause. However, I think the applause was for both of us.

The tradition of teaching continues. My daughter, also Malvina, dreamed of becoming a teacher from the age of three. When she was two years old, she could recite "The Tsokotukha fly", "Tarakanische" by Chukovskiy and other poems by heart. I tried to teach her how to read fiction, and it still takes my breath away when she reads poetry! Malvina graduated from a pedagogical school, a university, a master's degree, and now she is studying at a postgraduate school and teaches Ukrainian language, native and foreign literature.

She has two children. Her son Rostislav studies in high school, is interested in computers and has many prizes and diplomas. Her daughter Anastasiya is in fifth grade, has a second rank in gymnastics, and has been a champion and medalist in Ukrainian and international competitions. She is currently studying journalism and has a column on television "Folk omens and fortune-telling". Anastasiya also continues the tradition of fiction reading.

Our whole family, the descendants of Isaac Iosifovich and Sofiya Tsalevna, as well as my parents, often are getting together. Everyone listens to my stories about their wonderful ancestors. I want my daughter and grandchildren to never forget them. Malvina and grandchildren often tell me that they have not met them, but they

imagine them very well. It seems to them that their ancestors lived and communicated with all of them living today. And it is wonderful, because as long as memory is alive, people are alive, they have just gone far away... In 2008 two members of our family left at once: my mother Klavdiya and my brother Alik. And recently, in 2009, my dear aunt Felik, Mariya's son, passed away.

I hope that this chain will not be broken, and my grandchildren will tell their children about us. Maybe there will be a word about me, too. My daughter and grandchildren, like me, know that creating a family and preserving family traditions is a sacred thing. The way to do this is love, tenderness, kindness and forgiveness passed on from generation to generation.

For my part, I have been grateful to my parents all my life for their affection and warmth, for the good advice they gave me and my brother. And I pass everything on...



*House of Klavdiya Koval and Naum Kharlamb (Kharlamov),
Savintsy, photo 2009*



Naum Isaacovich Kharlamb



*Klavdia Isaacovna Koval, wife
of N. I. Kharlamb*



Felik Cherniy, S. Ts. Kharlamb, I. I. Kharlamb, N. I. Kharlamb and K. I. Koval, with their son Alik in the foreground, Kosogorka, photo 1948



Mariya Kharlamb and Genya Pakhter (?), photo 1936



Zina Komarnitskaya and Betya Epshteyn, Frampol, photo ca. 1939



I. I. Kharlamb with teachers and students, Kosogorka, photo 1948



I. I. Kharlamb with teachers and students, Kosogorka, photo 1951



*I. I. Kharlamb with teachers and students,
Kosogorka photo ca.1960*



School in Kosogorka, where I.I. Kharlamb worked, photo 2001

Kosogorka Village Council*

As mentioned earlier, during the meeting with Lys Anatoliy Nikolaevich, in addition to an interesting story about the district center of Yarmolinty and his kind words, Anatoliy Nikolaevich gave us a book "Local Self-Government of Khmelnychyna: Essays on the History of Local Communities of Yarmolyntsy District" [13]. An excerpt from it, which tells about the history of the village of Frampol (Kosogorka), we considered it important to cite in this publication.

Kosogorka village (formerly Frampol) is the center of Kosogorka rural Council, located 12 km from the district center and 8 km from the railway station Yarmolinty. The total area of the village is 1419.1 ha., including: state property lands - 380.4 ha., private property lands - 1038.7 ha. The number of population is 506 people, including 4 children of pre-school age, 58 children of school age, 186 pensioners, the total number of yards is 256.

The local Council was established on May 11, 1999. The village chairman is Tatyana Bronislavovna Garbuz (Ukrainian, born in 1953, higher education), the secretary is Nataliya Yurievna Kotlinskaya (Ukrainian, born in 1953, specialized education).

R. A. Oleynik, the chairman of the Village Council of the previous convocations, as well as secretaries V. V. Shuper and T. B. Garbuz, were largely responsible for the prosperity of the village. 15 deputies were elected to the renewed Kosogorka Village Council, including 13 agricultural workers. During the years of Ukraine's independence, deputies T. I. Pataraka, S. S. Khoptyan, V. I. Vintu, V. M. Martynova, V. F. Yankovskiy carried out active social and political activity.

There is an agricultural enterprise "Mayak", one farm, one private individual farm, Kosogorska's general education school of I-II stages, a club, a library, a rural medical outpatient clinic, a communication office, a pharmacy, a district hospital of veterinary medicine.

For many years, the social and economic development of the village was assisted by veterans of collective farm labor: linkmen A. D. Tsap, S. A. Durach; mechanizers V. K. Dovgiy, S. M. Brekhulko, F. I. Bozhik, F. F. Radetskiy, P. S. Dzyuba; livestock breeders O. S. Onsin, M. A. Khoptyan, G. Y. Shevchuk, G. A. Voevoda, G. Y. Zadorozhniy, G. G. Zadorozhnaya, M. G. Gladiy, and S. I. Malaya; milkmaids G. I. Komarnitskaya, V. Martynova, Z. M. Streletskaia, N. I. Voynitskaya, L. M. Lastovetskaya, M. V. Gryskov, M. M. Kutsa - Honored Worker of agriculture of Ukraine; builders B. M. Lutkovskiy, B. M. Kutsa - Honored Worker of Agriculture of Ukraine, B. S. Gryskov, M. A. Dovgiy; apiarist M. A. Shkolyar, agronomist T. A. Vetrovskiy, zootechnician M. S. Kochmarskiy, veterinarian T. I. Pataraka.

The collective farm chairmen M. I. Shevchuk, V. I. Cherniy, A. A. Lizun, and V. F. Belyavskiy did a lot for the village. Teachers P. P. Panov, I. I. Kharlamb, O. P. Tsekhmister, S. B. Suprun, T. M. Boychak, head of the club M. O. Komarnitskiy contributed a lot to the education of younger generation. Medical assistant and midwife station was headed by G. D. Ilnitskaya long time.

Kosogorka (Frampol) as a locality appeared in the early 18th century due to the important route from Kamenets-Podolskiy to Proskurov. It is believed that the settlement started from the satin, called Austria, the center of trade of the population. It was shaped like a square. On the south side stood a luxurious house, and on the other three sides there were about 20 stores: grocery, cloth, grain, general merchandise, etc., which were used by the inhabitants of the almost 20 settlements, the largest of which was Savintsy. Shtetl was squeezed between the villages of Franevka, from which it got its name, and Perelesov. It was quickly filled with Jewish families. The small square was densely built up, leaving space for narrow streets and passages. And the main street, which stretched southward, was occupied by a long chain of hotels (inns) for merchants and carters. The first Jewish settlers also took up the task of construction of refreshment rooms for the villagers who came to sell (Wednesday, Sunday).

When the idea to build a modern road between Proskurov and Kamenets-Podolskiy arose, the engineers offered hotel owners to pay them 100 rubles in gold as a bribe. They refused, and the experts determined the route at a distance of 10 kilometers. This led to the ruin of the owners of those establishments and the decline of the locality as a whole.

However, at the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century Frampol gradually developed. In 1894 there were 595 people living here, 30 of whom were craftsmen. There were a literacy school, 13 shops, postal and telegraph office. Soon a zemstvo hospital and a telephone station were added to them.

During the First World War, when the region was a front line zone, large troop movements caused great losses to the local population. Almost all able-bodied men (except Jews) were mobilized to the front, and food, equipment and horses were requisitioned for military needs.

The Russian military commanders regarded Jews with great distrust and considered them an unreliable element. Jews were not taken into the active army and were evicted from the front line areas to other parts of the province. Therefore, many Jewish families suffered from this antisemitic policy.

In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Jews took part in collecting monetary donations to Zionist organizations, distributed Zionist literature, and some Jewish families emigrated abroad.

During the events of 1918-1920, the shtetl changed hands several times. The Jewish population was quite wary of the troops (several foreign armies were fighting in the region) and more than once gave a substantial ransom to prevent pogroms and looting. But the villagers were rioting, beating policemen and showing disobedience to the authorities (March 1917). Therefore, a military detachment was sent to the place.

The enterprising Jews did not hesitate to take the initiative when the fighting was basically over. Already at the end of October 1921 they applied for the organization of an agricultural cooperative "Labor." But they had only 30 tithes of land. The population grew. There were 1190 persons of both sexes living here in 1926. In addition, 777 people lived in Perelesov settlement and 552 in Franevka.

In the 1930s there were two collective farms in Kosogorka Village Council: "Krasniy Put" ("Red way") and "Trud" ("Labor"). The prosperous people worked in "Trud", where it was a support from the

Jewish community. But things were going well in Franevka as well. Thus, in 1940, under the guidance of Ivan Luchkov, an agricultural technician, 15 centners of grain and 240 centners of sugar beets per hectare were produced.

The shtetl also experienced deprivation during the Holodomor, but not as much as in the surrounding villages. Twelve people, including 10 Jews, fell under repression, 13 families were deported with a load of 40 kilograms per person.

In June 1941, the Nazis entered the village. With undisguised ferocity they attacked the Jewish community, demanding from Rabbi Kakhan that he hand over 10 Jews as hostages. He replied that he could not point his finger at anyone but himself. He was captured and hanged. Ten more Jews were taken hostage. On October 30, 1942, all Jews who fell into the hands of the executioners were shot at the Yarmolinty station. Almost all 85 of their houses were destroyed.

During the liberation of the village, several divisions fought on its territory. But the final liberation was brought by soldiers of the 127th (according to our information 167th - *Author's note*) rifle division.

The losses caused by the fascists to the village and institutions were calculated. Only Ukrainian families suffered losses amounting to 1,583 thousand rubles. The Nazi atrocities were especially felt on the farmsteads of Antonina Koval (72,369 rubles), Leonida Strelbitskaya (54,000 rubles), Nazar Chorniy (56,400 rubles).

But all this was summed up already when the hastily mobilized and trained men were already fighting against the Nazis. More than 100 farmers and representatives of labor intellectuals put on military uniforms. 72 of them died on the battlefield, were missing or died of wounds, mostly in the western regions of Ukraine.

Dozens of villagers bravely fought the enemy, including V. Y. Shevchuk, V. P. Bondarenko, M. D. Shevchuk. But K. S. Venger, a full knight of the Order of Glory, returned home with the highest distinction.

It was also difficult for those who were to breathe life into the two local collective farms. Ruined farms, dismantled equipment, empty barns... Thanks to those who tried to work from dawn to dusk. In the farm "Red Way" the chairman M. I. Shevchuk led people out of trouble. D. I. Tsap and M. V. Rakhitsky also presided here. The collective farm "Labor" was headed by Y. G. Shtoyko, Y. I. Protsik, P. S. Gaevoy, V. I. Martynov. The chairmen of the Village Executive Committee changed

frequently. At the beginning of 1945 the Village Executive Committee was headed by I. M. Krivoy. Seven standing commissions were formed.

I. I. Kharlamb worked as a school director. V. I. Shevchuk was appointed head of the post office, A. M. Lizun was an elected chairman of the Village Council, but the most successful was Y. G. Rosnovsky later. V. V. Nagornyak was the director of the special school; M. I. Zilberman was a head of pharmacy, M. T. Porokhnyavaya a head of medical center, V. Y. Shevchuk was the head of club, and R. M. Pastukhova was the head of library. All of them joined the Village Council. The two collective farms were merge in 1959. This contributed to the combination of financial and human resources. The yields of grain and technical crops increased, farms were filled with animals and poultry. Cash and in kind payments are rising. But better times are ahead.

The village itself is gradually being renovated. The tireless hands of collective farmers built 152 dwelling houses. Radio communications were established in peasant dwellings in 1952. To meet the cultural needs of the collective farm workers, a club was built, and a nursery began to function....

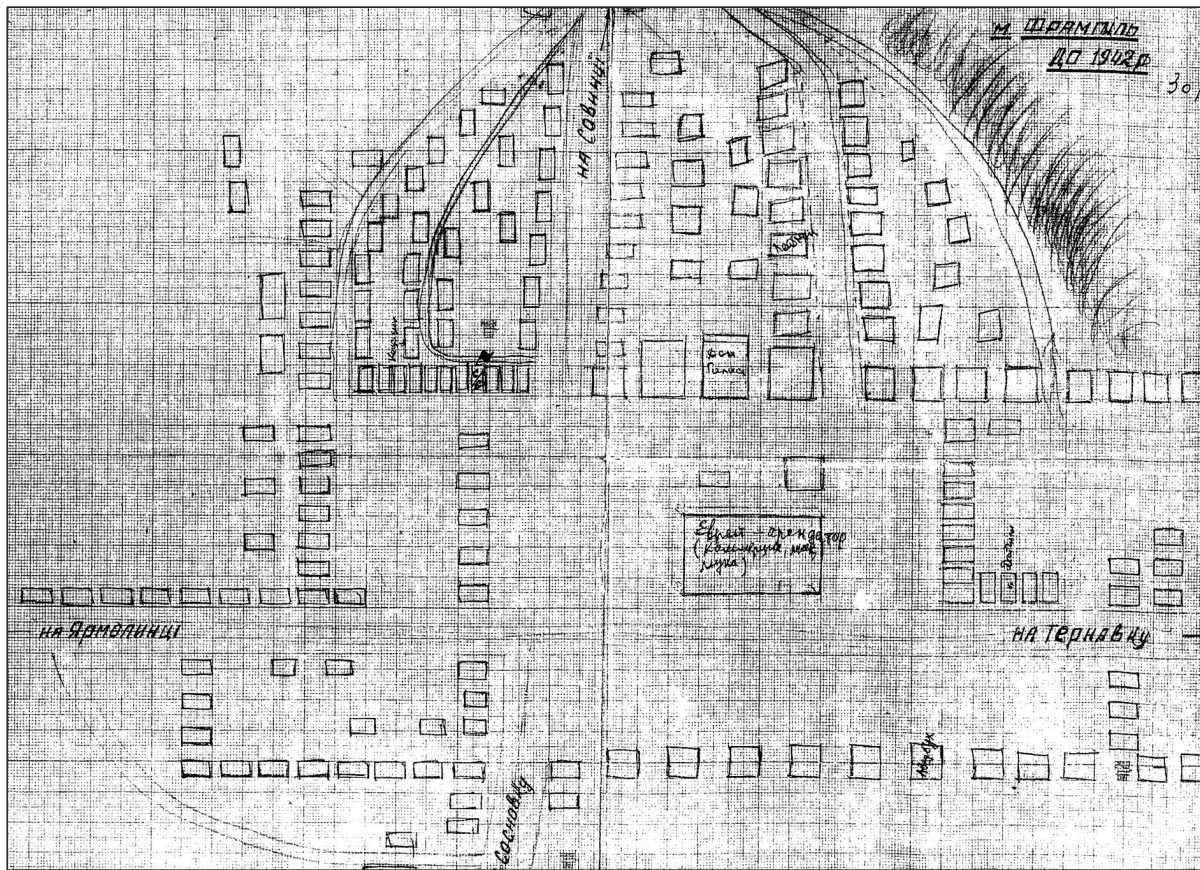
** Translation from Ukrainian - R. Geller*

Diagrams of Frampol

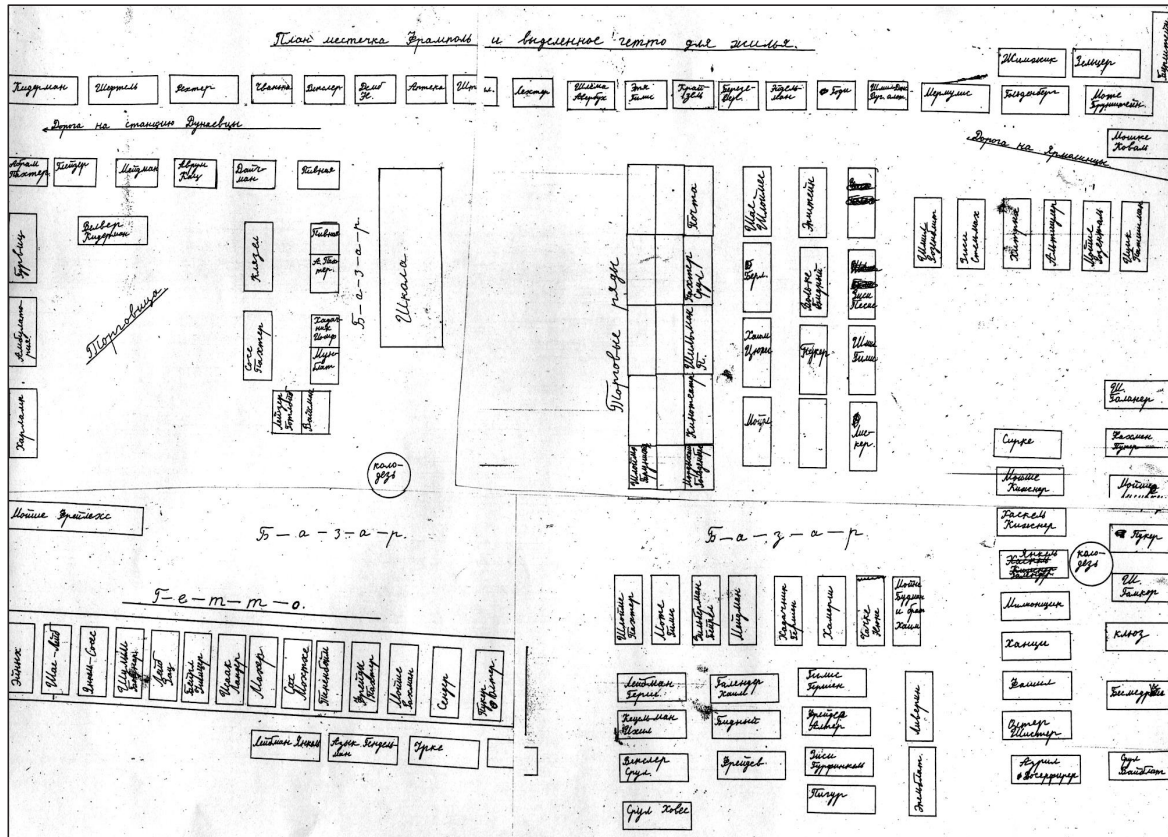
We know two schemes of Frampol, made after the war independently of each other by A. G. Leybman and V. D. Boychak. Both schemes were made by hand and on paper. The copy of A. G. Leybman's scheme was given to us by Igor Ketselman, who still has the original, while V. D. Boychak's scheme was given to Roman Geller during Roman's trip to Kosogorka in 1995.

Boychak's map of the shtetl (Frampol - before 1942) contains few names, but mainly gives a topographical picture of the locality, indicating the main directions of roads through the locality and the location of its houses. A total of 187 buildings are marked on the map. The names of only four Frampol families were inscribed on Boychak's map by Roman Geller, using his own words: Averbukh, Daychman, Ketselman, Leybman. The location of the Village Council is marked with a flag on the diagram, and the large building in the center of the diagram, as Boychak told him at the time, is a commercial house where various goods were sold and which was kept by an unnamed Jewish tenant.

Alexander Leybman's diagram shows 110 dwellings and about 11 public houses and buildings. Although there may be some inaccuracies in this scheme, which is quite natural, and which were pointed out by some former Frampolians in their time, it is nevertheless of great interest because it shows the surnames. Some of the householders' surnames are presented in the lists of the deceased that we have in our possession. Some of the surnames are incomplete and/or inaccurate. We comment this in our table.



Plan of Frampol, compiled by V. D. Boychak



A. G. Leybman's plan of Frampol
203

№ houses n/a	Surname, first name of the homeowner in the writing of the author of the scheme A. Leybman	Possible variant	Neighboring public spaces	Surname number in main list of the deceased, which is closely spelled
1	2	3	4	5
Top row of houses				
1	Kiderman			159-160
2	Scheftel			
3	Rechter			
4	Chvanka			
5	Veksler			67-71
6	Demb N.		Pharmacy	119-121
7	Shtil			
8	Lechter			
9	Averbukh Shlyoma			311-316
10	Gillis Etia			81-95, 282-284
11	Krayzel			
12	Berezever			
13	Eydelman			122-127
14	Godi			
15	Schmil-Don Vug. Alt.	Schmil-Don Vugman, Vugman Alter		72-75
16	Mermulis			
17	Goldenberg			110, 285-286
18	Brunshteyn Moshe	Bronsteyn		46-51, 323-324
19	Zhimzhik			

1	2	3	4	5
Upper left-hand group of houses				
20	Zeltzer			
21	Burshteyn			328-330
22	Koval Moshke			
23	Pakhter Abram			197-203, 376-379
24	Glazer			
25	Meydman			188-190, 372-375
26	Kats Avrum			153-155, 303-304, 307-308, 351-354
27	Daychman		Beerhouse	344-346
28	Gurvits	Gervits		76-80
29	Kiderman Vever			169-160
30	Pakhter A.		Bazaar, school, beer hall, <i>klyazel</i>	197-203, 376-379
31	Pakhter Sose		<i>klyazel</i>	197-203, 376-379
32	Khadachnik Yosef			245-255, 299-300
33	Munblat	Mumblat		
34	Kharlamp	Kharlamb	Outpatient clinic, Trading place	301
35	Gotloyb Leyzer			111-112
36	Vaysman		Well	333-335
Upper right-hand group of houses				
37	Shas Shloyme	Sas		
38	Epshteyn			399
39	Rozenblit Shmil			
40	Stelmakh Zisi			

1	2	3	4	5
41	Khitrikh			
42	Altshuler			317-319
43	Rozenthal Moyshe			223-229, 380-382
44	Patishman Itsik			395-398
45	Pakhter Srul		Trading rows and post office	197-203, 376-379
46	Berl			
47	Bidniy Volke			23-32, 281
48	Pessis Zisi			
49	Shilman P.		Trading rows and movie theater	265-266, 388
50	Tsyupes Khaim			
51	Puker			204-216
52	Gillis Shmil			81-95, 282-284
53	Golaner Sh.	Golender		101-109
54	Moydle			
55	Lisker			290-292, 368-369
56	Sirke			
57	Puker Nakhman			204-216
58	Brunshteyn Shloyme	Bronsteyn	Trading rows	46-51, 323-324
59	Goldenberg Mordekhay			110
60	Kizhner Moyshe			
61	Lisirke Moyshe			
Lower left-hand group of houses				
62	Freylekhs Moyshe		Bazaar	
63	Eynikh	Eynikh Gurfinkel		114-118, 340-343
64	Shae-Leyb			

1	2	3	4	5
65	Yankel-Soses			
66	Bodnar Shulim			38-41
67	Zats Leyb			
68	Ushitser Bayrl			
69	Lander Isaac			177-179, 363-365
70	Makher			
71	Sas Mokhtke			
72	Teneyboym			
73	Pakhter Freyda			197-203, 376-379
74	Rakhman Moyshe			
75	Sender			
76	Puker Olter			204-216
77	Leybman Yankel			397
78	Gandelman Azik			336-338
79	Urke			
Lower right-hand group of houses				
80	Kizhner Khaskel			
81	Puker			204-216
82	Pakhter Shloyme		Bazaar	197-203, 376-379
83	Galender Yankil		Well	101-109
84	Gillis Moshe		Bazaar	81-95, 282-284
85	Zilberman Peyrel		Bazaar	135-141
86	Meydman		Bazaar	188-190, 372-374
87	Khadakhnik Gershen		Bazaar	245-255, 299-300
88	Khamersh		Bazaar	
89	Chachke Nyuma		Bazaar	
90	Budman Moyshe Budman Khaim		Bazaar	52-53, 325-327

1	2	3	4	5
91	Millionschik			
92	Gamkor Sh.			
93	Khantsi		<i>Clyuse (Cloyse is. Author's note).</i>	
94	Leybman Gersh			397
95	Galender Khaim			101-109
96	Gillis Gershen			
97	Fashil		<i>Besmedrysh (Beth-Medrash is Author's note).</i>	
98	Ketselman Ikhil			156-158, 355-357
99	Bidniy			23-32, 281
100	Freyder Alter			239-240, 386
101	Liverin			
102	Shister Olter			
103	Veksler Srul			67-71
104	Freyder			239-240, 386
105	Gurfinkel Zisi			114-118, 340-343
106	Azril Voserfirer			
107	Veyblat Srul			54
108	Khoves Srul			
109	Pigur			
110	Epelblat			129-132, 302, 392-395

Diagram of the Old Jewish Cemetery of Frampol, Descriptions of Tombstones

During our week-long stay in Kosogorka, we worked on the restoration of tombstones: removing vegetation, cleaning moss and lichen from the tombstones, mapping the cemetery and photographing the tombstones. A monument to the hanged hostages was restored with the participation of the villagers. The numbering of the tombstones used the designation "B" for the tombstones of the upper part of the cemetery and "H" for the tombstones of the lower part of the cemetery.

The cemetery is located at the entrance to the village from Yarmolinty (about 200 meters from the signpost). At the very top, closer to the road and, in fact, already outside the cemetery itself, the conventional boundary of which in this place is marked by tall old trees and bushes, there is a monument to the hanged prisoners at the place of their supposed burial, then there are gravestones in rows on the way down the hill to the pond. All burials are divided into two groups (upper, older ones from about the middle of the 19th century, lower ones from about the end of the 19th century). The most recent burials are at the bottom. Among them are the graves of Isaac Iosifovich Kharlamb (1899-1971) and his wife Sofiya Tsalevna (1901-1955), the only ones with inscriptions in Russian. There are several burials around 1932 (Jewish 5692) - the year of the famine.

The tombstones are in the form of *matsevas*, as described in a previous chapter, and contain traditional Hebrew inscriptions and drawings in the form of plant or animal scenes. There are also many drawings of candles, Hanukkah candlesticks, etc. A number of stones

reflect the reading of the Torah. The inscriptions, that could be recognized, were translated into Russian by our young assistant, a distant relative of R. Geller, Katya Tarapakina, a descendant of the Averbukh family of Frampol (her grandmother Genya Averbukh is a sister of Iosef Daychman's wife Frida, nee Averbukh).

Grave address	Year of death (Hebrew)	Month of death (Hebrew)	Name of Deceased	Name of Father	Sex	Additional information about the deceased
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
B 3	5632	22 Tevet	Brayna-Rakhel	Zeev	F	
B 4	5648	6 Iyar	Beyla	Moshe	F	Righteous woman
B 5	5662	8 Tammuz	Makhla	Shmuel	F	Significant woman, a teacher
B 6	5654	12 av	Gasya	Dov	F	
B 7	5665	11 Tammuz	Miryam	Yacov-Mordechay	F	
B 9	56--	14 Adar	Mendiya	David-Shmuel	F	Significant woman
B 10	5660		Uda	Mordechay	F	
B 11	5682		Yosef	Shmuel-a-Cohen	M	
B 12	56--	15 Shevat	Yosef	Gavriel-Cohen	M	
B 13	5647	29 Kislev	Tsipi-Raysi	Shimshon	F	
B 14	5686	18 Sivan	Moshi	Haim	M	
B 16	5662	7 Tishrei	Azril	Shimon	M	
B 17	5659	15 Shevat	Khaim-Tsvi	Itshak-Arye	M	
B 19	56--	25 Elul	Bailey	Yosef	F	Young women
B 20	5649	11 Shvat	Kotsi	Moshe	F	Righteous Woman

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
B 21	5653	6 Kislev	Lea	Efroim-Moshe	F	
B 22	5657	7 Tammuz	Ester-Rachel	Boruch	M	
B 23	5674	Evening Sukkot	Khana-Beyla	Moyshil	F	Righteous woman
B 24	5681	Shevat	Dvora	Yehuda-Leyb	F	Significant woman
B 25	5680	16 Kislev	Fruma	Zvi	F	Significant woman, a woman in labor, a teacher
B 26	5683	9 Nisan	Sara-Ester	David	F	Significant woman
B 27	5684	27 Tevet	Batya	Moshe	F	Significant woman
B 28	5681	Tammuz	Khaya-Inda	Zeev	F	
B 29	5682	4 Tammuz	Khaya-Rivka	Eliya	F	Significant woman, a humble teacher
B 30	5683	23 Nisan	Khayke	Isroel-Dov	F	Righteous woman
B 31	5685	Day 4 Sukkot	Reyza	Khaim	F	Significant woman
B 32	5661	4 Adar	Pesi-Rivka	Itskhak-Meir	F	
B 33	5675	20 Elul	Adel	Monis	F	
B 34	5678	7 Av	Manikha	Khaim	F	Significant woman, a teacher
B 35	----		Menzi	Moshe	F	Righteous woman
B 36	5663	16 Adar	Rakhel	Boruch-Shmuel	F	

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
B 37	5665	5 Tammuz	Etil	Moshe	F	
H 1	5692	26 Tevet	Miryam- Rifka		F	
H 2			Tsipora	Nakhman	F	
H 3	5692	19 Elul	Feyga	Nakhman	F	Significant woman
H 4	5685	26 Elul	Khentsi	Eliyagu	F	Righteous woman
H 5	5685	20 Shevat	Yoshua	Kalman	M	
H 6	5696	26 Shevat	Golda-Etl	Meir	F	Righteous woman
H 8	5698	11 Heshvan	Khana	Shimon	F	Significant woman
H 9	5688	24 Tevet	Abraham- Avishay	Shaol	M	Respected person
H 10		17 --	Yeguda	Boruch	M	Good one young man
H 11	5684	12 Heshvan	Naftali	Yakov- Zeev	M	Respected person
H 12	5688	16 Heshvan	Abraham	David	M	Significant person
H 13	5687	8 Shevat	Zeev	Meir	M	
H 14		28 Kislev		Reuven	M	Significant, mild man
H 15			Zusi	Tsvi Ro- zenberg	M	
H 16	5691	3 Kislev	Mordechai	Yakov	M	Significant person
H 17	5692	26 Tammuz	Yekhiel	Abraham	M	Honest man, Levi's father
H 18	5692	14 Adar	Moshe	Shimon- Yosef	M	Respected, honest man
H 19	5692	2 tevet.	Moshe		M	May his soul be immortal

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
H 20	-----	28 --	Shalom	Shimon-Yosef	M	Respected person
H 22	5674	8 Shevat	Issakhar	Leyser	M	Significant person, may his image live forever
H 23			Milya		F	Significant, humble woman, a teacher
H 24	568-	14 Elul			F	
H 25	5673	8 Shevat	Ester	Mordechay	F	
H 26	5674	6 Tishrey	Khaya-Brakha	Abraham	F	Significant woman, a teacher
H 27	56--	5 Adar			F	
H 28	56-1	22 Kislev	Ester	Nakhim	F	Rebanit, a teacher, grand-daughter of Rav Tsvi
H 29	5693	Evening of Sukkot	Ester	Shlomo	F	Significant woman, a teacher
H 30	-----		Leyb	Zeev	M	
H 31	-----		Moshe	Zeev	M	Significant person
H 32	5679	23 Adar	Yekhezkel	Egoshia	M	Respected, honest man, a grandson of Magid
H 33	-----	2 Adar	Menachim Nohum	Meir-Tsvi a-Khoen	M	

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
H 34	5677	21 - -	Shmuel-Sham	Meir	M	Respected, wise person
H 35	5678	1 Tishrei		Mendel	M	Respected, honest, polite person
H 37	5680	16 Nisan	Kalman	Shimon Levi	M	
H 38	-----		Egoshia	Abraham Levi	M	Respected, honest person
H 39	5682	4 Tevet	Abraham	Khaim-Yekhuda	M	Respected person
H 40	5684	4 Adar	Aryeh	Shmuel	M	Honest person
H 41	-----	21 Iyar	Dov	Shimon-Yosef Kohen	M	Respected, honest person
H 42	5690	9 Shevat	Leib	Moshe	M	Respected, honest person
H 45	5692	25 Av	Shmuel	David-Yakov Kohen	M	
H 46	-----		Sheyna-Rakhel	Shmuel	F	
H 47	5667	20 Tevet	Sima	Moshe-Khaim	F	
H 48	5656	8 Sivan	Khaya-Etya	Yosef	F	
H 49	5658		Shifra	Shamua	F	Righteous, humble woman
H 50	5656	3 Adar	Khana	Abraham	F	
H 51	5652	15 Av	Brakha	Meir	F	

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
H 52	5640	26 Heshvan	Enya-Feyga	Shmuel	F	Modest, pure woman, a teacher
H 53	5661	18 Iyar	Pesakh	Perets	M	
H 54	5686	22 Heshvan	Meron-Yeguda	Aaron	M	Respected person
H 55	-----	4 Iyar	Adam-Shlomo	Perets-Zeev	M	Honest person, practicing Torah
H 56	5642		Khentsi-Zisil	Zeyd	F	Young woman
H 57	5650	15Tevet	Bat-Sheva	Meir	F	Mild woman
H 58	5646	12 Nisan	Sara	Shlomo	F	Significant, demure, mild woman
H 59	564-	16 Tishrei	Dvora	Nakhman	F	Significant woman
H 61	5654	26 Shevat	Yitskhak	Meir	M	Young person
H 62	5647	6 Shevat	Borukh-Yosef	Yehuda	M	A teacher
H 66	5680	2 Shevat	Froyma	Yosef	F	
H 67	5648	24 Av	Golda	Yitskhak	F	
H 68	5641				F	
H 69	5666	15 Tammuz	Kheyne	Shimon	F	
H 70	5677	8 Av	Beyla	...Tsvi	F	Righteous woman, a teacher
H 71	5641	2 Elul	Lea	Feitil	F	Significant woman
H 72	5642	Evening Sukkot	Khaya-Rakhel	Yegoshua-Mordechay of Kupan	F	

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
H 73	5681					
H 74	5695	15 Tevet	Moshe-Khaim Fryel		M	Meaningful, respected person, rushed to give tsedakah* and do good
H 75	5637	4 Tammuz	Shlomo-Zalman	Zeev Levy	M	Mild and modest person
H 76	5684	13Nisan	Yitskhak	Shmay	M	Significant person
H 77	5628	25 Tevet	Abraham-Shmuel	Iskhar-Dov	M	
H 79	5682	8 Shevat 3 Shevat	Yegoshua Sheyna-Rakhel	Mordechay Mordechay	M F	A boy, a son A girl, daughter
H 80	5635	26 Adar	Jacob		M	
H 81	5679	7 Av	Simkha-Moshe	Shmuel Kohen Kats	M	Man of good name, had a beautiful path, pure and honest, and had practiced Torah night and day
H 82	5636	29 Sivan	Tsvi	Ishay	M	
H 83	5640	1 Kislev	Shmuel-David	Yosef	M	Significant person, a teacher
H 84	5636	15 Tevet	Shimon	Ari-Leybush Segal	M	Significant person, was a son of a doctor

¹ Tsedakah - charity, giving.

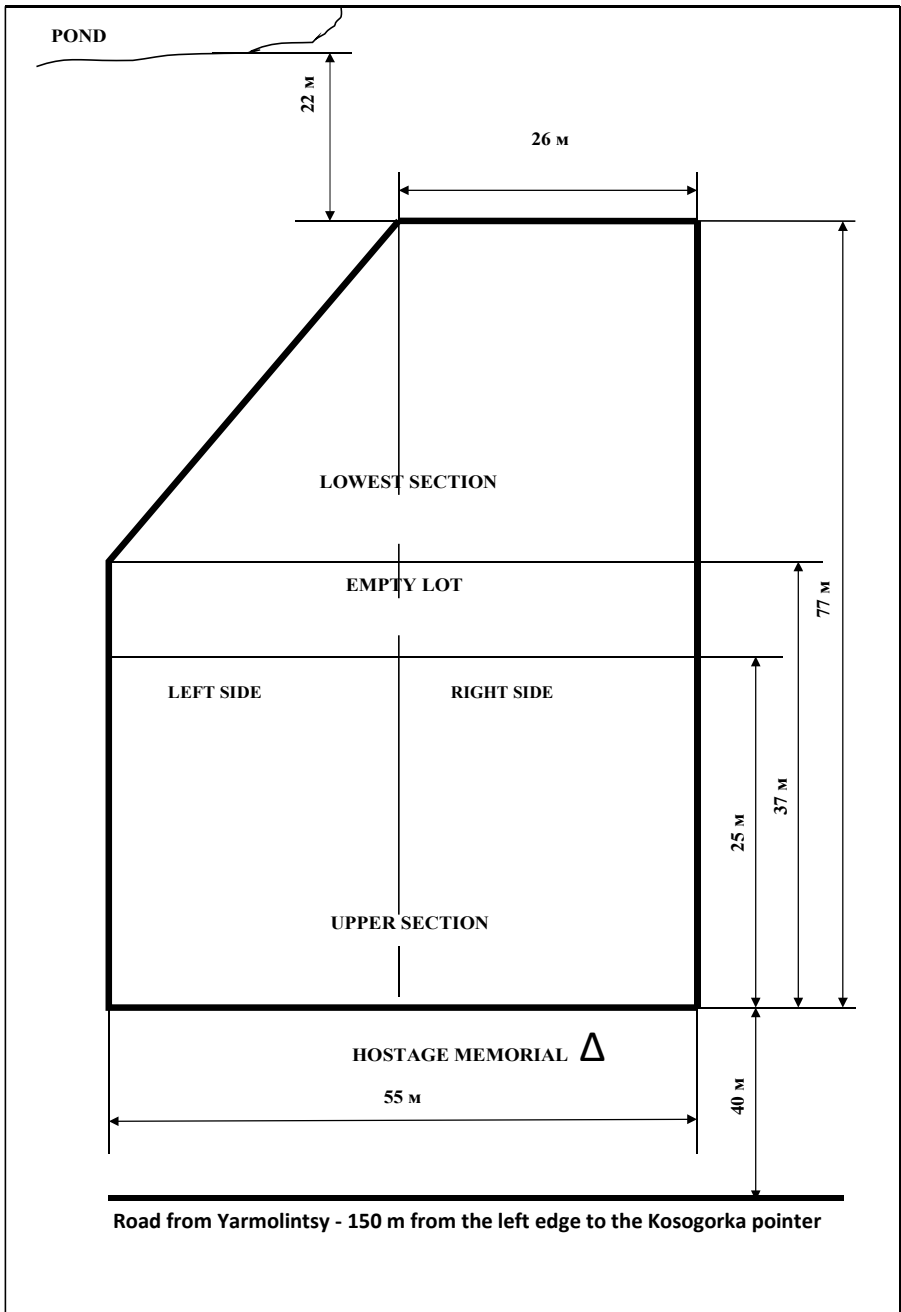
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
H 86	5636	4 Adar	Beshtsim	Zeev, son Binyamin -Tsi Levi	M	Significant person
H 87	5623	15 Iyar	Yosef	Shmuel Levi	M	Significant, gentle person, grandson of Rav Avil
H 89	5641	5 Elul	Rivka	Meir	F	
H 90	5626	1 Heshvan		Yisroel- Yaakov Kohen	M	
H 91	5626	22 Tevet	Yegoshua	Manachem- Mendik	M	Groom
H 92	----	26 Tevet		Abraham	F	Significant woman
H 93	5638	11 Kislev	Dina	Zalmin	F	Righteous woman, a teacher
H 94	5680				M	Respected person of good heart, who fears heaven
H 95	5656	6 Nisan	Rishma	Yoel	M	Holy person, honest
H 96	5651	28 Elul	Kalman	Moshe	M	
H 97	5691	20 Heshvan	Yisroel- Shmul	Moshe	M	
H 99	56--	20 Tevet	Yitskhak	Abraham	M	Mild person
H 100	56--	21 Heshvan	Shimon	-- Segal	M	A teacher
H 101	5646	24 Shevat	Mordekhay	Mordechay	M	A teacher
H 102	5636	17 Iyar	Moshe	Yisroel- Yehuda	M	Honest, righteous person

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
H 104	5626	24Nisan		Yosef	M	
H 106	5620	21Kislev	Arie-Leyb	Yakov-Shlomo	M	Significant person, mild for years
H 108	5617	3 Elul	Moshe	Gershon	M	Significant person
H 109	----	22 Kislev		Moshe-Tsvi Yosef	M	
H 110	5642	20 Elul	Shlomo		M	Significant person
H 112	----	17 Av		Menakhem	F	Modest woman
H 114	5632		Freyda	Yegoshia	F	
H 116	----	18Tevet	Moshka	Yitskhak	F	Significant woman
H 117	5646	5 Elul	Sara-Rivka	Meir	F	Very significant woman
H 118	5640	16 Tishrey	Toshiraniya	Naftali	F	
H 119	5658		Osher-Tsvi		M	Very significant person
H 120	5632	24 Kislev	Azariy-Yacov	Nokhum	M	Significant person
H 121	5630		Efraim		M	Significant person, a teacher
H 122	5630		Ishiyagu	Yosef	M	Significant person, a teacher
H 123	5624		Moshe		M	Significant person

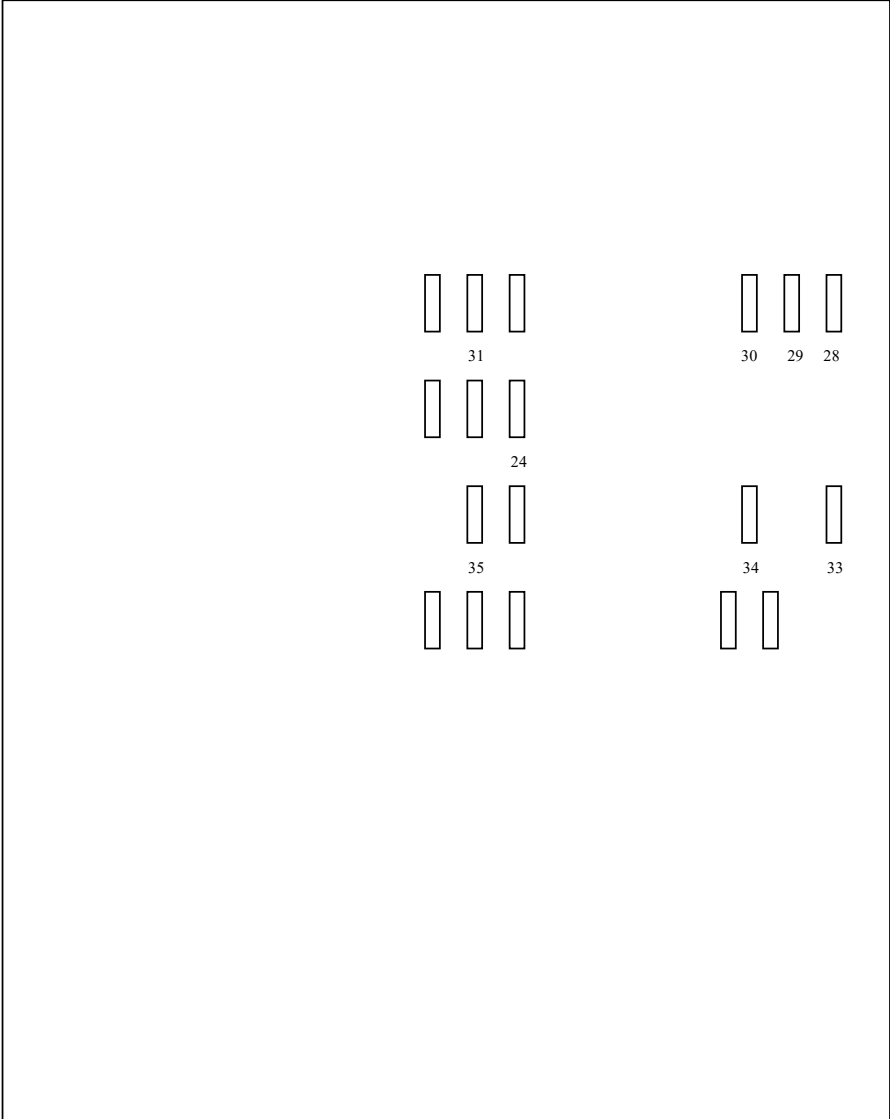
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
H 124	----	14 ----	Nokha-Zeev	Menya	M	Very significant person
H 125	----				F	
H 126	----		Yisroel		M	
H 127	----	3 Elul	Khaim		M	
H 128	5634		Khantsi	Shmuel	F	Significant woman, a teacher, daughter of Rav and a teacher
H 130	----		Sasa-Prakhil	Yakov-Mordekhay	F	Significant woman, humble, a teacher
H 131	5637	17 Adar	Rivka-Roza	Abraham	F	Significant woman, a teacher
H 132	5638	12 Elul	Freyda	Pinkhas	F	Significant woman, a teacher
H 133	----		Perl-Pesi		F	Significant woman
H 134	5636	--Tishrei			F	
H 137	5639	Lag baomer	Pesi	Elkan	F	Significant woman
H138	5633	14 Tevet			F	
H 139	5628	26 Shevat	Yokheved	Abraham	F	Significant woman, a teacher
H 140	5634	2- Shevat		Shaul	M	Significant person
H 141	----		Yosef		M	
H 142	5620		Gedalyak-hu		M	Significant person

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
H 144	5626	28 Shevat	Perl	Tsvi	F	Significant woman, a teacher
H 145	5625	15 Nisan	Kontsi	Borukh-Yitshak	F	Significant woman
H 146	-----	26 Tishrei	Miryam	Shalom	F	
H 147	5628	17 March	Blima	Mesholim	F	Significant woman, a teacher
H 148	5624	Shmini Atseret	Roza	Yisroel	F	Significant teacher
H 149	-----				F	Young woman
H 150	5626	7 Av	Yuta-Rakhel	Tsvi-Zeev, a teacher	F	Significant teacher
H 151	-----		Dina-Kheyga	Mordekhay	F	Significant woman, a teacher
H 152	-----				M	Significant person
H 153	5626	Day 1 of Pesakh	Shimon		M	Righteous person, our Rav and a teacher
H 154	-----				M	Significant person
H 155	5628	9 Adar	Yakov	Binyamin-Zeev Levy	M	Significant person
H 156	5635				M	
H 157	5628		Yosef-Tsvi		M	Significant person
H 158	-----		Leya	Natan	F	Daughter of a teacher, significant woman, a teacher

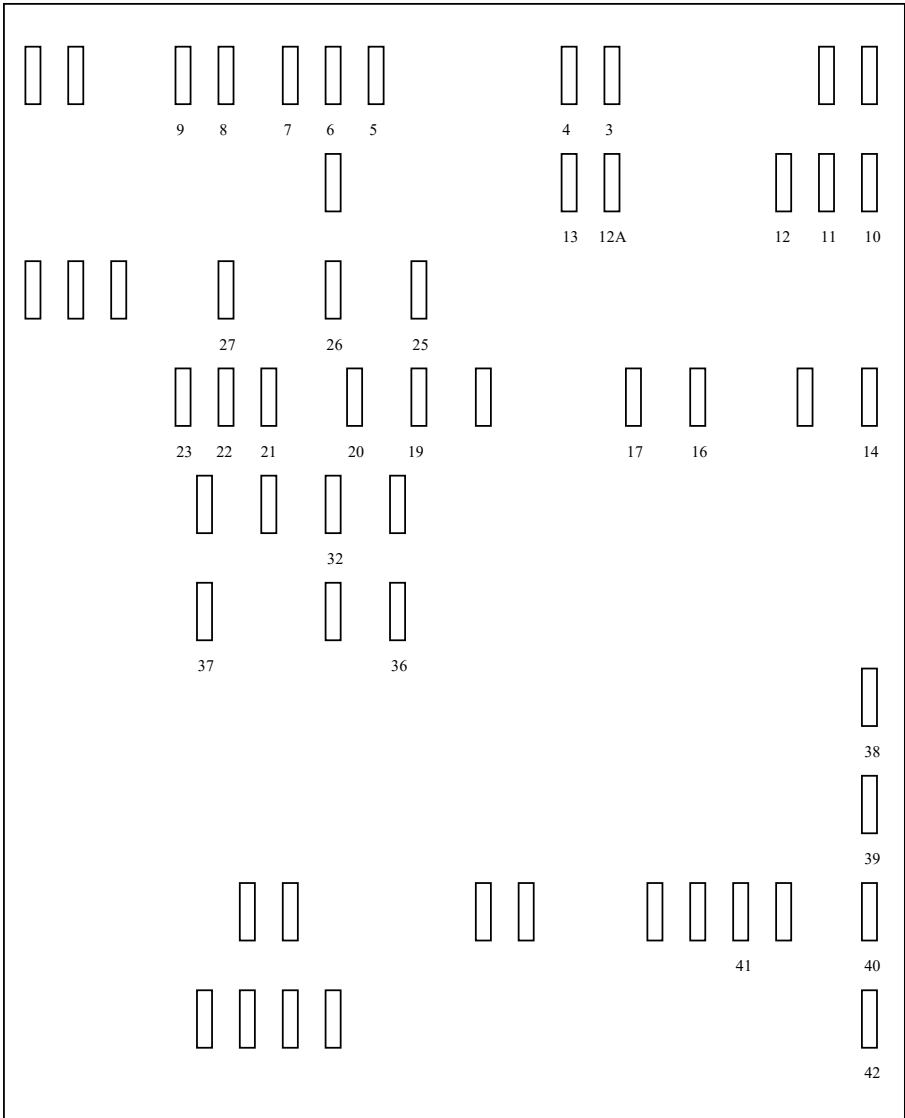
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
H 159	5626		Sari		F	Significant woman, a teacher
H 160	5600		Khana-Ilma	Kalman	F	Significant, righteous woman, a teacher
H 161	-----		Sosi	Menakhem-Magdel	F	Daughter of a teacher, a significant woman, a teacher
H 162	-----		Tokhi	Moshe	F	Significant woman, a teacher
H 163	5626	3 Sivan	Moshe	Yisroel	M	Significant person, our teacher
H 164	5626	1 Kislev	Enekh		M	Significant our teacher, son of a Rav
H 165	5626	17 Sivan	Itskhak-Meir	Moshe	M	Son of a teacher, a significant person, a teacher
H 166	5622	12 Tevet			M	Significant person



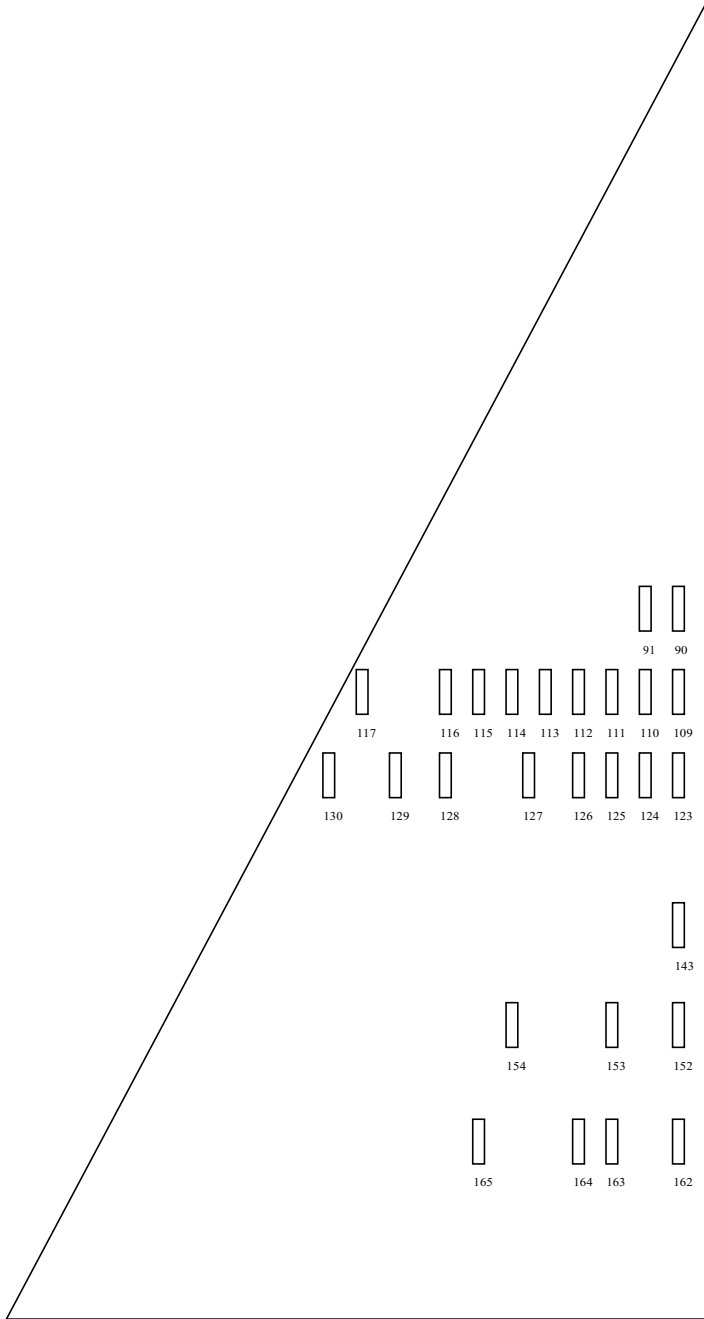
Cemetery plan



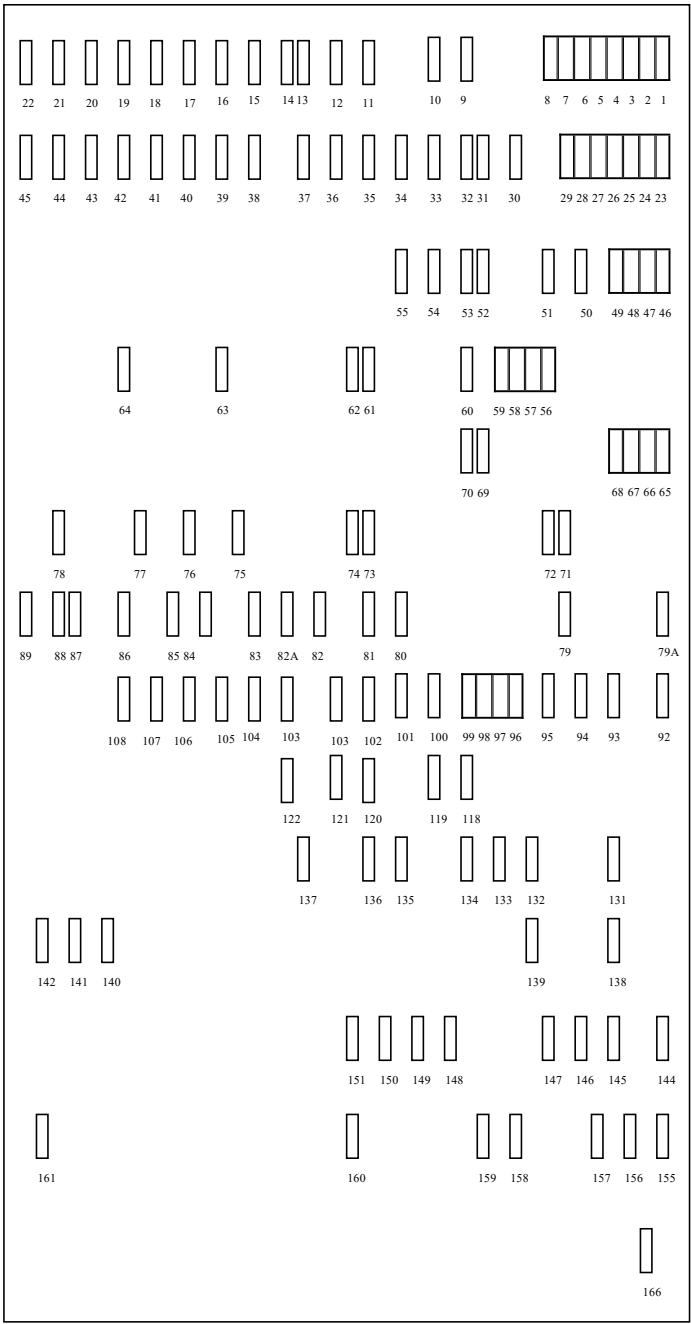
Graves plan (upper section left side)



Graves plan (upper section right side)



Graves plan (lower section left side)



Graves plan (lower section right side)



*View of the Kharlamb graves
(in the foreground: on the left - I. I. Kharlamb, on the right -
S. Ts. Harlamb) in the old Jewish cemetery of Frampol, 2009*



General view of a part of the old Jewish cemetery of Frampol, 2009



Tombstone H150; Yuta-Rakhel, daughter of Tsvi Zeev, 5626



Tombstone H45; Shmuel, son of David-Yakov Kohen, 5692



Tombstone H87; Yosef, son of Shmuel Levi, 5623

Lists of Frampolians Shot, Hanged and Killed at the Front

In 2009, we collected lists of Frampol residents who died during the war. All the lists were combined in a parallel table. The spellings of names in the different lists had natural differences: memory was imperfect, some descendants remembered only abbreviated names, the spellings of names also differed grammatically, as there were no source documents when they were written.

The list was based on the following: List # 1 and List # 2. The first list was compiled on 05.06.1944 by the Extraordinary State Commission for the Investigation of Nazi Atrocities in the USSR (in Frampol), with the participation of Naum Isaacovich Kharlamb and Genya Moiseyevna Pakhter, who miraculously survived the Jewish residents of Frampol. The mentioned list was sent to M. Freyder by A. S. Snegur, a local historian from Yarmolintsy. The second one was prepared by descendants grouped around the community of Pushki# We had three variants of this list: R.Geller's, I.Ketselman's, and N. Fuchs's (virgin Leybman).

Analogues of two lists (# 1 and # 2 in the N. Fuchs's version) are published by the archive of the Yad Vashem Museum (Jerusalem) in the form of complete documents and in the form of testimony sheets compiled by the museum staff. In 2008-2009, we verified the reading of these lists and sent corrections to the museum's archive. Further, we compiled List # 3 by extracting from the Yad Vashem Museum's database sheets of testimonies filled out manually by relatives, acquaintances or others.

Another part consisted of the names of the Frampolians recorded on monuments in Pushkino (list # 4) and in Kosogorka (list # 5). Finally, some of the names from the "Book of Sorrow" with sources unknown to us constitute an addition, as well as some of the families of the list from Pushkino, available in R. Geller's version of this list.

# n/a	# 1 - List of homeowners	# 2 - List from Pushkino # 3 - Sheets of testimonies at Yad Vashem filled out by relatives, by acquaintances, etc.	Died at the front # 4 - Pushkino Monument # 5 - Frampol Monument	Reflection of names in Yad Vashem from lists and inscriptions on monuments
1	Antifowich Volko, son of Favil			# 1
2	Antifowich Donya, Peys's daughter			# 1
3	Antifowich Mahlya, Peys's wife			# 1
4	Antifowich Peys			# 1
5	Antifowich Pupa, Favil's wife.			# 1
6	Antifowich Rahilya, Peis's daughter.			# 1
7	Antifowich Fawil			# 1
8	Baychman Abram, Zoos's son			# 1
9	Baychman Zoos			# 1
10	Baychman Lyonya Zoos's son			# 1
11	Baychman Tzilya, Zoos's wife			# 1
12	Barmat Lyonya, Fanya's son			# 1
13	Barmat Sima, Fanya's daughter			# 1
14	Barmat Fanya			# 1
15	Barteshteyn Yos, son of Barteshteyn Samson			# 1
16	Barteshteyn Samson			# 1
17	Barteshteyn Sima, Samson's sister			# 1
18	Barteshteyn Sura, Samson's wife			# 1
19	Belfer Lisa, Shlyoma's daughter			# 1
20	Belfer Tuba, Shlyoma's wife			# 1
21	Belfer Shlyoma			# 1
22	Bellefer Yasha, Shlyoma's son			# 1
23	Bidnaya Betya, Hertz's daughter			# 1
24	Bidnaya Idlya, Hertz's wife			# 1
25	Bidnaya Raya, Hertz's daughter			# 1

# n/a	# 1 - List of homeowners	# 2 - List from Pushkino # 3 - Sheets of testimonies at Yad Vashem filled out by relatives, by acquaintances, etc.	Died at the front # 4 - Pushkino Monument # 5 - Frampol Monument	Reflection of names in Yad Vashem from lists and inscriptions on monuments
26	Bidniy Nutya, non-family.			# 1
27	Bidniy Itsko Volfovich	Bidniy Ilya Volkovich with family		# 1, # 2 (Bidniy)
28	Bidnaya Bonya, Itsko's daughter			# 1
29	Bidnaya Genia, Itsko's daughter			# 1
30	Bidnaya Khana, Itsko's wife			# 1
31	Bidniy Aron, Khertz's son			# 1
32	Bidniy Khertz	Poor Hertz Natanovich		# 1, # 2 (Bedniy)
33	Bleycher Pinya			# 1
34	Bleycher Khana, Pinya's wife			# 1
35	Bodnar Zeyda			# 1
36	Bodnar Mot, Zeyda's son			# 1
37	Bodnar Sura, Zeyda's wife			# 1
38	Bodnar Chaya, Zeyda's daughter			# 1
39	Boyko Gitlja, Srul's wife			# 1
40	Boyko Srul			# 1
41	Breyman Izya, Mani's son		Breyman	# 1, # 4
42	Breyman Lazor, Mani's husband			# 1
43	Breyman Manya			# 1
44	Breyman Munya, Manya's son			# 1
45	Breyman Fania, Manya's daughter			# 1
46	Bronshtein Bronya, Moshko's daughter		Brunshstein	# 1, # 4
47	Bronshteyn Leva, Moshko's son			# 1
48	Bronshteyn Moshko			# 1
49	Bronshteyn Sonya, Srul's daughter			
50	Bronshteyn Srul			# 1
51	Bronshteyn Estra, Moshko's wife			# 1
52	Budman Yetya, Chaim's wife			# 1
53	Budman Khaim	Budman Khaim		# 1, # 2
54	Vayblat Gersh, seedless			# 1
55	Vaynseshteyn Gitlya, Shlyoma's wife			# 1
56	Vaynseshteyn Yoyla, Shlyoma's son			# 1

# n/a	# 1 - List of homeowners	# 2 - List from Pushkino # 3 - Sheets of testimonies at Yad Vashem filled out by relatives, by acquaintances, etc.	Died at the front # 4 - Pushkino Monument # 5 - Frampol Monument	Reflection of names in Yad Vashem from lists and inscriptions on monuments
57	Vaysneshteyn Shlyoma	Vaysenshteyn Shlyoma and his family		# 1, # 2
58	Vayseshteyn Abram			# 1
59	Vayseshteyn Golya, Moysha's daughter			# 1
60	Vayseshteyn Yoil, Moysha's son			# 1
61	Vayseshteyn Mania, Abram's daughter.			# 1
62	Vayseshteyn Moysha	Weissenstein Moses and his family		# 1, # 2
63	Vayseshteyn Rahim, Abram's son			# 1
64	Vayseshteyn Khasya, Moisha's daughter			# 1
65	Vayseshteyn Tsyupa, Abram's wife			# 1
66	Vayseshteyn Moysha's son Shulim			# 1
67	Vextler Mahlya, Srul's daughter		Vexler	# 1, # 4
68	Vextler Mikhel	Mikhail Veksler Lvovich		# 1, # 2
69	Vextler Sima, Mikhel's wife	Vexler Sima Yakovlevna		# 1, # 2
70	Vextler Srul	Vexler Srul Mekhelewich	Vexler Srul Mekhelevich	# 1, # 2, # 4, # 5
71	Vextler Khayka, Mekhil's daughter	Veksler Khaya (Mikhelevna) Mekhelevna		# 1, # 2
72	Vugman Don, Sender's son			# 1
73	Vugman Dood, Sender's son			# 1
74	Vugman Ita, Sender's wife			# 1
75	Vugman Sender			# 1
76	Gervits Moshko (Moses) Dudevich			# 1
77	Gervits Rakhilya			# 1
78	Gervits Udlya, Moshko's wife			# 1
79	Gervits Fanya, Rachel's daughter			# 1
80	Gervits Yasha, Rachel's son			# 1
81	Gillis Buzya, Moshko's daughter		Gillis	# 1, # 4
82	Gillis Genya, Munya's daughter			# 1
83	Gillis Gersh	Gillis Gershon Meerovich	Gillis Gershon Meerovich	# 1, # 2, # 4
84	Gillis Itsko, Gersh's son			# 1
85	Gillis Meer, Gersh's son			# 1

# n/a	# 1 - List of homeowners	# 2 - List from Pushkino # 3 - Sheets of testimonies at Yad Vashem filled out by relatives, by acquaintances, etc.	Died at the front # 4 - Pushkino Monument # 5 - Frampol Monument	Reflection of names in Yad Vashem from lists and inscriptions on monuments
86	Gillis Mot	Gillis Motya Meerovich		# 1, # 2
87	Gillis Moshko	Gillis Moses Yakovlevich		# 1, # 2
88	Gilis Moshko, Gersh's son			# 1
89	Gillis Munya	Gillis Moses Matveyevich		# 1, # 2
90	Gillis Perlya, Motya's wife	Gillis Pearl Iosifovna		# 1, # 2
91	Gilis Riva, Moshko's wife			# 1
92	Gillis Tema, Gersh's wife			# 1
93	Gillis Fania, Moshko's daughter			# 1
94	Gillis Khana, Munya's wife			# 1
95	Gilis Yasha, Moshko's son			# 1
96	Glitman Dood, Shlyoma's son			# 1
97	Glitman Itsko, Shlyoma's son			# 1
98	Glitman Hana, Shlyoma's wife			# 1
99	Glitman Shlyoma			# 1
100	Glitman Yasha, Shlyoma's son			# 1
101	Golender Yestra, Yankiel's wife		Galender	# 1, # 4
102	Golender Moshko, Khaim's son			# 1
103	Golender Paula, Khaim's daughter			# 1
104	Golender Reva, Khaim's daughter			# 1
105	Golender Sender, Khaim's son			# 1
106	Golender Fanya, Khaim's daughter			# 1
107	Golender Freyda, Khaim's wife			# 1
108	Golender Khaim	Galender Khaim with family		# 1, # 2
109	Golender Yankil	Galender Yakov		# 1, # 2
110	Goldenberg Schmelko, non-family		Goldenberg	# 1, # 4
111	Gotloyb Leysor	Gotloyb Lazar Itskovich	Gotloyb	# 1, # 2 (Gotloyb), # 4
112	Gotloyb Leika, Lazor's wife	Gotloib Leya Abramovna		# 1, # 2 (Gotloyb)
113	Gurfinkel Abram	Abram Moiseyevich		# 1, # 2
114	Gurfinkel Bruha, Abram's wife		Gurfinkel	# 1, # 4
115	Gurfinkel Lyuba, Abram's daughter			# 1

# n/a	# 1 - List of homeowners	# 2 - List from Pushkino # 3 - Sheets of testimonies at Yad Vashem filled out by relatives, acquaintances, etc.	Died at the front # 4 - Pushkino Monument # 5 - Frampol Monument	Reflection of names in Yad Vashem from lists and inscriptions on monuments
116	Gurfinkel Moshko, Abram's son			# 1
117	Gurfinkel Sonya, Abram's daughter.			# 1
118	Gurfinkel Shmil, Abram's son			# 1
119	Demb Tula	Demb Tula		# 1, # 2
120	Demb Feyga, Tula's wife	Demb Riva		# 1, # 2
121	Demb Khaim, Tula's son	Demb Khaim		# 1, # 2
122	Yeldelman Dora, Shlyoma's daughter	Eydelman Dvoyra Shlyomovna		# 1, # 2
123	Yeldelman Ita, Shlyoma's wife	Eydelman Ita Veniaminovna		# 1, # 2
124	Yeldelman Riveta, Shlyoma's daughter			# 1
125	Yeldelman Sara, Shlyoma's daughter	Eydelman Sara Schlemovna		# 1, # 2
126	Yeldelman Totya-Tsirl, Shlyoma's daughter	Eydelman Tsirl Shlyomovna		# 1, # 2
127	Yeldelman Shyoma	Eydelman Shlyoma Shulimovich	Eydelman Shlyoma Leybovich	# 1, # 2 (Edelman), # 4, # 5
128	Epilblat Dood			# 1
129	Epilblat Estra, Moshko's wife			# 1
130	Epilblat Izya, Moshko's son			# 1
131	Epilblat Moshko	Moses Davidovich Epelblat with family		# 1, # 2
132	Epilblat Khana, Doodya's wife.			# 1
133	Abram Zeyfman			# 1
134	Zeyfman Yetya , Abram's wife			# 1
135	Zilberman Beula, Yosya's wife			# 1
136	Zilberman Bora, Yosya's son			# 1
137	Zilberman Bunya			# 1
138	Zilberman Genya, Yosya's daughter			# 1
139	Zilberman Yos			# 1
140	Zilberman Yos, Bunyi's husband			# 1
141	Zilberman Lea, Bunyi's daughter			# 1
142	Kayzer Eidlya, Yudka's wife			# 1
143	Kayzer Izya, Yudka's son			# 1
144	Kayzer Pola, Yudka's daughter			# 1
145	Kayzer Sonja, Yudka's daughter			# 1

# n/a	# 1 - List of homeowners	# 2 - List from Pushkino # 3 - Sheets of testimonies at Yad Vashem filled out by relatives, acquaintances, etc.	Died at the front # 4 - Pushkino Monument # 5 - Frampol Monument	Reflection of names in Yad Vashem from lists and inscriptions on monuments
146	Kayser Yudka			# 1
147	Karpman Bronya, Moshko's wife			# 1
148	Karpman David, Moshk's son			# 1
149	Karpman Liusha, Moshko's son			# 1
150	Karpman Moshko			# 1
151	Karpman Sonya, Moshko's daughter			# 1
152	Karpman Khana, Moshko's daughter			# 1
153	Kats Abram			# 1
154	Kats Sonya, Abram's daughter			# 1
155	Kats Sura, Abram's wife			# 1
156	Ketselman Jos, Ikhil's son	Ketselman Joseph Yekhilevich		# 1, # 2
157	Ketselman Ikhil	Ketselman Ehil Yakovlevich		# 1, # 2
158	Ketselman Udlya, Ikhil's wife	Ketselman Udel Benyaminovna		# 1, # 2
159	Kiderman Jos			# 1
160	Kiderman Leysya, Yos's wife			
161	Kogan Abram, Fanya's son			# 1
162	Kogan David, Fanya's husband			# 1
163	Kogan Sosia, Fanya's daughter			# 1
164	Kogan Fanya			# 1
165	Kogan Khaim, Fani's son			# 1
166	Kopit Etya, Motya's daughter			# 1
167	Kopit Mot			# 1
168	Kopit Khana, Motya's wife			# 1
169	Krupnik Brana, Shimon's wife			# 1
170	Krupnik Hertz, Shimon's son			# 1
171	Krupnik Donya, Shimon's daughter			# 1
172	Krupnik Fanya, Shimon's daughter.			# 1
173	Krupnik Shimon			# 1
174	Lander Alter Yankelevich			# 1
175	Estra Volfovna Lander, Alter's wife			# 1
176	Lander Munya, Alter's daughter			# 1
177	Loyfman Rosa, single			# 1
178	Margulis Dood			# 1

# n/a	# 1 - List of homeowners	# 2 - List from Pushkino # 3 - Sheets of testimonies at Yad Vashem filled out by relatives, acquaintances, etc.	Died at the front # 4 - Pushkino Monument # 5 - Frampol Monument	Reflection of names in Yad Vashem from lists and inscriptions on monuments
179	Margulis Dood, Simkha's son	Margulis David Simkhowicz and his family		# 1, # 2
180	Margulis Etya, Simkha's daughter			# 1
181	Margulis Menya, Simkha's wife			# 1
182	Margulis Mozya, Doodya's son			# 1
183	Margulis Riva, Doodya's wife			# 1
184	Margulis Rosa, Simcha's daughter			# 1
185	Margulis Simko			# 1
186	Margulis Sonya, Simcha's daughter			# 1
187	Margulis Yasha, Doodya's son			# 1
188	Meydman Zeyda			# 1
189	Meydman Riklya, Zeyda's daughter			# 1
190	Meidman Khaya, Zeydah's wife			# 1
191	Nek Gelka			# 1
192	Nek Estra, Srul's wife			# 1
193	Nek Moysha, Gelka's son			# 1
194	Nek Srul		Died at the front	# 1
195	Nek Khana, Gelka's daughter			# 1
196	Nek Shaya, Gelka's son			# 1
197	Pakhter Aron, Sosya's husband		Pakhter	# 1, # 4
198	Pakhter Vevik	Pakhter Vevik Alterovic		# 1, # 2 (Volf)
199	Pakhter Manya, Vevik's wife	Pakhter Manya Gershkovna with family		# 1, # 2
200	Pakhter Makha, Vevik's daughter			# 1
201	Pakhter Riva, Vevik's daughter			# 1
202	Pakhter Sosya	Pakhter Sosya Yakovlevna		# 1, # 2
203	Pakhter Khayka			# 1
204	Puker Abram (Alter)			# 1
205	Puker Alter			# 1
206	Puker Golda, Alter's wife			# 1
207	Puker Dood, son of Moshko	Poker, the name unknown		# 1, # 3 (student)
208	Puker Itzko, Nakhman's son			# 1

# n/a	# 1 - List of homeowners	# 2 - List from Pushkino # 3 - Sheets of testimonies at Yad Vashem filled out by relatives, by acquaintances, etc.	Died at the front # 4 - Pushkino Monument # 5 - Frampol Monument	Reflection of names in Yad Vashem from lists and inscriptions on monuments
209	Puker Moshko	Poker Moshko		# 1, №3 (1900, tailor)
210	Puker Nakhman	Puker Nachman Shoylevich	Puker Nakhman Shoylevich	# 1, # 2, # 4, # 5
211	Puker Perl, Nachman's wife			# 1
212	Puker Feiga, Alter's wife			# 1
213	Puker Homia, Alter's daughter			# 1
214	Puker Tsirlya, Alter's daughter			# 1
215	Puker Shentsya, Moshko's wife.	Poker, the name unknown		# 1, # 3
216	Puker Yascha, son of Moshko			# 1
217	Raykhman Abram (Aron)			# 1
218	Raykhman Perlya, Aron's wife			# 1
219	Raykhman Fanya, Abram's daughter.			# 1
220	Rozenal Armor, Leva's wife	Rozenal Bronya Moiseyevna		# 1, # 2
221	Rozenal Lyova	Rozenal Leva Fayvitsevich		# 1, # 2
222	Rozenal Motya, Lyova's son	Rozenal Favish Lvovich		# 1, # 2
223	Rozenal Fania, Lyova's daughter	Rozenal Feyga Lvovna		# 1, # 2
224	Rozenal Moshko	Rozenal Moisey Meerovich		# 1, # 2
225	Rozenal Khava, Moshko's daughter			# 1
226	Rozenal Khayka, Moshko's wife	Rozenal Khaya Mordkovna		# 1, # 2
227	Rozenfeld Geydya, Yosya's wife			# 1
228	Rozenfeld Ios			# 1
229	Rozenfeld Rachel, Yosya's daughter			# 1
230	Rozenfeld Sonya, Yosya's daughter			# 1
231	Rozenfeld Sunya, Yosya's son			# 1
232	Sapozhnik Lyuba, Lyuba's daughter			# 1
233	Sapozhnik Manya, Moshko's daughter			# 1
234	Sapozhnik Moshko			# 1

# n/a	# 1 - List of homeowners	# 2 - List from Pushkino # 3 - Sheets of testimonies at Yad Vashem filled out by relatives, by acquaintances, etc.	Died at the front # 4 - Pushkino Monument # 5 - Frampol Monument	Reflection of names in Yad Vashem from lists and inscriptions on monuments
235	Sapozhnik Fanya, Moshko's wife			# 1
236	Swidler Donya, single			# 1
237	Tenenboy Estra			# 1
238	Tenenboy Khaim, Estra's husband			# 1
239	Freyder Alter	Freyder Alter Froymovich	Freyder Alter Froymovich	# 1, # 2, # 4, # 5
240	Freyder Gisyta, Alter's wife			# 1
241	Khazin Yose, son of Shimon			# 1
242	Khazin Shimon			# 1
243	Khazina Yetya, Shimon's daughter			# 1
244	Khazina Rachel, Shimon's daughter			# 1
245	Khodachnik Genya, wife Yosya			# 1
246	Khodachnik Yedya, Shoyla's wife	Khadachnik Etya Itskovna	Khadachnik	# 1, # 2, # 4
247	Khodachnik Estra, Yankiel's wife	Hadachnik Eva Itskovna		# 1, # 2 (Khadach- nik)
248	Khodachnik Jos	Khadachnik Yosif Itskovich		# 1, # 2 (Khadachn ik)
249	Khodachnik Lilya, Yosya's daughter			# 1
250	Khodachnik Moyshe, Shoyla's son			# 1
251	Khodachnik Khayka, seedless			# 1
252	Khodachnik Tsezik, Yosya's son			# 1
253	Khodachnik Shoyla			# 1
254	Khodachnik Eliya Shoyla's son			# 1
255	Khodachnik Yankiel	Khadachnik Yankel Itskovich		# 1, # 2 (Khadach- nik)
256	Chachko Leysor			# 1
257	Chachko Matlya, Lazor's wife			# 1
258	Chachko Nunya, Lazor's daughter			# 1
259	Chachko Risyta, Lazor's daughter			# 1
260	Shamis Volko			# 1
261	Shamis Izya, Volko's son			# 1
262	Shamis Malya, Srul's wife			# 1

# n/a	# 1 - List of homeowners	# 2 - List from Pushkino # 3 - Sheets of testimonies at Yad Vashem filled out by relatives, by acquaintances, etc.	Died at the front # 4 - Pushkino Monument # 5 - Frampol Monument	Reflection of names in Yad Vashem from lists and inscriptions on monuments
263	Shamis Srul			# 1
264	Shamis Khaysura, Volko's wife			# 1
265	Shilman Perets	Shilman Peretz Šlemović	Shilman Perets Shlemovich	# 1, # 2, # 3, # 4
266	Shilman Sosya, Perets's wife	Shilman Sosia Leybovna		№1, №2, №3 (Sosya)
267	Shitelman Liza, Pinya's daughter			# 1
268	Shitelman Lyova, Pinya's son			# 1
269	Shitelman Pinya			# 1
270	Shitelman Renya, Pinya's daughter			# 1
271	Shitelman Sonya, Pinya's daughter			# 1
272	Shitelman Freyda, Pinya's wife			# 1
273	Shitelman Yasha, Pinya's son			# 1
274	Shkolnik Bleema Yankeel's wife			# 1
275	Shkolnik Itsko Yankielevich, Yankiel's son			# 1
276	Shkolnik Yankiel			# 1
277	Shneyderman Dood, Moysha's son	Schneiderman David Moishevich, Schneider		# 1, # 3
278	Shneyderman Moya	Schneyder Mudel (Midlya)		# 3
279	Shneyderman Khayka, Moysha's wife.	Shneyderman Khaya, Shneyder Khayke		# 1, # 3 (maiden. Tsvibak, mother Feyga, father David)
280	Shuster Shlyoma, non-family			# 1
281		Bidniy Wolko		# 2 (Bidniy)
282		Gillis Isaac Matveyevich		# 2
283		Gillis Sonya Yakovlevna		# 2
284		Gillis Tsyupa Yakovlevna		# 2
285		Goldenberg Mordykhay		# 2

# n/a	# 1 - List of homeowners	# 2 - List from Pushkino # 3 - Sheets of testimonies at Yad Vashem filled out by relatives, by acquaintances, etc.	Died at the front # 4 - Pushkino Monument # 5 - Frampol Monument	Reflection of names in Yad Vashem from lists and inscriptions on monuments
286		Goldenberg Rukhl Berkowna		# 2
287		Mendel Isaacovich		# 2
288		Zherder Anchel Aronovith		# 2 (Zherder)
289		Zherder Aron Lvovich		# 2 (Zherder)
290		Lisker Aron Shulimovich		# 2
291		Lisker Dora Aronovna		# 2
292		Lisker Rivka Shulimovna		# 2
293		Millionshchik Moyshe Izraelivich	Millionshchik Moshko Srulevich	# 2 (Mili- onshchik), # 4
294		Oyrik Moyshe Izrailevich	Oirik Moses Izrailevich	# 2 (Oyrik), # 4, # 5
295		Patishman Bronya Isaacovna	Patishman	# 2 (Patish- man), # 4
296		Patishman Isaac Iosifovich		# 2 (Patishman)
297		Patishman Moydel Isaacovich		# 2 (Patishman)
298		Patishman Royzya Samoylovna		# 2 (Patishman)
299		Khadachnik Bronya Itskovna		# 2 (Khada- chnik)
300		Khadachnik Simcha Itzkovich		# 2 (Khada- chnik)
301		Kharlamb (Czerny) Marya Isaacovna		# 2 (Khar- lamb)

# n/a	# 1 - List of homeowners	# 2 - List from Pushkino # 3 - Sheets of testimonies at Yad Vashem filled out by relatives, by acquaintances, etc.	Died at the front # 4 - Pushkino Monument # 5 - Frampol Monument	Reflection of names in Yad Vashem from lists and inscriptions on monuments
302		Epelblat Mendel Davidovich		# 2
303		? Donya, Ishiya's daughter		# 3 (Dev. Kats)
304		? Fanya, Ishiya's daughter		# 3 (Dev. Kats)
305		? David, Donya's son		# 3
306		? Mozya, Etya's son		# 3
307		? Rita, Fanya's daughter		# 3 (maiden Kats)
308		? Etya, Ishiya's daughter		# 3 (maiden Kats)
309		Faytelis Aron Moiseevich	Died at the front	# 2 (Fitelis), # 3 (Aron Moyshevich, Khaya, son, unmarried)
310		Aba Volkovikh		# 2
311		Averbukh Bina Shlyemovna		# 3 (Shlyoma's daughter)
312		Averbukh Boba		# 2, # 3 (Beba, Shlyoma's wife)
313		Averbukh Bronya Shlyemovna	Averbukh	# 2, # 3 (Bran Shlyemovna, Shlyoma's daughter), # 4
314		Averbukh Isaac Shlyemovich		# 2, # 3 (Shlyema's son)

# n/a	# 1 - List of homeowners	# 2 - List from Pushkino # 3 - Sheets of testimonies at Yad Vashem filled out by relatives, by acquaintances, etc.	Died at the front # 4 - Pushkino Monument # 5 - Frampol Monument	Reflection of names in Yad Vashem from lists and inscriptions on monuments
315		Averbukh Shlyoma		# 2, # (Shlyoma Izrailevich)
316		Averbukh Etya Shlyemovna		# 2, # 3 (Shlyoma's daughter)
317		Altshuler Dvoira Yakovlevna	Altshuler	# 2, # 4
318		Altshuler Tsyupa		# 2
319		Altshuler Yakov Samoylovich		# 2
320		Arzon Gersh Bentsionovich		# 2
321		Arzon Pearl Nukhimovna		# 2
322		Bednaya (Molka), Malka Aronovna		# 2
323		Bronstein Riva Aronovna		# 2
324		Bronshteyn Shlyoma Berkovich		# 2
325		Budman Leva		# 2
326		Budman Moyna		# 2
327		Budman Pinkhas		# 2
328		Bursteyn David Nukhimovich	Died at the front	# 2, # 3
329		Burshteyn Nukhim Simkhovich	Burshteyn Nukhim Simkhovich	# 2, # 3 (wife's name was Clara), # 4, # 5
330		Bursteyn Khaya Borisovna	Bursteyn	# 2, # 3, # 4
331		Vaynblat Benyamin		# 2
332		Vaynblat Srul Gershkovich		# 2
333		Vaysman Beyla Pinkhasovna		# 2
334		Vaysman Moisey Pinkhasovich	Vaysman	# 2, # 4

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335		Vaysman Khaya- Sura Iosifovna		# 2
336		Khandelman Ayzik Mendelevich	Kheidelman Ayzik Mendelevich	# 2, # 3, # 4, # 5
337		Khandelman Malka		# 3
338		Khandelman Reyza Mendelevna		# 3 (Sis. Aizika)
339		Grinshpoon Gershon Abramovich		# 2
340		Gurfinkel Yenta Zusevna		# 2
341		Gurfinkel Zusya Moiseevich		# 2
342		Gurfinkel Khaya- Sara Shlyemovna		# 2
343		Gurfinkel Enya Abramovna		# 2
344		Daychman Manya Solomonovna	Daychman	# 2, # 3 (Shlyoma'sd aughter), # 4
345		Daychman Pesya Berkovna		# 2, # 3 (Shlyoma's wife)
346		Daychman Shlyoma Berkovich		# 2, # 3
347		Derenshteyn Beyla Shulimovna	v	# 2
348		Derenshteyn Shulim Naftulevich		# 2
349		Dunayvitser Gitel (Riva).		# 3 (Srulya's wife)
350		Kalikhman Nusim Davidovich		# 2
351		Kats Avrum		# 3

# n/a	# 1 - List of homeowners	# 2 - List from Pushkino # 3 - Sheets of testimonies at Yad Vashem filled out by relatives, acquaintances, etc.	Died at the front # 4 - Pushkino Monument # 5 - Frampol Monument	Reflection of names in Yad Vashem from lists and inscriptions on monuments
352		Kats Ishiya		# 3 (his wife Rakhil died in 1939)
353		Kats Klara		# 3 (Avrum's daughter)
354		Kats Esther		# 3 (Abrum's wife, maiden Kohen)
355		Ketselman Aron Yekhilevich	Ketselman	# 2, # 4
356		Ketselman Naum Yekhilevich		# 2
357		Kitay Beyla Borisovna		# 2
358		Kitay Wenyamin		# 2
359		Kleyn Shlyema Davidovich	Died at the front	# 2
360		Lander Isaac Davidovich	Lander	# 2, # 3, # 4
361		Lander Manya		# 2, # 3 (Miryam Isaacovna)
362		Ester Mordkovna Lander		# 2, # 3 (Ester Markovna, Isaac's wife, mayden Kleyman)
363		Lakhman Nesya Aronovna	Lachman	# 2, # 4
364		Lakhman Rivka Davidovna		# 2
365		Lerner Volka	Lerner	# 3, # 4
366		Lekhter Feyga Gershkovna	Lekhter	# 2, # 4
367		Lechter Khaya-Sura Gershkovna		# 2
368		Lisker Royzya Aronovna	Lisker	# 2, # 4

# n/a	# 1 - List of homeowners	# 2 - List from Pushkino # 3 - Sheets of testimonies at Yad Vashem filled out by relatives, by acquaintances, etc.	Died at the front # 4 - Pushkino Monument # 5 - Frampol Monument	Reflection of names in Yad Vashem from lists and inscriptions on monuments
369		Lisker Khana Shulimovna		# 2
370		Margulis Beyla Simkhovna		# 2
371		Margulis Tsyupa Simkhovna		# 2
372		Maydman Aron Yosifovich		# 3
373		Maydman Iosif Moiseevich		# 3
374		Maydman Riva Gershkovna		# 3 (Iosif's wife, maiden Sokolovski)
375		Maydman Sheyndl Yosifovna		# 3
376		Pakhter Abram Srulovich		# 2
377		Pakhter David Aronovich		# 2
378		Pakhter Dvosya Aronovna		# 2
379		Pakhter Toviya Aronovna		# 2
380		Rozental Meyer Moyseevich	Dead at the front	# 2
381		Rozental Sender Lvovich	Rozental	# 2, # 4
382		Rozental Eva Moyseevna		# 2
383		Faytelis Khaya Itskovna		# 2, # 3 (Khaya Itzhakovna, maiden Gotlieb, her mother Sima, Father Yitskhak)
384		Figur Menashe		# 3
385		Figur Miryam		# 3
386		Freyder Brana		# 3
387		Chachko Favish		# 2

388		Shilman Abram Petrovich	Died at the front	# 2
389		Shneiderman Jakob Moishevich, Shneyder Yankel		# 3 (Khaya his mother)
390		Eydelman Esther Borisovna		# 2, # 3
391		Eydelman Shmuh Šlyemovich		# 2
392		Epelblat Golda Davidovna		# 2, # 3 (maiden Gotlib, her mother Sima, father Yitskhak)
393		Epelblat David Moyseevich		# 3
394		Epelblat Moses Davidovich		# 2, # 3
395		Epelblat Feyga Moyseyevna		# 3
396		Feyga Alterovna Epshteyn		# 3 (maiden Akvivis, her mother Masha)
397			Leybman	# 4
398			Roytman	# 4

# n/a	Additional names from the list of Pushkino's community (R. Geller's version), no in the Yad Vashem's list			
1	Abramovich	Srul	Itskovich	
2	Berever	Lyuba		
3	Goldenberg	Khaim		
4	Goldenberg	Brokha	Shmulevich	with family
5	Oyrik	Khaya	Solomonovna	
6	Oyrik	Moydel	Moshkovna	
7	Oyrik	Shoyl		
8	Pakhter	Srul		
9	Sas	Mokha		
10	Sas	Isaac	Lvovich	with family from Proskurov
11	Shner	Moisey	Gershkovich	
12	Shner	Froyka	Gershkovich	

13	Eypshteyn	Aron	Isaacovich	
14	Eypshteyn	Izrail	Berkovich	

Additional names from the Leybman family photomontage				
15	Leybman	Hersh	Moyseevich	
16	Leybman	Etel	Lipovna	
17	Leybman	Yakov	Gershkovich	
18	Leybman	Miriam	Gershkovna	
Additional names from the Book of Sorrow, date of birth				
19	Bronsteyn	Eva	Artemyevna	1917
20	Bronsteyn	Shendlya	Sanevna	1892
21	Bursteyn	Motya	Itsekovic	1892
22	Bursteyn	Yankel	Nukhimovich	1898
23	Vaynstein	Gersh	Borisovich	1896
24	Vaysman	Aron	Pinkhasovich	1909
25	Vaysman	Valentin	Aronovich	1930
26	Vaysman	Pinya	Idalyevich	1896
27	Vaysman	Idal	Pinevich	1901
28	Vaysman	Iosef	Idalyevich	1932
29	Vaysman	Khana	Idelyevna	1938
30	Vaysman	Nut	Idalyevich	1930
31	Vaysman	Nuhim	Pinkhasovich	1898
32	Vaysman	Ekatherina	Nukhimovna	1925
33	Vaysman	Ovnar	Nuhimovich	1927
34	Vaysman	Lisa	Mordkevna	1911
35	Vaysman	Srul	Berkovich	1875
36	Vaysman	Khana	Ruvinovna	1907
37	Vaysman	Tsirlya	Leybovna	1882
38	Vexler	Nuhim	Ihelewicz	1902
39	Vexler	Isaac	Mikhelevich	1940
40	Vugman	Gersh	Samoylovich	1912
41	Vugman	Raheel	Yosifovna	1912
42	Vugman	Moses	Senderovich	1909
43	Vugman	Aron	Moiseyevich	1938
44	Vugman	Betya	Moiseyevna	1932
45	Vugman	Nuhim	Senderovich	1914
46	Vugman	Sara	Nukhimovna	1935
47	Vugman	Danilo	Grigorievich	1932
48	Vugman	Etya	Grigorievna	1934
49	Vugman	Etya	Noevna	1918
50	Vugman	Zelman	Moiseyevich	1934

51	Vugman	Zoryana	Grigorievna	1937
52	Geyrikh	Khaya	Itsekova	1904
53	Galperin	Tsirlya	Grigorievna	1910
54	Gashovskiy	Anatoliy	Petrovich	1899
55	Hendelman	Aron	Shulimovich	1889
56	Hendelman	Mordko	Taivovich	1935
57	Hendelman	Nuhim	Itsekovich	1931
58	Gervits	Beyda	Selkhovna	1910
59	Gervits	Itsek	Kisovich	1888
60	Gervits	Itsek	Davidovich	1935
61	Gervits	Klara	Davidovna	1938
62	Gervits	Peter	Davidovich	1940
63	Gillis	Myrlya	Meyerovna	1930
64	Gillis	Alexander	Meyerovich	1933
65	Gilko	Motyа	Davidovich	1883
66	Gilko	Khana	(Abramovna)	1894
67	Golgur	Yosif	Gershevich	1901
68	Golgur	Beyla	Shimonovna	1905
69	Golgur	Vladimir	Yosifovich	1923
70	Golgur	Khana	Yosifovna	1926
71	Golgur	Perlya	Yosifovna	1930
72	Goldenberg	Besmin	Shmulevich	1910
73	Goldenberg	Bronislava	Itsekovna	1911
74	Goldenberg	Zhanna	Yankelevna	1882
75	Goldenberg	Isaac	Besminovich	1935
76	Goldenberg	Yosef	Besminovich	1932
77	Goldenberg	Oizer	Besminovich	1930
78	Demb	Sheyva	Ionovna	1887
79	Demb	Khaya	Tulyevna	1915
80	Demb	Gersh	Khaimovich	1935
81	Demb	David	Khaimovich	1931
82	Demb	Malka	Khaimovna	1933
83	Demb	Isaac	Tulyevich	1921
84	Demb	Tsirlya	Gershevna	1907
85	Zilberman	Donya	Shlemovich	1877
86	Zilberman	Grigoriy	Iosifovich	1909
87	Zilberman	Evgeniy	Grigorievich	1924
88	Zilberman	Mikhail	Grigorievich	1939
89	Zilberman	Itsek	Yosifovich	1903
90	Zilberman	Pesya	Itsekova	1938
91	Zilberman	Mariya	Petrovna	1910

92	Zilberman	Mariya	Ruvinovna	1906
93	Zoferin	Zakhar	Mordkovich	1909
94	Zoferin	David	Zakharovich	1929
95	Zoferina	Golda	Tsalevna	1928
96	Zoferina	Sheyva	Yosifovna	1909
97	Kitay	Mariya	Itsekovna	1923
98	Kitay	Riva	Shulimovna	1897
99	Kiderman	Ion	Itsekovich	1892
100	Lakhman	Aron	Yankelevich	1889
101	Lakhman	Bronislava	Aronovna	1916
102	Lakhman	Aron	Šlemović	1935
103	Lachterman	Dan	Isaacovich	1895
104	Lachterman	Aron	Danilovich	1921
105	Leyberg	Beyrish	Yankelevich	1889
106	Lieberman	Shlyoma	Beyrishovich	1890
107	Lieberman	Yankel	Beyrishovich	1887
108	Lisker	Shmul	Semyonovich	1902
109	Lisker	Shmul	Aronovich	1917
110	Lisker	Emma	Shmulevna	1939
111	Lisker	Alexander	Shmulevich	1940
112	Loyfman	Ganna	Petrovna	1939
113	Loyfman	Yakov	Petrovich	1940
114	Maydan	Gersh	Itsekovich	1879
115	Maydan	Betya	Gershevna	1901
116	Maydan	Roza	Leyzerovna	1919
117	Maydan	Samuil	Peysovich	1938
118	Melman	Tina	Mordkovna	1924
119	Melman	Faina	Mordkovna	1922
120	Nek	Abram	Davidovich	1897
121	Nek	Ikhel	(Abramovich)	1892
122	Nek	Lyubov	Grigorievna	1904
123	Nek	Khunzya	Srulevich	1935
124	Nek	Dina	Srulevna	1938
125	Nulman	Moisy	(Abramovich)	1890
126	Nulman	Khaim	(Abramovich)	1902
127	Palatnik	Beyla	Ikhelevna	1912
128	Palatnik	Abram	Yankelevich	1933
129	Palatnik	Grigoriy	Yankelevich	1935
130	Palatnik	Yakov	Abovich	1912
131	Pakhter	Alena	Gershevna	1908
132	Pakhter	Srul	Moikovich	1903

133	Pakhter	Aron	Srulevich	1926
134	Pakhter	Irina	Srulevna	1929
135	Pakhter	Ganna	Srulevna	1934
136	Pakhter	Peys	Aronovich	1925
137	Plitman	Shlyoma	Dudevich	1898
138	Plitman	Khana	Yakovlevna	1906
139	Plitman	Itsek	Šlemović	1928
140	Plitman	Yakov	Šlemović	1931
141	Plitman	Dudya	Shleymovich	1939
142	Puker	Abram	Gershevich	1892
143	Puker	Ley	Shayevich	1893
144	Puker	Rukhlya	Davydovna	1891
145	Puker	Gersh	Abishovich	1908
146	Puker	Mikhel	Gershevich	1938
147	Puker	Klara	Gershevna	1932
148	Puker	Volf	Abishovich	1901
149	Puker	Aba	Volfovich	1935
150	Puker	Mark	Volfovich	1931
151	Puker	Nuhim	Volfovich	1932
152	Puker	Pinya	Moyshevich	1931
153	Puker	Samuil	Moyshevich	1934
154	Puker	Khana	Nukhimovna	1920
155	Purisman	Moisey	Volfovich	1906
156	Reykhman	Moyshe	Mikhelevich	1880
157	Reykhman	Kiva	Aronovich	1931
158	Reykhman	Malka	Noykhelevna	1907
159	Reykhman	Usher	Aronovich	1929
160	Reykhman	Khana	Aronovna	1935
161	Rozenblit	Abram	Yakovlevich	1889
162	Rozenblit	Beyla	Bentsevna	1889
163	Rozenblit	Oyzer	(Abramovich)	1927
164	Rozenblit	Lina	(Abramovna)	1918
165	Rozenblit	Olga	(Abramovna)	1935
166	Rozenblit	Shlyoma	Aronovich	1929
167	Rozenblit	Abram	Meerovich	1896
168	Rozental	Basya	Davydovna	1899
169	Rozental	Lyubov	(Abramovna)	1927
170	Rozental	Mariya	(Abramovna)	1929
171	Rozental	Etya	Volfovna	1903
172	Rosenfeld	Raisa	Iosifovna	1927

173	Rosenfeld	Sanya	Iosifovich	1929
174	Rosenfeld	Khariton	Iosifovich	1925
175	Sanduturoviy	Ivan	Martynovich	1926
176	Sanduturoviy	Semyon	Martynovich	1929
177	Sterlikh	Michail	(Abramovich)	1901
178	Sudman	Zus	Leybovich	1909
179	Sudman	Rukhlya	Shayevna	1911
180	Sudman	Vladimir	Zusevich	1932
181	Sudman	Ita	Zusevna	1936
182	Tokar	Ekaterina	Faybishevna	1882
183	Truberman	Alter	Berkovich	1893
184	Truberman	Donya	Alterovna	1935
185	Truberman	Freyda	Fyedorovna	1900
186	Truberman	Gersh	Mendelevich	1898
187	Truberman	Yenya	Khaimovna	1903
188	Fasman	Sara	(Abramovna)	1920
189	Fasman	David	Grigorievich	1940
190	Fasman	Enya	Grigorievna	1939
191	Freyder	Sender	(Abramovich)	1921
192	Khodachnik	Vladimir	Shlyemovich	1903
193	Khodachnik	Dora	Vladimirovna	1926
194	Khodachnik	Mikhail	Vladimirovich	1929
195	Shnayderman	David	Mikhaylovich	1895
196	Shuker	Gitlya	Meyerovna	1919
197	Shuker	Khaim	Aronovich	1914
198	Shuker	Yuhim	Khaimovich	1938
199	Shuker	Etya	Khaimovna	1940
200	Epsteyn	Gersh	Volkhovich	1898
201	Epsteyn	Leyla	Shamovna	1906
203	Epsteyn	Betya	Grigorievna	1924
204	Epsteyn	Mariya	Grigorievna	1927

Раньше или и отсутствие семян		Число семян или каждого пересев	Видово по используемым семенам	Характеристики Разрушения здоровья и культур пока не приняты и не используются сезонные пересевы	Местный посев	Характеристики и размер ущерба	Показатели плодородия и урожайности земель	Климатические условия	Взрослые и подростки	Урожайность и наличие запасов	Урожайность и наличие запасов	Урожайность и наличие запасов	Урожайность и наличие запасов	Урожайность и наличие запасов	Урожайность и наличие запасов	Урожайность и наличие запасов	Урожайность и наличие запасов	Урожайность и наличие запасов	
1. Свободная земля	без семян																		9160
2. Германский посев	без семян	180	2,28	138	2080	2080													28920
3. Швейцарский посев	хлеб-пшеница, свекла	150	210	110	16750	16750													35490
4. Мелкий посев	кура-пшеница, свекла	300	204	108	16750	16750													41600
5. Английский посев	кура-пшеница, свекла	175	231	112	17500	17500													57090
6. Дольный посев	кура-пшеница, свекла	225	264	132	25020	25020													41420
7. Пшеница	кура-пшеница	229	107	112	40000	40000													88530
8. Райский посев	кура-пшеница, свекла	135	129	84	16750	16750													57320
9. Пшеница	без семян	96	114	78	12736	12736													31922
10. Швейцарский посев	кура-пшеница, свекла	119	147	102	15750	15750													37510
11. Швейцарский посев	кура-пшеница, свекла	165	127	84	12736	12736													32950
12. Швейцарский посев	кура-пшеница	127	169	112	24000	24000													65020
13. Швейцарский посев	кура-пшеница	89	79	56	14750	14750													34860
14. Швейцарский посев	кура-пшеница	98	112	70	15000	15000													39830
15. Швейцарский посев	кура-пшеница	129	171	120	23148	23148													53280
16. Швейцарский посев	кура-пшеница	243	185	138	28012	28012													62030
17. Швейцарский посев	кура-пшеница	342	506	218	44178	44178													96496
18. Швейцарский посев	кура-пшеница	238	247	180	33572	33572													74894
										38749	38749								
												46250	63200						86370

11

Раильские помбных семей

12

- Вайсман Дая - сура
Иосифовна
- 12 Вайсман Моисей
Линхаевич
- 13 Вайсман Бейла
Линхаевича
- 14 Бурштейн Кая
Борисовна
- 15 Арзон Пейтель
Нухимовна
- 16 Арзон Терри
Бенцианович
- 17 Бурштейн Давид
Нухимович
- 18 Китай Веньямин
- 19 Китай Бейла
Борисовна
- 20 Эйдельман Эстер
Борисовна
-
- 21 Кефелеман Эхиль
Яковлевич
- 22 Кефелеман Уэль
Беняминовича
- 23 Кефелеман Иосиф
Эхилевич
- 24 Кефелеман Арон
Эхилевич
- 25 Кефелеман Нафти
Эхилевич

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Excerpt from I. Abramovich's Book "Don't Forget"*

Ilya Abramovich (1920-1993), who came from Zinkov near Frampol, described in his book [14] the tragic events that took place during the years of occupation. As a young man during those terrible years, he miraculously escaped death. In this chapter from the book, which we are going to share here, he describes one of his "circles of hell" in Frampol.

"In my footsteps"

Fortune had been favorable to me so far: on May 7, 1942, two days before the first pogrom, I was "mobilized" and returned to Zinkov five weeks later. I avoided being shot in Dnepropetrovsk. Two weeks after my return from Eastern Ukraine, I went to the Leznevo camp near Proskurov, but not alone, but with Matvey (Matvey was I. Abramovich's middle brother. His brother fell ill and Ilya managed to organize his escape from the camp and forward him to distant relatives on his mother's side in Yarmolinty - *Author's note*).

I should have been shot on July 9-10, during the second pogrom, but I was not in Zinkov: I was already asphaltting and repairing the road in Proskurov. But during those two days we lost our mother and my little brother, a child of 11 years old. I was not shot even during the third pogrom on August 9. I was still in Leznev.

* This book was sent to us by I. S. Daychman's grandson Alexander Krasnopol'skiy, who also designed the cover of our book.

I miraculously escaped death in Proskurov when I was shot by "Mes-mes" (the nickname of the camp warden, a Lithuanian; the Hebrew word "mes" is "dead man" - *Author's note*).

I traveled 40 kilometers in broad daylight and, to my luck, not a single German stopped me.

Finally, I left Chubatov (the surname of a local policeman - *Author's note*).

And here I am in Sharovka.

Sharovka is a very small place, only one street and a few hundred Jews.

As I walked up the path to Sharovka after the terrible night, a woman jumped out of the bushes with a desperate cry and hid in a hut covered with thatch blackened by old age. As I approached the hut, a tall, skinny old man came out to meet me.

The rain that had fallen all day and all night the day before had subsided. The ravine where I had spent the night was covered with white fog, and it was already light above. In a few minutes I was in the house.

In a house where two old men were living out their lives, they did not die a natural death. His name was Fishel, Fishel the fisherman. I don't remember her name. "We're both 150 years old," Fishel said more than once.

If there is a paradise in the other world, may their pure, righteous souls remain there forever. If there is no paradise, may the earth in which their remains rest be their dust. They have gone into eternity, leaving no one behind, nothing left of them, not even a memory, so let these words be their epitaph.

... I was fed, washed of dirt and blood, stripped and put to sleep in a real wooden bed, covered with a featherbed. And I slept for over twenty-four hours.

In a neighboring house lived five or six people from Zinkovka - those who had managed to escape the pogroms. There was no point in staying in Sharovka. After resting and getting stronger, I decided to find Matvey and went to Yarmolinty. Mingling with Jews who were returning from work (a water pipeline was being built in Yarmolinty), I entered the ghetto and sneaked into the house where our relatives lived. Matvey was not there. It turned out that he had been sent straight from Yarmolinty to Frampol. A beautiful Alter Puker's daughter told me this. Her name was Nehama (Anyá), who has been

"visiting" with the old people, and has promised to take me to Frampol the next day in the morning: she is to be picked up.

A young man on a cart followed her. I settled down in the back on the straw, so as to attract less attention; I had no documents, of course; I had taken off my shameful lats in Proskurov, and I had no intention of putting them on again (I. Abramovich is referring to the two patches which, according to the German order, all Jews from the age of ten were obliged to wear, one on my chest, the other on my back: two yellow circles ten centimeters in diameter, with a six-pointed star in the center - *Author's note*). The only defense was that I had ten grades behind and knew perfectly Ukrainian language. And Nehama (Anya) studied in a Ukrainian school from the first grade.

Well, her fellow student, a Ukrainian, ruled the horses. When we living Yarmolinty, we were joined by two police officers (Ukrainians). Everything went fine. The policemen joked all the way with the girl and the boy, I took the place of my sick brother who was being taken to Yarmolinty to see a doctor, and as a sick person I kept silent all the way. After the policemen jumped off the cart just before Frampol and said goodbye to Nehama and the boy, Nehama turned to me and said: "If they knew what you were lying on!". Under the straw lay a complete set of batteries for the receiver SVD-9.

Matvey had already recovered, or rather, almost recovered. He was already walking, but he was terribly thin.

After a meager dinner Nehama called me into the inner porch: "Let's go, Ilya, and listen to the evening bulletin." We went outside and into the narrow, chaotic streets of Frampol. I followed Nehama, who was walking a little ahead. In the year and a half of occupation I had acquired a sensitivity equal to that of an animal. I felt in my back that we were being followed, and I told the girl quietly. There were two men following us.

"Will you find your way home?" Nehama asked.

"I think so," I answered uncertainly.

"Then come back and wait for me at home."

...Five minutes later, two policemen led me into the police building. In the first room, lit by a bright kerosene lamp, there were 10-12 metal beds - apparently a "rest room". I was led through this room to another smaller room where the police chief was sitting in a wooden chair.

With a glimpse of me, he said to the policeman, "To the kitchen."

And I was pushed into a small, completely dark room. The door

closed behind me, the latch clanking outside.

Stunned by all that had happened, I froze in place. Suddenly, I heard a rustling on the floor, followed a few seconds later by an agonized, painful cry. I shuddered.

“Who's here?”

“It's me, Pinya,” a sobbing voice answered me from the darkness.

“Where are you from, Pinya?”

“From Solobkovtsy.”

“And how did you get here?,” I asked.

“I work in Yarmolinty laying water pipes, and my mother lives in Solobkivtsy, so I decided to visit her. On the way I was caught by the Schutzmanns, beaten, thrown here and told that Heinrich would talk to me tomorrow.”

The boy was 14 years old, but he already knew who Heinrich was and knew what awaited him. He was an assistant to the district commander of the Yarmolinty commandant's office. He was an executioner. If someone had to be shot, he did it himself, if someone had to be hanged, he did it with pleasure. He was always traveling around the neighborhood - hanging, shooting, robbing. Heinrich's cruelty was legendary, and mothers used to scare their children with his name. And I knew that scary name.

As I sat down on the floor, I froze. Desperation and hopelessness. We were locked in an old Jewish kitchen that had been turned into a "prison". The only window outside was closed with shutters. There was no escape. And behind the door, the policeman on duty was sniffing.

I lay down on the floor next to Pinya and... fell asleep.

I woke up from wild shouts - the whole barracks was singing Ukrainian songs, not the way Ukrainians usually sing - beautifully and harmoniously but how drunk people sing - who went to the forest, who went for the firewood. Then someone changed our watchman, and an hour later he came back completely drunk. I knocked.

“What's up?” He shouted, pulling back the latch and opening the door.

“I'd like to use the restroom,” I asked.

“Soon Heinrich will come and you'll have a little and a lot.”

Completely drunk, he sat down on the chair again, with his rifle between his legs, and began to tell us what awaited us in the morning. We lay on the floor and were silent. After fifteen minutes I heard snoring. After waiting a while, I got up and looked out. Our guard

was asleep, cradling his rifle, leaning his head against the back of a Vienna chair. From the chief of police's room there was a broad streak of light from the kerosene lamp. Quietly opening the room of the chief - he was asleep, putting his cheek on the table, I dared and looked into the "dormitory": everyone was sleeping deadly. We're gone. We left through an open window. I don't know where Pinya disappeared to. I never saw him again.

Since I didn't want to see policeman's face again.

On my advice, the whole Alter family (he, his wife, two daughters) left the house to spend the night at a friend's house, I stayed in a neighbor's barn, and Matvey was locked in the house with the shutters closed. They hung a lock on the two shutters.

I took a moment to knock on the shutters. Matvey didn't answer. I had to take a chance and shout that it was me. Then the shutters opened cautiously, followed by the window, where I climbed in. Matvey stood there deathly pale and holding a heavy axe. We left Frampol....

So ended another adventure of Ilya Abramovich in those terrible years. Together with Ilya, we leave Frampol as if mentally, but memory and reality keep bringing us back to our native place and, like on a big screen, new lines of this man's book flash before us, lines whose meaning can be fully attributed to our Frampol.

Ilya continued: "Throughout my life I have cherished the memory of my native town. I still remember its streets and alleys, its impenetrable autumn mud, its moonlit winter nights, its thatched, shingle and clay tiled houses. Its half-buried Turkish fortress; its "kvalehl" (brook) squeezed from all sides, from where reckless boys dragged clear, ice-cold - until my teeth ached - tasty water; all its joys and sorrows. All my life I have been haunted by the screams of its inhabitants going to their deaths. I saw and heard it on May 9, 1942, when the first pogrom took place. And this I will not forget until the hour of death....

My dear fellow countrymen, natives of the Khmel'nitskiy region! The number of Jews killed in our region will never be established. Jewish speech will never be heard in the former localities where life was vibrant before the war. No Jewish song will be sung, no Jewish wedding will be held. In the place of the former localities there are well-tended vegetable gardens, and lush gardens bloom in the spring. And almost nothing

reminds that Jews lived on this land for centuries. Only the names of these settlements have been preserved. Here they are:

Adampol, Annapol, Bazaliya, Balin, Bilogorodka, Berezdov, Vinkovtsy, Vishnevchyk, Volkovyntsy, Volochysk, Horodok, Hrytsyiv, Derazhnya, Dunayevtsy, Zhvanets, Zhvanchyk, Zherdya, Zakupnoye, Zamikhov, Zinkov, Izyaslav, Kalius, Kamyanets-Podilskiy, Krasnylov, Krivin, Kuzmin, Kupin, Kupel, Letichev, Lyantskorun, Medzhibozh, Minkovtsy, Mikhampol (now Mikhailovka), Nikolayev, Novolabun, Novaya Ushitsa, Orynin, Penkivtsy, Pilyava, Polonnoye, Poninka, Proskurov (now Khmelnytskyi), Satanov, Slavuta, Snitkov, Smotrish, Solobkovtsy, Staraya Sinyava, Staraya Ushitsa, Stariy Ostropol, Sudilkov, Sutkovtsy, Teofipol, Shepetivka, Chemirovtsy, Chetreboki, Cherniy Ostrov, Cherna (Starokonstantinivsky District), Cherna (Chemirovetsky District), Felshtin (now Gvardeyskoye), Frampol (now Kosogorka), Yampol, Yarmolintsy.”



Roman Geller, Malvina Bryzhataya, Mikhail Freyder, Leonid Bryzhatiy, Khmel'nitskiy, 2009



Mikhail Freyder, Roman Geller, Leonid Bryzhatiy, Medzhibozh, May 2009



Kosogorka, view from the pond bank, May 2009



Kosogorka, view of the surrounding fields, May 2009



Kosogorka, view of the bus stop, November 2008



M. Freyder near the Kosogorka signpost, May 2001

Epilogue

This is the end of our story of bygone Frampol, which is still in the hearts and deeds of its natives and descendants. We have told of the memories that gave them the strength to overcome their losses and of the monuments they honored. The descendants of Frampol have settled in a number of countries: Russia, Ukraine, Germany, USA, Israel. But they have preserved an invisible connection. All these last years they were with us: writing letters, looking for friends, advising... All descendants are full-fledged authors of this book.

Our book is not only a memorial, but also a counselor to the young descendants of the inhabitants of our shtetl and not only to them. We wish all of them to keep their roots as their fathers, mothers and other relatives did.

In the process of writing these notes, we plunged into the cheerful and friendly world of our place. Many people there lived poorly and worked hard. When the enemy began to take the last of their lives from them, they gave away things dear to their hearts, but these were not their hard-earned goods, but fragments of their peaceful life: things they remembered from their ancestors.

They learned tailoring, shoemaking, teaching, trading, like everyone else around them. They prayed to G-d in their own way and observed traditions, living in peace with the villagers of other faiths. The villagers helped the destitute and the poor, supported the rabbi and maintained the synagogue, the cemetery and the school. They thought a lot about the future of their children, sending them to study and giving them books. Parents taught their children what was important to them: mutual aid, honesty and generosity.

The children paid them back in kind: they often returned to the shtetl to visit family and friends. The elderly, sick people went forever, they settled nearby, in the cemetery, which even today reminds us of the

eternal. But their way of life was tragically broken.....

We would like to believe that the monuments we have described will be preserved by the people of future generations ...

This book is written for those people who seek peace. We would like people not to forget the horrors of the distant war. Let those tragic events, of which we have reminded, not be repeated! Peaceful life, health and good luck to all descendants. Le-haim!

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