

The Frampol Memorial Book

A Memorial Book of a Center of Jewish Life Destroyed by the Nazis
Published at the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary (1941-1942) after
The First Slaughter of the Jews of Frampol

David Sztokfisz, Editor
Benjamin Hochman, Patron



מבני לילד סדומי וזרמאניל עג דור-זילון בירומאניל
מבני עגם (מאומעם נג) די קדומי וזרמאניל עגם דור-זילון אין ירומאניל

A Plaque to Commemorate the Martyrs of
Frampol on Har-Zion, Jerusalem



Published By
The Central Committee for *Sefer Frampol*
March 1966 by "Orly," Tel-Aviv, 27th Floor

English Translation Prepared By
Jacob Solomon Berger
Mahwah, New Jersey, USA
20XX
Susan Rosin, Publisher

Copyright © 202X by the Organization of Émigrés of Frampol & Vicinity

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the publisher, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review.

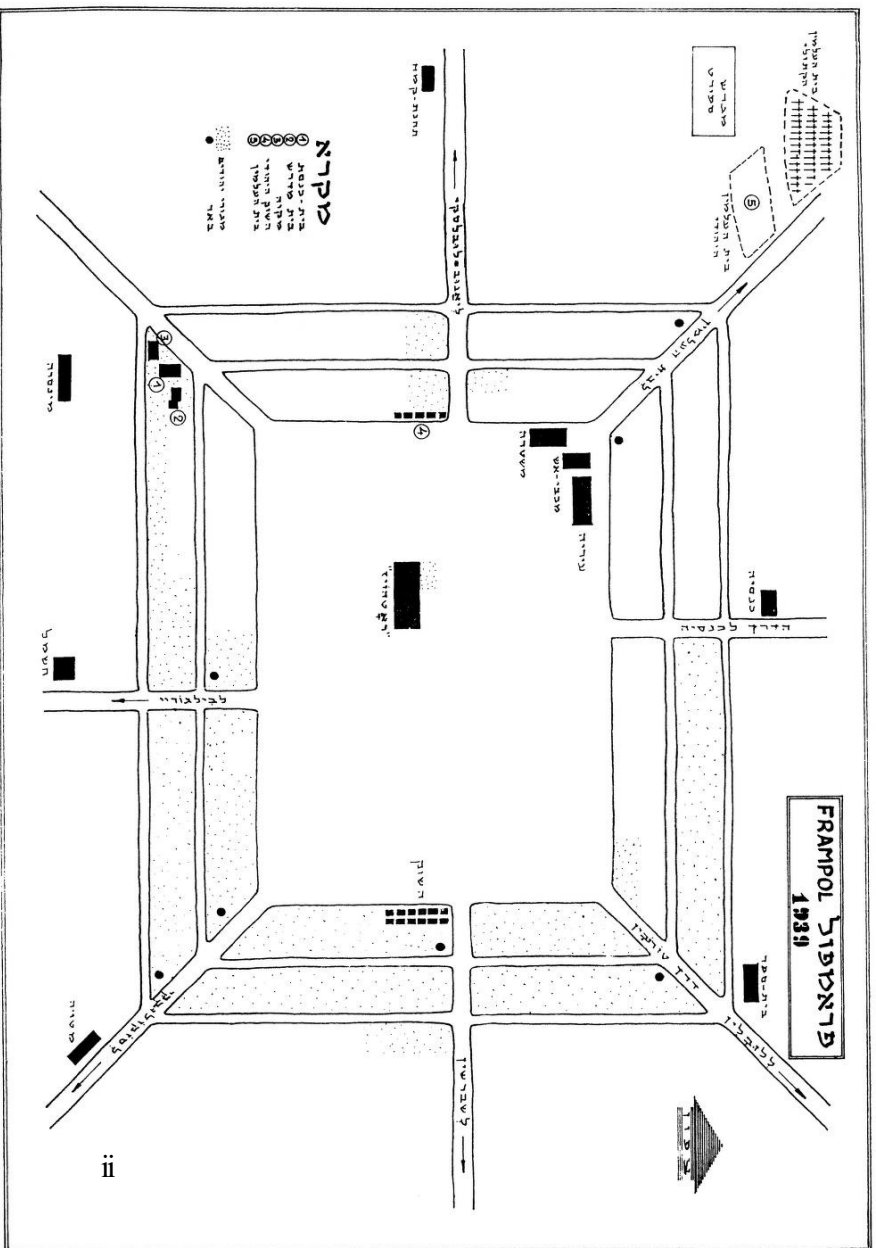
First Edition

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: XXXXXXXXXX

Other Books by Jacob Solomon Berger

The Zelva Memorial Book
The Book of Remembrances
The Dereczin Memorial Book
The Volkovysk Memorial Book: A Trilogy
The Zamość Memorial Book
The Szczepieszyn Memorial Book
The Cieszanow Memorial Book
The Tomaszow-Lubelski Memorial Book
The Belica Memorial Book
The Baranovich Memorial Book: A Trilogy
The Góra Kalwaria Memorial Book
The Zambrow Memorial Book
The Rawa-Ruska Memorial Book
The Utyan Memorial Book
The Belz Memorial Book
The Sokal Memorial Book

Published in the United States
by Susan Rosin in cooperation with Jacob Solomon Berger
Mahwah, New Jersey



Illustrations from the Partial Hebrew Translations Up to Page 113



קבלת-פנים המונית לרב החדש והצעיר בפראמפול
חאסנהאפטער קבלת-פנים פארן נייעס און יונגן רב

Page 20: A Tumultuous Greeting for the New, Young Rabbi of Frampol

Untitled Picture



פון רעכטס אויף לינקס שטייען — און דער פרישער ריי אויבן: שלמה אלי רויזער, משה רעדלמאן, חנה רזענבערג, חנה רעדלמאן אלבוים, יצחק כץ, יאָסל וואלדמאן, אישע-טאיר ליבערבוים, משה יהודה אישעג-לייב וואָלדמאן, צווייטע ריי: מענדל ווארטמאן, לאָזער פעך, שמואל האַנימאן, משה פעך, שלמה אשענבערג, בעריש האַכראד, משה האַכראד, דריטע ריי: מאָסל ליבערבוים, דוד גריינצער, יוסף-הערש אלבוים, מאיר קנאָבליך, שלמה קליידמאן, יצחק ליבער, אָשר גוטמאָכער, משה-דוד קעניגסוואלד, מנחם אולטער, עס זיצן: לייביש וועלטשער, מעכל פרילינג, ביאַלאָפּאָלסקי (פון צ.ק. החלוץ פון וואָרשע), לייבל צימרינבוים, חיים אשענבערג, מעכל ערטער, יוסף בעדלער, בירטן פינקעלשטיין, עוזר קנאָבליך.

Page 31 : Untitled Picture

Pictured As Follows:

Standing In the Rear (L to R): Shlomo-Eli Royzer, Moshe Redelman, Chana Rosenberg, Chan'chah Elbaum, Yitzhak Katz, Yoss'l Waldman, Itchah-Meir Lieberbaum, Moshe Yehuda, Itchah-Leib Waldman

Second Row: (Standing): Mendl Hartman, Lozer Pekh, Shmuel Honigman, Moshe Pekh, Shlomo Aszenberg, Berisz Hochrad, Moshe Hochrad

Third Row: (Standing): Mottl Lieberbaum, David Greitzer, Joseph-Hersz Elbaum, Meir Knoblich, Shlomo Kleidman, Yitzhak Lieber, Asher Guttmakher, Moshe-David Koenigswald, Menachem Ullmer

Sitting: Leibusz Weltzer, Mekhl Frieling, Bialopolsky (from Tz.K. *HeHalutz* from Warsaw), Leibl Zitrinbaum, Chaim Aszenberg, Mekhl Ehrter, Joseph Belder, Berakh Finkelstein, Ozer Knoblich



מיסגלידס-קארטע פון „תרבות” אין פוילן, אָפטיילונג פראַמפּאָל (1931)
 כרטיס-חבר של „תרבות” בפולניה, סניף פראמפול (1931)

Page 45: A ‘Tarbut’ Membership Card for the Frampol Branch in Poland (1931).

Page 47: The First Drama Circle in the *Shtetl*
 (1919-1920)

Standing ® to L): Abraham-Moshe Margalit
 Rokh'chek, Janek Bendler, Gershon Ziegel
 Schiffer.

Sitting: (R to L): Pearl Elbaum, Mekhl Ehrter Bran'chek
 Bendler, Mekhl Frieling



זוג דראַמטי ראָסטן בעיירח (1919'20), סטודיום ווידען לעמאָל: אַבראַם-מאַח
 מרגולית, רוחציה יאָנעק בנדלר, גרשון זיגעל שיפער, יאָנעק: פּרלע אַלעבאָם,
 מעכל ארסר, ברונוצ'יה בנדלר, מעכל פריילינג
 ערשטער דראַמטישער קרייז אין סאַטמאַר (1919'20), עס טאַטיען ווען דעכטס ארץ
 לינקס: אַבראַם-מאַח מרגולית, ראָכע, יאָנעק בענדלער, גרשון זיגעל שיפער,
 עס זינג: פּערל אַלעבאָם, מעכל ערשער, בראַנשע בענדלער, מעכל פריילינג

Translator's Foreword

It is with no small amount of exhilaration that I want to report the completion of the translation of "*Sefer Frampol*" into English as "*The Frampol Holocaust Memorial Book*." This culminates a trek that started just after the onset of the COVID-19 pandemic and its attendant disruptions and delays of just about everything. While the global pandemic slowed me down, I was undaunted, and continued this work with reinforced commitment.

The reader of this translation will benefit from a level of detail that is infrequently encountered. I especially recommend the chapter by Abba Ben-Moshe, beginning on page 182, if they want to get a good "feel" for what a Jewish person may have gone through during the period of Nazi control of this area of Poland/Ukraine. The author of this part of the book has gone to extra lengths in providing details about incidents and events that affected him, and by extension, all the Jewish residents of the district. The immediately following chapter, titled '*The Aktion*' is also revealing of the travesty visited on Eastern European Jewry.

Finally, I want to acknowledge the very fine support that I receive from certain key people who helped me to assure the highest level of integrity and accuracy in my translation work. I am indebted to Leon Szyfer of Toronto, Canada, for his assistance in assuring that my rendition of Polish names and places, transliterated from Yiddish into English, were done correctly. Leon deserves an extra vote of thanks for clarifying Russian usage, and for rendering such Russian in Cyrillic script, on my behalf. It is important that I cite the support I am receiving from the JewishGen organization that comes to me through the good offices of Lance Ackerfeld who stewards the archive of all Yizkor Books serviced by JewishGen. Lance has been instrumental in getting at least six of my translations placed online under his auspices, and continues to offer me encouragement in my work.

The passage of time has caused me to step back from handling requests for hard copies of my work, but I am far from forsaking those of you who have supported me in my "journey." With the support of Lance Ackerfeld, I have engaged Ms. Susan Rosin, a book publisher, to assume the burdens of hard copy book production and distribution. Details on the finances and logistics, that will eventually come into being, will be forthcoming.

I hope to continue my work in translating Yizkor Books, so that future English-speaking generations will be able to learn from the mistakes of the past, and that humanity will not be doomed to repeat them.

Jacobi Saloman Bergerer



AUTUMN 2023

Table of Contents

(Beginning from the Yiddish Section that Starts on Page 113)

The History of the Shtetl

A Greek Name?	By Joseph Milner	1
Permission for Seven Fairs		1
A Family Property		2
Forty-Nine Kilometers from Zamość		3
A Sanitary Settlement		3
Anti-Semitic Occurrences		4
Frampol – A Point on the Border		4
A Shtetl in the Zamość Powiat		5
In A Few Lines		7
The Tragic End		7
Occupations		8
The Rebbe Comes		8
The Bar-Mitzvah Celebration		10
Educating Children		11
A Night in Frampol	By Mekhl Ehrter ז"ר	12
How I Put Out the Fire	By Abba Bekher ז"ר	13
A General Overview		14
My Little Shtetl	By Shlomo Kleidman	14
My Travel to Rozwadow		16
Linat-HaTzedek		16
The Economic Situation During The First World War		18

We Establish a Library	19
The First Zionist Activity	20
1919 – The Establishment of Tze’irei-Tzion	21
Tze’Irei Mizrahi	22
‘Tarbut’ and the Drama Circle	22
‘HeHalutz’ and General Zionists	23
The ‘Yavneh ’ School	24
The Reaction to Important Events in the Land of Israel	25
The Congregation	25
Jewish-Polish Relations	26
Training at a Kibbutz in Zwiezhniec of the Frampol HeHalutz 1944	28
Light and Darkness in Frampol	By Moshe Lichtfeld 28
Social Maturity	32
A Wedding in the Shtetl	38
The Jewish Bank	42
Gemilut Hasadim	44
Linat HaTzedek	45
The Visit of the Rebbe of Lublin	46
The Death of the Rabbi of Frampol	49
Jewish Education	57
Libraries	59
Drama Circles	60
Parties and Youth -Organizations	60
A Shtetl with Distinguished Folk	By Tamar Grossman-Jaegerman (Gafar) 62
Memories	By Mikhleh Hertzberg 64
A Clutch of Memories	By Tova Mantel 69
Commerce in Frampol	69
Frampol Piety	69
The Destruction of Frampol	70
A Reminder	By Itta Szeffer 70
Zionism and the Halutz Movement in the Shtetl	By Shlomo Frieling 71
Chapter I	71
Chapter II	73
Chapter III	73

Chapter IV.	75
Chapter V.	76
Training Activity of HeHalutz	By Abraham-Yitzhak Hoff 78
The Shtetl as I Remember It.	By Yekhezkiel Frieling 79
Frampol in the Yiddish Literature.	79
Parties and Societies.	81
HeHalutz Ha Tza'ir.	82
The Extermination.	83
The 'Yavneh' School.	By Dvora Mantrag-Zitrinbaum 86
Berisz Dinburt, the Community Head.	By Mikhleh Hertzberg 91
The Jewish Land Leaser.	By Abba Bekher 91
The Activists, Personalities and Type in Frampol.	92
R' Nota, The Rebbe's Son-in-Law	92
R' Shmuel-Joseph Kestenbaum.	93
R' Akiva Meir, The Melamed and Teacher.	94
R' Leibusz ש"ב, the Composer of Frampol	94
Yekk'l Chmiel's, the Town Wagon Driver, and His Wife Esther	98
Dark Shlomo – Who Invited Guests	100
R' Moshe Hochrad.	101
R' Abraham-Eliezer ben Menachem-David Lichtfeld.	102
Yeshayeh'leh the Rebbe's – The Kabbalist	104
Moshe Chana'leh's Weltczer.	106
Yekkl Feldscher (Bendler) and His Wife Reizeh'leh the Midwife.	107
R' Yaakov Kislowicz, the Jewish Soltis.	108
The Lamed-Vovnik of Frampol (Pious Yekkl).	109
Yehoshua Levinger, "The Crazy One"	110
Our Working People	By Mikhleh Dinburt 112

Blind Shia	By Chana Dinburt-Scharf	114
Chaim and Leibusz – The Water Carriers	By Abraham Hoff	115
Small Shim’ehleh and Tall Leah		115
The Young Men of Frampol Who Fell in Defense of the Jewish Homeland		116
Yitzhak (Itchek) Zikhler ז"י	By Yekhezkiel Frieling	
Abraham Zimmerman ז"י.....		117
Israel Rotman ז"י.....		117
Y I Z K O R !	By Yekhezkiel Frieling	121
Yet Another Tear	By Lyuba Wyckyn (Lieberbaum)	121
There Once Was a Little Shtetl called Frampol	By Mottl Dinburt	122
The First Bomb		123
The Judenrat		124
The Creation of a Ghetto		125
Polish Informants		125
The First Jewish Partisans		126
A Priest Pretends Not to Know		127
In the Forest		127
We Are Not Secure Even in the Forest		128
The Death of My Brother		129
With Partisans – Jews, Poles, Russians		130
My Experiences in the Forest	By Chana Bryk (Buxbaum)	131
The Pole Sobczak Saved Us	By Shmuel Mahler	141
How I Hid Twelve Jews	By Stanislaw Sobczak	150
“Saint Teresa”	By Tema Weinstock (Rotman)	152
In Those Dark Years	By Ze’ev Finkelstein	161
Poles Hid Me	By Dora Bryk (Kislowicz)	168

Jews of Frampol Battling the Hitlerist Enemy	By Abba Ben-Moshe	182
The Days of September 1939		182
The Shtetl is Transferred from Hand-to-Hand		184
Anti-Jewish Decrees		185
The German-Soviet War		186
Bestial Murders		186
Death Draws Near to Frampol		187
The Death of My Father ש"י		188
The Tragedy of Goraj		189
The Thought About Resistance		190
The Aktion		191
From One Hideout to Another		193
The Inhuman Person Shows Himself to be Human		196
Out of the Grave		197
To the Partisans		199
The Jewish Settlement in Grajec		200
In the Forest		201
The Partisan Movement Grows		203
On Our Way to the Josephov Forests		205
Back on the Old Base		208
In the Forest Bunker		211
In Kowpak's Division		213
The List of the Martyrs		216
Necrology		225
The Frampol Émigrés in Israel	By Shlomo Frieling	231
Index of Illustrations		234

The History of the Shtetl¹ (page 113)

(Frampol in Encyclopedias, Lexicons and Historical Sources)

A Greek Name?

By Joseph Milner, Paris

Frampol was too small for many historical documents about it to exist. The little *shtetl* curiously seem to carry a name of Greek form (like Tarnopol in Galicia). Did the residents of Frampol ever hear of such a theory?

Jews that belong here cannot separate Frampol from its 'District (Capitol) City' – Bilgoraj. Fate decreed that all of the Jews in both of these cities were fated to be uprooted by Bogdan Chmielnicki's Cossacks. In the '*Sefer Ha'Ittim*²' it is recorded that not one single Jew emerged from that place alive, during the gruesome times of the decrees of *Ta"Kh*.³⁴

With more that a hundred years later, in 1765, a Jewish settlement again begins to develop in Frampol. Bilgoraj already has 661 Jewish souls (according to the well-known 'registers' of the great non-Jewish historian Berszadski).

In the year 1841 there were 1,637 Jews (out of 4,745 residents): In 1856 – 1,708 Jews. In Frampol – 652 Jews along with 8311 Christians. In the year 1897, during the census-taking in Czarist Russia there were 1,251 Jews living in Frampol, At the time in Bilgoraj and its *Powiat* there were 8,958 Jews.

According the Czarist laws, in the years 1823-1862 no Jews were permitted to settle in the Bilgoraj *Powiat*, because of the proximity of the region to the border with Galicia, all together 21 km distant from Frampol.

Permission for Seven Fairs

Frampol – previously a small *shtetl*, is now a settlement in the Lublin *Guberniya*, *Powiat* of Zamość,

¹ The classic Yiddish name for a small town, which was emblematic of how Eastern European Jews lived together. It is the diminutive of the German *stadt*, which describes a full-sized city.

² The Hebrew name for '*A Book of the Times*.'

³ The Hebrew acronym that stands for the year 1648, when Chmielnicki launched his assault against the Jews of Eastern Europe. It is often coupled with the acronym for the following year, 1649, producing an acronym of *Ta"Kh v'Ta"t*.

⁴ The territory of Poland is divided into **voievodships** (provinces); these are further divided into **powiats** (counties or districts), and these in turn are divided into **gminas** (communes or municipalities). Major cities normally have the status of both gmina and powiat.

which is on the border with the Janow *Powiat*, lying on a hilly area, 2 *viorst*⁵ from the right side of the Lado River, near a paved road that goes from Janow Ordinacki to Wiezhniec: it contains a District Office and a savings and loan bank, an elementary school, post office, more than ten shops and stores, about 300 houses most of which are – wooden.

On January 1, 1890 the Frampol district numbered 6,118 residents: 2,903 men, 3,215 women: 79.3% Catholic, 1% Russian Orthodox, and 19.7% Jews. The settlement itself was 2,422 residents, of which there are 1,111 men and 1,311 women; 52.6% Catholic, 0.3% Russian Orthodox, and 47.1% Jews. The settlement covers a square of 2.6 *viorst*. There is a parish cloister, that belongs to the Zamość Deaconate. The old wooden cloister named for the Saint Jan Niepomuc, was erected by Jozef Butler in the year 1740, and in the years 1873-1878 thanks to the donations of the parish residents, was exchanged for one made of brick and stone. The Jews also built a synagogue for themselves. The Christian population is engaged in working the soil, which is quite rich, and also with the making of pots, shoemaking and weaving: this is in contrast to the Jews who lived chiefly from the sale of merchandise.

Frampol was founded in 1705 by Franciszek Butler (the name of the settlement comes from the name of its owner): In the year 1773, the settlement was raised to the level of a city, and in 1789 [King] Stanislaw August installed seven fairs there, by the first division up of the land, In the year 1772 Frampol remained on the borderline between Galicia and Poland.

(Andzhi Szwientokhovski – the Great General and Illustrated Encyclopedia, vol. 21, Warsaw, 1898, Page 989).

A Family Property...

Frampol – a private little *shtetl* in the Lublin *Guberniya*, *Powiat* of Zamość, by the [railroad] track to Janow, which is beside the Lado River 2.5 miles from Janow. When it was founded – is not known; before this, it was the property of the Wislocki family, today it belongs to the Bus *Zezhinskis*.

The present population of Frampol is 1,362 people, among which there are the following people by their religion: 169 Catholics, 3 Russian Orthodox, and 590 belonging to the old faith (meaning: Jews), who are engaged, principally, with weaving, and with working with unfinished linens. There are 208 wooden houses. A parish premises, a wooden cloister, erected in 1740, a magistrate's office, a tax collecting office and an elementary school. Six fairs take place in the course of a year, especially involving [the sale of] cattle. It is very animated.

(Franciszek Maximilian Sobieszczewski – The General Encyclopedia, ninth volume, 1862, Orgelbrod. Page 135).

⁵ A Russian measure of distance equivalent to 0.66 miles (1.1 kilometers). Sometimes rendered as versts.

Forty-Nine Kilometers from Zamość,

A small *shtetl* in the Zamość, *Powiat* (atan Ben-Ari Jun 20 #679069
Can anyone share with me a family tree of Rabbi David of Novardok, ben R' Moshe and Leah of Kletzk. R' David was the *Rav* of Novardok during the 19th cent. and was known for his *sefer* (book) "Galya Mesecht(a)".

TIA

Yoni Ben-Ari, Jerusalem atan Ben-Ari Jun 20 #679069
Can anyone share with me a family tree of Rabbi David of Novardok, ben R' Moshe and Leah of Kletzk. R' David was the *Rav* of Novardok during the 19th cent. and was known for his *sefer* (book) "Galya Mesecht(a)".

TIA

Yoni Ben-Ari, Jerusalem of Lublin) beside th Lado River, a distance of 49 km from Zamość. It contains 3,500 residents, farmers, weavers, or other trades.

(According to Maliszewski Edward and Boleslaw Alszewicz – The Geographic Handbook, a special effort of the interests of Poland. First Part, Warsaw 1925. Tszaska. Evert and Michalski, page 365).

A Sanitary Settlement

Frampol – a settlement, once – a little *shtetl* beside the Lado River in the Lublin *Guberniya*, Zamość *Powiat* , a distance of 85 *viorst* from the nearest train station in Lublin. The population – 4,060. It was founded as a settlement in 1705, by the then owner Franciszek Butler. The later owner, Jan Wisolcki, raise the level of the settlement to that of a city in 1773. King Stanislaw August gave the *shtetl* the right to hold seven fairs, and organized groups of weavers, shoemakers and pot makers. The difficult communication did not permit the *shtetl* to develop. Now, in current times, the material status of the residents has improved, the population has grown and together with that, commerce and handcrafts developed. The residents are engaged in agriculture, weaving, making pots and shoemaking; They do [this work] without a large number, items from sheepskin to the tune of 150 thousand pieces a year. Commerce is very weak. At six fairs, the greatest movement was in the sale of livestock. The settlement has a large municipal plaza and 12 streets, to be truthful – not paved, but kept very clean, that even the Cholera epidemic of 1894 did not affect the settlement. In general, the population is clean and employed. The stone parish cloister was built in the year 1873, at the expense of the parish residents. Apart from this, there is also an old wooden cloister named for the Saint Jan Niepomuc, built in 1740 by Graf Jozef Butler. The birch synagogue was erected in 1875. In the settlement, there is a municipal office, and elementary school and a post office. The houses are mostly made of wood.

(Leonard da Werdman Zhak – Short monographs of all the towns, large and small, and settlements in the Polish kingdom. Warsaw 1902, pages 52-53).

Anti-Semitic Occurrences

More than ten years ago, our little *shtetl* was not comparable to its current appearance. The city square was so big, that an outside traveler arriving, could lose a lot of time at night until he came upon the right address. He was also exposed to a specific danger. There were so many pits, little hills and potholes, that many undeserved and incorrect stories were attached to it, but sometimes –they were entirely correct. For example, it was related that wolves ate up the *burgomaster*⁶ of Frampol in the city square; when the *burgomaster* drowned in the river and he could not be saved, there was a joker, that showed the drowned man a ducat. Because of this, he acquired the suitable authority – and he saved himself. As the old residents relate, the *burgomasters* of those times were not always users. It appears that need compelled them that they should be stingy with their money, because the little *shtetl* was very poor. Today things are different already. The city plaza was made smaller, consisting of half its original size, and on the old outhouses there are now pretty little houses with gardens.

It is necessary to recognize that the local residents are clean people and fully employed, like cockroaches. One can be very certain to count Frampol among the cleanest towns in our entire *Guberniya*, when the Cholera spread over the neighboring towns of Szczepieszyn and Janow in 1894, we lost only one – someone who had come to visit from an area with had been touched by the epidemic. The *shtetl* contains 400 good wooden houses, with permanent residents of over 4,000,⁷ – of which – half were Jews, who complain today that it is not possible to deal in contraband or strong drink, which was a good form of business for them.

We have here a district office, a post office, and a school with one class. The local cloister was erected with the help of smaller donations and work by the people, thanks to the priest Kartuz, who, as an example, worked alongside the simple laborers, landless residents, and contains two locations with handwork shops, the richest – several. Even a child who is only a few years old can work out linen. The primary goal of every resident is to be able to purchase a plot of land. For this reason, the prices for land in our area are very high, for a *Marg*⁷ of land (not even for planting wheat), one pays between 300 and 3,000 rubles.

Not long ago, a woman of the Mosaic faith arrived here and converted to Christianity. She married a young, intelligent man. May God bless the young couple...

(An excerpt from the "Gazeta Lubelska," 1899, No. 91, p. 3.)

Frampol – A Point on the Border

The settlement (previously a small *shtetl*) in the *Zamość Powiat*, the district and parish Frampol, which occupies the lawful place according to the court ruling in Goraj, lying in the western part of

⁶ The equivalent of a Mayor, or Chief Administrator.

the Powiat, beside the Lado River, on the Post track of Bilgoraj to Janow Lubelski ('*Ordinacki*') and lies on the border of the Jano Powiat. Frampol is 46 *viorst* from Zamość. It is 24 *viorst* from Szczebrzeszyn and 17.5 *viorst* from Janow Lubelski, Frampol is 70 *viorst* from Lublin and Reiwic, a crossover point for the railroad train. The little *shtetl* was founded in Minor Poland in 1705, in the former *voievode* of Lublin, Uzhendower *powiat*, by its owner at the time, Franciszek Butler. It was only first in 1773 that the later owner Jan Wislocki, the heir to Butler, raised Frampol from a city and installed a modern municipal management with a cadre of weavers, shoemakers and pot makers. King Stanislaw August confirmed this by granting it a special privilege, and act of December 1, 1389, with a right to hold seven annual fairs. However, this *shtetl* developed weakly because of the difficult communication resources, and did not attain the true character of a city, for which, in 1870, it was degraded to the level of a simple settlement.

At the first partition of Poland in 1772, Frampol was the border-point of Galicia, which ran from Silesia, Vistula to the San [River] discharge; additionally – past Frampol, Zamość, Hrubieszow – up to the Bug River and ended at Zvarazh, Podhartzeh and the Dniester River.

The cloister from the time of the founding of Frampol belonged to it – a wooden building, which up to the year 1873 was sustained by the support of the local parish and in later times – a permission with the right to issue birth certificates (*metrikehs*). During 1873-1878, the time when the [new] cloister was built, a Jewish synagogue for 1,189 of the faithful. Apart from the mentioned cloisters and synagogue, Frampol now also has: a district office, a savings and loan bank, post office, a peoples' school, 11 small shops and stores around an excessively large city square, which is distinguished by its level surface: [There are] 12 streets (unpaved), 227 houses, two of which are made of concrete. In 1870 there were 130 wooden houses here. This settlement covers 423 *Marg*⁸, counting in farm land. And of gardens there were – 393 *Marg*. The settlement numbers 2,154 permanent residents, of which 953 are Catholic, 7 are Russian Orthodox, and 1,189 Jews. The Christian population consists of 245 farmers and their families. The rest of the Catholic populace is engaged in weaving, making pots, and shoemaking. The Jews are mostly engaged in retail trades and speculation.

In 1827 there were 114 houses, 654 residences. The local land consists of clay, gray in some places, mixed with sand, and also just of sand, where there are to be found a few places of stones and gravel. The contour of the land is more regular, the working of the land – common and unpredictable. The populace has a significant desire to plant orchards, even in a small area.

The following villages belonged to the Frampol district: Aleksandrovka with 9 shops, occupying 53 *Marg*; the Buczyn Fall works which belongs to Buczynsky, 139 farmed parcels occupying 138K *Marg* and 150 *Marg* of forest. These villages are: Karluwka, Komodzianka, Kanti, Niemirov, Zhetczytsa, Staroviesz, Sokoluvka, Teodorowka, Woly Radzhientszyska and Woly Kantecka.

(Excerpts from the Geographic Dictionary, Second volume, Warsaw 1881, pp. 400-401)

A Shtetl in the Zamość Powiat

⁸ An old Russian measure of land area.

There were nine villages in our parish, and the *shtetl* of Frampol, where one finds a cloister in the gothic style, erected in 1873, on the place of the older one made of wood. The villages, which lay on the sand area, do not have any good appearance with a few exceptions, which were on better land. The residents there were sunk into a great embarrassment. There is a school in only one such village, which however, is empty for most of the year, because the children are busy shepherding livestock. They don't read any books. A number of *balebatim* get the '*Gazeta Szwieonteczna.*' In the residences, which consist of one room, a chamber and an entry hall, there is great disorder. Pitiably, the residents are poverty stricken, [eating only] potatoes. In the summer, their clothing consists of a shirt, white linen trousers and a long jacket, called a '*porczanka.*'

In general, the people here are quiet, relaxed and busy with work.

Only five peasants belong to the farming circle which has been in existence for two years, the same ones that read the '*Gazeta Szwieonteczna.*' The (limited) membership of the farming circle is not the fault of only the peasants, they make little use of the reading club and the library, but also the management, because it did not take an interest at the start, when many signed up. This year, many of the young people went off to Prussia to seek employment.

So much for the villages.

And now, we turn to the *shtetl* of Frampol itself and its residents.

The settlement of Frampol, once a small *shtetl* in the *Zamość Powiat*, *Lubliner Guberniya*, founded in the year 1705, consists of 405 houses. The houses are all wooden, except for the one *Rathaus*, which is made of concrete.

The local residents occupy themselves with farming and weaving, working with ordinary linen. Thanks to this industry, there is no poverty, because every member of a family aged 15 and above, can easily earn a half-ruble per day.

I have counted 305 weaving shops, which operate every day. The people here are subdued and quiet, having work and tied to the fatherland. It is possible to infer that the local people lack solidarity in order to prevent their reliance upon the Jews. And this leads to the fact that the largest part of earnings from working the land is taken away by Jewish middlemen.

About a year ago, a weaving cooperative was organized, lacking only an appropriate leader, and therefore not achieving its goal. The cooperative vegetated. Several years ago, thanks to the effort of Mr. Maskalevsky from *Zwiezniec*, a weaving school was opened here, whose objective was to instruct the local youth. Only a few men took advantage of this school, and the rest of the populace was drawn to it in the same way. Today, this school no longer exists, and its shops are being run by themselves, by the former manager, who works out porters, tablecloths, towels and other things. His tenure at this workplace is guaranteed. He cannot satisfy all the demands that he gets from various parts of the land. The local weavers get the raw material for ordinary linen mostly from the local shops, during the time of the fairs. For more delicate work, the material is brought from Warsaw and Łódź.

None of the Frampol residents has any middle or higher education, but therefore everyone can read the printed word and most have the skill to write. I ran into about 50 men who could neither read nor write, but these were older people. The reading of books and newspapers is, as it is in the villages, not developed.

There are community social institutions: there is a farmers' circle under the name of 'Rolla,' with a reading room and a library, volunteer firemen, and a chorus of four voices.

There are 560 books of various kinds, which are given out to the farmers ever Sunday and on holidays. The local residents get books – whenever they want to. There are 200 readers registered at the library. No special amount of money is taken for borrowed books, but there is a money box, into which everybody can drop in a voluntary contribution for the benefit of the library. The following newspapers can be found in the library: 'Haslo,' 'Goniec Poranny e Wiczorny' 'Szwiat,' 'Spolem,' 'Gazeta Szwieontetczna.' 'Zaraniya' 'Khlop Polski' 'Wiara' 'Posziew' and 'Polak Katolik.'

(Jozef Skimberowicz. 'Ziema Lubelska' 1908, from the 3rd of May No. 120, under the heading, 'Correspondents.')

In A Few Lines

Frampol, in the Lublin *Voievode*, on the track from Szczepieszyn to Janow. The tested stones for the material used to build the Zamość fort was taken from the local stone quarries.

Andzhi Slowoczynski – Poland in an Historic-Statistical-Geographic sections, Paris 1833-38 Polish Book Store and Printing, p. 108

Frampol, *Voievode* Lublin, Zamość circle, Tarnograd *Powiat*, Frampol Parish. The *Powiat* composition is 114 houses. The general population: 654, The distance to the district city – 2 miles.

(According to the Table of the City, Villages, Settlements. First Section, Warsaw 1827, p. 119)

Frampol, Lublin *Voievode*, Zamość *Uyezd*, belongs to those places where Jews did not encounter any difficulties regarding residence. In 1856 there were 837 Christians, Jews – 652. According to the census of 1897, there were 2,539 residents in Frampol, of which there were 1,251 Jews.

('Yevreiskaya Entziklopedia' Volume 415, Petersburg 1912)

The Tragic End

Frampol, Bilgoraj *Powiat*. The number of Jews for the years 1939 – 1,935: Before 1940 – 377.

The little *shtetl* of Frampol was burned down during wartime operations, and the residents spread themselves out over six villages in the vicinity.

Following the minutes of the acts of the Jewish Community Self-Help, in the month of March, 1941, there were 538 Jews in Frampol, and in June 1942 – 685. The Frampol Jews were led to Belzec to be exterminated on November 2, 1942.

T. Berenstein: 'The Martyrology, Resistance and Battle of the Jewish populace in the Lublin Voievode in the time of the Hitlerist occupation.'

Fifty Years Ago

By Avraham Elbaum ז"ר

Occupations

About a half-century ago, Frampol numbered about 800 Jewish souls, which consisted of storekeepers and laborers. The itinerant peddlers going to the villages were counted as merchants, who sold their manufactured city products to the peasants in exchange for eggs, butter, cheese, milk, flax, linen, and grain, as well as fruit. All of this was brought to the *shtetl*. Here one could already find retail merchants who would buy all of this and take it off to Janow, Bilgoraj, Szczebrzeszyn and Zamość.

The town storekeepers sold food, leather, cuts of material, clothing and sweet products. Most of these were *Hasidim*.⁹

Again, the working people like the shoemakers, tailors, boot makers, carpenters, fur handlers, hat makers and bakers – nearly all were made up of well-to-do families with many children. To earn enough to support such large families only came with difficulty.

The real living was drawn from the big fairs, which were run once a week, every Monday. Among the prayers of the Frampol Jews was and in winter – no snow, or intense frosts. This was due to the fact that if bad weather would disrupt the market-day, Jews went about in a state of concern: How will earnings be obtained, or – where can one get a charitable loan in order to make it through the week?

Despite this, children were married with great dignity, and the daughters, as was the custom, were given larger and smaller dowries. The Jewish holidays were celebrated with great fervor, and they made an effort not to be embarrassed in comparison to Jews from the surrounding, more wealthy towns.

The Rebbe Comes

The Jews of Frampol were dominated by *Hasidism*, they believed in great *Tzadikim* and *Rebbs*, and they viewed *Hasidim* as a physical manifestation of divinity itself. Occasionally, one of the popular *Tzadikim* would drop in for a visit into the *shtetl* – and this was a great experience for young and old alike. Such a visit pushed everything else into the shadows, including worries, and making a living. I wish to describe the visit of the *Rebbe* of Kuzmir:

The news that the *Rebbe* was willing to pay us a visit, brought the entire populace into a spiritual high. Since we did not know from which direction he planned to arrive in Frampol, the triumphal gates were put up on the three chief roads that led into the *shtetl*: The Road to Janow, Bilgoraj and

⁹ The plural of *Hasid*, denoting an ultra-Orthodox Jewish man, usually the adherent to the congregation of a *Rebbe*.

Szczębrzeszyn. Benches were hammered together for the *Bet HaMedrash*¹⁰, on top of the other, until they reached the soffit and hung with multi-colored lamps, that literally lit up the entire inside like daylight. We were also no stingy with mottoes one of which I even remember til now:

‘Bozhe Khranii Tsariya Nikolaya Vtorova’ (God protect the Czar Nicholas II)

We were tense for the entire week, when we found out that the *Rebbe* is arriving Thursday evening, along the Janow Road. The entire *shtetl*, young and old, even the Poles, went out into the street. Nobody was left in the house. The *Rebbe* appeared at 11 o’clock at night, surrounded by sixty well-dresses young men, who rode on nicely decorated horses escorted by wagons and carriages packed full with *Hasidim* from the surrounding towns. The train extended up to the courtyard of the nobleman Zilnek. In front, the previously brought in Bilgoraj musicians were stretched out, led by Tevel Marszalik, and played happy marches. On both sides of the road, there were Frampol Jews, with burning straw torches in their hands. They wanted to get a glance of the *Tzaddik*, but because of the crowd it was impossible to see anything.

I was eight years old at the time. I climbed up on the roof of Joseph Zitrinbaum’s house and from there I could exactly see the arrival of the carriage, drawn by four horses. The *Rebbe* stopped at the *Rathaus*, which was in the middle of the market, right after standing up, the *Rebbe* raised his arms high, and blessed the *shtetl* from all sides. Then the *Hasidim* rushed him and greeted him heartily and with great respect, and escorted him into the new, and as yet unfinished home of R’ Shmuel Joseph Kestenbaum. Inside there were very large, beautiful and well-lit rooms. But there was no way they could accommodate the enormous crowd, whether local or those from the outside, who besieged the house. Dawn began to break outside, when the last of the *Hasidim* dispersed.

On Friday morning, as usual, I went off to the *Heder* of Herschel *Melamed*. In the street, I encounter children from other *Heders*, who joyfully advise that today there will be a ‘manifest.’ All the *Melamdim*¹¹ let their *Heders* go in order to prepare and receive the Kuzmir (*Rebbe*). Various groups began to gather in the market. Each one wanted to outdo the other with the exceptional deeds and miracles which they alone had seen and heard from the *Tzaddik*. There was ecstasy on their faces, and their eyes sparkled from spiritual uplifting.

At about three in the afternoon, the *Rebbe*, escorted by a group of *Hasidim*, went to the bath house. The *shtetl* came alive again. People began to ready themselves to welcome the Sabbath. Upon returning from the Mikva, and going off to the synagogue to receive the Sabbath, Jews who were bathed and dressed in their finery appeared from all streets, byways and houses – alone, or accompanied by their children and headed for the synagogue, in order to enjoy the privilege to pray alongside the *Tzaddik* and say ‘*Shalom*’ to him.

There was a great deal of overcrowding, lots of crowds, and pushing in the synagogue, which could

¹⁰ Hebrew for ‘A House of Study.’ A separate building from a Synagogue, where worship was also conducted, but principally given over to the study of Holy Writ.

¹¹ The plural of *Melamed*, being the Hebrew name for a “teacher,” in this case of religious subjects.

not accommodate the hundreds of worshipers. Many, many stood outside. These same took themselves to the Great *Bet HaMedrash*, when the ‘Kuzmir’ [*Rebbe*] presided over the *Tisch*. The *Hasidim* sat around the long tables and swallowed every word that emanated from his mouth. The *Rebbe* himself, with an attractive face, sat up front, having Shlomo Herman at his right hand and Wolf Ber *Shokhet*, and Shmuel Moshe the Cantor, Itzik Kestenbaum and his son Shmuel Joseph, Moshe-Mendl Aszenberg, Moshe Zibner, etc. On the left side: Aharon Mahler, Sani Steinberg, Elchanan Weltczer, Shmulik Hoff, Berisz Elbaum and many *Hasidim* from the surrounding towns.

To begin his speaking about Torah, the *Rebbe* began with the sentence: ‘*Pinchas ben Eliezer ben Aharon HaKohen*’ – and immediately the entire audience reacted as if hypnotized. With open ears and mouths one listened to the sacred words emanating from the *Rebbe*’s mouth. After that, the leaders of the *Tisch*, R’ Wolf-Ber *Shokhet*, and Zindl Lehrer from Janow (Elbaum) sang by themselves and led with further singing. Afterwards, everyone who was close to the *Rebbe* was called out by name that he should take *Shirayim*. After the *Rebbe* left, the tables were pushed back and from the beginning danced a variety of *Hasidic* dances with ardor, and in the course, snatched a ‘Kozaczok,’ a ‘Khlopkeh’ and other dances.

On Saturday night, related and also outside visiting *Hasidim* again gathered around the large and new house of R’ Shmuel Joseph Kestenbaum, who was an ardent *Hasid* of the *Rebbe*, and a son of the most wealthy man in the *shtetl*, filling the large and as-yet empty rooms, waiting patiently on line to come into the *Rebbe*’s presence with a *kvittel*¹² (and naturally also with an emolument). It was enough to look upon the shining faces of the *Hasidim* coming out, in order to assess their faith and confidence that they had been helped from this day forward...

This went on until after midnight. Later, the tables were set with a variety of food and drink, prepared by the families of Kestenbaum and Weltczer (they were relatives) – with such generosity and for such a large assembly, that even the richest of people could not permit. They considered it a great honor to receive the *Tzaddik* in their house and at the same time, utilized the event in order to put on a double feast: The dedication of their new house (which, at that time was the biggest and most beautiful in the *shtetl*) and the Bar Mitzvah of their son Sholom-Ber, who had studied very well (under the tutelage of the *Melamed* R’ Fyvel Szleicher).

The Bar-Mitzvah Celebration

The *Tzaddik* of Kuzmir sat at the head of the table, having the Bar Mitzvah boy on his right side, and on the left side – his *Melamed*. And then, according to protocol the distinguished people which at that time were the Heads of the community, and decided in all of the issues of the *shtetl* such as: selection of a Rabbi, a *Shokhet*, designating a *Melamed*, etc. The grandfather of the Bar Mitzvah, Itzik Mirels (that is what he was called) and the father, R’ Shmuel Joseph were the first ones seated on both sides of the *Tisch*, and after them – *balebatim*: Elchanan Weltczer, Moshe Zibner, Aharon Mahler, Moshe-Mendl Aszenberg, Mordechai Avigdor Levinger and others.

The Bar Mitzvah gave a lecture and recited 32 pages of the *Gemara* by heart, which engendered

¹² A small chit of paper, usually bearing a request from the holder.

astonishment not only in the large host of *Hasidim*, but even the *Rebbe* himself, who gave the boy an inspired kiss on the head, and afterwards he took the Bar Mitzvah boy with both of his hands, and blessed him, (saying) there should only be many such sons from the Jewish people. After eating and drinking, the laughing *Hasidim* sang and danced until morning.

On Sunday, the building of the house first began, where the *Rebbe* was put up. From the surrounding towns, Jews came traveling, even with their wives and children, in order to approach the Tzaddik with a kvittl and work out with him all that was good. It was wondrous to see these simple village Jews, who practically abandoned their assets and came to the *Rebbe* for him to bless them. This is the way Frampol was tied up for five whole days and nights, when the *Rebbe* of Kuzmir came here to visit.

At 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, escorted by all those near to him and a large host of Jews – he traveled off home. It was only at that point that the *shtetl* calmed down and everyone returned to their daily concerns.

Educating Children

At the end of my memories I wish to describe how the education of children looked by us. First of all – (there were) the conditions in which the larger majority of the Frampol Jews lived. [It was] in one room where one would find the kitchen and the oven. A large family lived this way, with many children, for whom providing food was like the crossing of the Red Sea, never mind clothing them and getting themselves shoes. Most suffered from hunger and cold, dressed in torn rags and barefoot. In the summer it was only half-bad, but in the winter, children had to be ordered on the oven, where, at the very least, it was a bit warm.

When a boy reached to age of 3, he was 'lent' to a *Heder*¹³, run by one of the elementary school *Melamdim* in the *shtetl*: Yiddl *Melamed*, who was blind in one eye; or Beinusz *Melamed*, who was also a bagel-baker. When a child did not grasp very well what the *Rebbe* was teaching, he received blows from a whip that the *Melamed* held in one hand, which had five or seven strands– and some of the time, with the handle as well. Every *Melamed* had a helper, who would assemble the smaller children and lead them to the *Heder*. To this day, I can feel the blows from the *Rebbe* or his helper when for some reason or another I didn't want to or couldn't go to *Heder*. The child would be instructed by this elementary level *Melamed* for two years. Among the older students, there were three who had begun to learn the *Parsha* of *Leviticus*: David, Levi Turobiner and Naphtali *Melamed*. They studied with the children *Pentateuch* with *Rashi* commentary for three years, until the child began to learn the *Gemara*. These were then 'loaned out' to the *Gemara Heders* of the *Melamdim* Abraham Hirsch Korn, Netanel Steinberg and Israel Finkelstein. They inculcated the children with entire pages of *Gemara*¹⁴ and *Tosafot*.¹⁵ But they did not learn any secular studies, such that when

¹³ The Hebrew word for a room, used to designate a classroom where religious studies were conducted.

¹⁴ The complete discussions and disputations of the religious scholars (*Amoraim*) who analyze the Mishna and laid the foundations for the formal enunciation of Jewish Law as it is understood today.

¹⁵ The 'added commentary' of scholarly analysis, supplementing the *Rashi* commentary on the *Talmud*.

a young boy, upon completing six years of *Heder*, did not know how to recognize a number and could not sign his name...

A Night in Frampol¹⁶

By Mekhl Ehrter מֵכְחֵל עֵרְטֵר

The night spread its darkness over the little, down beaten *shtetl* of Frampol. It is quiet everywhere. All are asleep. The thin shutters block the low-slung windows. From somewhere or another, a pale light comes through.

A still little wind steals its way into the *shtetl*, and cascades over the rotten shingles on the pitiful roofs. On the roof of Chan Naftczarnia one can hear the frequent banging of the metal, that barely hold themselves high up. One thinks that, any minute now, they will roll down into the street.

From afar one hears the crowing of a rooster, an extended *ku!-ku-ri-ku!* By contrast, from Moshe-Mendl's yard one hears the noise of turkeys.

If one of the residents could fly up into the air, over the *shtetl*, he would certainly be sure, that he could envelop all of Frampol, in his two arms, which remains sunk in a deep sleep, dreaming, and fantasizing... perhaps about a rich uncle in America, who will certainly respond with a ship's ticket or a letter in which there will be a few dollars; or of an aunt in Canada, who will remember the *Old Country*, and the family she left behind in Frampol and send them a few dollars, a small check, a demand...

*

Yoss'keh Shimshon's roused himself. He is not certain whether or not his wife, Yente-Shayndl is asleep, but he calls out:

– When my Malka Nekh'ehs would send us, my word, a, a, a thousand dollars... she would not stress herself, and for sure, it wouldn't hurt us. How does the gentile say this: '*Od pszibitku glova nie bolii.*'

Yente-Shayndl did hear her husband speaking. She straightens out the curl on her head and sleepily replies:

– You haven't extracted yourself a bit too badly. Using the same opportunity, she could send us ten thousand dollars. What the? Is there a lack of money in America? They are all stuffed full of it...

– How many, for example, might there be in Crowns for a thousand dollars? Hah, Yente-Shayndl?

*

The darkness of the night still lingers over Frampol, but on the Janow road, the still sleepy Hersch Gritker, the fur coat tailor, is on his way. A sack full of merchandise is slung over his back. He begins to softly hum a tune, ending it on a loud voice and then coughs vigorously. Later, he begins

¹⁶ This description was written in the year 1920. Forty years later, in 1960, it was turned over for the *Yizkor Book* to our friend A. Bekher (who lived in New York at that time), by his cousin, Rosa Elbaum. (Author's footnote)

to talk to himself: ‘Ach, a bad road, clay, mud, and dust everywhere. It is fortunate that the *shtetl* has a road of 20 *arszyn*. He can already hear the scraping of the wagons coming his way. This means that somebody else had left to go on his way. One thinks that the squeaking of the unlubricated wheels can be heard as far as Aharon Shayndl’s house.

The wagon comes nearer – and here we encounter Frampol Jews whom we recognize: Crazy Sariyeleh, who shouts and screams, thereby making happenings; R’ Chaim-Shlomo with his sons, who are now traveling to the fair to sell freshly-baked small *pletzls*; The commissioner of fish, Jany Bakwill and others. They are stuffed inside like herring, by good humored and happy they ride behind the wagon driver, along with the horses...

How I Put Out the Fire

By Abba Bekher אבא
(New York)

I turned ten years old – I had already made my way through the entire way that a Jewish youth could do in Frampol, who began learning from the *Melamdim* since the age of 3. The *shtetl* had become too crowded for me, and I began to demand of my father that he take me to his brothers in Zamość. I remained with my uncles in Zamość for 2 years, and I learned in *Heder* there as well. At the age of 12, when I returned to Frampol, I wanted to attend a school, which our parochial small-town Jews looked upon as an apostasy. When a young man came from Warsaw with his parents to live in Frampol, he enrolled in the ‘Gentile *Szkola*’ and together with all of the Christian children, we learned Russian and other secular studies. My friend Avrom’cheh could not stand the harassment and traveled back to Warsaw. I, not wanting to remain among so many anti-Semitic youths, traveled back to Zamość where I finished a school and began to work and earn money. It was only on the Holidays that I would come home to my parents.

In the year 1910, when I was already 18 years old, using the money I had made for the whole season, I made a new suit and came home for Passover. Feeling proud I paraded on the floor with my new suit. All my friends and friendly girls looked at me with envy.

On the seventh day of Passover the nearly the entire clear spring day strolling. It was first at nightfall that we, a group of friends, went to the *Bet HaMedrash* to perform the *Mincha*¹⁷ service. Since we make a great pause between *Mincha* and *Maariv*, we once again ent out into the street and on Frampol’s road for strolling we encountered our female friends, who did not want to go home yet, because the full moon that night enchanter everyone. Each of us boasted to the girls about what he had done, by I, at the least, expressed my independence by my modern suit.

Coming up to the Rathaus, we suddenly heard the alarm trumpet. A fire must have certainly broken out. We took off running in the direction of the road to Bilgoraj, from where one could see tongues of fire and smoke. While running, I recollected that I cannot help extinguish the fire while wearing my new suit for which I had to work for a whole season, I therefore turned off onto our side street, fell into the house like a laser beam, quickly threw off the suit, quickly donned my weekly dress, and

¹⁷ Prayers recited in the afternoon at a synagogue.

not even answering the question of my frightened house residents, I quickly went out from the house. Approaching the house of Mordechai Joseph Hinde Mireh'lehs, I take a glance behind me, and noticed that it was the attic of our own home that was on fire, on which there stood a *Sukkah*. Not hearing my father's shouting: 'You'll get burned, wait for the fire-fighters.' I concluded that I could not wait for water because of the great flames. I then threw my jacket on the fire and pressed on it. Immediately, the fire was extinguished. With more energy, I began to beat on the bushes which I also extinguished. But the wooden shingles were still burning on the roof. With my bare hands, I then broke out a hope in the shingles, pushed through my head with the jacket and beating on the fire with it, I was able to extinguish it. However, in no way could I control the asphyxiating smoke, which sat over the tar-covered roof and shingles, smeared on like an oven, like a troublemaker, half choked from the smoke with singed hands, I let myself down from the attic, and only now, our neighbor run up and asks:

– Should I bring some water?

–We don't need it anymore – I replied.

I ran into the fire fighters who just now appeared and I declared to them that they no longer have anything to go up for. However, they did not want to believe me, pushed me to the side and went up into the attic, controlling the smoke, When they came down afterwards, they patted me on the back being satisfied, and called me '*molodiec*¹⁸' and proposed that I become a fire fighter. As it became evident later, the fire came about because of the fault of Pesseh'leh Yente's, a local person near us, who had the flat board with the matzos hanging in the Sukkah. At night, she went up to the attic to get some matzos, but did not notice the small candle which she was holding in her hand, had ignited the *skhakh*¹⁹ which had been let lying there since last year and was very well dried out.

Circles of men and women stood around for many hours and, and wondered at my presence and energy. I, by contrast went to sleep satisfied, and with the thought that because I came home, I saved our poor house from the fire, and perhaps the entire *shtetl*.

After this, I emigrated to America

My Little Shtetl of Frampol

By Shlomo Kleidman

Givatayim

*As a scion of Frampol, it is my wish to dedicate these lines to my town that was –
and is no longer; to those dear ones of ours that once were – but are no longer here.
Would that I will succeed to resurrect memories of the past and to tell of the pristine
lives of or brethren, the sons of Israel.*

A General Overview

¹⁸ The Russian nickname for a youngster.

¹⁹ The pieces of small branches used to create a roof covering for a *sukkah*.

Frampol has behind it a history of centuries, as attested to by historical sources and information from old headstones in its cemetery; and also that the Jewish settlement in Frampol has its own history. I will limit myself to writing about the events of those years that I personally lived through and to the extent that they are etched into my memory.

I wish to dedicate the following lines to the *shtetl* that was and is now no more. [To its] dear Jews who were eradicated in *Sanctification of the Name*. Let us hope that – without any polishing – this will bring out the life of Jewish Frampol, whose formation and development I have provided my oldest contribution.

Today, I pose the following question to myself: How did the miracle occur, that Frampol, ringed by the Goraj mountains to the north, the Grajec-Szczebrzeszyn mountains on its east side, and with ‘Polish roads’ from Bilgoraj, Janow, Goraj and Szczebrzeszyn, without a train station, far from larger Jewish settlements – did not remain behind similar, but larger Jewish settlements in Poland, even though their geographic location was more advantageous? Coming to Frampol, especially in the fall and winter, was quite difficult. Wagons sunk into the mud, and not only once did a wagon driver recite the blessing ‘*Gomel*,’ if he returned safely to the *shtetl*. The nearest train station in Zwiezhniec – was 20 km distant. Also in the *shtetl* proper, the streets were covered in... mud.

Such are my memories of Frampol, where Jews lived with faith, that *He who sits on high*, and nourishes the entire world, will also be a Father of mercy to his Jewish people in the *shtetl* and not forget them. That is why, when they first arose, they prayed to their Creator, studied and prayed in the fully-packed *Bet HaMedrash*. In addition it was not forgotten to recite a chapter of the *Psalms*, or a lesson in the *Gemara*. If there was anyone who required [the presence] of a Frampol Jewish person, and in early morning hours – he could find him only in the *Bet HaMedrash*. All of them could be found there.

This was the normal weekday. If the month of Elul drew near, with its days of increased awareness, with *Selichot*²⁰ and of the *High Holy Days* – a God-induced fear enveloped everyone. Using a wooden hammer, the *Shammes*²¹ would knock on the shutters and wake people to do the work of the Creator.

In those years, all of Jewish life concentrated itself in the *Bet HaMedrash*, whether this was in the morning, at the time of *Shakharit*, or in the evenings between *Mincha* and *Maariv*. Frequently, a skilled speaker of the commentaries would come, or an emissary from the Yeshiva, and with their orations between *Mincha* and *Maariv* disrupted the small town monotony. After the oration, such a Jew would stand himself by the door, in order to collect donations. A more important orator or emissary would go around to the houses of the better off important *balebatim* in the community, to gather up the donations for the Yeshiva, or for other important institutions.

It is understood, that all world news, politics, wars, memorials, and above all – news from the *shtetl*

²⁰ Prayers asking for forgiveness, usually recited prior to the High Holy Days.

²¹ The beadle, or factotum of a synagogue.

itself, was heard only in the *Bet HaMedrash*...

When a Sabbath or a Holiday arrived – you could not recognize Frampol. Not only the residents discarded the weekly inner mood, but literally – the entire shtetl, along with the streets, houses and dwellings. Both the young and old participated in the Sabbath stroll; and if the Jews stayed asleep in their rest-bestowing Sabbath sleep – the *shtetl* also rested. There was no trace of business or work. The Sabbath was sensed in every corner, even the air was filled with the aura of the Sabbath.

This is the way Jews lived and hoped, that this way of life will continue for many generations. Children were raised, the children grew up, got married, brought new children [into the world] – just that everything was done as it was done by their father and grandfather. And in the spiritual life – [was derived only from the] books that were on the shelves of the *Bet HaMedrash*

Rarely, a pamphlet containing a story would happen to appear in the *shtetl*, which an itinerant peddler sold along with a little prayer book and a set of *tzitzit*²². I am of the opinion that, in those years, if a spark of the *Haskalah* would have penetrated into Frampol, it would have been immediately extinguished. Who knows whether anyone wanted to support it and spread it about. The various *Rebbes*, who would often visit our *shtetl*, strengthened piety and warned against new winds [of belief]... What this means that they came to visit their *Hasidim*, but also not to forget to extract their dues.

My Travel to Rozwodow

A great fire broke out in the year 1907, and nearly half the *shtetl* was burned down. This misfortune began in the house of Mordechai-Joseph Waldman's house on the Sokolowka street and the flames moved the ash almost to the road to Bilgoraj. The important thing is that it was the Jewish sector that suffered the most from this. With the smoke, the house of my grandfather Joseph-Itzik Zelda's was carried away with the smoke, as well as the house of my parents who lived in the house of Blind Mekhl'eh.

Left without a roof over my head, my parents traveled to Bilgoraj. I was still a child. Regarding our new domicile, the following question was posed with all acuity: What to do with me? My grandfather Joseph-Itzik Zitrinbaum had a grain operation and was also a merchant in Lenczna and dealt in tobacco (butter); my grandmother, known in the *shtetl* as Dvora'leh the *Baal-Tzedaka* and my father – Israel'keh the *Pentateuch*, and *Rash'i* commentaries teacher, as well as *Gemara*. The thought arose that I should be taken over to Rozwodow, [in] Galicia, there to learn from the *Rebbe* – and this would be a joining of Torah and merchandising in one place.

I arrived in Rozwodow in 1912, at the time of the Mendl-Beilis trial. In the city, a group called 'Speakers of Hebrew' already existed, as well as a strong Zionist movement. Despite the fact that the Holy Tongue at that time was considered not fit to teach in the *Hasidic* world, I immediately became a member of the 'Speakers of Hebrew' group, and began to take an interest in Zionism.

²² The fringes on the fringed garment worn by observant Jews. Very often these are exposed externally, even if the garment is worn internally.

This is how I spent my time in Rozwodow until the year 1915 – after which, I traveled back to Frampol, where my parents still lived. I found the *shtetl* in the same condition as when I left, with the difference, that Russian military was stationed there. There was a war going on in the world. However, Frampol made no progress because of this.

Linat-HaTzedek

You can understand that the war operations on the fronts, and the frequent change of hands of the *shtetl* by various armies in Frampol, simply created concern and troubles among the people. Especially – the Jewish part. The *shtetl* felt itself to me more beaten and impoverished.

In the month of Tammuz 1916, the Russians left Frampol and in their place came the Austrians. As is usually the custom in case of a military retreat, the Russians, also this time, left behind chaos. Along with this, they took large parts of the Jewish settlement with them, who returned afterwards.

Meanwhile typhus raged though Frampol. There was not a single Jewish home, that this terrifying disease did not touch. Most of the family members were bedridden with a high fever, and there was no one to look after the sick. This situation led to the establishment of a self-help society called ‘*Linat HaTzedek*.’

The founders of this active institution were: ‘White Aaron (The Tall One)’, a brother-in-law to Nottl Szindlmakher; Zalman Tenenworcel (Zalman Rimazh); the Zimmerman brothers Zundl and Yehoshua (sons of Dark Shlomo who today are in Israel); Pinchas Zucker’s son-in-law; Yankl-Yoss’keh’s, Mekhl Ehrter; Leibl Zitrinbaum (my uncle); Yitzhak Shlomo Gaz (Gertzer); Sholom-Ber Kestenbaum, and this writer. Regrettably, I do not remember any additional names.

The goals and objectives of this group were: spending the night beside the poor sick and help them; to distribute both medical and social help.

Every member of Linat HaTzedek had to go spend a night with the sick poor if it happened in their row, and also to pay the monthly membership dues. With the depositing of the dues, every week, again according to row, two other members were involved. Our Jews generously contributed to ‘*Linat HaTzedek*’ valuing its activities and objectives.

There was an especially difficult objective for that member who was called to come out and lodge the night at the home of a dangerously or chronically sick person. After such a night *de-jure* the member himself would come home sick and broken.

In later years, R’ Leib שׂוֹרֵב²³ Krendil, stood at the head of this group, Every year on the Sabbath of the *parsha* of *Bereshit* a general meeting took place at which a report was presented of the activities and a new committee was chosen.

The ‘*Linat HaTzedek*’ had its own separate synagogue for praying, know by the name ‘*Lina*

²³ The Hebrew acronym for someone who slaughters cattle and also inspects the innards afterwards,

Shtibl. For a long time, this shtibl was located in the home of Moshe Yekhezkiel Deitsch (Moshe Bekher).

After a visit by the Warsaw *Rebbe* to Frampol. His influence was strengthened, and his *Hasidim* wanted to take over the *Linat-Shtibl* for themselves. Yankl Yoss'keh's, Chaim-Yehuda Harman, Pin'chah Elbaum (Stoller) and the owner of the house where the *shtibl* was found, all of them Warsaw *Hasidim* chose to transform it into a Warsaw *shtibl*. But the non-*Hasidim* of the group especially the craftsmen and simple Jews, did not permit this and the *shtibl* was transferred over to Malka Moshe-Mendel's (Levinger).

In the years of 1928-32 until my *aliyah* to Israel, I would lead discussions in the *Linat-Shtibl* during the days of *Sukkot* and on *Tisha B'Av*, about the Land of Israel and about national-historic events, in a light and Zionist spirit.

The Economic Situation During The First World War

The economic condition of the Jewish residents of Frampol was very difficult. Normal commerce could not be run. Because of the prohibitions of the military authorities, it was hard to know what was permissible and what was forbidden. Not everyone was adept at taking up smuggling, and because of this, large segments of the population suffered want. As opposed to the Christian residents, apart from them being occupied in their own businesses, they were also positive about being recruited to work on the new road from Janow Lubelski to Bilgoraj, which was carried out by the Austrian authorities. The business of the Poles appealed to me. I asked myself and others, why shouldn't Jews also go to work on the road? I went to my friend, Moshe-David Koenigswald ש"ת (Sobik), tall Mordechai's son, a broad-backed young man and proposed to him that we both go away to work with paving the road. Regarding this, I received his short and final reply: 'What? Two Jews among 400 Christians?' I was taken aback by his answer and went alone to the military leadership and I asked him whether he would also employ Jews? I got a positive answer, so I am the first Jew to come to work the following morning. Several days later, every Jew who could simply pick up and hold a shovel in his hand, presented himself for road work. The start was made and thanks to it, many Jews got work and an income in those difficult wartime years.

In the years 1918-1919 life in the *shtetl* began to get normalized.

We Establish a Library

In the very heat of the First world War, in the 15th year when I returned from Rozwodow to Frampol, the social and cultural lives almost didn't exist. It is true that many books were on the shelves of the

Bet HaMedrash, but only about the *Talmud*,²⁴ *Poskim*²⁵ and commentaries. Certainly one also ran into ‘A Guide for the Perplexed’ by Maimonides, or the ‘*Kuzari*.²⁶’ But there was no book from the newer Jewish literature – anywhere in the *shtetl*.

Also the general society life was entirely concentrated in the *Bet HaMedrash*. Most of the youth, just like the old people, sat day and night learning. One might study a page of the *Gemara* with *Poskim*, another – A Chapter of the *Mishnah*. The small town monotony was disturbed when we were visited of orators. Some of them could speak more easily to the masses, the simple Jews, while others held their lectures for educated people and *Torah* scholars.

We talked about all the events that took place in the land, and commented. The exceptions were the evenings of Monday and Tuesday. Then the principal theme was – the market day. One might talk about loose ends, a second person talked only about fowl, while a third person would relate the sales of horses and cows in the market... This is the way it was with the elderly Jews. At every table, where a group of Jews were sitting, I heard no other forms of expression. It was clear that the youth, despite a piety commensurate with the times, looked for something else and wanted to try out new things.

I carried on conversations with Sholom-Ber Kestenbaum, Chaim-Yehuda Harman, Leib’l Zitrinbaum, Mott’l Lieberbaum, Nahum Aszenberg and others, about establishing a library. All of them shrugged with their shoulders and thus, with resignation, they communicated: ‘The First Man did not fly through here.’ But I did not give up the idea about a library. From Szczebrzeszyn (the city of the known researcher and *Maskil*²⁷, Yaakov Reifman), as well as from the surrounding small towns, Janow-Lubelski and Bilgoraj, I brought books and distributed them to be read by the young people, who had the will and interest to do so.

When Poland first became independent and the first elections were designated for the Polish *Sejm*²⁸ – The fresh winds began to blow throughout the entire land – and also penetrated into Frampol.

The First Zionist Activity

²⁴ The body of commentaries and debates over the contents of the Bible, inclusive of *Mishna* (*Tanaitic* lore) and the *Gemara* (Lore of the *Amoraim*), which elaborates on, and debates the contents of the *Mishna*).

²⁵ Literally ‘interpreters of the law.’ The cadre of religious scholars whose opinions about the contents of Holy Writ were considered equivalent to the law. They came after the *Talmudic* period.

²⁶ A philosophical treatise written by the Spanish Jewish philosopher and poet, Judah Ha-Levi (ca 1075-1141), also known as The Book of Argument and Proof in Defense of the Despised Faith (*Kitab al Khazari*). It is written in the form of a dialogue, purportedly between the king of the Khazars and the representatives of various belief systems, culminating with a rabbi.

²⁷ An expert on the *Haskalah*, or Enlightenment.

²⁸ The Polish name for its national legislature.

Four days before the eve of the *Sejm* elections I was in Bilgoraj, and there I encountered the lawyer Jonah Ackerman, a well-known Zionist and community activist. Our discussion led to the elections that were near, in which we must take the initiative for the Zionist slate, 'Correct,' I replied to him 'But in Frampol they have no idea of what is meant by 'Zionism.' I knew that, apart for a few sympathizers, there is nobody to hope for...

Thursday night, three days before the election, after returning to Frampol, I went off to Kalman Aszenberg's restaurant (the so-called 'Kneipeh') where one could not only eat well, but also engage in a conversation with several people. This immediately led to a conversation about the elections. Chaim Aszenberg, a brother of Moshe-Mendl, who came to Frampol from Warsaw during the war years, declared that if he were still in Warsaw now, he would vote for the '*Bund*.' How is it that in Frampol he can vote for the '*Agudah*?' We knew that all day Thursday, various important people in the *shtetl* went around and distributed voting slips for the *Agudah*. Chaim Aszenberg had without any choice prepared to vote for the Zionists – but where does one get their voting tickets? I was waiting for this sort of a question. To everyone's astonishment I took out of my wallet a package of 'numbers' of the Zionist slate. Also, Yehuda-Meir Katz (Schultz) expressed his willingness to vote for the Zionists. After this, it was decided that tomorrow, on Friday, we should also go around to the houses and distribute the Zionist support-ticket – Number 9. But from where can we obtain so many 'numbers' for all of the Jewish residents from Frampol? A method was found for this as well. As soon as Chaim Aszenberg and his friends will finish their card game, they have to wake me, so that I travel off to Bilgoraj in a sled and bring election material from there.

In the morning, Karlak, the son of Benjamin Stoller, did actually bang on the shutter. Happily, I sprang out of bed, in order to get ready for the trip. My inspiration was great, no small thing: I now had loyal helpers to implement the Zionist idea. But I hear Karlak speak from behind the shutter.'

– You no longer need to make the trip. Three speakers have arrived from list number 9...

I dressed quickly, in order to greet the guests: Friend Boez from the central committee in Warsaw: Cohen from Zamość, and – if my memory doesn't fail me – Sznycer from Szczebrzeszyn. That same morning, we all went off to the *Bet HaMedrash* and for the first time in the history of Frampol, we heard a Zionist speech from the podium. The *shtetl* seethed with the event. The voting initiative first began to be led with enthusiasm.

At a meeting of the craftsmen, which took place at the house of Itzik'l Sternbach (Kalicz) I appeared for the first time before an audience, and spoke about the significance of the voting initiative. A few days later we saw the astounding results: 75% of the Jewish vote was in favor of the Zionist list number 9. The Jewish voters in Frampol created a solidarity with the Zionist movement.

The first open measure of the Zionists in Frampol was crowned with an extraordinary success.

1919 – The Establishment of Tze'irei-Tzion

After the elections we put in place a relationship with the Central Zionist Office in Warsaw. M. Ehrter, M. Frieling, L. Zitrinbaum, and other members, stood up to establish a library and a Zionist

organization. For this purpose, our friend Joseph Honigman went off to Szczecbrzeszyn, in order to bring back from there a friend to help us organize the library. However, nothing came of it. Then I personally went to Szczecbrzeszyn on foot, in the hope that on the way I will encounter a small wagon, which would take me on. Regrettably, this did not happen – and so we ‘made a trip’ all the way to Szczecbrzeszyn...

At a seating with our comrades in Szczecbrzeszyn, it was decided to found a *Tze‘irei Tzion* organization in Frampol. Elimelech Zaltzman along with myself and the two comrades from Szczecbrzeszyn: Snycer and Bekher, taken in the morning in his wagon to Frampol, where there really was an establishment gathering and on the spot the first several hundred Zlotys were put together for the library.

The first committee of *Tze‘irei Tzion* consisted of the following comrades: Shlomo‘keh Zontag – Chair, M. Ehrter, M. Frieling, Yankl Tenenworcel (Rimazh), Zitrinbaum, the writer of these lines – secretary and librarian, and additional comrades, whose names I do not remember.

The first books to be shelved in the library – Graetz’s Jewish History (all parts), all the works of Sholom Aleichem, the collection book ‘*Yizkor*’ dedicated to the fallen guardians in the Land of Israel, the collection book ‘*Help*’ and additional books in Hebrew: ‘*Ahavat Zion*’ and ‘*Ayit Tzavua*’ by Mapu, ‘*Lan*’ by Freierberg, the collection book ‘*Bikurim*,’ writings of Peretz, and others.’

In the home of Zeinwill Mordechai’s (Aszenberg) there was an active loan room. Every evening young people would gather and their went deeply into newspapers, journals, books, and brochures. This activity had to be severely limited, because the required legalization did not exist given by the authorities, for running a library and reading room. Because of this, all of this was organized in my room.

Tze‘Irei Mizrahi

The general cultural and political revival in the *shtetl*, after Poland got its independence, did not include religious youth. So how does one approach them to win their hearts for the Zionist ideal.

Following the example of other cities and towns, a Mizrahi youth organization was established known by the name *Tze‘Irei Mizrahi*. Their meeting place was located on the road to Goraj, in the house of Yoss‘keleh Shimshon’s. Apart from the study of sacred texts, such as *Tanakh* and others, they also learned history, Hebrew, knowledge about *The Land*. Often there were discussions and debates. The young organization excelled with great activity. A circle conference took place in Lublin of the *Mizrahi* and *Tze‘Irei Mizrahi*, to which I was a delegate of the Frampol branch.

It is worth telling about the following episode resulting from our Zionist activity in the *shtetl*: On May 30, 1920, on a Sunday, the Frampol fire-fighters began to decorate the *shtetl* in honor of the Bishop’s visit. With envy, the Jews looked at all the preparations, knowing that they are strangers, uninvited host regarding the festival that was not theirs... As Zionists, willing to utilize every situation, thy took the pamphlet with money, out into the street and began to sell them to the gathered Jews. Suddenly the Commandant of the police showed up and asked me, what I was doing, and do I have permission to sell these notes. In short – the incident cost me quite a bit of money.

‘Tarbut’ and the Drama Circle

A cultural society was created in Frampol in the year 1922, with the name ‘*Tarbut*,’ which especially became famous with its library and drama circle. In the ranks of the library activity, every Sabbath and Holiday, I would speak in special circles about actual, Zionist and Nationalistic themes, while the dramatic section belonging to the community, had an objective to present in word and pictures, historical and nationalistic personae and events, like the creation of financial resources for the general cultural activity, especially – for the library.

The following founders and participants in this endeavor were: Chaim the Blond, Moshe’s, a young man from Warsaw, who found himself in Frampol, Mekhl Ehrter , Yankl Tenenworcel, Yekhiel (Yakh’cheh), Chaim Aszenberg’s son-in-law’s father from Warsaw, Avraham and Shosh’eh Pankewicz (today in America), Chan’cheh Aszenberg, Sarah Berger, Moshe Pankewicz, Berakh Finkelstein, Berisz Blumer, the brothers, Janek and Joseph Bendler, Baylah Korn, Leibusz Weltzer, Kalman Ehrter and others. Of the presented repertoires I remember the following pieces: *Bar-Kochba* – by Goldfadn; *Tevye the Milkman* – by Sholom Aleichem; *Chasheh the Orphan Girl* by Gordon, *The two Kuni Lemels* – by Goldfadn, *The Romanian Wedding*, *Hertzel’eh Meyukhas* – and others.

A special oversight commission existed at the drama circle to handle each play, before one began to rehearse it. It was only after this certification by the committee (Avraham Pankewicz and the writer of these lines) – that we began to prepare the presentation.

‘HeHalutz’²⁹ and General Zionists

In 1924 the idea of ‘*HeHalutz*’ also penetrated Frampol. With the visit of A. Bialopolsky from the central [office] in Warsaw, for the first time a regular organizational and cultural-political activity was established. I was placed as the head of the *HeHalutz* organization and of the *Keren-Kayemet*³⁰ division in the *shtetl*. Since there was no Hebrew school, I hitched myself to the role of Hebrew teacher – and from 8 o’clock in the morning til 12 o’clock at night we worked on the Zionist front. In this way not one Sabbath or Holiday was overlooked: there were public readings, discussions, and gatherings. The year 1925 can indeed be noted as the record year of Zionist activity in Frampol.

At that time, a general Zionist Organization already existed. Between the two movements – the pioneering one and the General Zionists – a contest began on all fronts of Zionist activity: learning Hebrew, *Keren-Kayemet*, and clarification work. At the circle conference in Zamość on 17 Tevet 1925, Frampol was strongly praised for its work on the national fund. It is understood that there were no lack of stress from a variety of sides. The orthodox circles exhibited strong opposition to the Zionist ideal and to the Zionist youth groups in the *shtetl*. Whether for the acceptance of some of the Rabbis, and also out of fear of losing the religious influence over the youth, boycotts were

²⁹ Taken from ‘*Halutz*,’ the Hebrew word for a pioneer.

³⁰ An iconic support charity for the support of Israel, often identified with its light blue collection box for coin donations.

called for from the study houses and *Hasidic* homes for all of its activities. The central argument of the pious Jews was, that the Zionist impetus with the same hand will lead to assimilation, at the time when , this thing will come to us from the Heavens... They also feared that a Zionist upbringing will divert many young people from the tried and true path...

Attacks of Zionism also came from the left. The 'Bund' and the communists saw Zionism as an opposing force to their programs, and because of this, they waged a bitter war against us, using all methods at their disposal. They even resorted to such an absurdity as to when one time at night, they broke into the '*Tarbut*' library put the books in sacks and threw all of this into... the creek. When the Christians, on the next day went to draw water from the creek, they uncovered the destroyed culture-treasure. It was against such things that the Zionist movement in Frampol had to fight...

Our theater productions did not have any better luck sometime. The party opponents would throw stones or potato peels onto the stage during a performance, in order to incite chaos and disorder. This goes as well for the parents: These people were very frightened for their children, not wanting them to stray to false directions.

There was also a reconstructionists entity founded in Frampol, directed by Moshe'keh Waldman, a close friend of mine and a student, a former Yeshiva student, and a teacher at the local '*Yavneh* School.' Until the outbreak of the Second World War, they conducted a nice movement.



בעתן אָנשוּהילן אַ מצבה אויפן פראַמפּאָלער בית-הקברות
 נגס שמייטן פון רעכטס צו לינקס: ליבע וואָלדמאַן, דונעלע וואָלדמאַן, אַנשעל האָף, שמואל־משח פּרילינג, נסע שיינמאַן, זער זון
 שמואל־משה וואָלדמאַן, מאַרדוד קעניגסוואַלד, לייבל צימרינבוים, מעכל עדסער, ניטל צימרינבוים, סימע וואָלדמאַן.

Page 142: Dedication of a Headstone on the Frampol cemetery

Standing® to L): Liebeh Waldman, Dun'eleh Waldman, Anshel Hoff, Shmuel-Moshe Frieling, Neta Scheinman, Cantor Shmuel-Moshe Waldman, Moshe-David Koenigswald, Leib'l Zitrinbaum, Mendl Ehrter, Gitt'l Zitrinbaum, Sima Waldman

The avneh' School

‘ Y

In 1930 a national-religious school named ‘Yavneh’ was founded. The teacher Lilienstein stood at the head of this institution. This school excelled with its high level pedagogy, and continued to broaden itself, as opposed to the various previous schools, which were in private hands, but were far from achieving the minimal level that would be demanded of a modern school. In the year 1922 a school was founded by the *lehrer* Zilber. Later, the management was taken over by the teacher Zucker. But it was the ‘Yavneh’ School that had the most success, whose founders were: L. Zitrinbaum, M. Ehrter, M. Frieling, Henoah Reinzilber (A hatmaker) and the writer of these lines. The school experienced meaningful growth in the year 1932. The timely presentation of a

*LagB'Omer*³¹ parade by the students, made a large impression on the city, the various public celebrations, including the participation in the official Polish holidays and Gala-days. In the city, appropriate plays for the children were gathered, which were implemented by 'Yavneh.'

The Reaction to Important Events in the Land of Israel

Without exception, Zionist groups in the *shtetl* did not overlook even one important event in Jewish national life and especially live with everyone regarding what took place in the Land of Israel. In the month of Nissan 5685 (1925), when the entire Jewish world celebrated the opening of the Jerusalem-based Hebrew University on Mount Scopus, We in Frampol went along with this happy occasion. Sitting at covered tables, and in listening to speeches about the issues of the day, the celebration took place very successfully and with inspiration. The visit and greeting of the local police Commandant elicited a haughty reaction, who also wished us well... For this, I thanked him heartily.

The bloody events in the year 1929, which were elicited by the Arabs in the Land of Israel, had a profound reaction in Frampol. On the eve of the Sabbath, at *Mincha*, Rabbi Goldman [said] that tomorrow, on Sunday, there will be a general assembly and a protest-gathering; nobody should leave the city, everyone should attend synagogue. Even though this was a day of 'Odpust,' when masses of peasants from the surrounding villages come to attend church, and from whom the Jews earned money by selling sweets, drink and baked goods – despite this, the entire adult Jewish population of Frampol came to the protest-gathering. (It was told that only Benjamin of the short Moshe left Frampol at that time – and the pious believed that the paralysis that struck him later, was punishment for not taking part in the protest-gathering...).

In order to bolster the call of the Rabbi to protest and repentance, I read the telegram in front of the Holy Ark that was received from the Land of Israel about the bloody events. The mood in the synagogue was as if it were Yom Kippur. The *Selichot* prayers were recited, as well as *Tehilim* and special prayers dedicated to the events that had occurred. After the prayers I appealed to the gathering, that by simple banging one's self 'Al Kheyf' is not enough. We have to literally help build and develop The *Land*.

On the spot, a larger sum of money was raised for The Land of Israel.

The Congregation

In 1930 the first elections were held for the Jewish community leadership. I say the first time, because up till then, as Dozors,³² selected only 'prominent Jews,' people who ran activities, and intermediaries. We simply would call together the masses and order them to vote for those selected

³¹ Taken from the acronym for the 33rd day of the counting of the Omer, which is identified with the cessation of a major plague in the ranks of the students of Rabbi Akiva. It is treated as a celebratory day.

³² The Polish name for an official elected to provide guidance and supervision.

by the *Gabbaim*³³ and the community big shots... The Zionists and the craftsmen now decided to put an end to such a system of voting. Out with the intercessors and interceding. Several lists appeared:

- A) United *Hasidim*
- B) Small merchants (Butchers)
- C) Zionist manual laborers

It is self-evident that the election campaign was carried out with ardor and tolerance, which was so characteristic for the assaulted Jewish life in Poland. We even wanted to disqualify one list of a comrade of ours.

And the result?

The united *Hasidic* list – 4 mandates: Shmuel Joseph Kestenbaum, Yankl Yoss'keh's, Chaim-Yehuda Harman (Warsaw *Hasidim*), Leibl Redelman (Neutral). From List B: Shlomo Taub (A Merchant), Baruch Altman (A Butcher) and Mekhl Ehrter (A Tailor), Sh. Kleidman (QA Carpenter) – From the manual laborers-Zionist List.

In order to reconcile this with both sides, we agreed that the Chair of the congregation should be chosen, which was Shlomo Taub (Merchant). Our conflict was over the work of the Jewish community to be carried out in a democratic way, not to burden one part of the populace, in order to permit a second part to derive satisfaction from this.

The principal conflict took place over settling the annual budget of income and expense. The principal source of income was from slaughtering and Jewish community taxes, at a time when the expenses looked to cover all the religious and cultural, as well as social needs of the Jewish populace. At the time the *Hasidim* wanted to enact a fee of 2,100 Zlotys for their '*Bais-Yaakov*' school, myself and M. Ehrter demanded such fees for the Zionist institutions such as '*Tarbut*,' '*Keren-Kayemet*' and others. Regrettably, we were only two Zionist *Dozors* at a time when the religious people had five. For this reason, our proposals were discarded. We had no other choice but not to sign the proposed budgets that were presented. So they actually went from *Powiat* (Bilgoraj) in the Lublin *Voievodstvo*, because they had to be confirmed by the official Polish people. Up till the year 1932, when I made *aliyah* to the Land of Israel, the budget was in fact not settled. Only when my place was taken by the *Dozor* Joseph-Itzik Royzer (Tailor) was the matter settled.

Jewish-Polish Relations

In so-called normal, peaceful times, the relationships between the Jews and Christians of Frampol were not bad, with no clashes, or larger conflicts. The relationship was especially friendly between the elderly Christians and the older generation of Jews. They lived like good neighbors.

Out of the approximately five thousand residents in Frampol almost half were Jewish. The square that formed the *Rynek* (Market), were taken by the Jews with their businesses and dwellings. Only the employees of the *Gmina*, the fire-fighters, the former *Rathaus*, the pharmacy and the '*spulka*'

³³ Plural of *Gabbai*, meaning an appointed official who oversees religious ritual in the synagogue.

which were to be found on the *Rynek* – was taken up by Poles – the elected and employed in these institutions. There were also close relations in business between the Jewish Frampol merchants, such as Moshe-Mendl Aszenberg – of grain, and the tailoring merchant Itzik Mir'ehleh's, with the land lessors and wealthy peasants from the village focal point such as Kotzudza and others. The nobility would take a variety of goods and charge them to be paid later.

The market days on Monday went by in a peaceful atmosphere and with mutual normal business relationships between the Jewish and Christian populations. It is true that the Poles established cooperative businesses (*'spulkas'*) and wanted to always draw in the buying peasantry, who came to the *shtetl* for the fair – but with little success. It was only in the later years, when the Endekists³⁴ and sanitation officials became more virulently anti-Semitic, then the solution of *'svoi do swego'* severely impacted Jewish commerce and labor.

There were also attempts by the Zionists in Frampol to secure a more combative position in the city's Council, so that those who were still the intercessors, should become the community emissaries of the Jewish community and be penetrated with a national-combative spirit and substantively defend its interests. Regrettably these attempts did not succeed.

Nevertheless the Jewish-Polish relations were far from being ideal. Every year for the mobilization of a new cadre for the Polish military, when the recruits from the surrounding villages would come to Frampol to present themselves to be inducted, or to travel in the numbered units, there was tension in the city, and the Jews were dominated by fear. Once, on a Saturday afternoon, the 'Podpisowa' fell upon a Jewish boy, Shlomo Berger, and beat him severely. We, a group of young Jews immediately went out into the street in order to react to what was happening to this victim, but the hooligans had left in the meantime.

A second incident occurred on a Sabbath, in the year 1926. A larger number of Jews [than usual] were strolling along the May Third Street, where the new priest resided. He was not pleased to see Jews strolling on 'my street.' suddenly there was panic, and anti-Semites had begun to drive [out] the Jews, because they pollute the holy street. Our Jews fled, and the street suddenly became empty. I was then among the strollers, in the company of a girl (not my wife) holding her under my arm. For this reason, I put my other hand in my pocket. Suddenly a pair of hooligans approached me, but seeing my composure and calmness, as well as my hand in my pocket, they did not want to accost us. It appears that my handling of this situation had a sufficient psychological effect on them that they pulled back...

And Joseph Honigman, seeing that I remained standing alone, and was ready to help, if I was attacked.

A similar incident occurred on a certain Friday night, when the strolling Jewish young people was assaulted by hooligans armed with staves. Since these assaults were repeated, we, the *Dozors* of the community, intervened with the local authorities. I also remember an incident of a blood libel on the eve of Passover, at Shimeh'leh Yoss'keh's on the Goraj Street. Our group immediately intervened

³⁴

An active group of Polish anti-Semites during the years between the two world wars.

and stifled the blood libel attack. The hooligan got his share on the spot.

There were also incidents of disputes over land between Jews and Christians. The latter would occasionally use the advent of *Yom Kippur* to ‘regulate’ the boundaries, knowing that on this kind of day, the Jews would not react.



הכשרה קיבוץ אין חויעזערניעם פון פראמפאלער חולוק. 1934.
 עס שטייטן נפון רעכטס צו לינקס: שמועל נבוך טאמרה, האבראד טאמאל, בייס חייט,
 אלטבוים טמא, זיטמילך אסדור, זוייס טמא, טלבוים טמא-ייצחק, עס זיצן: זיכלער
 יצחק, אלטערמאן טרה, קיסלאוויטש חייט, פרילינג רחל, פרילינג טאמרה, גאנץ טמא

Page 148: Training at the Kibbutz in Zwiezhniec of the Frampol
HeHalutz 1944

On one occasion, Jews and Poles in office, an incident anti-Semite to attack the Jews, with the approval of the priest. The anti-Semite, on the spot, received a strong reply from me and later had to pull back from his attacks. The priest then stuttered that this is not what he meant...

Standing (RtoL): Shlomo Sternbuch, Shmuel Hochrad, Chaya Baum, Moshe Altbaum, Esther Zimiles, Moshe Weiss, Moshe-Yitzhak Elbaum at a gathering of the local *Gmina* occurred. An allowed himself

Sitting: (RtoL): Yitzhak Zichler, Sarah Alyetman, Chaim Kislowicz, Rachel Frieling, Moshe Gantz

*

Light and Darkness in Frampol

By Moshe Lichtfeld

Petakh-Tikva

However these incidents and conflicts were insignificant compared with the active help given by the local Poles to the murderous Germans, in there murdering work of the Frampol Jews in the years of 1939-1944.

Frampol lay between Szczebrzeszyn (on the right), Janow-Lubelski (West), Bilgoraj (south) Turobin

(till Lublin) – to the north. Being sandwiched in on all for sides, the *shtetl* absorbed the characteristics of the surrounding towns. Szczebrzeszyn along with Zamość, were considered to be advanced towns – and how could it be other wise? I. L. Peretz was born in Zamość, and studied in Szczebrzeszyn with Yankl'eh Frank, an unusual man in our vicinity. A lot is told about him, but his reputation could not be assessed favorably, because of the following incident: This same Yankl'eh would sit and study day and night, and until evening was wrapped in a prayer shawl and wore phylacteries, recognized as one of the great scholars. It was talked about that all of his children converted [to Christianity] and he himself was held to be a great apostate.

It is told that before his death, he called in his pupils who did not distinguish themselves with too much piety (among them also I. L. Peretz) and began to teach them 'tradition' with ardor such that the pupils began to cry. Only one, I. L. Peretz did not shed a tear. Suddenly he began to drive them out of the room, shouting: ' I worked for my entire life to make sure I would make you into fine people. And now with one burst of ardor, you have forgotten everything. No, nothing will become of you! My work was in vain... Yitzhak- Leibusz [Peretz] remain here with me, I will surely have *nachas* from you...'

Szczebrzeszyn was known for being a city full of wags. If they accepted someone of weak character, they would make fun of him. I remember that may father ^{ש"י} was to be found in all of the towns, where the *Rebbe* would come for the Sabbath (Janow, Bilgoraj) but not to Szczebrzeszyn, noting thereby that he does not travel to these jokesters, So, I remember this story on a Sabbath: in the *Bet-HaMedrash*, where the *Rebbe* worshiped, a group of wise guys came in. Stood themselves out in a row and one after he other greeted the *Rebbe* with '*Shalom*' – ceaselessly. The line never ended... they literally tired the *Rebbe* out with this ceaseless rendering of a welcome greeting in the course of several hours.

In contrast to the east, we also has a west – Janow-Lubelski, with its Torah scholars, the pious and wholly-committed, *Hasidim* and activists. From the north we had Goraj, a small town, which produced the holy R' Mendel'eh Kotzker, that in later times was know throughout the world. It is also necessary to mention Mott'leh Gorajer, who was considered to be a hidden scholar by all in the vicinity.

In short, there was light and darkness in Frampol. Understandably, the method of teaching children was in accordance with the old style, especially up to the First World War, when Jewish children were not required to go to school. The principal responsibility to educate the younger generation was given to a *Melamed*, who inculcated Torah with the children for eight hours a day, sometimes – more, and also learned a little of secular material writing, arithmetic, etc. All the children who attended a *Heder* could write a bit, read Russian, Polish, Hebrew and arithmetic etc. I do not know from whence this miracle came – but a fact remains that being together with those who barely knew how to sign their name, they were nevertheless good at mathematics, who would not be ashamed of that they know even in this day. If a request needed to be written to the Polish authorities, there was a Jew in the *shtetl* (Leibl Redelman), who never attended a Polish school – and despite this, wrote up such requests, and even made a living from it. Christians would also come to him to write '*podaniehs*.' If a senior official came from Lublin, and one had to present one's self with a good Polish, they went off to 'hire' a Polish speaker from among the Frampol Jews, with a beard and

sidelocks, among whom not only one spoke a fluent Polish. Gershon Rosenberg (Shyeh's) wrote these with a goose quill.

Our Heder System

Every boy that was born in Frampol had to be schooled by a *Melamed* in the *shtetl*, beginning at the age of three – practically up to his wedding...(nobody even dreamed of secular studies). At first one had to get a taste the leather strap on one's back (and ... one's rear end) which belonged to R' Joseph the Elementary-Level *Melamed*. He began by first inculcation the alphabet into the children with 'half' and then 'whole' notes, until (with the help of the leather strap) they could be moved on the Hebrew.

The child then went over to the higher-level *Melamed*, R' Chaim Eliezer Hochrad, he began getting treatment befitting a person, learning the *Pentateuch*. A big celebration was made at this beginning, and later – in auditing what of the *Pentateuch* the child had learned. The parents of this Pentateuch-novice treated everyone to drinks and a bite to eat, and sweets that were homemade, which had been prepared in advance. Everyone had prepared questions to ask:

- Little boy, little boy, what are you studying?
- The *Pentateuch*
- Which (volume of) the *Pentateuch*? – a second one asked.
- The third one!

Progressing, one finally reached the most senior Rabbi, R' Akiva Meir Kalmanowicz, because after him, one had to go off to a Yeshiva to continue learning, or to the *Bet-HaMedrash*. His students were grown young men. They felt pride to study under a Rabbi. Apart from *Talmud*, *Tosafot*, and *Tanakh* a little bit of secular material was also learned: Hebrew, Polish, German and most importantly – mathematics. And this was not ordinary learning, because one had to know by heart many poems in those languages. But the most difficult was mathematics: addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. One has to admit that, after nine or ten hours of learning from the difficult *Gemaras* with *Tosafot*, other studies penetrated one's head only lightly. But the *Rebbe* already knew how to plant a bit of knowledge in all of us. There were also students with sharp minds who immediately could personally deal with all the material after the *Rebbe's* exposition. My brother Joseph ז"ר was one of them as was Joel Weltczer and others. They also helped the weaker students to absorb the difficult lessons.

R' Akiva Meir with his patriarchal appearance and education system, earned the loyalty of the town's youth, whom they had to thank for a good education and a little bit of Enlightenment.

The big Frampol *Bet HaMedrash* had been open since three o'clock in the morning. There one found the disciplinarians for learning till midnight. Among them – The little Moshe'leh Baruch ז"ר and Gershon Miri'leh's Knoblich ז"ר, who knew the entire *Mishna* by heart. He astonished all the

children: how is it possible to learn such a thick book by heart?

Around five o'clock the reciters of the *Psalms* began to arrive, and the *Gemara* students: After them – those who came to pray. In the meantime one seized the opportunity to talk about commerce and thereby added straight words and jokes. Among the reciters of the *Psalms* it was R' Itzik'l Schuster who stood out, and whether in summer or winter would take home with him homeless paupers to spend the night. It was this simple Jew that the elementary school teacher Joseph of Goraj often had to do with telling him things. Those that stood around would be convulsed with laughter when R' Joseph would say to R' Itzik'l: 'now you are a complete scholar, but were I to get you into my *Heder*, I will teach you the portion of *Balak*³⁵ with my leather strap...'

On a certain wintry Tuesday, the shoemaker, as was his habit, went off with a little bit of boots to a neighboring village. He had to return tomorrow, After the noon hour on Wednesday, a terrible snowstorm engulfed us. When the members of his household did not see him returning on Thursday, they thought that because of the bad weather he will first arrive home on the Sabbath. Regrettably, he did not return even after the Sabbath. A great wailing went up, and they understood that a misfortune had taken place.

On Sunday, the confused family went off to the village, and asked the local peasantry if he had arrived there. One of them told that on Wednesday evening he was at his place, and despite warnings, he set out for home, saying that he knows the way very well and he won't get lost.

Now there was no longer any doubt, that R' Itzik had been covered by snow. The Rabbi of Frampol ordered that on Sunday, no person, from 18 years on, should leave the *shtetl*: the *Melamdin* (To our great happiness!...) Should let all their children go home; one should take shovels, shoulder blades, and axes, in order to find the supposedly deceased. After a full day of searching through the surrounding fields and roads, we returned tired and saddened for not having found the shoemaker.

It was only a couple of weeks later, when the snow began to melt, two Christians came to the Rabbi and said, if they would be given a small flask of whiskey, they will indicate where R' Itzik'l lay. They then left with the *Hevra Kadisha*³⁶, a couple of kilometers to the south of the cemetery, on the way to Mariopol, a place known for many misfortunes. R' Itzik'l ז"ל was sitting under a tree, his sack was by his feet, and had a carrot in his mouth. That is how he was frozen.

He was brought to the *shtetl* and they arranged for a substantial funeral. Everyone escorted him to his eternal resting place. The poor people cried, because they will no longer have a place to sleep over the night. The shouts of the confused family, who had lost the one breadwinner, reached the heavens. Only the middle daughter Chava'leh who was in the advanced months [of pregnancy] did not go with the funeral procession. She later gave birth to a boy, and naturally, they named him for his grandfather, Itzik'l.

³⁵ A chapter (*parsha*) in the Book of Numbers.

³⁶ The Burial Society of a community.

Three years later, the elementary level *Melamed* R' Yoss'keh led him to his *Heder* and called out all over the street: but my prophecies have come to be, Itzik'l is coming to my *Heder*. I have gotten him..'

Social Maturity

At the end of the First World War, when other winds started to blow and obligatory school attendance was implemented – this was just another decree like all decrees against the Jews. I am reminded of the time, about 1922-23, when the Polish authorities demanded of the Jewish parents that they should send their children to a kingdom *volksschule*. Jews tried a variety of schemes not to carry out this decree. So the local authorities implemented a registration process of all children of school age, not by forcibly removing birth certificates from the birth records, but rather going around to the Jewish houses, and on the spot document the children of school age. So Jews fell back on an idea, to hide their children in cavities, so they would not be registered. My father did this very thing – and it was in this fashion that I was 'spared' from falling into gentile hands.

Meanwhile the statistical office sent out requirements to the Jewish parents to send their children to a *volksschule*. My brother Zalman had now to go to school, because there was the threat of a money fine, if such children were not sent. The *Hasidic* community did not give into this so easily. They brought into the *shtetl* a good *Melamed*, R' Akiva Meir, who because of him, we were able to get a general education as well. With us, he taught Polish, German and Hebrew, and poetry by heart. Among his students was a youngster, who was thought to be an intellectual genius. This was Shlomo'leh Yaakov-Boruch the *Shokhet's* son. It was told about him, that at the age of nine his father examined him on a Sabbath day, for his knowledge of his weekly lesson. In the middle of this review of the lesson, Shlomo'leh fell into thought and did not present what he had learned. His father shouted at him, asking why he stopped in the middle, and the son replied, that in this moment he had calculated when the next lunar eclipse would take place. Nobody could understand from where this genius-like skill in computation came from. It was then held that this Shlomo'leh will grow up to be a prominent intellect in the town. Regrettably, he died while still young, he lost his mind. Doctors established that this came from a sharp mind at a very early age. Struggling for a longer time, he gave up his soul.

Our *shtetl* had yet another good student with a sharp mind. This was Chaim Weltczer, who can now be found in Israel. He was an orphan. His mother, a widow, could not support him. For this reason he was at his grandmother's and studied with Akiva Meir *Melamed*. He had an inheritance from his father: a very nice set of the *Shas*. We, the children of his age, who learned together with Akiva the *Melamed*, literally envied him with his beautiful Gemara in a leather cover, which he would bring



סניף בית"ר בפרמפול — 1932

ד"ר בית"ר-ארגוניזאציע אין פרעמפאל — 1932

Page 156: The BETA'R Branch in Frampol – 1932

with him to *Heder*, at a time when we had to study from small, torn *Gemaras*. He did not let any of us look into his *Gemara* during study, On one half of the open *Gemara* he would pull over the cover and thereby make it impossible to peer at another page of the book. All his food had to be powdered with sugar. Silently, we laughed at this. This was to make sure he did not notice it. In return he took revenge on us. The *Rebbe* did not need to review any lesson with him twice. It was sufficient for him to hear it only once. The *Rebbe* gave him oversight over our studying on those occasions when he had to leave the *Heder*.

Among others, my brother Joseph also belonged to this cadre of sharp minds. Understandably, when this group grew older, they began to understand that in practical life one has to seek other solutions, rather than the ones in which we had been raised. Also the Zionist idea began to penetrate the *shtetl*. The leap from the *Heder*, *Bet HaMedrash* and from all of the religious tenets about the Messiah and redemption – up to the current Zionist solution of the Jewish problem – was too drastic for the small town lethargy, of that time. So for us it came in a different way, stepwise. A little bit at a time, the thought about organizational life became ripe. We founded a '*Tze'Irei Agudat Israel*.' The two brothers, Moshe and Nathan Kestenbaum stood at the head. This was approximately in 1927. We rented a location – and with that we wrote a new small page of history in the *shtetl*. The '*Tze'Irei Agudat Israel*' was a sort of 'temporary station', for leaping over to other movements. The older generation was not sympathetic. What is the use of the organizations with newspapers and journals? But it did not take very long and even they were pulled into the stream of the '*Tze'Irei Agudah*' movement.

We created a *minyan*³⁷ of young people and we gave them lessons. A concentration of pious youth, leaders of services Torah readers, etc. and a few *Hasidic* Jews (among them – also my father), who began to give lessons there and also learning – and so it became visible that we had a purpose in engaging with individuals who posed some difficult questions which could not be answered with superficial replies, and as a result began to respect us more honorably seated themselves from the start. Also, our spiritual leader, R' Neta. Th son-in-law of the Rabbi began to understand that our organization was truly the only barrier against the various freethinking [groups] which had begun to influence the Jewish street, and so we began to take an interest in everything that comes into our little world. Indeed, we did study our daily page of the Gemara, but we also began to read a variety of newspapers and books that were also secular. We then organized a presentation of '*The Sale of Joseph*' which enjoyed a great success. The chief director was not any longer one of our group. He was called R' Yankl'eh, and was a good at this job. I played the role of 'Jacob' and Abba Bekher played 'Joseph.'

The times became more stormy. The economic state of Polish youth, especially in the smaller locations, got worse from day-to-day. This impelled us to think more deeply about our fate. In about half of the '*Tze'Irei Agudah*' a group of members developed into general Zionists, 'green trees on guard' leftist *Poalei Zion*, like me – allied with BETA'R, which ran an animated movement, to which it dedicated much of its youthful energy.



צעירי אגודת ישראל — 1930
 די יוגנט־ארגאניזאציע פון דער אגודת ישראל — 1930

Page 154: The *Tze'Irei Agudat Israel* – 1930

The BETA'R organization consisted of those of our friends who were in the '*Tze'Irei Agudat Israel*.'they did not have the tolerance to take themselves in another direction. Also, the more prosperous young people who previously looked after their lives, could not accommodate themselves to the ranks of '*Tze'Irei Agudat Israel*', and therefore committed themselves with full force to BETA'R.

³⁷ The minimum quorum of ten required to formally run prayer services.

The ideological battles in the *shtetl* led to the result that former comrades became alienated one from another. When Dr. Chaim Arlozorov was murdered in the Land of Israel, not a single member of BETA'R could show up in the street. The discussions in the *shtetl* were very sharp and often led to blows. When the familiar article of Ze'ev Jabotinsky – 'Basta!' appeared the members of BETA'R became refreshed and began to work with more hope.

It was Shlomo Kleidman who was the living nerve of all the Zionist groups in the *shtetl*, from the left and right. He secretly arranged to create a library in his home, where not only one comrade of the 'Tze 'Irei Agudah' drew his ideas for progressing his life. Shlomo Kleidman would take a special interest in those who had abandoned the *Heder*. The books, 'Ahavat Zion,' 'Ashemat Shomron' literally seized and others, whose content of new ideas, literally seized and awakened even more



קבוצת חלמידות של בית-הספר לבנות "בית יעקב"

א גרופע שילערניס פון דער מיידל-שול "בית יעקב"

new ideas.
would
the older

Page 157: A Group of Students at the 'Bais Yaakov' School for Girls.

H e
engage
grown

youth, drawing them in to his circle of influence, and decided to found a 'Yavneh' school. Together with it, was presented a complete revolution, because organizing such a school, together with other young people who were already infected with Zionist ideas, they did not bring just a Melamed to Frampol, but a real Hebrew teacher. This group, which organized the *Yavneh* school, created a *minyán*, not of *Hasidim*, but specifically from the Enlightened Zionists. Every Sabbath, we taught another child from the *Yavneh* school, how to chant the *Haftarah* with the correct Litvak intonation. The activity of this group did not limit itself only to the younger children. They also did not abandon

the students from the Great *Bet Hamedrash*. They would frequently come to the Great *Bet HaMedrash* and impel the discussion of religious and worldly themes. They especially often had discussions with the R' Neta, the Rabbi's son-in-law, who was difficult into whom they could 'sink their teeth.' And as a supplement to this, we, the *Tze 'Irei Agudah Israel*, on a nice clear day, specifically also brought two lady teachers, who general meeting and in very nice language, talked about the objectives of the *Bais Yaakov* School. The gathering was literally inspired. On the spot, a significant amount of money was gathered. We then approached the director of the Ladies Seminary in Cracow, Mrs. Schnierer, who had sent us one lady teacher, who gave our daughters a modern education. In this area, she literally manifested a wonder. As is known, the education of the Jewish girl I, the small *shtetl* stood on a very low level.

Regrettably, it was difficult for the *shtetl* to support the lady teachers. So we worked out a scheme that for a half-day they should work in the Polish *volksshcule* of the kingdom as teachers of religion. Thereby we attained the result that the Jewish children will have the opportunity to learn the Jewish religion and the teachers could remain in the *Bais-Yaakov* school.

We then became a *shtetl* at the same level as that of a progressive one. The community level grew from the young people. There were continuing discussions on a variety of themes, which became a daily appearance. We discussed even more when the time came to hold the elections to the *Sejm* and Senate, at which time the air above Frampol cleared... Former friends, young people from the *Heder*, but nevertheless belonging to various parties – became our enemies. Arguments and fistfights became a frequent occurrence, one person would insult another. This was a normal thing to see, we had gotten used to this...

But all this was nothing in comparison to the knowledge that in our *shtetl* as well, there exists a secret well-organized communist party. People were stunned. The older generation had one – and only one – response: 'We immediately knew that the various parties will not bring us anything good!' The younger and better enlightened element, began to think seriously about this situation. This was the time of the Pszytyk pogrom that resulted from a sharpened anti-Semitic incitement, and assaults by the Endekist students. The '*owszem*' politics of General Slawoj- Skladowski (the Polish internal affairs minister) and in the end – Hitler's coming to power in Germany, which augured frightening times for the Jewish people. So everyone got to thinking about what way a solution can be found for himself and the people. Many joined the *Halutz* movement, where one went through training and later had a chance to make *aliyah* to the Land of Israel. Others, by contrast, wanted to find a solution in the place they were, awaiting the world revolution. These ideas were seized upon by the masses and even penetrated into the pious ranks...

We became aware of a communist group by the following fact:

A few days before the election of 1932, near the police station they hung up a red flag. The local police were stood up. They searched and probed intensely to find out who had done this. One had no way of conceiving, that even in such a small *shtetl* there could be a secret communist organization. At the same time one became aware that a red flag was also hung out in Bilgoraj. There went from mouth-to-mouth, that one could find communist leaflets in the streets. The police did some things but to no avail.

This is the way it stood for two years – and nobody was detained.

The police want to uncover the sympathizers of the communist party very much. On a certain Saturday, when almost all of the young people were out for a stroll in the streets, suddenly police and secret agents appeared, arresting anyone that they put their hand on. It was dark in the *shtetl*. For everyone of us who was there, this Saturday was etched into our memories as the ‘Black Sabbath.’

There happened to be an itinerant peddler in the *shtetl* at that time, who was carrying for sale, prayer shawls phylacteries, *tzitzit*,³⁸ prayer books, etc. The parent literally besieged him and about the *tzitzit* from him, in order to show that the children were not guilty. They were all held till the following morning, on Sunday. Apart from five men, all were set free. The detained ones were brought before the law and received a variety of sentences, some were let go and today are found in Israel.

Alongside this, it needs to be recollected that the young people who were arrested kept their composure, not loosing at the tortures they had to withstand from the police, and they did not reveal their friends. In the time they sat in Jail, they learned a great deal and after being released free – again presented the communist activity, but all informed people situation from all sides. Accordingly many gave up their communist affiliation, during these years of the Second World War they were in Russia.

In the end, the *Halutz* movement took credit as the ones who had given the right way of life for the bewildered young people.

Also the ‘*Tze ‘Irei Agudat Israel*’ sent several young people for *Halutz* training, in order to be able to make *aliyah*. Regrettably, they received no certificates and therefor fell under the hegemony of the Hitlerist-Beast. By contrast, the pioneering movement sent many young people for training and after ending at the proper time (of two years) traveled off to the Land of Israel where they can be found to this day. Thanks to this, they were saved from the tragic fate which befell their brethren, who were not privileged enough to make *aliyah*.

Let it be said, that there were various circumstances when someone did have the possibility to make *aliyah* and to be resigned to remaining behind and settle down in Poland. By contrast, there were also instances when a part of the young people did everything, in order to make *aliyah* – and did not attain their goal.

The stream of emigration did not only go to the Land of Israel. The young people in the *shtetl* who did not see any success in those circumstances, were seized by the struggle to emigrate. There were instances, when American girls came into the *shtetl*, married a local young man and immediately left to travel across the sea. The girls gave the boys money, to enable them to emigrate to Argentina, Brazil and other lands. Later, as grown women, they traveled to their husbands.

Not everyone had the courage and means to tear themselves out of the small *shtetl*. A part of them found out a way out of the bad and insoluble situation by way of getting married, with the hope that

³⁸

Fringed garments worn by observant Jews who followed Scripture laws.

they will be able to satisfactorily live out the insecure situation, in the hope that they will be able to live out their lives comfortably in Poland. However, this, did not happen. All of them became victims of the gruesome fate that befell all of Polish Jewry.

A Wedding in the Shtetl

Young Jewish people in Frampol were sufficiently forward-looking and their conscience and literacy worked by themselves without any vigorous help. It was only in getting married, writing up the conditions of such a union, and to discuss possible matches – the larger portion of them followed the old traditional way of their parents. Certainly, in the *shtetl* their young people had their romances, and in Frampol there were ‘love affairs’ – but the loving couple has forgotten that ‘two dead people don’t go to dance.’... Because of the material circumstances of both, or one of the pair, one had to resign one’s self to a partnership in life. It was for this reason that the matchmaker played such a continuing role in bringing the ‘He’ and the ‘She’ from the *shtetl* itself, or from surrounding settlements.

Frampol would often visit candidates through matchmakers in Bilgoraj, Janow-Lubelski and other places. For every candidate, male or female, that they had to propose to go under the wedding canopy – was portrayed in the best possible light: a distinguished pedigree, money, beauty, a scholar or an observant Jewish daughter, gentle and refined. And the speaking of praise was poured out like peas.,,

If it was possible to convince both sides, the core being – the parents of the couple, then *Hol-HaMoed*³⁹ was the time to meet each other, carry out this first get-together, which meant – that we are journeying on an ‘in.’ And not only the future groom and bride traveled with their sets of parents, but the matchmakers in those days were busy with finalizing the matches that had already been talked about, and with the need to start anew. If the matchmaker succeeded, the family was called together, the essential paragraphs were written down, including all of the promises made (even those that were not possible to fulfill). Afterwards, plates were broken, a ‘*L’Chaim*’ was drunk, and a time set for writing the conditions of the marriage. This is the way every instance of ‘assuming obligation,’ or what was called a ‘*Vort*’ was ended.

For writing the conditions, one invited a larger circle of family, friends and acquaintances. And only the observant Jews did not forget their *Hasidim* from the *shtetl*, with whom they prayed together for an entire year. And to this *Mitzvah* repast, the Rabbi, Cantor and *Shokhet* were also invited. The festive occasion, accompanied by nice Jewish dances from the old archive, lasted until late in the night.

An incident occurred once, that Little Moshe’leh took a groom from Bilgoraj for his [daughter] Raizl, who was a student at the Yeshiva of *Khakhmei Lublin*. During the setting down of the conditions, the putative groom began to say an abstruse and sharp bit of casuistry, which went on literally to become a misfortune. It was not considered appropriate to cut him off, but the fear of having to sit for the entire night, moved the participating Rabbis from Bilgoraj to make a sign that

³⁹ Interim holidays for Passover and Sukkot where ritual was somewhat relaxed.

he should finish up. The young folk who, with open mouths were listening to the speech of the Yeshiva student, after the exposition was stopped were still swimming in the sea of the Talmud and thought some more about the talk, which was produced with such acuity... Later on when they engaged in a dance with such ardor, that all the weekly issues were forgotten instantly. The Holy Spirit rested on the face of the parents, indicating how privileged they were to be given to raise a child and he is at the threshold of getting married...

The reckoning came tomorrow. They had to begin getting ready to lay out the expense, clarify which tailor and seamstress were to be used to make the *'Wyprowa'* and at which storekeeper it is possible to get the merchandise and pay on time, what should the wedding gifts consist of, and finally, above all – how are the promises documented in the conditions in a moment of merriment and courage... to which the cost of a hall was not so great. The conclusion – was not an expensive one. They relied on the good heart of several Jewish people from Frampol, who had large and comfortable homes: Gershon Yeshay'eh Rosenberg, Mordechai-Joseph *Katzev* (Waldman), Joel-Ber Schneider, Yaakov-Leib Hochrad, and others. To do a *mitzvah*, they would turn over their houses to consummate a wedding ceremony.

Also relatives, neighbors and good friends, for a *mitzvah* took on the baking and cooking, focusing their activities around the wedding, as if it was their own party. This is the way it was done in Frampol: Every Jewish celebration was a matter done in partnership by the whole shtetl, because among the residents there, harmony, friendship and closeness generally prevailed. It appears to me that, in Frampol, they complied with the adage, *'And thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself'* was fulfilled in the right way. And every adult resident felt himself/herself to as a parent of the wedding couple would.

In the last week, the evening before the wedding, musicians from Bilgoraj were hired, and also the jester from there (incidentally, he is to be found in Haifa today). And since the groom was from Frampol, on the Sabbath he was honored with an *'Aufruf'* in the synagogue (a call to participate ritually in the reading of the Torah) or in the *Bet HaMedrash*. And from there – home to his parents for a *Kiddush*, where intense joy was expressed. After this came the row of his youthful comrades, the closest friends of the groom, so they could take possession of him. This was called *'foreplay.'* The groom was treated literally as royalty. Two of his very closest friends escorted him – one on the right side and one on the left side. The singing and happiness extended to the *Mincha* prayer. There was a custom that for *Mincha* the groom was led to the *Bet HaMedrash*, and one of the young people led the prayer for the congregation – which was a rarity here. Later on, the groom was led to his home and there they arranged for *Shaleshudes*⁴⁰ and a *Melave Malka*– and often this went on until dawn, and celebrated with a lifting of the soul.

As is known, by the ultra-orthodox Jews, it was taken that from the *Aufruf* until over the *Sheva Berachot*, the groom is not left alone, especially on the nights.

If the groom was from out of town, then on the day of the wedding he was waited for on the road the led to Frampol. It is self-evident the only his best friends went out to meet him. When the guest

⁴⁰

A Yiddish elision of the Hebrew *shalosh seudot*, meaning the third and final feast of the Sabbath.

appeared, after the celebratory greeting he was taken and seated in our wagon (from Frampol). More than once, it happened that the Christian wagon driver didn't want to let the groom off, unless he was compensated with a flask of whiskey.

The trip into town with the groom took place when there was already the sound of music and singing. Elderly Jews used to tell that at one time, with that type of groom, they would ride around the *Rathaus* seven times – but I do not remember such an occurrence in my time. When the guest was settled into his place of rest, the bride's parents came to receive him. Immediately after this the jester appeared with the musicians, who played the first march. All the observers suddenly became serious, that felt the elevation of the moment. Women let a tear fall, and the jester spoke and spoke, until he himself felt that he had reached the culmination point – and ordered a *freilach*⁴¹ to be played. The audience roused themselves again, and returned to the homey happy music.

Before nightfall, the bride was taken with a great parade through the important streets of the *shtetl*. Her friends mostly from the girls of the *shtetl* escorted the bride with happy and encouraging words, dancing and singing. At the time when the bride was marching in the street, the groom and his closest friends sat themselves around a table and made merry. The end of this was – the auction of the groom's *lekakh*⁴² with whiskey...

When the jester and the musicians returned from the bride, the merriment began around the groom. He was 'shown' and 'told' how to belong [to the group], and thereby did not forget the two youngsters who sat to his right and left side. Clearly, the talk was accompanied by many quotes of sayings by the *Khaza"l*⁴³. As the older guests came together to receive the couple, the groom was taken to the bride, a bit at a time over the entire street.

An especially serious moment came at the '*badeken*.' Here the jester shone and sparkled with his entire talent. His recitation of the names of the groom, the two sets of parents, accompanying people and just plain important guests, was interwoven with sayings from the Torah. He literally put up a whole structure and showed that he is sending the groom on the right path and will therefore never have any regrets. And then after more moving words of this kind – he again ordered the musicians to play a *freilach*...

I recollect such a wedding when I was a small child. The bride was an orphan and the groom's father – was American. He allowed himself [the luxury] of bringing the famous jester Shmuel 'Cholent' who with his words led to a number of women fainting away– and he had to stop spreading his witticisms. The bride and groom cried, and they were talked into accepting that this was their Yom Kippur which comes only once in a lifetime. That is why, at the *Mincha* service, everyone recited the '*Al Khet*' with the groom... as if it were the eve of *Yom Kippur*.

⁴¹ A lively and joyous dance.

⁴² A general word for a snack, or a bite.

⁴³ A Hebrew acronym for 'Our Sages, of Blessed Memory.'

The musicians stood ready outside and waited for them to lead the groom to the wedding canopy. Before donning the *kittl*⁴⁴, all the buttons were tied, even that of the cravat. Under the echoes of music, the groom was led to the synagogue, where the wedding canopy awaited him. The crowd accompanied the train with candles held in the hand and from all of the Jewish windows the light of candles also shone in celebration of the joyous event. In those times, the entire *shtetl* took part in the celebration.

When a wedding of this sort took place in the winter, people threw snow[balls], even coloring themselves – and people had white on their clothing and red-inflamed faces. It was not only once that the police had to intervene to enable the bride and groom to be able to reach the synagogue undisturbed.

For this reason earnestness and joy ruled at the wedding canopy. This was especially true with the appearance of the Rabbi *Gaon* R' Eliezer Sholom Feder with the grace of his appearance, and the participation of the 90 year-old Cantor, R' Shmuel Moshe Waldman, who had a long, white beard. Even the Poles who had come to see a Jewish wedding, and possibly make fun of it and laugh over the throwing of snowballs – also became more serious, when the ceremony of the canopy and recitation of blessing over the wine commenced. In general, all of this took place underneath the open sky. First, the groom was brought in, later – the bride, which lasted for several hours because of the marching in the streets with the musicians and dancing. After performing the canopy ritual in accordance with the law of Moses and Israel, the fortunate couple was escorted together for the entire way, dancing and opposite a large lamp in which a wick burned dipped in oil.

The crowd and the young couple would first arrive at the wedding at about midnight. The new couple was given something to taste (eat). After all, they had fasted a whole day... later the golden soup was served and all the guests seated themselves at the covered tables and the feast was initiated, which was accompanied by rhymes and witticisms from the jester and music from the musicians.

The *drasha-geshank* was no small experience. This was done as follows in order not to injure or insult anyone's gift if it was not adequate. At a Jewish wedding like this in Frampol, there was no lack of a little *mitzvah-dance*. And then there was a whole order of dances – *Hasidic*, dances for common folks, carried out by specialists, to which R' Boruch-Moshe Dreszer ר"ב belonged, who never missed a wedding, in order to enliven, for a *mitzvah*, the bride and groom and the guests. He was already about seventy years old and with great temperament and skill danced several dances.

The ardor grew, and nobody noticed how the bride and groom were stealthily taken out of the room, and taken to the '*gefeert laygn*.' Nobody felt the late night hours, despite the stress and tension of the entire day. Only first, when the musicians played a special song and melody, 'all of you have a good night,' were they reminded that dawn had begun to break. The crowd dispersed being both happy and satisfied.

The Jewish Bank

⁴⁴ A white overgarment worn by the groom, in this case.

Frampol had a reputation in the entire vicinity with its nice environment, with a generation of *Hasidim* with few *Mitnagdim*, with two ritual slaughterers R' Leibl and R' Yaakov Baruch ש"כ and the Rabbi, the *Gaon* R' Eliezer Sholom Feder ר"ז, whose blessing on a slaughtering instance was the best in the entire vicinity: [it had] *balebatim* who every early morning and evening would come to the Great *Bet HaMedrash* to study. But it was only one thing in which the shtetl had no luck – making a living.

In a word – it was a shtetl in poverty. The reason was as follows – which no one could declare. Apart from the peasantry which came to the Frampol fairs, merchants came traveling from Bilgoraj, Janow, Szczebrzeszyn, Zamość and other places – all of them did indeed make a living from this. It was only the Frampol Jews that had no luck. The egg exporters from Bilgoraj bought there merchandise at the Frampol fairs, and became wealthy from it. By contrast, the Frampol Jews barely made enough to live through the day. The Bilgoraj merchants from Pakula, Lyenen and Konopiankowa had to buy these goods from us, which were of a better quality, in order to mix them with theirs, which suffered from a bizarre color. It was only by this that they earned a significant amount of money. And the Jews of Frampol? They barely got along. The same was true – with the commerce in grain, leather, manufacture and clothing store operation, which was almost not sold in our stores, but only by itinerant village peddlers, which was exchanged with the peasantry for [agricultural] products. Either that, or at fairs held in the surrounding towns (Monday – by us, Tuesday in Szczebrzeszyn, Wednesday – in Goraj, Thursday – in Bilgoraj), In the years 1928-1929, a crisis broke in the branches, and they began to go bankrupt. One got 'straightened out' immediately with the larger merchants. Part of them actually became quite rich. However, with the smaller ones, there was no rush to get 'straightened out.' – and they became even more miserly than they used to be.

Additionally a difficult problem was encountered with paying bills, which were sent into Frampol by mail. For the smallest delay or oversight, the bill was submitted for protest, because the post office undertook this infrequently, which poorer Jewish merchant had to additionally pay a few Zlotys into the protest-box.

It was very difficult to obtain a charitable loan, because as mentioned the poor people did not have, and the wealthy – were in no rush to give. Let us mention here the *balebatim* R' Moshe Steinberg, R' Yaakov Frampoler (Yoss'keh), R' Mikhal Frieling, etc., who always had an open door and open hands. They got more than one Jewish man back on his feet with their loans.

The one Polish bank in the *shtetl* (Casa Stepczyka) Did not take any Jewish customers. The few Jews who did belong to the bank, for example, my father ר"ז, very rarely took out a loan, which was tantamount to the parting of the Red Sea. It was this that ripened the thought that we should found a Jewish bank, which would solve the vexing problem of credit.

In 1930, a group of crazies (that's what they called us): R' Shmuel Joseph Kestenbaum, R' Chaim Yehuda Harman, R' Yitzhak Steinberg, and my father, took on the initiative to found such an institution. After taking counsel, we wrote to Warsaw, to the central [office] of the Jewish Cooperative Bank and immediately received instructions and formulas, as well as the first 5,000 Zlotys for startup capital from them. At the founding gathering, with the participation of a leader from the Central Office, a management team was elected with a Council. It was with great difficulty

that we were able to generate the required number of participants, because the first deposit of 10 Zlotys, could not be gotten to become a 'member' of the bank. Again, the wealthy did not need such an institution. But when it was seen that the bank is giving out loans of 100 Zlotys, to be paid back over a year's time, the number of new members began to rise from day-to-day. A number also pained in deposits for their wives – and in this way, got another loan.

At first, we had to get professional help from a chief-accountant, who came from Bilgoraj once a week, and did the books. Additionally, the elected bank management – Chaim-Yehuda Harman (later on became the chief-accountant), my brother Joseph Lichtfeld and R' Yitzhak Steinberg – were able to carry on the daily work on their own.

Some time later, we received an additional 5,000 Zlotys from the Central Office and later – an additional 10, 000 Zlotys. This enabled the bank to issue loans up to 300 Zlotys, for a deposit – a sum, which was at that time considered substantive. Also the wholesale merchants from Lublin and Warsaw began to use the bank to cash checks from the Frampol merchants, in place of, up till now – mailing them. First of all, they were interested that the checks should be paid – and not be turned over to protest. The bank, from its side, by a variety of easements was already looking after, that even after the term, that checks were not sent to protest. The gentlemen of the bank – Jews with warm hearts, didn't want that the poor merchants and craftsmen should suffer any harms from the protests. They forgot that a bank, as a financial institution with statutes and laws, assume the specific and the general – and was not a *shtetl* of the *Hasidim*, where sentiments are taken into account. If the term passed, and the bill did not go to protest – nobody was in any hurry to pay. This was the beginning of the end. The wholesale merchants looked around and saw that they neither get the protested bills back, nor any money. Accordingly, they stopped sending bills to be deposited. Also, the Central Office found out about this, and stopped issuing credit. The Jewish Bank of Frampol suddenly found itself on the blacklist.

The final death blow was dealt to the bank by an incident, which had no comparable thing happen in any bank. In 1935 a school was being built in Frampol. Its director, H. Dombrowski (a Pole) was really fond of all money operations and processing bills through our bank, like other Polish merchants, for whom the 'Casa Stepczyka' was not convenient. One time, he came to ask for cashing of a bill for 1,000 Zlotys, which he was not currently in a position to pay. Since he enjoyed complete trust in the *shtetl*, they issued the bill. On the following day, he shot himself. Understandably, since this bill was not paid, and the bank was lending out other monies, in order to cover the damage. When the Central Office found out about this incident, it approached the bank to liquidate it. This took place at the end of 1935.

And so, this is how a useful Jewish institution went under, which called itself '*Spoldzienia Kredytowo- Pozhitzkowa v Frampol*,' where committed individuals put in a lot of energy and work.

A long time after this, the Jews missed the bank, which because of human soft-heartedness and light oversight – had been liquidated.

The Gemilut-Hasadim Bank

Parallel with the cooperative bank, a group of general activists (my father Abraham Eliezer Lichtfeld, R' Shmuel Joseph Kestenbaum, R' Yaakov Frampoler, R' Michael Frieling, R' Yaakov Baruch שו"ב, began to organize, using other cities and towns as models, an interest-free *Gemilut-Hasadim* Bank, which should assist poor Jews to get back on their feet with the help of long-term loans for minimal interest.

In the year 1930-31 the first gathering for the foundation of such an institution was held, with the participation of about forty Jews. They elected a management, where the separate branches were represented, as well as – the [political] parties. They began to establish this institution in harmony and concomitant effort. First of all, we approached the Central Office of the *Gemilut-Hasadim* Bank in Warsaw, from whom we immediately received the first 500 Zlotys. Also, the 'Joint' periodically sent money to the Frampol Jews in America, who sent in a couple of hundred dollars every year for *Maot-Khitim*⁴⁵. In that, we already knew we would also be able to add another 100 dollars to the bank. Only members could obtain loans, who had made a deposit of 2 Zlotys and later added up to 5 Zlotys. There was a minimal amount of membership dues: 5 Groschen a week. The first loans were very small: 25 Zlotys, to be paid out over 25 weeks. At the beginning, the people related to the bank with a lack of trust. But when they saw that loans are actually being given, the people began to come into the bank *en masse*. In the year of 1935, it counted 500 members (practically all of the Frampol *balebatim*) with seed capital of 2,500 Zlotys. With the steady influx of money coming from the American *landsleit*, and from the 'Joint', the bank, in a short time, there was 10,000 Zlotys on hand. For a small shtetl like Frampol, this was a huge amount of money. It had become possible to give larger loans, up to 100 Zlotys, payable over a year, paying two Zlotys a week. But the bank did not only help for productive purposes. Also, when someone fell ill and had need for a doctor, of which there were still none in the shtetl, he had to be brought from Bilgoraj, or Janow, and in this the bank helped. After returning to health, such a Jewish person would pay back the money with thanks.

The number of members grew with every gathering, as well as the number of members of the management and also– the disputes between the [political] parties. But withing the management, the elected representatives were able to successfully lead the bank, and it was not a single Jewish family in Frampol that had the bank to thank for its sustenance.

Linat HaTzedek

Thanks to the initiative of a group of craftsmen, the very needed institution of *Linat HaTzedek* was renewed. With its activity, it rescued not only one poor Jewish life and restored to health not only one breadwinner of a family.

Among others, that I remember, the chief organizer was Kalman-Yokk'l's Weinman, who took upon himself the most difficult work of gathering membership dues, from those who had committed in accordance with their capacity: they sent guardians to spend the night with the sick, and permitted the exhausted and worried family members to get a night's sleep, bought and had sent in good things for the sick, so that they get their strength restored: they worked out a discount of 25% at the pharmacy for those, who brought prescriptions signed by the group: to take the sick individual to the

⁴⁵ Monies from charitable donations made at Passover time, to support the needy in the community.

hospital, with the approval of the *Gmina* (up to 1935, the *Gmina* did not have a Jewish representative, and ceased sending sick Jews to the hospital): transfer the poor sick person to a doctor, of which there were none in Frampol.

This is not to discount the deep concern and great material and moral support, that Linat HaTzedek provided to the poor sick and the colossal difficulties, that the initiators had in fulfilling their objective.

The arrival and settling of the young Jewish doctor Fliskin (in the year 1936) created a change for the good. At the beginning, the *shtetl* thought that he will cleave more to the Christians and keep the Jews at a distance. But as it later was seen, he was a person with a warm Jewish heart and a proud Jew, and spent his time only in Jewish society. He would stroll around the *shtetl* and openly looked into '*Heint*': he also came into the library: he took an active part in the Zionist organization; visited ordinary Jewish houses, particularly when he needed to be there. When he was needed, he took no money from the sick to whom *Linat HaTzedek* sent him, but rather he would silently leave a coin, when he saw the sad condition of the sick person. He did not take into account the intent of the Polish community, where the anti-Semitism was widely spread, since this could damage his career and earnings, when they made him a significant citizen – it doesn't matter, if they simply need me... and effectively: he was the only and accepted doctor in the entire area. I recall the fact when the Frampol Jews organized a protest meeting against the Pszytyk pogrom, he then stepped out proudly in the Great *Bet HaMedrash*, and organized a strike for limiting the businesses to a half day and personally did not attend to the sick who traveled in to see him from the surrounding villages, until the strike ended. Because of this, he had to withstand chicanery and open attacks from the Polish populace – but he proudly overcame it.

Under his leadership the *Hevra Linat HaTzedek* developed and carried out a hearty level of activity – until *The End*⁴⁶ came.

The Visit of the Rebbe of Lublin

In the days after *Sukkot* in the year 1935, the whole *shtetl* thought about the impending winter and the need to provision wood for the cold days and nights: about replacing and getting a new pair of boots to withstand the muds that would form in the *shtetl*, and about traveling to the fairs, which continued until after the Christian holidays... Suddenly an idea spread about that allowed one to forget all worries and troubles: The *Rebbe* of Lublin, R' Moshe'leh Twersky, is coming to Frampol, not for every normal visit he might make. No, this time, it concerned the wedding of the *Rebbe*'s son (I think that his name was R' Yokhan'chah) to the daughter of the *Rebbe* of Belz.

The *shtetl Hasidim* of the *Rebbe* of Lublin – R' Shmuel Joseph Kestenbaum, Maness (Itchah'leh), R' Abraham-Eliezer Lichtfeld and others, began to put together a list of *balebatim*, who will have to donate something for the wedding. The *Rebbe* of Lublin was thought to be very poor and Frampol wanted to present to him a bit of pleasure, and prepare a nice present for the wedding. And so, the Jews who were tapped for money began to bargain amongst themselves about the level of spending,

⁴⁶ One of many euphemisms for the Holocaust.

exactly like it was done by other community donations (blessing the *Etrog*, remodeling the synagogue, etc.). Everyone of them complained that he was being levied for too much, and they were in no condition to pay such a large donation. But R' Shmuel-Joseph did not want to hear and talk about easements. His argument was that money never interested the *Rebbe*, therefore we have to permit him to offer his son with a generous hand. R' Yehoshua Levinger ז"י argued most vociferously, what a truth – not a rich *Hasid*. He promised that for the *Rebbe* himself, he will donate the 10 Zlotys with which he was being asked for.

Despite all of these contentions, the entire *shtetl* waited for the formal reception of the *Rebbe*. R' Shmuel Joseph began to prepare the large rooms, where the *Rebbe* had a 'franchise' to occupy. The Cantor, R' Leibl ז"ב composed new melodies for '*Lekha Dodi*,' '*Mi SheBerakh*,' and '*HaMavdil*.' Because they also expected traveling guests from the nearby towns (Bilgoraj, Janow, and Turobin) the people of Frampol prepared lodging facilities for them. They waited a whole week in a state of tension for the arrival of the important guests.

On Thursday afternoon two fully-packed big wagons left for the train station at Zwiecznec, where the *Rebbe* had to arrive. At the house of R' Shmuel-Joseph, a mass of *Hasidim* awaited [the arrival of] the *Rebbe* consisting of those who could not get onto the wagons, and those who did not have the half-Zloty to pay for the ride to the train. With kerchiefs on their heads, the women, with the greatest of respect, also waited for the important guest, at the time that the children buzzed like bees and wandered about on foot.

In the end the *Rebbe* arrived. The crowd greeted him with great warmth. He was helped to disembark from the train with great respect, and taken into the house, took off his boots, and rubbed his frozen feet with snow. After letting him warm up and allow him to eat a bit, they began to let the crowd in to greet the *Rebbe* with '*Shalom*.' Several had already cocked an ear to hear how R' Yehoshua Levinger will request 10 Zlotys from the *Rebbe*. How overwhelmed everyone became, when R' Yehoshua came out of there beaming, happy, and declared before everyone, if he had been received again with this reception – he would have also paid. That is how inspired he was by the *Rebbe*...

The whole night from Thursday to Friday everyone got ready to receive the Sabbath. R' Pesach Becker baked a big round bread, as well as 12 smaller such breads. Leah'cheh Shmuel-Joseph's with the other women prepared the fat *kugels* – and thereby offered that their *kugel* will be the finest one. Both slaughterers – R' Yaakov Boruch and R' Leibl, after showing the chosen stock to the *Rebbe*, went off to slaughter them in respect for the Sabbath.

Because of this, almost in every Jewish home, *Hasidim*, from the surrounding towns, were put up, and without any doubt had to prepare a Sabbath fit for a King, even if the donating guest was a miser on seven sides. Especially, they did not want to be embarrassed by the wealthy Bilgoraj people who had traveled here, especially those from Frampol, who upon arriving in Bilgoraj, were also accepted in their houses...

The entire *shtetl* spun like they were on wheels. Every Friday, the stores were closed earlier. Everyone hurried to the bath house, changed their clothing, and snatched a good place in the *Bet HaMedrash*. The non-religious also knew that the *Rebbe* would be escorted to participate in welcoming the Sabbath in the early evening hours, and it is not appropriate that he should have to

pass by open businesses. The *Rebbe* led the *Mincha* service from the stand with great ardor, and R' Leibl *Shokhet* welcomed the Sabbath and produced a sort of 'concert,' with his sweet voice, to the point that the entire assembly went into ecstasy, despite the fact that they heard him pray all year long. One did not even feel, that this time, the Friday-Night Service had gone on until late in the night...

The speed with which people went home was great, in order to eat more quickly and see everyone coming to the *Rebbe's Tisch* to hear his Torah. Most of all, these speedy people want to be among those nearest to the *Rebbe's Tisch* and not lose even so much as a word of his casuistry and question, and later at home, repeat his oration.

The culmination-point was reached on Saturday before nightfall, at the time of *Shalehshudes*, or as the *Hasidim* called it: *Rava D' Rava* in the Great *Bet Hamedrash*, squeezed into the darkness of twilight, the local and out-of-town *Hasidim* piled on each other like herring. The songs of Leibl *Shokhet* echoed far away over the *shtetl* and awakened the sleeping gentile streets. The Poles also went out of their houses, drew close to the *Bet HaMedrash* and said to one another:

– Rabbin Psziechol ..(The *Rebbe* has arrived...) .

The Rabbi *Gaon* R' Eliezer-Sholom Feder, the Rabbi of Frampol, himself a *Mitnaged*⁴⁷, also came to the *Bet HaMedrash* for *Shalehshudes*, and seated himself at the right hand of the *Rebbe*. At *Havdalah*⁴⁸ the line became a risky one, because everyone wanted to immediately put out the candle flame after the *Rebbe* put his finger in the fiery drink and smear his eyes as an omen for good luck... It became dangerous to life – until the little flame was extinguished. Afterward R' Leibl performed the '*HaMavdil*' so as to split the heavens open... The *Rebbe* was then escorted back to R' Shmuel-Joseph's lodging, with song and dance.

It was like this – for a whole week. Between afternoon and evening prayers the crowd assembled itself at the *Rebbe's*, and with ardor listened to his Torah lecture, swallowing every word. When the *Rebbe* would conclude with the '*uVah leTzion*' prayer – the entranced crowd suddenly shouted out a loud '*Amen!*' On the last night before the *Rebbe's* departure, a great feast was organized. This was the time when people began to write a *kvittl* to the *Rebbe* – and seeing that there was no lack of troubles for the Jews at that time, every Jew that left the *Rebbe's* room, manifested tears in the eyes. Some from being moved, some from solace, and those out of sheer hopelessness... It is clear, that each and every person had to pay for such a visit to the *Rebbe*, in accordance with a special levy (apart from the prior one, to take in the important guest). But this time everyone willingly paid, even the non-believers or the minimal *Hasidim*.

In the morning, the entire congregation came to say farewell to the *Rebbe*. The *Rebbe* himself stood

⁴⁷ From the Hebrew word for someone who 'opposes.' It is used to indicate a Jewish person who does not accept the onus of being a *Hasid*, and does not accept the sacredness of any designated *Rebbe*.

⁴⁸ The ritual ceremony used to designate the end of a holy period and the resumption of something else.

up in the wagon and with hands spread out, he blessed the *shtetl* on all four sides. The women, covered with their shawls, wiped their eyes, groaned quietly, and prayed that a morsel of the blessing by the *Tzaddik* will fall on them..

The horses gave a pull – and in an auspicious hour, the *Rebbe* rode away from Frampol, escorted by three large wagons, fully-packed with *Hasidim*. The *shtetl* returned to its previous gray life, with the day-to-day worries and troubles.

The Death of the Rabbi of Frampol

Frampol talked for a long time about the visit of the ‘Lubliner’. Thereby there was a vigorous discussion: How much money did the *Rebbe* take out of the *shtetl*? One said: 12 hundred Zlotys. Then a second person swore that it was not less than 2 thousand. They then found a real witness, who actually saw how the *Shammes* mailed off thousands of Zlotys. He only added that this must have been together with the total sum, that the *Rebbe* made in a second *shtetl* on the eve of his arrival in Frampol.

All of these rumors and talk reached our homey Rabbi *Gaon* R’ Eliezer-Sholom Feder ש"ק, one of the great scholars of that generation, among the Rabbis of Poland. But he was a *Mitnaged* and added to that, a significant pauper. Without inviting the *Evil Eye*, into his house he had many children from his first and second wives. Among them – already grown up, ready to go under the wedding canopy. Especially since he should have done this long ago, the oldest Elka, who additionally was sick. But the Rabbi could not help himself, because he was missing – a dowry of 200 dollars. The Rabbi had a great deal of aggravation from this. I remember, that using his last of his *Groschen*, he bought himself a ‘quarter’ of a lottery ticket, hoping to win – and in this way toss a stone off of his heart, which tortured him because of Elka. I know for sure, that on the day of the drawing the Rabbi fasted, complaining to the heavens and only prayed that he should be privileged to marry off his sick daughter...

The fact that the Lublin *Rebbe* was rewarded lavishly, caused the Frampol Rabbi much sorrow. He estimated that, for the money the Lublin *Rebbe* took out of Frampol, he would certainly have been able to marry off two daughters.

Once, on a Monday market day, when the *Rebbe* would, as was his custom, circulate in the *Bet HaMedrash*, dressed in a simple prayer shawl, in order to gather donations for charity for the needy – so everyone gave him something generously, since the Frampol Rabbi had earned it. Except for a young man, who happened to be a businessman, and it was said of him, that he had given the Lublin Rabbi 40 Zlotys – and he gave our Rabbi 5 Groschen. The Frampol [Rabbi] took the donation and was silent. After the market, the same young man came to a Rabbinical Court before the Rabbi, in order to acquire other merchandise. Even before hearing the complaints, the Rabbi asked the young man:

– For your Rabbi you had enough to give him 40 Zlotys and you have the nerve to give me only 5 Groschen. When have you become so knowledgeable and not know how great your *Rebbe* is?!

And for this, the Rabbi made use of such expressions, that certainly were not appropriate for his

dignity and position. It can be that someone else would have kept quiet, but the young man left the Rabbi, and was aggravated and seething, and went off to the *Hasidim* of Lublin to tell them this story. It spread through the *shtetl* like a fire. The Lublin Rabbi was not told of this incident, but his brother, a *Dayan* of Warsaw, R' Nahum'chah ז"ר found out about everything. At a clandestine meeting of the leading thinkers from the Lublin and Warsaw *Hasidim*, it was decided to draw up a letter of excommunication, that all of them would sign, with the responsibility to no longer use the Frampol Rabbi as a *Sandek*⁴⁹, for a *Din-Torah*, arranging a wedding, and other issues. First, the more prominent Jews signed the letter, among them – also Chaim-Yehuda Harman, who happened to be close to the Rabbi. They – the Jews of an entire year, plain people, people who prayed in the *shtetl* and those who studied in the *Bet HaMedrash*, who at that time did not associate themselves with the fatal results of such an undertaking.

The *shtetl* divided itself into two camps. The tailors, shoemakers, wagon drivers, and the poorer people – were in favor of the Frampol Rabbi. Their argument was, seeing that the Frampol Rabbi who was personally a Great Scholar, and doesn't have the means to even get through one day, apparently large sums of money can be found for the *Rebbe* of Lublin. The opposing side didn't have anything special to say about the Frampol Rabbi, and so they intensely praised the Lublin *Rebbe* – and didn't conceive of rescinding the excommunication.

With good fortune, a little boy was born to [the family of] R' Pin'chah. The circumcision happened to fall exactly on the Sabbath. The *shtetl* was all excited at the time, because the *Hasidim* had just now first saw that in reality, they were unable to proceed without their Rabbi. Apart from this, everyone knew that the Frampol [Rabbi] is a great *Tzaddik*, and it wasn't worth starting up with him. It was discussed that those who had gotten enmeshed with him – have failed. But the greatest compassion was reserved for R' Pin'chah. He wandered around for a whole week without his mind. He correctly regretted his handling and not only once did ask of others: 'Why did I have to earn this?' The stubborn *Hasidim* sent a card on his behalf to the *Rebbe* of Warsaw and asked of him what they should do in such an instance. They waited for a rapid response in tension and impatience – but it appears that the mail was in no hurry – and up to the Sabbath there was no reply. The plight became unbearable.

On the Eve of Sabbath, the upper crust of the *Hasidim* met once again and decided that R' Pin'chah is not calling the Rabbi to the circumcision ritual, in order not to give him the honor of being the *Sandek* – and if anything else, let us see. The assembly impatiently waited for the Sabbath day [to begin]. Only one person did not get mixed up in this issue: The Rabbi of Frampol. In the days and nights of this roiling, he was later and at midnight still by his oil lamp studying, not with him, they meant...

On the Sabbath, the tension became acute. Since no one knew the final decision of the Frampol Rabbi, in any case, they arranged for a second *Sandek* – R' Shmuel-Joseph. It was only first after the completion of prayers in the Great *Bet HaMedrash*, did the Rabbi approach the *Shammes* and said loudly.

⁴⁹ An honorific for someone accorded the honor of holding the male child during the ritual of circumcision.

– R' Yekhezkiel, take the prayer shawl – we are going to the circumcision ritual uninvited... The assembly was left as if electrocuted, but after the first impression, everyone was seized by a joy. Even the opposition did not dare to open a mouth. In the end the authority of the Rabbi was great. When he and the *Shammes* entered the house where the circumcision was to be performed, the *Hasidim* who had gathered already were sitting around the tables waiting for a miracle... After the Rabbi said '*Gut Shabbes*,' everyone stood up from their places and replied to him joyously. Suddenly, one heard the Rabbi's firm voice:

– I would like to see who will have the nerve to deny me being the *Sandek*. This is mine according to Rabbinical writings.

A deathly silence reigned over everyone. The Rabbi then sat down on the *Seat of Elijah*⁵⁰ and the child to be circumcised was brought forward. Afterwards, he took off the prayer shawl and called out:

– R' Yekhezkiel *Shammes*, we are going home.

The host of the ceremony, was frightened and lost. R' Pin'cheh approached the Rabbi and began to plead with him, that he should remain and partake in the festivities, make *Kiddush* and enjoy himself. However, the Rabbi answered thus:

How can you invite me to a circumcision, if you signed the excommunication letter? However, the role of a *Sandek* is mine – and no one has the right and force to take it away from me.

And with a loud '*A Gutn Shabbes*' he kissed the *mezuzah* and left the house, leaving everyone in an oppressed state of mind.

This is how the first chapter of this conflict was resolved.

Immediately afterwards, fresh quarrels broke out in the *shtetl*, and led to the second, and last, chapter of this emotional state of mind.

Being quite impoverished, but a bigger spender, the Rabbi would often stroll to get fresh air, the point being – it was for his weakened state. The walks around the *shtetl* were accompanied with visits to the orchards of the Polish people, where no Jew was permitted ingress, in general, but out of respect for the clerical individual, they looked upon it as a privilege, that the '*Rabbin*' comes into the orchard. And sits down with some of his clothing off, and in his weak Polish, supplemented by hand-waving, he made them understand what he meant to say. It looks like the Rabbi told of his plight in the *shtetl* to the Pole Pawel Kapyca, and this gentile went to the *Bet HaMedrash* and up on the podium and said the following to a stunned audience:

– *Ponowia Starazakongy!* As I have understood from the Rabbi's words, [a person] who we Poles hold very dear, lives in a condition of financial distress all this time. How is it that you are not ashamed to let such a great Rabbi go hungry? Instead, look at the way our *Ksziondz* (Priest) lives.

⁵⁰

The name of the chair in which the *Sandek* sits, while holding the child during circumcision.

He lacks for nothing. In short, I say to you: if you will not improve the situation of your Rabbin and raise his salary, we, your Christian neighbors will get involved...

You understand that the congregation was moved by such a speech, and especially from a person, that no one thought would intervene in such issues. He was promised we would do something, but I do not remember if they kept their word...

You need to be aware that the principal reason for the Rabbi's poverty was his modesty and honesty, not given to flattery, even to the richest of men. He told everyone the truth right to their faces. This kind of posture, and additionally being a *Mitnaged* Rabbi in a *Hasidic shtetl* led to the fact that his income got smaller from year to year.

Regarding his integrity it is worth relating the following occurrence:

R' Nathan Hersh-Mendl's arrange a marriage for his son, Yekhezkiel with a relative of a rich childless Jewish man in Janow-Lubelski. A time later, R' Nathan called the young lady to the Frampol Rabbi, in order to nullify the wedding commitment. After hearing from both sides, the Rabbi issued a pardon to Yekhezkiel not to make the wedding. The pleased father, upon leaving, handed the Rabbi 10 Zlotys for his ruling, which in those days was a significant amount of money. It appears that the nullification of the marriage to one of his relatives did not sit right with the wealthy man from Janow. He came to Frampol, went into the Rabbi and shouted:

– Can it be for a mere 10 Zlotys one issues a nullification?

The Rabbi didn't answer a word – but immediately sent Yekhezkiel the *Shammes* to call R' Nathan and in contrast to the rich man, he asked:

– Please tell us how much you gave me for the nullification!

The other did not have to think for very long, and he answered:

– Ten Zlotys...

The Rabbi strongly ordered the *Rebbetzin* to give him back the money. The *Rebbetzin* did not want to hear of it. Additionally, her argument was that the ten-spot had already long been out of the house. However, the Rabbi reminded her that only yesterday, he gave her the same sum, which he had received from a paid out loan – and emphatically demanded to give back the money already, despite the *Rebbetzin*'s protests, and she will no longer go to buy in the stores where she owed so much. After a long period of waiting, the Rabbi got back the money and immediately gave it to R' Nathan:

– Here, you have your money back, that you gave to me for the ruling, but the nullification still stands as a nullification – at my responsibility.

And turning the rich man, he asked him:

– What do you say now?

Out of shame, the man from Janow could not look the Rabbi in the eyes. Embarrassed, he left the house of the *Bet-Din*.

This incident was discussed at great length in the *shtetl* and in the entire vicinity. It was because of this, that people were certain, that his approval of a slaughtering or regarding kashrut was 100% correct, because he took no money for such acts, despite the fact that other Rabbis insisted on a payment of 100 Zlotys. However, because of this, the Frampol (Rabbi) would separate the minds from the bones, of the candidates for ordination, exhausting them with questions, and demanded that they study day and night. The same occurred with the grandson of R' Leibl *Shokhet*, Pinchas, who learned the art of slaughtering from his grandfather, and wanted to receive [a Rabbinical] certification. He tested him for full days and nights – until the tragic day of *Shavuot*.

This was the first day of the Holiday of The Giving of the Torah, on a Wednesday after prayers in the *Great Bet HaMedrash*, in which he led services, the Rabbi went to his home, ate as a holiday-style feast, and after ending it – Pinchas arrived to be further examined. Both of them exited to take a stroll, but no sooner had the Rabbi stepped over the threshold of his house, he fell with a shout of 'Pinch, I don't feel well' – and died right there. A panic broke out in the *shtetl* and everyone ran to the place of the misfortune. I was still able to see the form of the Rabbi stretched out on the ground, still dressed in his Holiday finery, his *shtrymel* laying to the side. There was no movement from his eyes that were still open, and no movement from the interrupted body/

The alarmed Dr. Fliskin simply confirmed the death.

Since it was still a Holiday, and no Jew moved himself to leave the *shtetl*, the news traveled with lightning speed throughout the entire vicinity – and nobody knows how. The Rabbi of Bilgoraj, R' Mottl'eh Rokeach ז"ל already knew to order a peasant that the Rabbi should not be buried until Friday, after the Holiday.

The elderly R' Leibl ז"ל, after hearing this terrible news called out while crying:

–A cedar has fallen in Lebanon... the world will now learn who this Jewish man was.

A feeling of regret took hold of the *shtetl*, especially the *Hasidim*, Who in their time had signed the excommunication letter. They went about in a state of confusion, half-ashamed, with lowered heads, thinking of themselves as those directly responsible for the Rabbi's death. My father ז"ל was strongly taken aback, and made nervous. He avoided the glances of others. However, as the head of the *Hevra Kadisha* he quickly got a hold of himself, and ordered a guard to be placed by the deceased made up only of members of the *Hevra*. Others, yet again, sat themselves near the deceased and recited *Tehilim* or studied a chapter of the *Mishna*, in order to somewhat assuage their stormy consciousness.

Wanting to place a book under his head, I found an apt statement on the frontispiece in the *Holy Tongue*. 'My good friend R' Feivusz Sokolover sickened. I went to visit him, but his condition was serious. I wished him a speedy return to health and I made an agreement with him: Whoever of the two of us should depart this world first, will come to tell the second one what goes on there. After

a short time, my friend passed away. We mourned him according to custom and buried him with respect. When he appeared in a dream to me afterwards, I asked him: *Nu, R' Feivusz!* What do you hear in the *World of Truth*? He answered me – Rabbi of Frampol, it is bad. They give you no rest. I asked him: But do they not say in our world, that whoever goes to the Rabbi in the *World of Judgement*, he can help a person in the World to Come. He answered me: Rabbi of Frampol, you should not believe this. He who comes without having fulfilled *mitzvot* and performed good deeds, no one can help such a person in the *World on High*. When I woke up, the dawn was breaking through the window (it seems that in doing so, the Rabbi was designating the dream as true, because then it was believed that whoever dreams before the dawn – is right). Accordingly, I warn everyone of the [people of] Israel to do only *mitzvot* and good deeds and to engage in the learning of the Torah, because that is the only thing that can save us from a sentence to *Gehenna...*'

It was only now that we began to understand the greatness of our Rabbi. Personally, he placed no faith in any *Rebbe*, but for his entire life he focused on fulfilling the *mitzvot* of the *Torah*, and believed in giving charity and in doing good deeds.

At dawn on Friday, the Rabbis and pious Jews of the surrounding towns came traveling – and we went right to work. First of all, we established a *Bet-Din* of three, consisting of the Rabbis from Bilgoraj, Szczepieszyn and Goraj. They needed to engage in fulfilling the will of the deceased, which had been written down 25 years ago and amended from time-to-time with a variety of additions. The principal points of the will were the following:

- A) The *Rebbetzin* and his children were not to escort his remains after the funeral.
- B) The purification of his remains is to be done in our *Mikva*, which was filled with our water, taken directly from the source of living water.
- C) There should be no eulogy said.
- D) During the funeral, he should be cast off his bed.

After acquainting themselves with the contents of the will, the *Bet-Din* ruled as follows:

- A) The children should not accompany the funeral.
- B) It was not possible to carry out the purification in the *Mikva*, because the source of the water cannot be drawn out. Therefore, there is a danger that from then on the women will be afraid to take ablutions there.
- C) Because it was *Isru-Chag*, it is prohibited from saying any eulogies.
- D) It is not possible to dignify the deceased and throw him off his bed – this would be a great desecration of the dead, for such a Great Member of his generation. They will stop their procession several times, in order that his wish be fulfilled.

The real battle then spread throughout the *shtetl*: Who shall inherit the Rabbi's mantle? The *Hasidim*, wishing to set right their misdeeds against the Rabbi, by ameliorating their misdeeds against the Rabbi during his life, demanded of the *Bet-din* that the Rabbinical chair should be inherited by Elka – the oldest daughter of the deceased who is going to marry a Rabbi. Opposite this, his son, Yeshayeh'leh stubbornly demanded this position for himself. But he did not have many supporters, because being born and raised in Frampol the community was aware of all his virtues,

but more importantly – all of his shortcomings. He was suspect, that he had, God forbid, ‘was swayed by the telling’ because several years previously he had traveled off to Warsaw, to Hillel Zeitlin and took to writing Hebrew poems. Later on, this suspicion was confirmed, because in two articles in the ‘Moment’ Hillel Zeitlin took on the argument from R’ Yeshayeh’leh writing in the title: ‘Jews of Frampol, why are you torturing you own young Rabbi?’

In the house of R’ Dov Berisz Dunbart, where the *Bet-Din* sat, there was a great deal of confusion. After long episodes, the Rabbis who had come together, in the end, ruled that Elka will take over the rabbinical chair and they began getting ready for the funeral.

I will never forget the terrifying weeping and the heartrending wailing that tore themselves out of everyone, whe the *Bet-Din Senior*, the Rabbi of Bilgoraj, R’ Mottl’eh Rokeach who pushed himself through the crowd with much energy, and approached the deceased on the side nearest his head, and put his cane on the deceased and called out:

– Rabbi of Frampol! I, the Rabbis of Szczebrzeszyn and Goraj, the *Bet-Din*, decree on you to forgive all of those who transgressed against you in life, and signed the excommunication letter. They stand here now, and regret [what they had done]...

With bowed heads and weeping spasmodically everyone of the signatories went to the deceased Rabbi and loudly said: Rabbi of Frampol,

– I beg your pardon!...

More than one of them fainted away from this experience...

The members of the *Hevra Kadisha* made an ablution in the *mikva* and after carrying out the purification, the funeral cortège moved to the synagogue, where seven *hakafot* were made with the bed [on which the deceased lay]. R’ Mottl’eh to say, did not deliver a eulogy, but nevertheless in his chosen words gave an expounding. The entire *shtetl*, Jews and non-Jews, as well as those who traveled from the surrounding places, escorted the Rabbi to his eternal rest in appropriate solemnity.

At the open grave site, the Rabbi of Bilgoraj wished the daughter Elka a *Mazel-Tov*. About a quarter of an hour before candle-lighting the Good Place was left, and the community went home to receive the Sabbath. On Friday evening and Saturday, R’ Mottl’eh conducted a *Tisch* and called the *shtetl* to unity. Before *Mincha* the Rabbi of Szczebrzeszyn held forth with an oration, interwoven with real occurrences. It was not for nothing that he was considered the best of the orators among the Polish Rabbis. Once again, he appealed to the Frampol Jews to cast away politics, and take to action (by which he meant Zionism). One should not conclude that Frampol was the entire world. His oration left a very strong impression.

After *Havdalah*, when the Rabbi of Bilgoraj observed the Rabbi’s books with notes written throughout them in the margins, which only the Bilgoraj Rabbi could assess their great worth – he was prepared to buy everything and offer a good price. However, R’ Yeshayeh’leh, the Rabbi’s son refused to sell the books – and, together with the *shtetl* of Jews, were eradicated during the occupation [by the Nazi Germans].

After the Sabbath all went their own way – and the *shtetl* began to think about a Rabbi. Meanwhile, from Zhilkevka, the father of R' Neta, the Rabbi's son-in-law ש"ס – became the *Teacher of Direction* following an announcement in the newspaper of the *Agudah*, saying that Frampol is looking for a Rabbi, and enumerated the required qualifications – a number of candidates began to appear. The first one, quickly left the *shtetl* immediately after his appearance in the *Bet HaMedrash*. The theory was that he personally felt he was too weak for Frampol (our *shtetl* recognized orators!). The second candidate came escorted by his father. The wags uttered witticisms that implied a certainty that the young man was afraid to come alone in his travel.. but after hearing his exposition in a fully-packed synagogue, the congregation was strongly inspired and they asked him to remain in Frampol as a Rabbi. However one of the permanently dissatisfied revealed that Elka was sickly – and he left the same way he arrived. The third candidate was a weak orator, and he remained. After wedding Elka it came to pass that with the participation of the Bilgoraj Rabbi, the Principal-in-law, because nothing was done in the *shtetl* without his approval – he was crowned as the Frampol Rabbi. I remember the great triumph-tower that our Jewish residents erected on the Janow Street, along which the new Rabbi was supposed to arrive, accompanied by his suite and musicians. Even the two sons of the pharmacist who had photography equipment, rode in on horses to receive the Rabbi – and for this reason kept on taking photographs.

The wedding ceremony took place on Saturday night after *Havdalah*, and a sumptuous feast was arranged in the Great Synagogue, which was supported by the brother-in-law of the deceased Rabbi (who had previously never visited Frampol), The Rabbi of Tomaszow and wealthy man, Rabbi Aryeh Heller ש"ס. After the repast we began to make merry. The congregation danced the '*Mitzvah-Tentzel*' and the jester inundated everyone with jokes and poetry segments. The leader of the Bilgoraj orchestra, R' Chaim-Boruch, then exhibited great talent. First the congregation came together in a light fashion, and finally they assumed a great transgression against the Rabbi of Frampol, the Scholar Eliezer Sholom Feder ש"ס.

As I later learned, the young Rabbi and the *Rebbetzin* were killed by the murderous Nazi Germans, together with the entire Jewish community of Frampol.

Honor their memory!

Jewish Education

As far as my memory reaches back, the fundamental education for a Jewish child in the *shtetl* was one and only – the *Heder*. When the little one reached the age of three, he got a haircut, was wrapped in a prayer shawl, and led off to the elementary-level *Melamed*, so that he could begin to learn the alphabet. In my day, Joseph *Melamed* was the first address for such beginning children. but in reality this was just a tradition, a sort of ceremony. Actual learning began in year 4, when R' Joseph could, and was permitted to, use his disciplinary rod, if only to inculcate the '*kometz-aleph*' in the young student – a half trope, and later – the whole trope (to this day I do not know the meaning of the 'trope'... it is possible that this refers to the joining of letters to form words.

Teaching followed a given timetable: from Passover to *Sukkot*, and then from *Sukkot* to Passover. If the student made progress, he was transferred over to R' Chaim-Eliezer Hochrad, to learn the *Pentateuch* from him. Also, the start of the study of the *Pentateuch* was transformed into a bit of a

holiday – first for the parents, for the family of the student, and then for everyone else – [meaning] all the children in the *Heder*. And once again, the same thing: when the student ‘surpassed’ what he had learned (that is what was said about a capable student) in the course of two or three periods, then he came into the row of Rabbi R’ Akiva-Meir Kalmanowicz.

R’ Akiva-Meir’s *Heder* was already a sort of gymnasium. Apart from a page of the Gemara with Tosafot, one learned to read and write Yiddish, Polish, Russian and German (depending on the authority the *shtetl* found itself at the time), as well as arithmetic: addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. As part of the arithmetic study one learned to hurry and show up. In a class of R’ Akiva-Meir, it was required to learn a Hebrew poem by heart, and every Wednesday and Thursday, there was an ‘exam’ on the *Gemara*. Passing such an examination part of the time came on like yearning for a grave – but at the bottom line all of this gave an impetus to further learning.

From him (Akiva-Meir), one went already to the *Bet HaMedrash*, where one had to make progress, and get through a page of the *Gemara* on his own capability, by working through such a page of *Gemara*. You understand that this was dependent on individual skills and inclinations.

Frampol had approximately 25 *Heders* serving about 500 children. When the implementation of obligatory education was done, our small children had to learn in the Polish (*powszechnie*) school instead of the *Heder*., the syllabus was entirely different. This was because the study of Torah in the *Heder* stretched out for an entire day – from morning till night, with a recess for ‘eating’ from 12 to 1 o’clock and ‘warm food’ from 4 to 5 before evening. In the winter, students sat in the *Heder* until 8 o’clock at night, and in the summer – till sunset.

All of our *melamdim* were very poor people, even though they received a teaching salary of 3 Zlotys a week, and had about 20 students. Another emphatic sign of the poverty was the fact that the *Heder* was conducted in the same room where the *Rebbe* lived with the *Rebbetzin* and their children. It was not rare that the kitchen was also found in the same room..



בית-ספר „יבנה“ בשנת חרצ'ו. במרכז — המורה שמעון ליליינשטיין
 „יבנה“-שול אין יאָר חרצ'ו. אין צענטער — דער לערער שמועלן ליליינשטיין

Page 184: The ‘Yavneh’ School in 5696 with the teacher, Shimshon Lilienstein in the center.

Approximately in the year 1925, several of the *balebatim* wanted to give their children a modern upbringing and brought down the teacher Zucker from Warsaw. A school with a blackboard was arranged in the home of Mekhl Levinger. The most important thing that the school did, was to teach the modern Hebrew, which created the impetus for the subsequent establishment of the ‘Yavneh’ School in Frampol. The first ‘Yavneh’ teacher was Abraham Lilienstein a skilled pedagogue. His reward was in the fact that ‘Yavneh’ reached up to 100 students. There, Hebrew was taught *in* Hebrew, which in itself was a great accomplishment. Apart from this – (there was) the modern education and upbringing, as it happened in Hebrew, which led most of the students in the way of Zionist thinking.

The teacher Lilienstein implemented a process whereby every Sabbath, a different student had to recite the ‘*Maftir*,’ but using a Zionist tone and in the *Litvak* style. Apart from this, he had enough energy to direct plays that left a strong impression in the shtetl (I want to remark that one of his students is today a professor in the Parisian Sorbonne). A new process was the relevant dress of the ‘Yavneh-students’ and the distributing of merit certificates at the end of the school year, where the achievements or shortfalls of the student were recorded in his studies. While actually attending *Heder*, it was sufficient that the *Rebbe* should tell the father of the child in the *Bet HaMedrash* about the child and what progress he is making in his studies.

The very religious parents looked around, and saw that with the old, obsolescent *Heder*, they are not going to be fortunate enough to fight against the upcoming school-methods that used the new methods of upbringing. They approached Cracow to the central office of the *Bais Yaakov* school for girls in Poland – and it didn’t take long till Frampol became enriched by an orthodox school for girls.

The founder of this school came to the opening of the school, Sarah Schenirer, with the very talented teacher, Menucha Pines. When the strictly religious Jews heard the happy words from these two women, interwoven with words from the Torah, they fell into it with great ardor. A Jew like R' Yaakov-Baruch ז"ל with great energy gave the opinion that only this force will be a bulwark against the atheistic and Zionist schools...

In the *Bais Yaakov* school there were about 50 girl students, while the extremely religious still did not want to trust giving their daughters to such an institution, where girls learn *Tana"kh* which is, according to the very strictly religious, a way – forbidden to them. The school struggled with difficulties, there even was no money with which to pay the teachers. Thanks to the fact that she was given a supplementary position to teach Jewish religion in the Polish '*Powchenie*' school, it became possible to leave the *Bais Yaakov* school in Frampol, and hopefully assure the *Bais Yaakov* school of further existence.

Libraries

In the year 1922, the winds of the Enlightenment penetrated Frampol. Several young people (Mekhl Ehrter, Mekhl Frieling, Leibl Zitrinbaum, Shlomo Kleidman and others), founded a library, and with a great expenditure of energy and stress they managed to get a hold of the first couple of hundred books. There was not a strong call [for books]. Whatever came to the hands – was given over to the library. Despite this, the archive of books had the best work form the world literature, Yiddish classics, and also scientific books, and those of *belle lettres*. The books were changed over during two evenings of the week. There were a few readers who impatiently waited for the evening when the library would be open, so they could get new books to read. From time-to-time, new books were bought and added to the collection – and the archive of books steadily grew.

With the founding of '*HeHalutz*' in Frampol (1930), this organization also created a library. In general a lot of organizations and societies got involved with a library, if one wanted to have an influence to grow the ranks. Also, the professional society with its support created for itself a book archive of about 700 books, with many socialist works, novels of the working life, etc. The founders of this library were: Shlomo-Eliezer, Yehoshua Flisswasser, Hersch Zilber and the young Yekhezkiel Brofman, Meir Weltczer and Berisz Levinger.

Even the Agudat Yisrael had its own library of about 300 books (of a religious character). The thirst for knowledge among the young Jewish people of Frampol was so great, that a library was the best means of attracting and winning patron over as sympathizers to the movement. Without a library, a party had a meager outlook for exerting influence.

Drama Circles

In Frampol, as was the case in all small towns in Poland, the libraries could sustain themselves thanks to performances of plays, which were put on by a variety of Drama Circles. Every new play created entry into the library. And in this way take care of an outstanding debt and buy books. No

library could sustain itself from just the membership dues.

In the year 1924 The society of 'Tarbut' established a drama circle, led by Mekhl Ehrter. Of the plays that were presented at that time I can recall: 'The Insane Asylum,' 'The Dybbuk,' 'The Romanian Wedding,' 'Tzipkeh Fyer,' 'The Sorceress,' 'Between Day and Night,' and others. On the day of such a presentation, the shtetl was all heated up, it felt like a Holiday time in every respect. It was not only the artists who survived their nightly appearance on the stage, but also their near and distant relatives, friends and comrades, who waited tensely and impatiently until the curtain was raised...

However, until the curtain was raised, there was – get this! First one had to approach the office of the *Starosta*, who had to legalize the play. In that office the text and content of the play was thoroughly examined, because they always suspected in the '*kramolyeh*' does its camouflage and revolutionary or anti-monarchical propaganda. Also, the renting of a hall was not one of the easier tasks. The *Gmina*, the actual owner of the fire-fighting station, had to give its permission to use it. In the great space were the tools used to extinguish fires, and the available unused space reserved as a place for the public to sit. Except, the hall as better suited as a place to perform theater plays. Polish institutions and organizations also used the space for storing fire-fighting equipment, for the simple reason that there was nowhere else in the *shtetl* to be used.

We put on our plays on Saturday nights. The tickets were already sold well before this. The hall was always over full. And after the presentation –discussions, expressions, impressions about the performance of specific artists, talk about the contents of the play, etc. And immediately, on the spot questions were asked about when the following performance would take place.

The professional society also created its own drama circle, and also in the same place political interactions took place about rivalry and an ambition to outdo the opponent. Even when it came to renting this hall, there were disputes sometimes for use on the same Saturday night... The *Gmina* used this as an opportunity to raise the rental cost of the hall. The presentations made by the professional society also had great success.

With the establishment of 'HeHalutz' in Frampol, another drama troupe was formed simultaneously. This time – made up of younger stock, led by Kalman Ehrter and Janek Bendler. Their plays were completely national, suffused with Zionist spirit. The revenue from these presentations were set aside to help and for use of needy members wanting to make *aliyah* to the Land of Israel.

Parties and Youth -Organizations

I will end my overview of social and cultural life in the shtetl with a few short words about the different parties and organizations, who had an impact on Frampol with their presentations, in the period between the two World Wars.

No matter what, the first place goes to the *Tze 'irei Tzion* movement. Immediately afterwards, the religious party called '*Shlomei Emunei Israel*' formed their youth group, which they called '*Tze 'irei Emunei Israel.*' whose activities were directed mostly at the young men in the *Bet HaMedrash*. With the establishment of 'HeHalutz' (1930), many young people began to get training for eventual *aliyah*.

Within 'HeHalutz' there was a broad range of possibilities to achieve this goal, while you could get either training the 'or *aliyah* itself, it was harder to attain. In 1932, the 'HeHalutz HaTza 'ir', at the outset, numbered 80 members.



ההסתדרות הציונית בפראמפול בשנות השלושים
צ'ונסטוטע ארגאניזאציע אין די דרייסיקער יארן

Page 188: The Frampol Zionist *Histadrut* in the Thirties

Frampol also had a organization, both young and old Mordchai them, a veteran of Army. The murder and the later Frampol as well deal of suffering, and there were fights that broke out between the BETA"Rists and other party's members.

B E T A " R composed of revisionists. Zimlekh⁵¹ led the Polish of Arlozorov Stavsky trial, in there was a great

The Second World War eradicated Jewish Frampol and together with it – all parties, organizations and institutions.

A Shtetl with Distinguished Folk As Well

By Tamar Grossman-Jaegerman (Gafar)

⁵¹ I am aware of the fact that in the United States, this was often changed to Zimiles.

Regarding Frampol, the small *shtetl* in Poland many neither heard nor knew of it, while at the same time, the local residents, it was – everything. On many maps, the name does not appear, at the same time that this little shtetl represented – the entire world... In short, this is where we were born, grew up. Lived in suffering and good times, with dreams and hopes. And who is not tied to the place in which they were born?

When it came to religious and community life, we were like other noteworthy ... as was the case with all the small towns in Poland.

Our community had three buildings, in which were found: the Great *Bet HaMedrash*; an attractive synagogue; a steam bath and a *mikva*. The buildings stood in a straight row, like soldiers during a parade... but what is interesting, is that all of these three institutions, from an expressed religious character, were located in a Christian neighborhood... The way there led from the market, inhabited by Jews, through a small side-street, whose inhabitants were Christian. For the sake of truth, it must be said that those non-Jewish residents however bothered or provoked anyone of the Jews, who hurried along to the *Bet HaMedrash*, the synagogue or (as set apart) to the steam bath. No windows were broken, and no other misdeeds towards our holy places – were ever encountered.

Quite the opposite, the Christians in the *shtetl*, despite being half of the residents, did not have their own bath, and therefore made use of the Jewish steam bath. On the nine days when the steam bath was not heated, the Poles were disappointed, in not being able to enjoy the hot steam...

It is difficult to call up a date as to when all of these buildings were erected. One theory is, along with the establishment of the city, the Jews took care of their own houses of worship and a *mikva*. They even provided for dwelling space for a Rabbi and a *Shammes*.

Regarding the *Bet HaMedrash*, it is known that it was built about 50 years before the outbreak of the Second World War. We heard from our parents, that their parents bought ‘stones’ to lay the foundation for the *Bet HaMedrash*. The synagogue was 20 meters in height. Everyone wondered about the semi-circular soffit, decorated with a variety of pictures and stars, that sparkled from above. Heavy iron cords stretched down from the soffit with hanging lights, which had also been fashioned by Christians.

The women’s synagogue – was a sacred spot. It was here that our mothers poured out their tears and pleaded for – earnings, health a mate for their child’s betrothal, a dowry for their daughter, from *The Eternal One*... the walls of the synagogue, as were the walls of the women’s synagogue, were covered with paintings of lions and leopards to symbolize Jewish power, just as there was no shortage of harps and the fiddle of David. It was decorated with the best and the finest, and so the Jewish men and women came here to pray.

Beyond the synagogue, was the building of the steam bath and *mikva*. The *mikva* was heated twice a week – Mondays and Thursdays. The *mikva* – every Friday. The large oven there was heated up, until the stones turned red. The hot steam was channeled to the nearby large room, where there were wooden benches – lower ones and higher ones. This ‘kingdom’ was ruled by Azriel the Bather. In

the women's *mikva* there was – Mall'eh the Bather. It was said about her that she kept a special book, when the Jewish Frampol women would come to the *mikva*. If one of them missed making a call there– Mall'eh informed the Rabbi, who already knew that he had to point out to the woman that she should not stop coming to the *mikva*...

Mall'eh the Bather was hearty Jewish woman who did her work with much affection and commitment. She took special care of the prospective brides. Before she did a three-time ablution of their heads – and afterwards shout out: Kosher! Kosher! Kosher! – she shared all her 'secrets' of her future life as a wife and mother.

Frampol made use of pump -cold water, which was used after a hot steam bath. The water came from a source that was literally referred to as the 'water of life' – and it was from this same source that water was drawn for the cold *mikva*. At the time that the Jews, after a steam bath, would make use of the cold *mikva*, the Christians, after the hot steam bath – ran to the pump...

Friday, towards evening it was like a zoo to look at how our fathers went from the *mikva* to the bath – washed off, looking distinguished, as if the *Divine Spirit* rested up on them, ready too receive the Sabbath Queen...

*

I remember an instance in the women's *mikva*, which almost led to an accident, and it just happened to be the Eve of *Yom Kippur*. The *shtetl* had a long time to talk about it, with inferences and the like. The *mikva* consisted of a large wooden box with an opening on the side. This box was hung from four iron chains, would be lowered into the deep and pure source of water. While the men were taking advantage of the 'shvitz, and from the hot *mikva*, a few women let themselves into the cold *mikva*, in order to prepare themselves for the great Day of Judgement. Suddenly, a board from the *mikva* tore loose – and the bathing women were put into danger. Mall'eh the Bather did not lose [her composure] and quickly ran to the nearby *Bet HaMedrash* and created an alarm, saying that a catastrophe had occurred in the women's *mikva*. – and people should run to the rescue. Studying Jews, who were sitting over a page of *Gemara* did not rush to get there... It was only first now that the Rabbi grasped what had occurred there, and he gave a shot to the [sitting] Jews, 'Why are you still sitting?! Lives are in danger, and people are in danger!' Hearing such words, several Jews took off to the place of the accident, re-attached the chain, pulled up the box– and nobody was hurt.

The High Holy Day had not been disturbed...

*

Frampol also had distinguished people, also in connection with —anti-Semitism, which particularly infected the young Poles and school children, who lived in the periphery of the *shtetl*. I wish to relate a story about a clash with young hooligans:

Our young people were possibly behind the youths in other Polish towns, but there were a few areas where it excelled. It was very hard for a young Jewish man who wanted to become independent, earn his own living, and this was a time, where he was not accepted in any royal employment, in no factory, in no working the earth. Accordingly, he was compelled to keep himself occupied with the traditional ways of making a living while with his parents, who also – vegetated. Because of this, the

far-and-away larger part of them looked for a way, to get settled in other countries, most centrally – to the Land of Israel. Literally, as if imbued by a prophetic spirit, they could see the coming end, even though nobody had yet presented himself as being so gruesome.

In the year 1939, on the eve before my *aliyah* to the Land of Israel, we were enjoying ourselves at the ‘signing of the wedding terms’ of a lady friend, Chava Ritman. Afterwards a group of young people went outside to take a stroll. Being in high spirits, we did not take note of the fact that we had ‘crossed the border’ in Frampol up to which point Jews were able to show themselves without danger. Here, we were assaulted by young Polish hooligans. Our girls received such fearfully severe blows, that to this day, I do not know with what miracle we were saved. Later, under bad threats, we had to cancel the court appearance against the anti-Semitic hooligans...

Memories

By Mikhleh Hertzberg

Ramat-Gan

The small *shtetl* of Frampol can be found in the area of Lublin, between the small towns of Janow-Lubelski, Turobin, Tarnograd and Bilgoraj, which was not even found on a map – far from a railroad train line, between forests and clumps of trees, circled on all sides by villages.

The little Jewish houses were pressed close together, touching one another, as if they were seeking protection against an area enemy... The small, little not built from bricks, and having unlit streets, stood out in the surroundings with their mud holes and darkness, as well as goats that wandered about without being shepherded, and snatched the straw from the roofs...

Frampol had about 400 Jewish families. Apart from some families that had a stable income, the rest had to work very hard to the point of exhaustion, in order to be able to earn a living at the fairs, which took place every Monday. The peasants from the surrounding villages would come together to sell their products and take care of all sorts of city goods and merchandise for their use. The craftsmen of Frampol, storekeepers and middlemen would then lay out their merchandise, trembling in the winter, hoping there would be no snowstorm or in the summer – no rain, which would have disrupted their sales from which they lived for the whole week.

On Wednesday, these very same Jews would pack up their merchandise in order to take the goods to Goraj for the fair, and in this manner they supplemented the meager earnings from their home-based Monday market. The retailers and handworkers and the hired Polish wagons, filled up the marketplace, bargaining and insulted by using the worst anti-Semitic expressions. The largest shouting came from the ‘*czapehs*,’ well-heeled dry goods merchants in the *shtetl*. They had the most number of packages to move around. Also, in the other days of the week, a small number of Jews from Frampol went off to the fairs in Bilgoraj, Turobin, Tarnograd and Szczepieszyn. And others again – in the surrounding villages, where they carried on a bartering business with the peasants: from a needle to kitchen utensils and clothing – for a bit of kasha, flour, butter, cheese, a chicken, eggs, a small container of wheat, etc. in this area, the well-known chicken merchant Nahum (with the added name of Antolik). He already knew to which homemaker he would sell the chicken, in order to avoid bargaining.

Apart from the enumerated ways of making a living, there was also a cooperative – orchard keepers. In this area, the brothers David and Ephraim Altman, Abraham Aszenberg (with the added name of ‘*dzhabehs*’ excelled . He was a major grain and fruit merchant. As soon as the fruit began to blossom, they went off to the villages and, according to the extent of ripening, they would rent the orchard from the peasant. They would then set up kiosks, and settle down in them with their whole family for the whole summer. In the autumn, they would present the fruit to the wholesalers in the big cities, as well as the stands of the merchants who sat in the marketplace.

The few shoemakers of the *shtetl* only worked for the peasants of the surrounding villages. If you wanted a good pair of shoes, you had to travel to Bilgoraj or Janow. The same thing held for the few tailors, among whom the best one was Ben-Zion Waldman. He also made up clothing for the Christian populace.

Despite the overcrowding and poverty of the Frampol community, it was able to retain a Rabbi, two ritual slaughterers, a Bet HaMedrash and other religious institutions. The *Bet HaMedrash* was located in the heart of the Christian area and there was more than just one instance of Jews rushing to or from prayer services, being pelted with stones. Frequently, the windows of the *Bet HaMedrash* were shattered. The important *balebatim* worshiped there regularly, from the *shtetl*: both of the ritual slaughterers, Shmuel Yoss'l Kestenbaum, R' Yankl Finkelstein. The Cantor, *Hazzan* Chaim-Yehuda Harman, with his beautiful praying, drew even those who did not worship there. [This was so] until Warsaw ‘grabbed him’ – and he remained there as the regular Cantor.

Jews came to the *Bet HaMedrash* throughout the entire week to pray and study. In the evenings it was possible to see how the Jews rushed through the small, dark side streets, to *Mincha* and *Maariv*, and the *Heder* children going home with lit lanterns. On Friday nights and the Sabbath the *Bet HaMedrash* and the remaining small places of worship, were overfilled with Jewish people, who had not been in their homes all week, but rather traveled around to the fairs in the surrounding villages. Part of them did not yet have their beards and sidelocks dried from the municipal bath, which they barely got to, in order to ‘grab a bath’ before candle-lighting. The Friday afternoons looked rushed, when Jews, with small brushes under their arms and with packages of clean undergarments, escorted by their children, went to the municipal bath, which was empty for the entire week and was only heated on Fridays. Sweating and satisfied, the Jews went home afterwards. The houses already had the odor of the Sabbath about it. The candles had been lit in silver candlesticks and the Challahs covered, on small tables already covered [with tablecloths]. To this day, I recall the recitation of the *Kiddush* done by my father, when everyone – my mother and also my four little brothers, has to be present. Afterwards we sang *zemirot* together. And also the recitation of ‘*HaMavdil*’ on the night of Saturday. Deep in my memory are the days of sorrow such as: *The Nine Days*, *Tisha B'Av*, Purim, Passover, *Shavuot*, *Rosh Chodesh* Elul, when in the cold dark nights wake up from a deep sleep – to attend *Selichot* [services]. Jews, carrying small candles in hand, would come out of all the side streets ‘being drawn’ to the well-lit *Bet HaMedrash*, a complete contrast to the outside darkness. The religious life in the *shtetl* was conducted in this way throughout *Rosh Hashana*, *Yom Kippur*, *Sukkot* and the joyous *Simchat Torah*.



קבוצת נוער בפרמפול — 1922 (?)
 מומדים מיסין לשמאל: יצחק ליבר (כעת בארגנטינה), יסעיהו רוט (ארגנטינה),
 חנהפרוסט (ניו-יורק), בריש הוכראד ז"ל, יושבים (מיסין לשמאל): חנו רחנברג ז"ל,
 איציה-מאיר ליבערבוים ז"ל, משה רדלמאן ז"ל
 ע יוגנט-גרופע אין שטעטל — 1922 (?)
 שטייען פון רעכטס אויף לינקס: יצחק ליבער (איצט אין ארגנטינה), יסעיהו ראט
 (ארגנטינה), חנה פרעסט (ניו-יארק), בעריש האכראד ז"ל, זיצן (פון רעכטס אויף
 לינקס): חנו ראָזענבערג ז"ל, אימע-מאיר ליבערבוים ז"ל, משה רעדלמאן ז"ל

It was only after the War that various institutions began to and organized in which brought a to the way of life of youth. With the the school named for Dombrowski on the the first rays of Page 196:

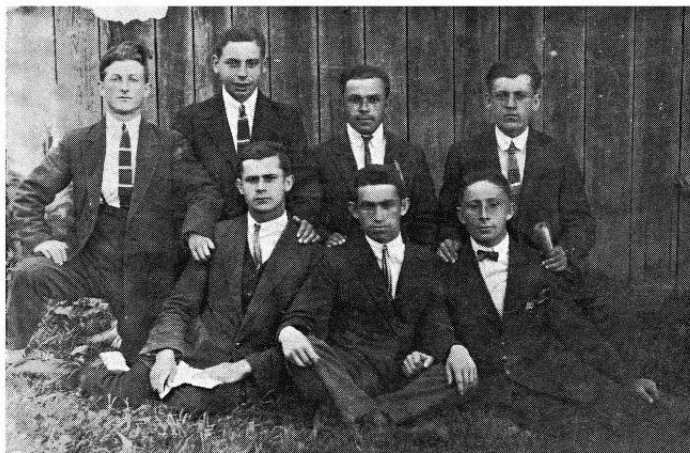
A Youth Group in Frampol– 1922 (?)

strictly religious parents, however, did not permit their sons to sit in the Polish school to learn without a head covering. I am not in a position to describe the suffering and harassment that we, Jewish students, had to deflect in the school-bank, beatings and insults, without the possibility of registering a complaint, because the teachers as well, were infected with the anti-Semitic poison. Despite this we didn't learn any worse than them, and so they looked at the few Jewish students as some sort of low form of life. By the intermediation of Moshe Weltczer and Gershon Rosenberg, it became possible to intervene with the leader of the school, when the situations became serious.

First World cultural Frampol, complete upset the Jewish founding of Joseph road to Goraj, education *shtetl*. Our

A trembling takes hold of me when I recall what our *shtetl* went through on a certain Passover Eve, when a Christian child strayed and was lost. Jewish life in the *shtetl* was as if it were dead. Jews did not dare show themselves on the roads and in the villages, we did not go to school. The first martyr of this blood libel was Shimshon Frampoler, in whose house the first search was conducted. Even

when the child was found, both alive and well, the Poles still believed that it was the Jews who did this. It was impossible to convince our [non- Jewish] neighbors that we do not use any [human] blood in our matzos.



קבוצת נוער בפרמפול — 1922 (?)
 עומדים מימין לשמאל: יצחק ליבר (כעת בארגנטינה), ישעיהו רוט (ארגנטינה),
 חנהפרוסט (ניו-יורק), בריש הוכראד ז"ל, יושבים (מימין לשמאל): חנו רונברג ז"ל,
 איצ'ה־מאיר ליבערבוים ז"ל, משה רדלמאן ז"ל

א יוגנט־גרופע אין שטעטל — 1922 (?)
 שטייען פון רעכטס אויף לינקס: יצחק ליבער (איצט אין ארגענטינע), ישעיהו ראָט
 (אָרגענטינע), חנא פּראָסט (ניו־יאָרק), בעריש האַכראָד ז"ל, זיצן (פון רעכטס אויף
 לינקס): חנו ראָזענבערג ז"ל, איטשע־מאיר ליבערבוים ז"ל, משה רעדלמאָן ז"ל

The Translation of the Information for this Photo Follows on the Next Page:

Even in normal times, the anti-Semitism by us was great. To stroll in the evenings in the lower part of the city, where the Christians lived, was filled with many dangers: dogs were sicced on us, pelted with stones, or smeared with tar. It was in this way that the nightmare of the several years of the presence of the school went by.

Page 196: A Youth Group in Frampol – 1922 (?)

Standing: (RtoL): Yitzhak Lieber (Now in Argentina), Yeshayahu Rot (Argentina) Chana Fro st (New York), Berisz Hochrad ז"ל

Sitting: (RtoL): Chanan Rosenberg ז"ל, Itchek-Meir Lieberbaum ז"ל, Moshe Redelman ז"ל

The situation radically changed with the opening of a 'Tarbut' School. Where a variety of Zionist activists also attended, most importantly – they would hold there speeches in the *Bet HaMedrash* in a hostile atmosphere on the part of the 'Agudat Israel.'

It was not only once that they had to leave the stage in the middle of giving a speech, accompanied by insults, and even fisticuffs. [This persisted] until several Jews (Shlomo Kleidman, Mikhal Ehrter, Leibl Zitrinbaum, etc.) founded a Zionist organization. They would receive the invited outside activists, and created the needed atmosphere in their homes, where the youth can become acquainted

with Zionist ideals, – whether through a lesson in Hebrew, or by given a pamphlet to read. My first Hebrew words and Zionist thoughts, I learned in this very place, because the people there were among my closest friends. A little later, a room was rented from a Christian and opened the first ‘*Tarbut Hall*.’ Hebrew lectures were given there, and new male and female students came. Shlomo Kleidman taught. On the Sabbath – there were debates about various themes, held by locals, or invited speakers.

Even before this, a group of young people founded a library, led by Abraham Pankewicz and Kalman Ehrter. The library did not develop until the Zionist youth took it over. Then it blossomed. The library was enriched with books all the time, especially by Yiddish writers: Mendele, Sholom-Aleichem, Peretz, Dinesohn, Anski, Gordon, etc. There were also books by non-Jewish writers, such as Jules Verne, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Szenkiewicz, Proust, and many others. Despite the vigorous opposition of our parents, in whose eyes, each move forward was seen as assimilation, and it was literally dangerous to take home a pamphlet to read, because the fanatic parents would tear them up – the library, nevertheless, continued to develop. We quickly went over to an oil lamp in place of wax candles. A Drama Circle was also founded, and we started to perform theater plays.

After founding a professional society, to which the craftsmen and workers belonged, the library grew even more, because the society members themselves already were sending their children to the cultural institutions. Our activity grew stronger. We were no longer behind the neighboring small towns. On the culture scene, Berisz Levinger, Meir Weltzer and others, were outstanding.

With the strengthening of anti-Semitism in Poland after the death of Piłsudski, the plight of the small-town Jewish youth literally could not be seen. [Jews] were not permitted to take employment and since there were no factories to speak of, sentiments to emigrate dominated the Jewish youth. The visits of emissaries from the Land of Israel and their call to the unemployed Jewish youth to make *aliyah*, and help to build the Land – found a fecund soil. Young people went off to the training camps in neighboring small towns, and even got themselves in at Zamość and Lublin. At the end of training, many received certificates and made *aliyah*. Others though (like Tamara Jaegerman) traveled to Israel on an excursion. Part of the young people emigrated to South America. Anyone who had the opportunity to leave Frampol up to 1939, avoided the frightful death at the hand of the Nazis.

Several of our comrades were actually ready to make *aliyah* – but it didn’t happen for them. They were exterminated (Ephraim Hochrad, whose head was found in the forest as a result of decapitation by Poles, Berisz Blumer, etc.

Also, those nearest to me were bestially slain. My father *ש"ת* was shot when the Frampol Jews were driven to Belzec. On Thursday, the 23rd of *Heshvan* 1942, he fell, being out of strength on the way to Szczepieszyn. My mother and two brothers Yoss’l and Zvi *ש"ת*; on the 14th of *Kislev* (1942): my sister Golda, who hid herself at a Christian’s home, was informed on by gentiles, and was shot by Germans, together with the Christian. At their request, they were all buried in one grave. My youngest brother Azriel ben David fell fighting with the partisans (Sunday, 18th of *Nissan* 1943). It was in this way, that the *shtetl* of Frampol, with its precious Jews was left only in ruins. Our hearts are full of pain and we will never forget them.

A Clutch of Memories

By Tova Mantel

Ramat-Gan

Commerce in Frampol

One of the chief foundations of commerce in the *shtetl*, and its most important economic base, was—the Monday fair. On that day, hundreds of wagons would come to the marketplace on that day, bringing on board everything that the village had produced, in order that the agricultural articles could be traded for salt and matches, plows and shovels, manufactures goods and boots. The quickly erected selling platforms and kiosks, displayed all the merchandise that was needed by the peasantry. There were Jewish families, whose sustenance for the entire coming week depended on the trade and earnings from this single Monday.

Also, Jewish storekeepers and common laborers from Tarnograd and Bilgoraj would come to the Frampol fairs. Among them, there was no shortage of village Jews from around Frampol. They had both things to buy and things to sell at our fair.

Of the bigger merchants of Frampol, it is worth mentioning R' Itzik Kestenbaum, the owner of a manufacturing business. The big saloon belonged to R' Nahum Lieberbaum. It was here that the Poles from the entire vicinity would come to buy beer and strong drink for their weddings and holidays. The *shtetl* also had a 'plant' that made soda water and woven goods, which belonged to a Christian.

Frampol Piety

The eve of *Rosh Hashana*, or a *Yom Kippur Eve* especially etched itself into my memory, when the Jews who lived in the surrounding villages, would, on the *High Holy Days* come with their wives and children into the *shtetl*, in order to be among [fellow] Jews and to celebrated the holiday in surroundings of their own. They also brought pots and pans. They settled down in Frampol with other Jews whom they knew, and had a number of rooms, such as: Areh'leh Mahler אָרֶה'לֶה מאַהֲלֶר, Chana'leh Weltczer חַנָּה'לֶה וועלטצער and others.

On the Sabbath, you could not recognize the market that had Jewish stores. On a day like this, everything rested, everything was locked. By nightfall, the young people would go out for a stroll in the marketplace, on the roads that led to Kyszywa, Radyszcz and Kontess, entering the fields of corn and wheat, which circled around the *shtetl*.

But mostly I recall a Sabbath and a Holiday, because of the beautiful *Zemirot*, that came out of every Jewish house. There were no uses where such Sabbath singing could be compared favorably with the nicest of concerts... When R' Leib'keh *Shokhet* would sing out with his beautiful voice the prayer 'Ya'aleh Takhanuneynu' or a 'U'Nesaneh Tokef' – the audience had something to talk about... also the Heder children, going home in a frosty and dark evening from the *Rebbe*, would also sing prayers and folk songs.

The synagogue became overfilled for *Kol Nidre*. When the Cantor began to chant, the women's sanctuary broke into tears. The men, also, quietly shed a tear.

The piety of the *shtetl* was something to talk about. One could eat in a Jewish home in Frampol with such confidence in the kashrut of the meal – as if it were a Rabbi's house. There was also a Rabbi, *Shokhtim* and other clerical sorts that were supported by the Jewish *Gmina*. You can appreciate that there was no shortage of elementary level and *Gemara melamdin*.

The *Rebbe*, R' Moshe'leh would come to the *shtetl* once a year. He presided over a *Tisch*, and were snatched, *zemirot* were sung, and words of Torah could be heard. There was dancing and merrymaking until..

The Destruction of Frampol

As soon as the [Nazi] Germans entered Frampol– everything stopped. Now came the demands for 'contributions' harassments, beatings, denigration, and forced labor – until cruel death arrived. And it was not only the [Nazi] Germans who committed murder, but also the Poles, our close-by neighbors. When Wolf Kupperstein ז"ל, the clothing store merchant who was beloved and respected by everyone, went out on the road to Goraj during the Occupation – a Pole shot him. Were it not for the Poles, the [Nazi] Germans could not have been so quick and effective in slaughtering the three million Jewish settlement in Poland.

Let these few lines serve as a *Yahrzeit* candle in memory of the exterminated Frampol Jews, they – my mother, brother, sisters and their children.

A Reminder

By Itta Szeffer

Lod

Little about our small *shtetl* remains in my memory, because I left it in 1922. In general, Frampol did not excel in anything special. It was a typical small Jewish *shtetl* in Poland, where Jews lived a hard and bitter life. In general, the Jews there were craftsmen, mostly – shoemakers, tailors (especially in making new fur coats), grain selling and other businesses, that are characteristic for a small *shtetl*. People worked hard day and night, and only managed to extract a poor living with difficulty. There were also a number of small Jewish shops.

From a cultural standpoint, the *shtetl* was one of the backward ones. There was not a single cultural or social institution. This is the way it was until 1914.

With the outbreak of the First World War, our *shtetl* was occupied by the Austrians. In that moment, the life of the small Jewish community literally became unbearable. It was forbidden to bake bread, and there was no means by which to conduct business, and we provided products for ourselves at night. The Austrian authorities requisitioned everything, and sent it off to Germany, for the use of the military.

I encountered a change in the *shtetl*, when I came [back] in 1928 for a visit to Frampol. The youth were entirely different. There were already organizations, in which debates were often held and discussions about a variety of themes. There were often meetings held sitting on the benches [and interacting]. The young people questioned me thoroughly about life in the bigger cities.

We lived this way until 1939, when The Second World War broke out. In a matter of a few days the *shtetl* was exterminated with all of its cultural and social institutes and institutions. I will never forget the frightful death of my closest and dearest!

Zionism and the Halutz Movement in the Shtetl

By Shlomo Frieling

Givatayim

Chapter I

To the extent that I remember, in the years 1021-22, Frampol was wrapped in silence and paralysis, which was a formidable blow to everyone, who had either a community or political position on the Jewish street, in the first years of monarchical independence. In Frampol at that time there was no form of partisan life. The *shtetl* nodded in sleep, as if no changes had occurred in the country. The children learned in Heder, the more older youth, in the *Bet HaMedrash* and the older generation continued to live their lives of Torah, faith, and strictly observing the traditional Jewish way of life.

Rumors suddenly began to spread that somewhere in the *shtetl*, even in the homes of *balebatim*, there are a variety of ‘atheist’ or Jews that did not observe the Sabbath, or ‘assimilationists’ as they were called. Later on we discovered that among those belonging to this group were” Mekhl Ehrter, Leibusz Weltczer, Mekhl Frieling and several other young people, who strayed off the straight and true path and are doing things that nobody ever dreamed about...

So a bit of time went by, and we came to know what these young people are up to: they put on theater productions! If this was not enough, the selection of the plays presented has to be supportive of Zionist goals, the essence being – for the blue-white coin box of *Keren Kayemet*.

The *shtetl* literally spun as if on wheels, everything was seething and buzzing like a beehive. It also became clear, that only thanks to the help of the handworkers that the previously mentioned people were able to turn their dream into a reality.

The core gratitude for creating a *Drama Circle* in a small *shtetl* was a weighty step forward. At the outset, the initiators knew that they are placing themselves into a sharp conflict with parents, the Rabbi, and the observant Jews who thought of them as wrecking the current way of life completely, that which was very, very deeply rooted in such a small place. But time did its thing. The first play was presented. If my memory does not deceive me, it was the play ‘*Hertzel’eh Meyukhes*.’ It is now more than forty years later – and it is difficult to remember many details. Apart from the already-mentioned members, Mekhl Ehrter, Mekhl Frieling and Leibusz Weltczer, David ‘Sovik’ and others also participated.

The living spirit theater, which attract young and also serve as for admission for Z i o n i s t on in the *shtetl* – Mekhl Ehrter. He returned from where he had tailoring for about Suffused with the and knowledge of



קבוצת חברים מ-החלוץ" — 1930
 אג גרופע חברים פון „החלוץ“ — 1930

Page 202: A Group of *HeHalutz Members* – 1930

infected with a of idealism and an organizational tendency, possessed by the new wind, which were then blowing through the liberated Poland, and he very much wanted to tear out his Frampol from lethargy and paralysis. A master tailor, who needed to support a family, sat by his sewing machine into the late night hours. But he also found the time and will to dedicated himself to social work. Boys and girls used to assemble at his house (and this by itself was a total revolution in the grasp and mentality with which the *shtetl* had lived)– and it was merry there. Out of a fear for the ultra- orthodox environment, they came together behind closed shutters, sang a song, engaged in a bit of discussion, and spent the evenings this way. Such semi-conspiratorial gatherings stimulated curiosity among myself and several young people of my age (14-15 years old). We would get together there and for hours, behind by the window, being exceptionally satisfied from the getting together with them and speaking. At Ehrter’s, was the only place we could gather together in Frampol on a Friday night...

o f t h e needed to people a portal the first organizati w a s had just Warsaw, worked at two years. culture a big city, high level

Chapter II

In the year 1923 (or 1924) Mekhl Ehrter sent me and my friend Berakh Finkelstein to Shlomo Kleidman and Zitrinbaum, to be able to acquire books to read. This was the first time a Yiddish book from the modern literature found its way into my hands. I swallowed every word. I became a steady reader of books, and an frequent visitor to the library. This institution, just like the Drama Circle, also belonged to the social-cultural institutions, which were needed in order to draw in the young people to the Zionist group in the shtetl, which at that time numbered about ten men. There were three members that headed this group: Ehrter, Kleidman and Zitrinbaum.

On the eve of Purim 1924, these three assembled all the young people, who had shown an interest in the movement, and entrusted a significant amount of work to them. They divided us into several mixed groups of so-called children of balebatim and children of the working class, Who were to visit several designated homes in a specific region or street, and during the Purim feast, put on an original Zionist Purim *spiel*... instead of the traditional ‘a good Purim messenger, wherever I go, I fall...’ the group had to sing the ‘*Hatikvah*’ ‘*Tekhezakna*’ or present something about the Land of Israel.

We were received with amazement in the homes of laborers and simple Jews, and at the same time exhibited sympathy and understanding. By contrast, in the very observant *Hasidic* homes, they did not want to hear us— and even showed us the door... the beginning, however, had been made, a significant amount of money was collected and just that way, in an organizational way, we marched to perform the same Purim *spiel*. And it was in this way that we met with Kleidman and Zitrinbaum, and gave the money to them, which was allocated for *Keren Kayemet*. We saw how tears of gratitude welled up in the eyes of the older members. The essential fact of showing ourselves as Zionists, in the homes of the fanatically religious, with an irreligious Purim *spiel* – was a weighty step. Now there was no doubt, that Zionism had achieved an important position.

Despite this, enough parents could be found who did not want to make peace with this, [implying] that their children will stray into ‘bad directions.’ The conflicts between parents and their children was renewed. Instances occurred where children did not come home to sleep for two weeks, or not eat at the same table as their parents. This, however, did not prevent the organization from growing and enlarge its ranks. More and more young people were enticed by Zionist thoughts.

Chapter III

After the meaningful success of the ‘Purim -Action,’ Mekhl Ehrter decided to create a Drama Circle from the newly-acquired young people. During the winter evenings, we sat in his house until 11-12 at night, learned the parts, talked among ourselves – all under the direction of Ehrter, who did not set this work aside even for a minute. After three months of intensive preparation, were ready for our first performance. We dedicated the income from this to our local gathering, which rented (a large hall) from Rivka Pankewicz. At the same time, in that year (1924) we obtained a legalization for a ‘*Tarbut*’ school.

The opening was linked to an evening of dance, which attracted a larger audience of the working youth and also generated revenue. But we had to be very careful. The event took place with closed

window shutters. A special guard was stationed outside, to provide a warning in case of any danger. It subsequently appeared that stationing such a guard indeed came in handy...

Five grandchildren were raised in the home of the *Bubbe* Dvora Chana's – orphans. She looked after these children as if they were her own. Seeing that late at night, the oldest grandchild had not yet returned home, she went out into the *shtetl* to look for them. It was not hard to uncover the secret of where a dance was taking place. When she came to the local office, the grandchild was immediately warned:

–Itt'eh, your *Bubbe* is coming!

And Itt'eh fled through a back door...

By creating a separate local (office), the culture activities were carried out with great participation. Every Friday towards evening, Shlomo Kleidman lectured about literary and Zionist themes. But, as usual, behind closed shutters. Most parents did not know where their children were meeting on these Friday evenings before nightfall.

In the meantime, the Drama Circle was not asleep –and began preparing itself for another play presentation. But in the week of the premier showing, the *Rebbe* of Rozwadow, R' Menashe'leh, who presided in the *shtetl*, decreed for his *Hasidim* whose children are playing in the theater – that they should not allow this. Yoss'l Zitrinbaum a simple but decent and very religious Jew, was strongly taken by the *Rebbe*'s words and the crux was the fact that R' Menashe'leh knows that his daughters are acting. We counseled the girls, that they should not sleep at home for that week.

There were also stubborn rumors circulating, that on Saturday night, the *Hasidim* will come to disrupt and not permit that the play should be performed. We decided to post a heavy guard. Both sides readied themselves for a confrontation. Even the police were notified. Nevertheless, everyone was satisfied that the performance took place peacefully...

But there were consequences. Because on Sunday morning, the *shtetl* once again was spinning like a top. As Berach Finkelstein and myself came to the *Bet HaMedrash* to pray, a great tumult broke out. They even threw Berach out of the *Bet HaMedrash*. His father, Yankl felt strongly hurt by this. He was not aware that his son participated in such 'apostasy', he performs in the theater. When he got home, he sat to observe *Shiva*, and even tore his clothing for '*kriya*'... And my friend Berach did not go home to sleep for about three months. He was settled in an attic somewhere, or with friends.

This is the way the life of the Jewish young people appeared in a small *shtetl*.

Chapter IV

In the year 1925 the Zionist Organization in Frampol lived through a difficult crisis. The working element joined the newly-founded professional society, which took up the defense of the worker's interests and to fight for more rights and achieve more social objectives. Only the youngish shoemaker Joseph Waldman stayed with the Zionists. The professional society completely fell under

communist influence. Later, we grasped that one of the most important reasons for the mass-abandonment of the Zionists was that what we didn't have, was a central, authoritative and attractive personality which would have the skill to gather around it, and interest the young pe, who lusted for knowledge and culture, a youth that was searching for a goal and [meaningful] content in life.

The principal organizer of the professional society was Yehoshua Flisswasser a shoemaking laborer from Bilgoraj. That he was the one who was able to influence The Zionist-leaning youth of Frampol to come over to the society, which, incidentally, was running a nice set of activities on both the professional and cultural planes. They fought for, and achieved, an 8-hour work day, regulated the loans, and at the same time organized and implemented debates and so-called 'bench evenings.'

The Zionist group, at this point, numbered about 18-20 boys and girls. Activities had almost ceased, and there was no possibility to support the large premises of the local, and we had to relocate in a smaller place, owned by the Pole Miazga, on the Sokolov Road.

It was first in 1926 that we undertook our work with more impetus. The concept of *Halutzim* struck deep roots and the young people began to prepare themselves for a productive life in the Land of Israel. In the meantime, we established local training, we chopped wood and did everything that was physical, difficult work, in order to accustom ourselves to the new life in the Old-New *Land*.

In the same year we were privileged to see the first of the *Halutzim* from the *shtetl* make *aliyah* to the Land of Israel: Leibl Zitrinbaum, Yekhezkiel (Shlomo Rivka's son) and Mottl Lieberbaum. Regrettably, after about two years, they returned to their families in Frampol.

At that time, the *shtetl* was shaken up by the vandalized destruction of the library of the Zionist organization. The books were packed in sacks and thrown into the creek. This crime was discovered the following morning – but it was difficult to concretely accuse anyone of the deed, because nobody was apprehended while it was in progress. For this reason, it was also not possible to approach the police, to submit a complaint to the court. Rather, what was discussed was the possibility that it was the communists did this piece of work, and apparently with the help of Joseph Waldman, who was suspected to be allied with them. We also knew that this was one of the ways (not only in our *shtetl*) to weaken the opposition.

Chapter V

In the years 1926-7, one could see a strengthened emigration of the working youth. Frampol became too crowded to give work and an income to the maturing generation. They traveled to Warsaw, went across to the other side of the ocean to both Americas. Individuals remained in the *shtetl* and, as a result, all of the community life became weakened. Mekhl Ehrter and Shlomo Kleidman continued to lead the Zionist organization.

In the year 1928 I emigrated to Warsaw and lived in the capitol city until 1930. In Warsaw, I drew closer to the left-wing '*Poalei Zion*.' Upon returning to Frampol, I encountered a changed youth and a new cadre of leading members in *HeHalutz*: Berisz Blumer ז"ר, Yitzhak Zikhler ז"ר, Abraham Lieberbaum ז"ר, Abba Bekher, Yekhezkiel Frieling and Chaim Kislowicz (the last three are now in



„החלוץ“ בפראספול ב־1932 * דער „החלוץ“ אין יאָר 1932

Page 207: The Frampol *HeHalutz* Group in 1932

these lines, and Yekhezkiel Frieling, traveling out to Lyubomil (Lyveneh). In the year 1933 they returned from there and were immediately designated for *aliyah*. Regrettably those of our comrades were to be disappointed. Because Hitler had come to power, most of the certificates were allocated to Jews from Germany – and as a result, they took away all the designated certificates originally intended for the *Halutz* members in Poland.

The remaining active [members] meanwhile decided to use the time of their forced need to remain in Frampol and organized a two-week summer colony in Sokolowka for *HeHalutz HaTza 'ir*. At the last minute, they realized that there was no legalization for the colony. It was decided that on the morning of the Sabbath, Chaim Kislowicz will go to Bilgoraj to the Starosta with a request to allow the implementation of a Zionist regional get-together in Sokolova. However, this matter was not so simple.

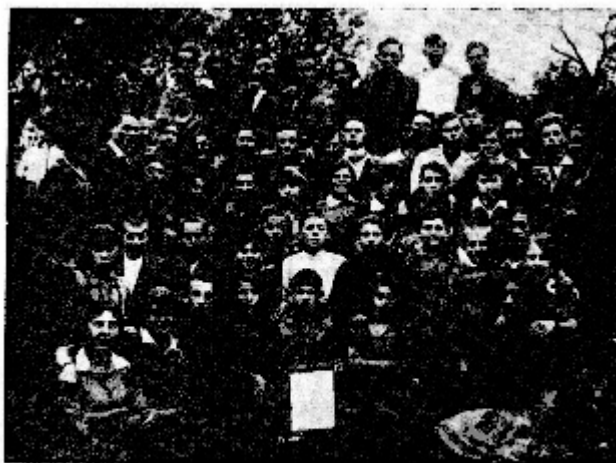
First, the head of the movement, Mekhl Ehrter did not sign the request and it was immediately decided that someone would have to sign for him... secondly, the stamp of the organization was required, and it was in the possession of the secretary Joseph Lichtenfeld. After having the matter clarified, the latter affixed the stamp. By contrast, a member signed the name of Mekhl Ehrter without him knowing it.

At the start, Kislowicz took off on foot to Bilgoraj and after his appearance there, he returned home, and took his place to have the Sabbath meal, as if had come straight from worship. In truth, he made a round-trip of 34 kilometers, but most importantly – the permission was received. Yitzhak Weiner managed the summer colony, who was an emissary from the *HeHalutz* center, and I think, that Esther Schuster of the Kielce *kibbutz* [participated], as opposed to the *Halutzim* of Frampol – Yitzhak Zikhler, Berisz Blumer and myself, had to get involved in providing produce for the 40 youngish ‘colonists.’ There was not much money – and when we ran out of money to buy food, we took produce from Chaya-Ethel Blumer in the store on credit. Afterwards, we had to cover this obligation from our own pockets...

Israel).

The local *HeHalutz* chapter was located at the house of Yitzhak Hoff. Young people aged 12 and 13 years old would often come to visit the speeches, and read books in the library. The older ones were sent for training. The first *Halutz* who traveled to Grokhov for training was Joseph Kislowicz. After him came Moshe Hochrad, Yitzhak Zikhler, Joseph Redelman, Moshe Kleiner, Abraham Hoff, the writer of

Many parents came for the last Sabbath of the colony, and also the curious, to find out what took place there. They happened to arrive just at the time that the young people were seated in a half-circle and Yitzhak Weiner spoke to them about community life in the Land of Israel. On one of the placards there were pictures of Karl Marx and of Borokhov, circled in red. By nightfall, the police knew that communism was being taught in Sokolova... they were not idle and went there, arrested Yitzhak Weiner and ordered the colony to be disbanded. The senior police officer also ordered that he be shown the permission and upon seeing that it had been issued under the name of the Zionist organization, ordered Mekhl Ehrter to appear before him. We still had the opportunity to brief Mekhl what had happened regarding the signature, and pleaded that he not expose us to the police. Mekhl became frightened, and was very strongly taken by the whole incident, but he promised us that he would settle with the police that he had signed the request.



זיסטר-עמלעניג פון 'החלוץ הצעיר' אין סוקאלובסקע, 1934
 שוואכע טאג 'החלוץ הצעיר' בסוקולובסקע בשנת 1934

Page 207: The *HeHalutz HaTza 'ir* Summer Colony in Sokolova in 1932.

All were released, the head organizers of the colony were only frightened. However, in a few days later, Mekhl Ehrter lost his mind... His wife, who initiated the request to the *Starosta* and the falsification of the signature were held responsible for this misfortune. It was not only one that she threw the following at me:

– Shlomo'keh, you are responsible for what has happened to my husband...

The shtetl had a great deal of disappointment and pain because of this incident. And just as we did not know that the issue of the permission request was the direct cause of Ehrter's illness, we were also not certain whether the revisionists had informed the police about the 'communist colony.' But there was a basis on which this could be believed. Therefore, as an act of vengeance we demolished the revisionist local, tore up their pictures and broke their furniture.

*

In December 1934, together with Abraham Hoff, I made *aliyah* to the Land of Israel, based on the certificates we had been allocated by the central HeHalutz office in Warsaw.

Training Activity of HeHalutz

By Abraham-Yitzhak Hoff

Tel-Aviv

The official founding of the *HeHalutz* organization in our *shtetl*, dates from the year 1931. But in truth, activity of the *HeHalutz* began to take place in 1926, in the ranks of the culture-society, 'Tarbut.' With the strong identity derived from the Zionist ideal and activity in Frampol and with the crystallization of various Zionist groups in the *shtetl*, the needs for a separate organizational sect of *HeHalutz* emerged.

Our HeHalutz [organization] had two categories of members: the first – for going to work, and training, the second – only active in the local branch. The following members belonged to the first group: Joseph-Hersh Kislowitz, who traveled away for training to *Kibbutz* Grokhov; contrasted with Moshe Hochrad, and the Frieling brothers who did their training in Kielce. Immediately after them, another group of members went for training in *Kibbutz* Borokhov in Bendin: Chaim Kislowitz, Joseph Redelman, Moshe Kleiner, Esther Zismilkh and the writer of these lines. The results of the completed training did not let themselves tarry for too long because, already in 1934 Frampol had the privilege to send several *Halutzim* for *aliyah* to the Land of Israel, among which I was to be found.

To tell the truth, the material situation of the *HeHalutz* members was such, that even the necessary expenditures which were tied to the training – were not there. Apart from this, the training candidates did not have the psychological preparation, and the inner spiritual fortitude to do harder, physical work. It was therefore necessary in Frampol to search for workplaces and businesses for our members. They were ready to do all manner of hard work for which the Poles had a 'monopoly', to at least prepare one's self for the work in the training camp in Poland and to the work in an Israeli *Kibbutz*. And above all – thanks to the treasury of the *HeHalutz* organization which always subsidized with a special fund, that made possible to help the needy members to run our culture-grown activity and also to broaden the library.

For the sake of truth, it is necessary to say, that the existence of *HeHalutz* in the *shtetl* was not only thanks to the Jewish part of the young people, who dedicated themselves heart and soul to the organization. There were also members of a group of friends in the movement, from the so-called older generation. They not only were supportive in fact that the *HeHalutz* nurtures and loves labor, striving to transfer ever more Jews to the Land of Israel – but stood ready to provide tangible help to the movement.

At this opportunity I wish to recall the name of my father Wolf-Ber Hoff ז"ל, who gave over the use of a large room for the office of the local of *HeHalutz* and demonstrated a great deal of understanding and help for the organization.

At this opportunity, let us recollect the names of my father Wolf-Ber Hof ז"ל, who gave the local of the *HeHalutz* movement the use of a large room, and manifested a considerable understanding and help for the organization.

Nowadays, if one takes a glance at the past, one can be proud of the accomplishments of this handful

of young people in the shtetl, for whom the work of getting a grasp was not only a means to assure their own personal survival, but literally a whole concept unto itself. And the training-activity of 'HeHalutz' did a great deal in this area of endeavor. It is only sad that the largest part of those dreaming and fighting young people was so cruelly exterminated, not living to come to their own Land – the very dream and striving of their lives...

The Shtetl as I Remember It

By Yekhezkiel Frieling

Ramat-Gan

Frampol in the Yiddish Literature

Frampol is mentioned only rarely in the so-called rich Yiddish literature, because of its remoteness and distance from a larger center (to Zamość is a distance of 50km.): the bad connectivity with the surrounding world, no train line, no road, because the Czarist authorities were not interested in this.

In his book 'Satan in Goraj' I. Bashevis [Singer] pictures who the wagons with *Hasidim*, who are traveling to their Rabbi in Bilgoraj, literally sink into the muddy swampland around Frampol. The renown I. L. Peretz with his quill only got as far as the village of Grajec, which is 10 km. closer to his city, and he portrays life among a group of Jewish farmers.

A beautiful tale about Frampol, that can only be read with bated breath, was written by I. J. Singer, and also I. Bashevis wrote about Frampol (Yampol) in his novel 'The Yard.'

Frampol, like many other little towns in the Lublin Voievode, lay to the side, far from a large metropolitan center, not having its own train station. It even lacked the convenience of a main road nearby. This plight, perforce, influenced not only the economic development of the shtetl, but also limited the progress of its cultural development.

The closest large city nearby was Zamość, at a distance of 45 km from Frampol. And in order to get to the nearest train station, Zwierzniac – was also quite a trip of 30 km. Bilgoraj from the south and Janow-Lubelski to the west were, indeed, larger centers, but they did not have the cultural depth to serve our *shtetl*.

Because of this, life flowed in all respects as if it were a side settlement, containing a population of about 3,000 souls, out of a general population of 5,000 residents. About 40% of the adult Jews and the working population was engaged in: shoemaking, tailoring, furniture making, harness making and other things. The other 60% committed themselves to commerce in the shtetl itself and in the [surrounding] villages, counting the leased orchards. It is clear that in a Frampol of this nature, there were no lack of clerical people. It is difficult to say that this *shtetl* had any affluent residents. From a community perspective – the only thing that exerted any force was religious life. At the beginning of this (20th) century, it was difficult to imagine extensively reaching changes. In general, the *shtetl* lived in a perpetual dream state. And if something created any movement – it was around the selection of a Rabbi, gossip, or a minor scandal – until it was forgotten.

Despite this, Frampol did not remain completely isolated from the outside world. News reached here

with a specific dissemination and distortions - but they did get there! And an event like the Balfour Declaration immediately elicited a reaction. Several young people, typical of the type found in the *Bet HaMedrash*, secretly organized their own *shtibl*, that acquired the name 'Zionist *shtibl*.' By itself this was a major event. There was no thought given to creating an entity to conduct Zionist activity as what done in other places. But the first evidence that became visible – and it indeed brought a Zionist spring to the *shtetl*. The essence of establishing a *shtibl* that was not named for a Rabbi was at that time a risky step.

Laborers and workers grouped themselves around this *shtibl*, as well as *Hasidic* youth, who sought a renewal for themselves and the people. It was from this group that a cadre of young people took hold, who began to think about Zionist-Socialist themes. With time, they became the strongest and most active social force in the *shtetl*. Satisfaction with life blossomed here, as well as optimism and the song, the Hora-dance and all of the cultural work was benefitted by a fresh breeze that penetrated the *shtetl*, and literally created a revolution in the minds of our youth.

Parties and Societies

Hasidism was deeply rooted in the two thousand Jewish souls, that lived in the *shtetl*. Faith in and relation to the Rabbi reached back as far as the *Hozeh* of Lublin and the Rabbi of Zolkiew. Fanaticism ruled on the Jewish street and did not permit any progress [to be made].

It was first in the year 1918, after the creation of independent Poland, two world events broke down the walls of the parochial village fanaticism: the Balfour Declaration and the October Revolution [in Russia].

The first sign of worldliness manifested itself in the form of a culture society, '*Tarbut*.' which is simply the core of a widely-branched Zionist activity of the *Halutz* movement. Loyal and committed activists stood at the head of *Tarbut*: Mekh'li Ehrter, Leibl Zitrinbaum and –separated for life –

Shlomo Kleidman. They were attendees at the *Bet HaMedrash*, they manifested a schism [with the old] and joined the national concept of the *Hasidic* youth, who had gone through training at points in Kielce, Bendin, Baranovich and additionally made *aliyah* to the Land of Israel. Also the rich library, managed by a group of activists such as: Berisz Blumer (exterminated in the *shtetl*), Itcheh Zikhler (fell in the Israeli war of independence), Wolf Finkelstein, Chaim Weltzer, Yekhezkiel Frieling and Chaim Kislwicz (all today in Israel), drew hundreds of readers to it, wealthy and poor, merchants and



החלוץ הצעיר בשנת 1932 * דער חחלוץ הצעיר אין 1932

Page 125: HeHalutz HaTza'ir in 1932

working people, salaried employees, and educated young people. All of these derived pleasure from this library. A strong Professional Society was also established, which carried out strikes, and

increases in pay for the salaried workers. They also fought with the local authorities who closed down the Society, after its leadership was taken over by communists. The liberation activists Yehoshua Flisswasser, Joseph Honigman, Berisz Levinger and others, later had to emigrate across the ocean, because of the frightful chicaneries they had to tolerate from the authorities. Small political parties also were established such as the leftist *Poalei-Tzion*. There were very knowledgeable members. At the head stood: Meir Weltczer, the Pankewicz brothers and B. Levinger. Every Saturday in the afternoon, they would hold their affable debates in the nearby forest. There were also *Bundists* in the , and BETA”Rists, whose names I do not remember.

In order to resist the influence of the worldly and socialist Jews, which began to penetrate the ranks of *Hasidic* youth, the older [generation] was compelled to go along with the times. It was in this way that the ‘*Agudat Yisrael*’ party was created, which immediately declared war up to excommunication for members of other parties, especially the Zionist movement, who want to ready themselves for *aliyah*. They exerted themselves to retain the influence of the *Bet-HaMedrash* over the young and older generations— but without success. The spiritual leaders were: R’ Shmuel-Joseph Kestenbaum, a decent but fanatically religious Jew, whose praying the *Amidah* while standing was a sight to see; the Rabbi’s son-in-law R’ Nota, a religious and ardent learner and additionally very stingy; Mendl Itchek’lehs’ a society fighter against worldliness – all these *Haredi* Jews believed completely and also demonstrated an ability to persuade others, that salvation can only come from God – therefore everything must be accepted with affection and wait for the coming of the Messiah.

HeHalutz Ha Tza’ir

In the years of 1926-30 were the growth years for the pioneering organization in Frampol. Young people of ages 17-19 sought answers here for all questions that plagued them. But for all of them it was necessary to break out and be able to work. The issue of the mastery of work – to obtain places to work – was also strongly tied to the love of work. This was a big life experience for the *shtetl*, when every morning the young people from the homes of the *balebatim* would march out to such work, which was monopolized only by Christians. In the nearby factory of Jozef Miazga Jewish youth began to get used to physical work, and from that time on, no longer needed access to a variety of work situations. The long generations of the Jewish way of life in Frampol after a long time, began to change.

Along with arousing a love of [manual] work, the organization also awakened a love of the book and exerted themselves at the same time, to quench the thirst of the younger generation for knowledge and education. There were talks given by local and invited speakers, circles, lectures and discussions. The library, founded by their own work, and had a thousand books, the evening bench discussions – broadened their horizon, deepened their knowledge and developed their minds. We did not pass up the creation of a Drama Circle which on several occasions dared to travel with presentations to Goraj, Janow-Lubelski and Turobin.

The initiators of this self-education circle, which later developed into a foundation for *HeHalutz HaTza’ir* were: Yitzhak Zikhler ז"ל, Berisz Blumer ז"ל, Shlomo Kleidman, Chaim Kislowicz, Moshe

Hochrad. Abba Bekher, this writer, and others, whose names I do not recall. We would discuss and seriously deal with the contents of the books and newspapers that we had read, looking what the way of life was in some period of time where there was a social and simultaneously national solution to all the weighty Jewish problems we had to bear. Being occupied in the realm of ideology, we, as said, did not forget our practical work, such as renting a meeting place on the Janowska street, in the house of Wolf-Ber Hoff, and to set up our large library and to accustom the membership to real work.

From the central office in Warsaw, I recall we were visited by Yitzhak Weiner and Tuvia Bazhikowsky. Their praise for the location of the Frampol *HeHalutz*, were completely justified.

A separate chapter were our summer colonies, in the village of Sokolowka, two km from the *shtetl*, to which the young boys and girls would travel every summer to the village and take advantage of the fresh air – by the river, mountain and field. Even the observant parents took pleasure with the creation of the summer colony and escorted their children along the way, with a blessing...

I have an idea that all of the doings and accomplishments of *HeHalutz HaTza'ir* elicited envy among the other youth organizations in the *shtetl*, such as: BETA'R, *Agudat Yisrael*, communists, and other Zionist groups. Each from their own standpoint and with their arguments, attacked *HeHalutz*. The elections of the 18th Zionist Congress served to sharpen this struggle. The gatherings and discussions in the forest excelled in the earnestness they showed at this level.

It is clear that the Jewish struggle only strengthened our ranks. That is, except for the seemingly permanent anti-Semitism in Poland, and Hitler's coming to power in Germany, which made the atmosphere around the Jews more stifling, and compelled the young people to think of ways to get out.

A significant number of our *Halutzim* traveled for training to Katowice, Bendin, Łodz, Kielce, Bialystok, Baranovich and Pinsk.

We were still able to send our own *Halutzim* to the Land of Israel. Moshe Hochrad, Shlomo Frieling, Moshe Kleider, Esther Zimlich, Chaim Kislowicz, Yitzhak Zikhler ז"ר and others – were escorted accompanied by song and dance, literally by the whole *shtetl* up to the road to Bilgoraj. Others could not pass up the chance to ride up to the train station at Zwierzniec and only then bid the *Halutzim* making *aliyah* a 'fond farewell.'

And those who turned back to Frampol from training locations – could not be recognized. There same homey young people of ours, but with a new mentality and approach. All of them matured spiritually and politically.

The Extermination

It is Thursday, September 1, 1939. In Frampol it does not feel like the eve of a storm. Nobody sees in advance that tomorrow The Second World War will break out. In the *shtetl*, normal life continues, like on every day. Jewish wagon drivers distribute merchandise and passengers going to fairs, as well as those who simply want to visit neighboring towns. Mandate-tailors, shoemakers, merchants and storekeepers go out on the road to prepare raw stuff for the fall and winter seasons. And the itinerant merchants who took merchandise to the surrounding villages, went on the dusty roads like any other

morning mumbling their prayers, beseeching the *Master of the Universe* for a day of good fortune with income for a complete life... and the craftsmen who remained in the *shtetl*, are already seated at their work places and through the open windows the noise of the sewing machines comes in on the air, along with the clattering of machine hammers.

Those that worshiped at the first *minyán* had just barely left the *Bet HaMedrash* – and others are coming to take their place. Later on, one sees the little ones going to *Heder* and into the school. In Frampol, another day has begun... but in the air an unrest hung, tension and expectation. The Jews in the *shtetl*, just like all of Polish Jewry had survived Pszytyk, Brisk, the decrees of slaughter, pickets, anti-Semitism in the land itself, and the often bellicose warnings of war from Hitler on the other side of the border. Austria and Czechoslovakia have long ago fallen victim to the German aggression – now, most certainly is Poland's turn...

Very early on September 1, 1939, they already knew in Frampol about the outbreak of war. They had just hung out the signs about mobilizing a few divisions – when German airplanes appeared in the sky. Pandemonium broke out in the *shtetl*. I quickly went into the house, where my mother had been busying herself with preparing the delicacies for the Sabbath and for this purpose had heated up the oven for making *cholent* which she provided for all the neighbors. This is the way she acted for her entire life – simple – to do a good deed! In my frightened face, she recognized that something out of the ordinary was taking place – and gave out a scream: ‘Where are my children?’ I went out again, gathered all the children and all of them took off running to the trees of Jantetszik, looking for shelter against the murderers in the sky. We immediately hear the wail of falling bombs and the strong echoes of their explosions. Fortunately, the bombs fall on the Sokolow fields, and this time there were no human casualties. But on that Friday evening we no longer went to sing the Sabbath songs in a loud voice. Trembling and confused, we all waited to see what the morning would bring.

The morning brought an evacuation with itself. According to a special permission from the Rabbi, Jews hitched their horses to wagons, or rented wagons from the Poles and began to leave the *shtetl*. At the same time, fleeing the *shtetl* started after Friday, but the Sabbath engulfed almost all the Jewish houses. We fled not too far away – only to the neighboring villages. Myself, my mother Gittel and sister Reizl went to the village of Komadzhanika, a bit distant from Frampol, but we felt safer there because of natural fortifications and deep valleys with mountains. In addition, the village lay between two pine forests. Frampol became empty. The evacuees dared to come back into the town only in the evening, to take necessities from their houses, empty certain things – and go back into hiding.

Several days passed in this fashion – until the Eve of *Rosh Hashana*, when German bombs in large number on the *shtetl*, and ignited fires on all four sides. Of those Jews who came into the *shtetl* on that day, in order to get prepared for the holiday, to wish people a Good Year, and simultaneously get to know some news – not all of them came back to their hidden families. Approximately thirty Frampol residents were killed by the bombs and the fires. From Komadzhanika we were able to see the fire initiated columns of smoke, which wafted over the *shtetl*, and destroyed hard work and labor created over the course of generations. My mother, and her sister, burst out into strong crying looking at this destruction. While I was still at a young age, I found myself needing to offer solace to them, and warn them that the war would quickly end and we will yet turn around and come home. You can understand that I did not believe my own words, sensing secretly the oncoming

catastrophe, even though it was hard to portray the greatest pessimism that would overtake such a scale [of destruction]...

I did not sleep that night. Starting with my sister, I went off to the shtetl to get some news. We left our mother in the village, by an opened Makhzor, so that they may beseech [the Almighty] for a Good Year, for us and all of Jewry.

The way back to Frampol was not as simple as we thought. The frequent bombing, and the masses of refugees on the roads didn't allow for free movement. When we arrived at the *shtetl*, a frightful picture was uncovered before our eyes: Streets, houses and businesses – were eradicated. There was no trace of a larger part of the shtetl. Suddenly, the sound of recitation of the Holiday prayers reaches our ears. In the garden of Jan Sobczak, Jews donned their kittles and prayer shawls, beseeching God to protect them from the dangers of war. We can hear the familiar melody of 'U'Nsaneh Tokef,' shmuel Joseph Kestenbaum Nota, the Rabbi's [son-in-law], Mendl Itcheh'leh's and other Jews praying beneath the open sky, raising their hands to God. A number of trees around them were incinerated, and it seems that yesterday, the fire had reached here.

I cannot stand for very long. I have to go to see what has become of our house. It is not there... it has gone up in flames, along with the poor goods [within]. Now we were left with what we wore. Refugees from Cracow passed through Frampol in the night. With my sister and myself we dumbly look this over. We are sunken in thought...

Suddenly we hear footsteps. A woman with two small children plead with a weeping voice, that we should take pity on them. They are refugees from Cracow who passed through Frampol in the night. A piece of shrapnel from a bomb struck her husband, when they together stopped to rest from traversing the orchards. She just wants her husband to have a proper Jewish burial and thereby requests my help. She and the children are in no condition to carry out the burial.

We conveyed the body to the cemetery with Nathan Kestenbaum, and on *Rosh Hashana* we performed all the rites for the slain refugee.

The air attack on Frampol and the surrounding area – did not stop. We decide to leave the village, because we had no familiar peasant friends here. A few days after *Rosh Hashana* we went over to the village of Sokolowka, which was closer to the *shtetl*. My mother was well-known there, there was also food there, and we no longer suffered from hunger as we did before in Komadzanka. The peasant Szimek Szwatowski gave us a room and also helped out to the extent that he could.

The Germans entered Frampol on the Eve of *Yom Kippur*. During the first days of their occupation, Jews did not leave their houses. Later one got used to it, because at the start we did not hear of any special harassments.

All this time we were in Sokolowka. On one occasion, the peasant called me outside. On the yard, I detect three German soldiers. One of them asks if I understand German. After I reply 'Jawohl' he asks me if I am a Jew. I did not lie. They order me to sit down in their car, and travel with them.

They are looking for honey... I will have to be their guide and their translator. Riding to a peasant and I knew had honey, I heard how the Germans were having a conversation among themselves, they are debating whether I should be shot or let go free. One of them proposed – that I be taken to a military stockade...

When they had finished buying the honey, the senior among them ordered:

– *Jude – Lauf!*⁵²

I took off running and meanwhile thought, that a murderous bullet would chase me. But the Germans did not shoot. I was able to return to my mother and sister. But none of us thought of remaining in the village. That same night, by way of fields and side roads, we went off to a second village and at its very edge, we entered a room in an abandoned house and spent the night there. The restlessness just then started.

Most of the hidden Jews began to return to Frampol. The reason for this return was because the Germans were not comfortable staying in the *shtetl*, and once or twice a week they would go to Bilgoraj, or Janow. Having no alternative, the three of us also returned to Frampol and try to organize ourselves in new premises.

On one day, I was standing on the road to Szczebrzeszyn, near the home of Feiga Raphael's, the only Jewish house that remained intact, thought shot through and through with bullet holes. This was the meeting point for the Frampol Jews. Suddenly one hears a loud police whistle. Jews began to run. The road to Sokolowka immediately filled up with fleeing and frightened men, women and children, as well as the elderly. Each person wanted to reach their hideout as quickly as possible. There was a lot of pandemonium. I hear behind me the confused shout of a four year-old child: 'Mama! Mama!' I turn around and see a crying little boy behind me, who in confusion is looking for his mother... I don't think a lot, take the child on my shoulders and set out running again. The child clamored to me, feeling a protection and security. I came into the village exhausted and tired, where my mother and sister were. At night all four of us (including the found child) went down into the cellar to sleep. In the morning the mother of the child, a woman of Frampol whose name I don't remember now, appeared in our cellar. It appears that someone had told her that I had taken the little boy with me. Looking at the moving scene of joy, which broke out between the mother and child, tears welled up in our eyes...

I do not know of that Frampol child remained alive or did he suffer the fate of the million exterminated Jewish children of Europe. Still in the midst of those frightful wartime days, even the grownups felt like lost children and it was difficult distinguish them from the children.

The 'Yavneh' School

By Dvora Mantag-Zitrinbaum
New York

⁵²

Jew – flee!

Dedicated to the Memory of My Father, ה"ע

For his entire life, my father was a committed Zionist. Together with my cousin Shlomo Kleidman he founded the Zionist Organization in Frampol. My father made *aliyah* to the Land of Israel, but at the end of the thirties – he returned to Frampol. I can remember how much it meant to him to found a school in the *shtetl* that employed Hebrew as the teaching language. Nobody believed that such a thing could be implemented in Frampol. However, my father did not give up. With a few additional enthusiasts – Mekhl Frieling, Mekhl Ehrter, Chanoch Reizenzilber, Simcha Aszenberg and others – it became possible for him to turn a dream into reality. In Frampol he established a ‘*Yavneh* School.’

Our first teacher came to us from Vilna, his name was Lilienstein. He was an energetic and educated young man, but he loved Yiddish more than Hebrew. The school committee did not expect such an orientation from the teacher – and after a short time, he left the *shtetl*. The second teacher, Goldstein was a gentle, blond young man, who played the mandolin. During summer evenings one could hear the beautiful strains of his mandolin melodies all over the *shtetl*. He instituted lectures about playing the mandolin in the school for the students who had an interest in this. Later on, he left the school and the *shtetl*, but I cannot recall for what reasons.

The teacher Frischberg came after him, a really religious man, descended from a rabbinical family. [He was] a teacher of the ‘old school’ and therefore he did not elicit the proper calm behavior from the students. He was also a miser. In time, the committee also let him go.

Afterwards more teachers came – but I cannot remember all their names. Shmuel Drayzen had the good fortune to place the ‘*Yavneh* School’ on a high level. His youth and freshness in learning, created for him the required authority from the parents, as it did from the children. Because he was so handsome, many girls in Frampol fell in love with him.

Thanks to my father’s initiative, ‘*Yavneh* schools’ were also founded in Goraj and Turobin. Apart from the studying, output and presentations were presented in Hebrew. Because the Polish schools would not permit the attendance of Jewish students to the presentations, the *Yavneh* school provided an opportunity for its students to display their artistic talents.

Two Frampol residents also were part of the teaching personnel: Moshe’keh Waldman and Yoss’l Lichtfeld – a gentle intelligent young man, and they taught *Tanakh*.

The school had an ongoing struggle with material difficulties. The parents saved some from their meager earnings, the committee worked with soulful dedication, in order to sustain the school and give the children a modern Yiddish-nationalist education.

*

Who among the older residents of Frampol doesn’t remember spending the entire week anticipating Monday – the day of the fair and thereby would wish for good weather. A good sum of money and for sustenance could be anticipated from it for seven days – until the second fair the following week. But as if to frustrate us, Monday was a day on which it usually rained, or a snowstorm would arrive. Then, one could see sadness in the eyes of the Jews along with disappointment, because the meager income also meant that one could not pay tuition for the Heder or school. Accordingly it was good that our children could benefit from the support given to us by the American Society from those Frampol scions who sent their money for the ‘*Yavneh*’ School. My father’s brother Shlomo-Pinchas Zitrinbaum was the Chair of the Frampol group in New York, which certainly had an influence on the effectiveness of their help.

For the School committee it was certainly a satisfaction that the children learned with serious attention, and most importantly – spoke a very fine Hebrew. Unfortunately, ‘Yavneh’ did not have any higher classes, as opposed to the *Takhkemoni* School in Bilgoraj.

Our school existed from 1931 until 1939 when the Second World War broke out. Two years later, the Jewish population of Frampol was exterminated by Nazi murderers. Among those killed – were also children from the *Yavneh* school. Only 5 of them are alive today – themselves are already fathers and mothers to [5their own] children.

Documents Tell

(A Status Report of the ‘Yavneh’ School in To the Landsleit in the from the year 1935,

In our time of to you, our dear friends from Land of Israel. As Hebrew school 1930, which takes protection the friends and course of this time, ability to raise a generation in the Nationalist Jewry. Page 224: Teachers and Students of the ‘Yavneh’ School energy of the



תלמידים ומורים של ב"י"ס, יבנה.
 לערער און טיילער פון דער, יבנה-ישראל.

the Leadership of Frampol Land of Israel, Passover)

trouble, we turn and important Frampol in the you know, a exists here since under its children of your relatives. In the we have had the fine young spirit of It is thanks to the teaching

personnel that its prestige has been elevated. This very important institution has been placed on the appropriate cultural level. We have exerted ourselves to extract poor Jewish children from the net of assimilation, which lurks after us constantly. And just now, when the school is standing at its blossoming and development period, a storm had draw near, from which there is the possibility that the building, which was erected with so much blood and sweat –may collapse. Following an order of the Polish authorities, we have to move to more spacious quarters, which will follow all of the rules for hygiene .

The Yavneh School in Frampol

Frampol כ"ה

The Third Day of *Hol HaMoed* Passover, 1935

Naturally, we cannot do this today and therefore it is a risk of having to close the school down for not being in compliance with the existing rules, and you can understand that this implies bitter consequences for us. We have decided not to resign ourselves to this and with dedication of our souls keep the school in our purview. Together with this, we have decided to tax ourselves to the extent possible and build our own building for the school. The stress on us is colossal, and we looked around that if you, dear friends, will not come to our help, we are powerless to make this happen.

Our plea and call to you is:

Help us as much as you can in this our difficult hour and support us in laying a foundation for a Hebrew school in Frampol, which will carry your name forever. Please accept the heartfelt gratitude from tens of Jewish children and confused parents in Frampol – to begin with.

In waiting for your swift reply and help, we wish you long life and **כ"מ**.

The Education Committee
Henoeh Reinzilber Mekhl Frieling
Leibusz Weltczer M. A.
Avraham Maver Yitzhak Frampoler
Sh. D. Bryk L. Zitrinbaum

The stamp of the School in Polish and Hebrew:
Hebrajska Szkoła Relig. P. N. "Jabne" we Frampolú
(The 'Yavneh' School in Frampol)

D.
Activists
Types
Personalities

.ד
עסקנים
טיפן
געשטאלטן

.ד
עסקנים
טיפוסים
דמויות

Berisz Dinburt, the Community Head

By Mikhleh Hertzberg

An intelligent person, well-rounded in his knowledge, and making frequent trips to the large cities because of his business interests, separated him from the average Frampol Jew. Because of his fragile health, his wife helped him with his businesses. But his illness did not deter him from being the true representative of the community, and occupying the most important position of Community Head for many years. People came to him to get advice about a planned marriage, straightening out a dispute, or getting some business advice. He was respected and beloved by most of the ranks of the Frampol Jews.

He was a great expert in mathematics. Not only once did he assist the local teachers by solving difficult mathematical problems. He also looked after the education of his seven children.

He was a *Trisk Hasid*, a valuable acolyte of the *Rebbe* R' Moshe'leh who would stay with him at his house, when he traveled to Frampol. In contrast, R' Berisz would travel twice a year to Lublin – not forgetting to make a side stop at his beloved *Rebbe's*.

R' Berisz Dinburt was also active in the *Hevra Kadisha*, and was a good chanter of Torah (during services). Many people would gather to hear his reading of the *Megillah*.

If a Jew needed a special consideration – he went off to R' Berisz without doubt, knowing that he will leave there satisfied.

R' Berisz looked after the raising of his children, and brought down special teachers from the outside world, in order that his sons derive value from religious and secular studies. In addition, when they had grown up somewhat, he derived much *Nachas* from them. They also helped him out in business.

The Jewish Land Leaser

By Abba Bekher ז"ר

New York

Today, when the tragic fate that overtook the Frampol Jews during the occupation of the Hitlerist murderers is known, one recalls that under the Czar our shtetl Jews did not know of any discrimination regarding special occupations. If a decree was occasionally proclaimed, they permitted themselves to think about the fact that, Frampol lay 20-22 km distance from the Austrian border, and therefore a large portion of the residents near that boundary. From that boundary, brought in would bring in sacks of sugar, whiskey, linens and other merchandise. By contrast, from Frampol they took out horses for sale in Austria, and other merchandise.

Also, living together with Jews and Poles in a shtetl was normal 60 years ago, without tension or conflict. Even the issue of selling the Rathaus with its fill of businesses, which belonged both to Christians and Jews – was all conducted peacefully. The transaction was mixed the so-called Jewish land leaser, businessman – and about this type of an individual, I would like to relate several episodes:

In 1903, he had accumulated a considerable fortune in Frampol and the surrounding vicinity: a distillery in Kantis, a mill in Sokolowka, property in Retszic and in Rida, and the biggest building in Frampol itself – the *Rathaus*, which stood in the middle of the market place. (Later on, there was a bank there). But by that time Herr Handelsmann was already living in Warsaw and was completely disassociated from Frampol.

My father a *Dozor* in the community, practically the only one who knew how to write, and therefore ran the books (other *Dozors* of that time period: Wolf-Hersch Frieling, Hersch-Mendl, and others) – made a special trip to Warsaw as a representative of interested Poles and Jews, who had their businesses in the *Rathaus*. [He did this] in order to lead the exchange of ideas about damages. Sitting in Warsaw, Handelsmann wanted too slowly liquidate his businesses in the *shtetl*, and first – get rid of the *Rathaus*, but only with the condition that the *balebatim* and the local residents will give their consent. Handelsmann promised my father, and other members of the delegation, several thousand rubles [to compensate] for damages, and the head of the delegation (my father) – a thousand as ‘money for the effort expended.’

After the delegates returned from Warsaw, haggling began. The *balebatim* were not satisfied with the proposed sum of money. I let my father know about the ‘money for the effort’ and decided he would travel to Handelsmann and demand a share for himself.

The entire issue stood as still as death. Sometime later, when my father again traveled to Warsaw, he found out that in that time, Handelsmann had died, and therefore he had to deal with issues with his son, because nothing had been put into writing. After a great deal of give-and-take the son gave two thousand rubles – and this money was divided up as needed for damages to everyone’s satisfaction.

The Activists, Personalities and Type in Frampol

Our *shtetl* did not lack a variety of personalities, emissaries and ordinary Jews, who belonged to the ‘panorama of people’ and the general ‘landscape’ of Frampol. These very Jews – rich and poor, scholars and the ignorant, worldly and fanatically religious, honored me and gave me their affection, and I carried on discussions [with them] and ingested every word. Today, it remains to document, on paper, memories of the personalities of all martyrs. I have not distinguished between those who were honored and not honored. The following list of personalities was assembled by myself and reflect how they appear in my memory, not wanting to willingly wanting to seat one at the East Wall and the others in the corridor...

R’ Nota, The Rebbe’s Son-in-Law

Who would believe that in such a far-flung little *shtetl* like Frampol, that one would find such a meaningful personality, who certainly would have taken an important place in our lives, were we have all lived through the frightful war.

R' Nota was a very poor man, his watchmaking business barely gave him a living. He was very observant, and every day he gave lessons in Talmud, for no salary. When he received 20 dollars sent to him from America, he did not want to take it because of his piety, arguing that the money comes from the desecration of the Sabbath...

R' Nota had a fiery mind, knowing the entire *Shas* by heart, had an opinion about the greatest scholars of the world, and was fluent in [Hebrew] grammar. He could cite *Even Ezra* the way an ordinary Jew would rattle off '*Ashrei*.'

The map of the Land of Israel was an open page for him. If a Jew would come to us from the Holy Land and conversed with R' Nota, the guest thought that R' Nota had gone through the *Land* in its length and breadth, and did this no less than twenty times...

It is interesting that nobody ever saw R' Nota reading a newspaper or books. Quite the opposite, he strictly forbade the reading of '*trayf-possul*' items. The source, from which he derived so much knowledge – he took with him to his eternal resting place.

R' Shmuel-Joseph Kestenbaum

R' Shmuel Joseph was the only child of his rich father. His father –[was] a rather simple Jewish man, but Shmuel Joseph visibly with his own force, disposed of the simplicity of his family and it was with him that a new generation began.

He was a dedicated learner and a fervent Hasid, but he had an understanding of culture questions and politics.

It would happen that someone, who didn't know him met him for the first time and peered at his gesticulations while praying, like tearing pages out of the prayer book, or pinching himself on the ear, and other strange things – he could take him for an abnormal person.

But we knew him, and he was far from abnormal. In the frequent conversations, that we used to have with him, we saw that in front of us there was a completely normal and attentive person.

He did a great deal for the benefit of the community. He had the entire city in mind. He would even abandon his own businesses and his hand was in everything. One did not elect anyone as a *Dozor* without Shmuel Joseph: regarding the bank, *Bais-Yaakov* schools, the *Mikva*, and Bet HaMedrash, the Rabbi and ritual slaughterers – he had to have his say about everything.

Wherever there was a pauper, the address given to him was that of R' Shmuel Joseph: If a *Rebbe* came to visit, he was put up only by Shmuel Joseph the prominent Jewish man.

On the Eve of *Rosh Hashanah* he traveled off to Lublin to the Trisk *Rebbe*, and returned with an *etrog* in hand, not before the *Sukkot* holiday.

R' Shmuel-Joseph elicited the greatest respect for himself. He raised a handsome generation – four sons – all scholars, intelligent men, and good chess players. Regrettably non of them remained alive. R' Shmuel-Joseph himself was shot wearing a prayer shawl and phylacteries.

Let these few words be a headstone for his unknown grave.

R' Akiva Meir, The Melamed and Teacher

His patriarchal appearance with a handsome beard stand before my eyes, He was brought to us from Janow-Lubelski, because for more intelligent children, there was no appropriate *Melamed* in Frampol. For the parents who did not send their children to the '*powszechnie*' school for religious reasons, we had to find a *Melamed* that could teach the little ones secular studies, such as reading and writing Yiddish, Polish, German and Mathematics.



Page 233: R' Akiva Meir, the *Melamed* and Teacher

R' Akiva faithfully carried out his responsibilities. He possessed great pedagogical skills, knew how to learn much, had a blessed handwriting and a nice style. He was a great mathematician.

And the essence: with his rare pedagogic skills, he knew how to plant a thirst for knowledge in the young generation. Every child that had a hankering to learn could learn a lot from him.

It is clear that all our ideas in Polish, Yiddish, German and mathematics – we have him to thank for them.

Apart from this, every week we had to learn by heart entire sentences in Hebrew. Every day, an hour before we went home, we learned a chapter of *Tanakh*. That was the energy of R' Akiva-Meir the *Melamed*, and he was a great credit to the education of our generation.

We will never forget the memory of him.

R' Leibusz שו"ב, the Composer of Frampol

My quill is too poor – to provide an evaluation of the personality of R' Leibl the *Shokhet*. A fact is, that the entire surroundings, with its cities and small towns, literally as far as Lublin, were envious of little Frampol, who possessed a shokhet, a man with all the admirable virtues and so much skill.

R' Leibl *Shokhet* was a Jew that was seventy years old, with a handsome appearance, always dress clean and neatly, a wise man and a first-class scholar.

First and foremost, he was a good *shokhet*. This means that if it made a heavy odor, the butchers did not let anyone go near it, only the formidable expert in slaughtering. His ruling was taken up with complete faith.

R' Leib was also a well-known *Mohel*, at peace with his environment and attached to everyone, as two friends, literally like his own brother.

He was also fluent in matters of healing. If anyone complained of a malaise, he advised him to take a specific medicine –and especially in a pharmacy. It is told that he wrote prescriptions which were honored by the pharmacist.

Young and old, the observant and the worldly, would ask for his advice in a variety of instances.

Where ever there was a difficult religious ruling to be made, or a dispute over an inheritance, everyone knew that R' Leibl *shokhet* would resolve it in favor of the best side. He would divide the houses among the heirs, like an expert engineer, using a rule to measure every shelf and made the allocation. The most notable was that everyone from all sides were satisfied by his ruling. There has not been an instance yet, that one side would become his enemy, which he often found in these sorts of instances.

Lastly, he had a house built for himself. Since the district had the right to deny the permission to build new houses, without a plan from an engineer, R' Leibl developed the plan and gave it to an engineer to verify. It is further told, the engineer would ask R' Leib whether or not he had studied architecture – and he certified the plan of the *shokhet* in one review.

To sit with R' Leib in secular discussions, was a spiritual pleasure. Each of he words sprouted with wisdom, and one had to learn from all of his words.

And lastly and best of all: He was, apart from all of these enumerated skills, a great composer of *Hasidic* melodies!

Since he could write music, every year, on the Eve of *Rosh Hashana* he would prepare three marches and a tune: for the Sabbath of Hanukkah, when he would travel to the *Rebbe* in Lublin, he took along two new melodies. His creations were sung in the entire Lublin area, full of indescribable faithfulness.

When he traveled to Lublin for the Sabbath of *Hanukkah*, to let them hear his rendition of *HaMavdil*, the entire city gathered under the windows of the rabbinical house, climbing the walls, in order to hear and see how R' Leibl'eh sings.

When he began to sing with his blessed voice, these hundreds of people fell silent, to the point that you could hear a fly buzz by. He was accompanied by a violinist from the orchestra, named Shabtai'leh, it appears was invited. On one occasion, it happened that after R' Leibl finished singing *HaMavdil* Shabtai'leh said that after such a melody he had nothing to offer... and categorically refused to play the melody of *HaMavdil* again.

So R' Leibl took the fiddle and played his melody over again by himself. The large crowd was so stunned that out of great spirituality that they carried out R' Leibl on their hands.

For entire nights, nobody got tired by sitting and listening to musical playing.

I am reminded of one time when I went to R' Leib *Shokhet* to ask about a particularly difficult piece in the *Gemara*. When I came up to the window on the east side wall, where he had his own stool, I noticed that he had leaned his head against both of his hands and was quietly mumbling a tune to himself. I pulled myself back, not wanting to disturb him in his melody. But as soon as R' Leib took note of this, in embarrassment he turned himself towards me, and said the following:

– What can one do, for a beautiful melody came to me. Not having a quill with which to write down the notes, I repeated the notes in order not to forget the melody... when I get home, I will document it permanently.

His first rendition of *Selichot*, the prayers for *Rosh Hashana* and *Yom Kippur* – who has the strength to convey this. It went so far that the *Rebbe* of Trisk, R' Moshe'leh Twersky מ"ד of Lublin, was envious of Frampol, and stridently wanted to take R' Leib to him as a leader of services for the High Holy Days, because the *Shokhet* was, after all, a *Hasid* [of his].

It seems that R' Leibl had a hankering to take up the *Rebbe's* proposal. But the entire city was so resistant to this, wanting him to remain in Frampol and lead services, that the *Rebbe* had to give in to the sentiments of the community. No one in Frampol could imagine that *Selichot*, or prayers said during the High Holy Days, would be done without the melody of R' Leibl.

Our musician behaved in the following way: for the entire year, he would write down the notes on paper in several tones that happened to come to his mind, after which he divided the notes into three segments, but only he sang them, then he neither could do it, or simply didn't want to.

On a Sabbath [before] *Selichot* there was a presumption already, that all of us his assistants, gathered at R' Leibl's house. He has risen from his sleep, put on his flower-decorated bathrobe, which gave him a special glorious appearance, sat down at the table and asked his wife to provide some Sabbath breakfast. He then took out his notebooks in which he had written the musical notes and began to hum the melodies.

He would elongate his rendition of 'Sol-Sol-Sol' – and we immediately felt that his creations were beginning to put on skin and flesh, and emerges as a complete entity. The three cadences were used

with one for ‘*Yitgadal*’ after the *Amidah*, the second before ‘*VeYitromemu Kol*’ and the third – for ‘*Kitzvah Leshonkha*.’

When one of the four brothers, Rabbis from Trisk, would travel to visit us in town, a large rush of *Hasidim* came from the entire area: Janow Lubelski, Bilgoraj, Tarnograd, Szczepieszyn and Goraj. We would spend the entire Sabbath singing and learning R’ Leibl’s melodies at the *Rebbe’s Tisch*. After this, these melodies were spread out further.

Naturally, these new creations lost some of their originality as they moved from one *shtetl* to the next. It dropped a note here, it added an unfamiliar tone there – and in this way the melody became distorted.

There was an incident, that a *Rebbe* traveled to one of those towns to observe the Sabbath. Also, our R’ Leibl happened to travel there as well. Hearing what had happened to his melody, he ironically said:

– I hear something of my creation like a piece of chicken, without a hand, without a foot, but this does not disturb me, I am not, God Forbid, angry at those who have distorted my melody, because where is it stated that the ‘*bim-bom*’ has to be just like the way I created it? Perhaps this is the right way, how it has been distorted – [is OK] I did not receive it from Mount Sinai...

Apart from everyone else, R’ Leibl was of a good disposition. It reminds me of a cold winter’s evening, when I, together with his small grandson Avraham were studying at his house. Suddenly his wife spoke to her husband:

– Leib, I ask of you to just take the used water out of the house.

R’ Leib immediately took the bowl with the dirty water and went, with compliance, to carry out his wife’s order. But when he was already in the second room, his wife shouted after him:

– See, please do not forget to pour the water at a farther distance from our threshold....

The intent of the lady was, that if on the following day the police will make an inspection for dirty stains on the snow, then let the punishment for this come out on a neighbor...

When R’ Leibl heard this, he immediately turned back with the full bowl and angrily said to his lady:

Why do you ask me to empty this out at a different threshold, so he should be reprimanded for my making dirty [his threshold] Tomorrow somebody else will do this to you, and pour it right into your house... you carry out this pot yourself, if you are so smart...

That was the kind of *mensch* R’ Leibl was. If someone needed a loan – it goes without saying. It happened more than once that it was necessary to help a Jewish person out with five zlotys. What

does one do? At the lesson in the *Bet HaMedrash*, R' Leibl situated two boys to go out into the town, and gather the money for the needy person. In the meantime, he laid out the five zlotys from his own pocket.

If the *Shokhet* saw after a couple of days, that the young boys were not indicating any awareness about money, he hid their phylacteries one morning... when the boys came to pray and didn't find their phylacteries, they immediately understood, that this was a bit of handiwork by R' Leibl. When he was approached to return the phylacteries, he answered:

– Yes, indeed, I hid your phylacteries, because you were responsible for the five zlotys. I have to continuously lend money to people – so what will finally happen?

It is understood that when the young boys accepted the responsibility of gathering the loan money, they got back what it was they had lost...

I do not know from whence R' Leibl came. But it was told that he was the *Shokhet* in the *shtetl* of Krilov. When this *shtetl* went up in flames and we, in Frampol, found out about this, a delegation of two *Dozors* – R' Itzik Kestenberg and R' Yaakov Kislwicz traveled to Krilov and pleaded with the *Shokhet* R' Leib to come to our *shtetl*. And this was without any payment from his side, as was the common practice in those days. As it appears, the name of R' Leibl *Shokhet* was so strongly respected, that the *shtetl* held a reception for him to attract him, refusing to take money, which was strongly necessary for the community's needs.

R' Leib *Shokhet* had a son and two daughters. The son followed in his father's footsteps, and was a *Shokhet* in Krilov and was also musically talented, just like his famous father. They often helped one another in their undertakings.

Yekk'l Chmiel's, the Town Wagon Driver, and His Wife Esther

He was a simple wagon driver, and in comparison – not a little poor, but he had a warm Jewish heart. Got up [early] in the morning, before the cock crows, prayed quickly, as he said – 'on one foot' with the first *minyan*, which was the opposite of his business, because he drove his wagon at a leisurely pace. As an example, the distance to Janow was eighteen kilometers. I traveled by way of the 'Polish Road' for about four hours, because the horses were tired. He would follow the same course every day, and come home at about ten o'clock at night. And it was necessary to travel with Yekk'l the wagon driver, because there was no other way to get there in those days.

All of this describes what happened during the summer days. But if the inclement weather began – a rain, a snowfall, and a muddy road – then it was truly a God's compassion to look upon our Yekk'l Chmiel's. The horses were either tired, or a wheel came off along the way.

Yekk'l himself would say to his passengers:

– To ride with me, you must first recite the ‘*Gomel*’ prayer, because my horses have the nature of going where one does not have to go.

He was a Jewish man with a good disposition, and loved to joke at the expense of his mediocre horses:

We have a formidable God in heaven, and so long as my horses can pull themselves along on their feet, for the coming Sabbath they will manage to pull me home...

It was fine – so long as everything went normally, but if a horse broke a leg, or died – R’Yekke’leh’s need was great.

It was then that a couple of good Jews would have to get involved, we already saw that they had to put together a bit of money, and they got something from the ‘*Gemilut Hasadim*’ and they bought Yekk’l another breadwinner.

I remind myself, that after all this ‘joy,’ on one occasion there was not enough money, so they managed to procure a horse for him, blind in both eyes, because it was cheapen to buy it. As to this, Yekk’l would say:

– For all the good years, my breadwinner is as blind as the night, but if we encounter a pit, he falls right in...

Our wagon driver was burdened with children. We called his wife , ‘Esther the Righteous Woman.’ And just like the name we gave her, that is the way she was. She did not work which was an activity for other wives, with gossiping. One never heard even one groan or sigh in regards to her bitter luck.

It was exactly the opposite, she proceeded to help others to the extent that she could. Silently, she would collect donations for poor people and distributed it as anonymous gifts, and never told anyone for whom she collected. However, it was known and understood that the money was being held in honest hands.

Every Friday towards evening, Esther the Righteous Woman would send out small girls into the city to gather *Challahs* and other comestibles for poor people, and in order not to embarrass any Jewish person, she would bring these items into poor people’s homes such that nobody would take notice, putting pieces of wood behind the door, in the cold winter days, etc.

I the more intense snows and snow storms, this lady, modestly and committed, would carry out this work. Her husband, the wagon driver would always say:

– My Esther, the Righteous Woman, may God grant that she be with me even after the 120 [years].

Dark Shlomo – Who Invited Guests

Dark Shlomo (that is how he was called) was a shoemaker, talented and would repair boots for peasants.

It is difficult to say that Shlomo was a pauper, because one never heard him complain about his difficult situation, especially, since he was a great host to guests and especially for these kinds of poor people, who without his help would have to spend the night on a hard bench in the *Bet HaMedrash*. These kinds of poor people were called by us ‘guests of want’

The better off poor already had their *Hasidim*, who provided them with lodging, as an example, R’ Shmuel Joseph Kestenberg, or a *second Hasid*.

But there was nobody to look after these ‘guests of want’ When they entered the *shtetl*, they spent the whole day going to the houses and getting two *groschen* per house, or a bit of sugar from a poor house. After a day of dragging themselves around the houses, having come on foot from a nearby town, because there was simply nothing to cover costs, these people had no place to rest their exhausted bodies.

And it was especially the case, that a simple Jewish man who was a craftsman, like Shlomo the shoemaker, always showed them warmth. He would take them home to his house, which consisted of one room with an additional small room.

He lived with his family in the larger room, and he gave the smaller one over for infants from a large family. As I also learned there, I peered carefully at this shoemaker who had a warm Jewish heart, who take people into his crowded house for lodging.

He would spread out a bit of straw on the floor, because there was no other place in the house – and with special heartiness and concern, would provide for these poor Jews. He cleaned up the straw in the morning, in order to allow us, the little children, coming to Heder, should find everything put back in its proper place.

Shlomo also had a franchise every year after *Purim*, to bake matzos for the poor people who were unable to give their little amount of flour to the baker, because he took a large portion for himself..

Shlomo arranged things so that in his crowded home a family could come together, a wife and child at the same time, to bake their matzos. One of them would portion out the dough, while the other rolled it out, and a child would pour water for the chief kneader. And he, Shlomo, his honorable self, stood by the hot oven and baked. His wife made a ‘*Meireh*.’ All of this was very inexpensive at Shlomo’s house.

This simple Jewish man stood by the oven and moved the spades around. With one, he set up the matzos, and the second – a smaller spade, he turned the matzos over onto their other side. And with the third– he took the matzos out of the oven.

Observing Shlomo the shoemaker, how he stands by the oven, one had the impression that he did this with a profound feeling of sacred work.

And his eyes were all over the place, he saw what was going on in the entire house, and if he noticed how someone had turned over a section of dough on the second side, or – even worse – let a piece of dough drop on the floor, he let out such a shout, that one might have thought that a fire had broken out:

– *Chametz*⁵³! – he shouted alarmingly– and grabbed the little piece of dough. But he also began to comfort the poor family:

– Well, well, what can one do, you will have to cook small savory pieces of dough for the children to eat for supper...

As previously said, Shlomo the shoemaker was a very poor man, but strictly observant. Every beginning of the day he would go to the *Bet HaMedrash* to pray and put on phylacteries, which he put on even on *Hol HaMoed*. For us children, this was something novel, because in the *shtetl* not one Jew put on phylacteries during *Hol HaMoed*. We would specially go to the *Bet HaMedrash* to look at this peculiar behavior.

Out of courtesy none of us dared to ask him about this. We understood, that if the Rabbi saw this and says nothing, it is therefore simply not a ritual transgression.

This is the way this plain Jewish man conducted himself for all of his life.

R' Moshe Hochrad

They were two brothers: R' Moshe-Chaim and R' Nathan-David. They were very pious Jews, *Hasidim* of the Kuzmir *Rebbe* with heart and soul, very capable leaders of prayer services. R' Nathan was a miser. In the name of heaven, he would go around in the *Bet HaMedrash* – and woe betide anyone whom he caught saying so much as a word during the great *Amidah*.

By contrast, his brother R' Chaim was a man of relaxed disposition. He had a patriarchal appearance, always with a bit of a sweet smile on his lips. Neatly dressed, he dressed with taste and to top it all off – was content with his lot.

At one time he made a good living. It is told, that during the First World War, when he dealt in flour, the cholera epidemic broke out in the *shtetl*. Both R' Nathan and his wife took to bed. The starving populace broke open his flour storage unit – and R' Nathan's assets were lost.

⁵³ The Hebrew word for leavened bread, or any foodstuffs deemed to contain a leavening ingredient, which was not to be eaten during the full eight days of the Passover holiday.

When he and his wife saved themselves and were able to get out of bed, she gave him no peace: he should find out who it was that benefitted from his assets, maybe something will turn up.

But R' Nathan with his permanent smile on his lips, answered her calmly: Let the poor get value from them. No wealthy man needed our flour. And, perhaps, because of this, we were privileged to be helped by God, and we returned to good health...

In the later years, he occupied himself with the sale of illegal whiskey by the glass. At that time, this was very dangerous. And here is what happened:

Because of being informed on by a gentile, he was apprehended and there was a risk of several months in prison. I recall, that, they brought, literally from Zamość, the most prominent lawyer, Tzigelman. The trial took place on the Sabbath and the entire shtetl was on their feet, because it was hard to imagine that a Jewish man like R' Noshe-Chaim will have to sit in prison. And it really was a possibility.

Moshe-Chaim argued during the trial that the Christians had brought whiskey into his house and asked if he would permit them to make a toast.

After hearing all the arguments, the Judge pronounced his sentence, saying that he does not believe that a Jew with such a patriarchal appearance would permit himself to break the law of the kingdom... R' Moshe-Chaim was released.

It is not possible to describe the joy in the *shtetl*.

As I have already recalled, R' Moshe-Chaim was a strictly religious Jewish man – but not an idler. At the first opportunity, he sent his two children to the Land of Israel. In general, he was not concerned with public opinion. And, in those times, this was no small thing.

R' Chaim-Moshe dreamed, hoped and waited for the minute when he himself will be able to make aliyah to the Holy Land and unite with his children.

Unfortunately, he did not live to see his dream unfold, because the murderous hand of the Nazi reached him. He and his wife, son and daughter, were innocently cut down.

R' Abraham-Eliezer ben Menachem-David Lichtfeld

(In Hebrew)

All our hearts ache and every head is sick regarding the destruction of the *daughter of my people*, and the destruction of my illustrious family, and first above all with regard to the tragic and cruel death of אבִי-דָוִד my father, my teacher רַבִּי, R' Abraham Eliezer son of Menachem David Lichtfeld. *'Would that my head were water, and my eyes a wellspring of tears, then I would weep day and night*

for the deceased of my people⁵⁴ who were not privileged to receive a Jewish burial.

(Return to Yiddish)

Hands tremble, when I take to documenting my hearty father, the longtime head of the *Hevra Kadisha* in our *shtetl*, who for his entire life was devoted to fulfilling the commandment of escorting the deceased. He did not have the privilege of having a Jewish burial, we do not know where his remains are interred.

My grandfather, R' Pinchas Zucker פ"ק literally bought him for money and he prided himself on his son-in-law, who was blessed with doing good deeds all of his life. He was a scholarly Jewish man who sat day and night and learned, he was also the scion of a formidable pedigree in the *shtetl* of Izbica near Lublin, a relative of the *Rebbe* of Biskwic ז"ל, a magnificent appearance, a good reader of the Torah, and many books, he was a mathematician, faithfully engaged in the needs of the community. And on top of all this – a good disposition between any man and his friend.

He sat in a *Rathaus* vault for days on end, and on every day, he studied a page of the *Gemara* or a chapter of the *Mishnayot*. Whether it was winter or summer, he would get up early, in order to go to the *Bet HaMedrash*, where he engaged in sacred duties, put on two pair of phylacteries, and for the whole time he prayed, he did not utter a word.

From the age of 13 [and on] he never missed a fasting ritual of the worshipers. In the evenings of the months, he always fasted until noon. When the *Rosh Chodesh* of Elul arrived we no longer could recognize him.

He walked about groaning and sighing literally from the depths of his heart, studied the *Zohar* and books of the tradition. Not taking note of the fact that he was a very sick man, he went to the synagogue on the Eve of *Yom Kippur*, he stood all the children and blessed them with heart-rending weeping and he prayed this way until the end of *Yom Kippur* the following night. It was only then that he first went home to eat something and lie down to get some rest.

Apart from his piety, he understood the lives of the young and old very well, he read and subscribed to the first '*HaTzefira*' and afterwards the '*Jude*' and the '*Tageblatt*.'

He was among the first who organized a *Heder* for the children, where the *Melamdim* were paid their wages from a committee, which had oversight regarding their learning.

He was among the first to found the cooperative loan-bank, and afterwards the *Gemilut Hasadim* bank, he also installed the first Eternal Light in the *Bet HaMedrash*, which burned with olive oil. Every Sabbath when the *Parsha* of *BeHa'alotekha* was read, he made a lively celebration. Regrettably, after this, he became useless. He was very active in the '*Bikur Kholim*'. He would spend full nights with the sick, and the crux of his activity was to participate in the work of the *Hevra Kadisha*, which he led with an elevated hand.

⁵⁴

This is a frequently cited quote from Jeremiah 8:23

He produced an amendment that when a memorial prayer was said for a deceased, all the members of the *Hevra Kadisha* had to come to the synagogue for prayers. If their happened to be a deceased person in the city, the *Hevra Kadisha* members were not allowed to travel out of the city, except, as you understand, in the case of an exceptional instance.

He had custody of the '*Pinkas*' of the *Hevra*, in which amendments of several centuries were documented. He also assure their was order at the cemetery. When someone wanted to visit the graves of deceased ancestors, he told exactly where the deceased was buried, from a different folio, and what number row, where that person had been interred – such a Jewish man deserved an appropriate Jewish burial – something he himself was not privileged to receive. Together with all the Jews, he was consumed by fires that the Lord had decreed. May his memory be blessed for all eternity.

Yeshayeh'leh the Rebbe's – The Kabbalist

Yeshayeh'leh was born in 1912. After being a boy from 10-12 years he showed a tendency to be alone. He would sit alone in the *Bet HaMedrash*, minimally interacting with the other children of his age. He also studied little in the *Kloyz*, the crux of his learning took place at home. It was hard to discern his essence. Among us, we had a variety of opinions about Yeshayeh'leh the *Rebbe's*. A few would say that his desire to hide comes from, because he is looking forward to becoming a *Hidden One*, who does not wish to reveal what he knows. Others, by contrast suspected him of personal pride. Regardless, everyone admitted that this little one had a sharp mind. This literally being inherited from his prominent father, the *Rebbe* of Frampol ז"ל. Where this came from, nobody knew, but rumors began to circulate that this little son of the *Rebbe* Zindl had gone off to travel in a direction, which up till now was unknown to Frampol, meaning: he is immersing himself in the *Kabbalah*.

How Yeshayeh'leh came to this, nobody knew. But I remember the following fact: once on a *Rosh Hashana*, before the sounding of the *Shofar*, when a large part of the congregation was deeply into reciting the *Zohar* (and it is said with much heart and weeping – those who understood it, and those who didn't) Yeshayeh'leh suddenly called me over to a side and said, not in his usual manner:

– Moshe, let us learn the *Zohar*.

As to the question of whether or not he understood the *Zohar*, he replied, if it is appropriate, one can understand everything, even the names of the Holy Ones, which they say, people feared to articulate from their mouths,

I have to mention, that his father, the Rabbi of Frampol was an ardent *Mitnaged* and as a result, he did not want to permit his son to go this way.

Yeshayeh'leh began creeping me into the High Heavens and it is luck that, that the heart-rending shout from his father '*Min HaMaytzar*,' disrupted our discussion, because who knows how far we would have gone...

It became clear to everyone that the *Rebbe's* little son is involved with *Kabbalah*. However, regrettably, he also like many other young folk who blunder about along these paths, was undermined in the test of 'blooming and then hurt.'

A few years later, the conversations began that Yeshayeh'leh, the Rabbi's son had begun to write poetry, and as it happened, modern poetry that he is an ardent listener to Chaim-Nachman Bialik. It is understood that his father, the Rabbi, knew nothing of this. But on one day, Yeshayeh'leh elected to travel to Warsaw, seemingly with a small package of poetry. It was at this point that his father grasped that something is not according to the rules here.

The Rabbi attempted with gentle and angry methods to stop him from carrying out his plan, but without success.

An idea was said that being engaged in High Worlds, Yeshayeh'leh wanted to draw near to extremism. And this is what took place:

A short time before the 'Black Sabbath' when many arrests were carried out among the communists, a few of them felt, that the police are trailing them, and therefore began to enter the *Bet HaMedrash*, as if the pray. When Yeshayeh'leh encountered one of these people he wanted to draw him near, and began to study with him and talking about Holy Writ. The communist also was not found to be at fault...

It was from this that the Rabbi's little son was tripped up. He traveled off to Warsaw and immediately found a place with Itcheh'leh Juszson, Hillel Zeitlin and other important people.

It came to the point that, when his father the Rabbi passed away, and Frampol did not want to accept his son for the Rabbinical chair, Hillel Zeitlin got involved and wrote an article for '*Moment*' under the title: 'Jews of Frampol, why are you torturing your young Rabbi?'

Zeitlin strongly defended him. It could be that after his trip to Warsaw, the [deceased] father rummaged through his son's writings because it is said he said:

– If I knew how great my Yeshayeh'leh is, I would have provided him with more attention.

It was also said, that young son's travel was a cause that led to his father's death in that same year.

I encountered Yeshayeh'leh again in Lemberg. He was already a different person. Understandingly he became one who returned to the fold, which I could tell from heat he said, especially when I encountered him in a lodging place, where great Rabbis—refugees from Poland stayed. The lodging place was located on the Wolnaszczi Place, and was the residence of Lemberg's most prominent *Mohel* (I think his name was Greenberg). He had the most Kosher restaurant in Lemberg. It was there that Yeshayeh'leh the son of the Frampol Rabbi heard much from Rabbis and Torah.

This was my last contact with this flowering young man with an open mind, of which I am certain that he became repentant.

Moshe Chana'leh's Weltczer

It is not easy to portray the character of a man, who according to the Jewish assessment was full of contradiction. As an example, let us take R' Moshe Chana'leh's:

On one side – a Jewish man, an ardent *Hasidic* follower of the Rabbi of Rozwodow, and on the other side – a strong man, of whom the gentiles were afraid...

A situation once arose that hooligans wanted a little fun at the expense of the Jews, and R' Moshe went out into the street and together with additional young people began to murderously punch the perpetrators to the left and right.

He was the first *Gabbai* of the *Hevra Kadisha* and also of other groups. At the same time, he had connections to the nobility. As an adviser in the *Gmina*, he had access to the ruling authorities. He would often represent a needy Jewish man.

There were instances when he intervened with the police, or with the Burgomaster about individuals or about general things. There were times when he had to spend a night sitting with the representatives of the authorities, drinking a cup with them – until he reached his objective.

He was a community activist from hand to foot, and he gave his support everywhere generously, and the essences was – with his open Jewish heart. Despite being a Jewish man, he had a sense for worldly matters. He was the first one to bring a fiddle into the *shtetl*, in order to teach his children how to play. This was a major happening for us – and to no little extent, it elicited envy by other children of a house of *balebatim*.

R' Moshe was the formal guardian for the orphans and showed them a warm heart: he paid attention to how they were being raised, as if he was their real father. In general, he was tied into the young people, who loved him very much. His house was always full of young people.

Apart from this, he set aside a room for prayer, for the Rozwodow *Hasidim*, at no cost. He was willing to receive the Rabbis, who came to visit the *shtetl*, in his home, with all the privileges for entire weeks,

R' Moshe Weltczer was a mixture of young and old, of *Hasidism* and worldliness. However, he did all of this as a committed Jew in heart and soul.

Regarding his tragic end, it was told he was shot together with his parents and son Mekhl in the presence of his wife and the other children.

Yekkl Feldscher (Bendler) and His Wife Reizeh'leh the Midwife

Yekkl Feldscher was a completely different sort of person, who served both the Jewish and non-Jewish populace with his medicinal knowledge, not paying attention to the fact that he was not a doctor.



יעקב בנדלר (פאלדשער) און זײַן ווייב רײזעל'עך מיט זײַן עלטסטן זון יאַנעק.
 זײַנע קינדער זײַנען דאָס צווייטע פֿון לינקס.
 דער פֿעלדשער יעקב בנדלער, זײַן פֿרוי רײזעל'עך און זײַן עלטסטער זון יאַנעק.

Page 243: Yaakov Bendler (feldscher), his wife Reizeh'eh the midwife, and their oldest son, Janek.

It was difficult for him to integrate himself in such surroundings as Frampol, that inhaled religious Jewishness. Despite this, the family had only one objective as a goal: convey help for the entire populace of Frampol and the surrounding villages, for both Jews and non-Jews. Here it was necessary to deliver a baby, there to give someone a haircut and a shave, each one according to their taste: with sidelocks, or without sidelocks, a four-sided little beard, or to take the beard off entirely – all according to the demand...

If a rotten tooth needed to be extracted, or even simply to reduce pain, lighten a feeling, or write out a prescription, apply cupping – the address was: the Feldscher's.

It is no wonder that this family was respected by one and all. In addition, they were very approachable people, the Bendlers.

Reizeh'eh the midwife – was a very clever woman. When she came to a house to deliver a baby, she would first say to the women, that they should stop jabbering...

A new soul needs to be taken up with joy and with a smile – this was the argument of this good woman. She always had an appropriate thing to say, laughing herself, and causing other to laugh as well.

The good spirit of the feldscher with his wife could be traced back from the fact that they were always concerned with earning a living. Apart from that, they were actually quite hearty people.

Ignoring the fact that they were far-removed from piety, they were careful not to desecrate the Sabbath in public, did not open the barber shop on Saturday. They took into account the feelings of the Jewish populace.

If Yekkl'eh was called to a sick person on the Sabbath, he did not insist on being paid. He generally did not take money from a pauper.

His children were good violinists and every summer evening, when the *shtetl* went to offer the *Mincha* prayers, the fiddlers let themselves be heard with such heartfelt tunes, that those who hurried off to *Mincha* had to restrain themselves, lending an ear to the sweet melody (one must remember that there was no radio at that time in the *shtetl*). The young people especially would pause to hear

the music, until the parents began to shout at us, that we should attend the *Mincha* service...

Carrying on their own lives, the Bendlers did not especially interest themselves in Jewish issues. They even did not show an interest in Zionism.

The one thing that tied them to their Judaism is that on *Rosh Hashana* and *Yom Kippur* they would come to attend *Yizkor* services at the synagogue.

On one occasion, a rumor spread about that the feldscher's eldest son, Janek, had become an ardent Zionist. He enters the organization, and becomes angry that the call him Janek, asking that he be called by his Jewish name, because he is Jewish like everyone else.

He began to collect money for the *Keren Kayemet* and other Zionist funds, and only make Jewish friends. In a word – he had become a new man.

The pious Jews would say of him: 'One does not evaluate a Jewish soul, let him, of course be a Zionist, at least he is a Jew...'

It is therefore not surprising that Janek brought Jewish ideas and sympathies into his otherwise assimilated home.

It is necessary to add to all of this, that they absorbed costs for poor sick people, and provided assistance without any monetary compensation.

R' Yaakov Kislwicz, the Jewish Soltis⁵⁵

He was a Jew of the older type. He came from the nearby village of Kresziv.

It was nice to watch the elderly R' Yaakov Kislwicz walking in the street, leaning on his stout cane. His long and spread out beard and his patriarchal appearance left a strong impression on those who passed him by.

R' Yaakov elicited a respect due to an honored man. He was a scholarly Jew, sitting day and night and learned with such a beautiful melody, that captured the heart.

This wise Jewish man was, for many years the Soltis of the *shtetl*, or better said – the representative of the Jewish *shtetl* in the *Gmina* and in front of the police. His wisdom was readily visible, when he would present a request on behalf of an individual and saved him from a trouble, a '*zayencza*' or litigation.

⁵⁵ This surname of SOLTIS is a Polish and Hungarian occupational name for an official who performed the duties of a magistrate or mayor of a village. The name is also spelt SOLTI and SOLTE.

With great inner commitment he would represent Jews, when the tax collector came to request [the payment] of taxes. Learning that the endangered Jew has a bit of merchandise in his home, R' Yaakov would send someone to warn him that the tax collector was coming. It was in this fashion that the merchandise was rescued. There were times when the warning came too late. The Jew did not manifest a removal or hiding of the merchandise, then, as usual, R' Yaakov found a fresh trick, in order to confuse the mind of the tax collector.

In the most serious instance, R' Yaakov would personally guarantee the small amount of merchandise involved, so that the Jewish man could present it in a timely fashion. Meanwhile till some time later, he slipped a couple of Zlotys into the hands of the recipient and promised, that the tax will be cancelled in the *Rathaus*.

He argued with the tax collector, that if they would confiscate the bit of merchandise from, he and his children would perish from hunger.

The entire *Gmina* had a great deal of respect for him: the voyat, the recorder and all the officials in the *Rathaus* did this, despite the virulent anti-Semitism that existed at that time.

The *Gmina* would often take counsel with the Jewish Soltis about implementing important issues. The Christians valued his wisdom and experience. All of his efforts for the entire city were primarily for the Jewish populace.

The Lamed-Vovnik⁵⁶ of Frampol (Pious Yekkl)

He was one of the sort of Jews that is difficult to describe in writing. Only those who saw him praying, in the south corner of the *Bet HaMedrash* and listened to his subdued sighs and groans that emanate from his heart, were the only ones who could assess what kind of man he was.

A very poor man, beset with woes – that was Yekkl *Lamed-Vovnik*.

When the sorrowful well-known Hallerists entered Frampol, and permitted themselves to assault the beards of the helpless Jews, he suffered his worst fate.

Three bandits fell upon him in the street and beat him murderously, stepping on him with their boots for a long time, until they broke a hand and a foot. In an unconscious condition they let him lie in the street.

⁵⁶ *Lamed-Vov* is derived from the Hebrew counting system, where letters are assigned numerical values. *Lamed-Vov* is numerically 36. An old legend in Jewish folklore is that, The Lord endowed the world with 36 especially righteous men who study continuously. Their identities are actually unknown. The legend says that The Lord allows the world to exist because of these virtuous men. From time-to-time, people have surmised or supposed someone with these attributes may be among them.

When Yekkl'eh was taken to the hospital in Janow-Lubelski, nobody believed that the man would overcome his woes. However, his great faith caused along the way, that he emerged from the hospital alive, although he was crippled for the rest of his life: he dragged along a foot and a hand.

He could move a stone with his groaning and sighing. This Jewish man lived alone and had nothing to do with anyone, and never engaged in idle talk. He would go about the *Bet HaMedrash* and alerted the congregation to recite the line '*Blessed be He, and Blessed be His Name.*' He did not allow for a single word to be uttered during the *High Amidah* – and all of this he did with such a full heart, that nobody could stand against him, and everyone immediately fell silent.

Once in my presence, someone dared to ask him:

R' Yekk'l, when one gives five Zlotys for an '*Amen*' – one might intone afterwards.

R' Yekk'l then shouted out:

– What? I give away everything that I have for your '*Amen*'... do you then know how much an '*Amen*' is worth? The world does not have enough to pay for it...

One felt that these were words coming straight from the heart.

The entire city treated him with respect, because he was taken to be a '*Hidden One.*' Many believed he was a *Lamed-Vovnik*...

Yehoshua Levinger, “The Crazy One”

By Moshe Lichtfeld

Petakh-Tikva

I want to pause for one additional Jewish man – Yehoshua Levinger. He was called 'Crazy' not because he was 'God forbid' [truly] crazy but rather because he would make others crazy... He was a scholarly Jew, loved to learn the interpretive commentary using the right melody, he applied two pair of phylacteries and while praying, did not leave out a single word. Starting from being an earner who gave charity, later on he became a loser and a great pauper. He was not in any position to feed his wife and ten children. Being entirely embittered, he became converted to communism. Not having read Marx and Engels, in his position and his arguments he led a communist agitation at every opportunity, even in the *Bet HaMedrash*, where he never ceased coming twice a day to pray, putting on his two pair of phylacteries and studying a chapter of commentaries using the right melody. He had no success with his agitation among pious Jews, and he had to work hard, in order to convince them that, when real communism will win out, he will not have to exhaust himself so much in order to feed his ten children, who will then be a blessing for humanity. Now, in a capitalist order, they are an excess burden.

Once, I was standing in the *Bet HaMedrash* talking with Hersh-Chaim Hoff and Yaakov Schleicher. R' Nathan Hochrad then approached us – a miserly Jew of the most intense sort, and shouted, why is it that you no longer say '*Blessed be He, and Blessed be His Name.*' Then R' Yehoshua began to lecture him:

– R' Nathan-David, you have three grown daughters to marry off, and you no doubt want to lead them under the [wedding] canopy?

He answers:

– Certainly, certainly, as an understanding person I know that without these two pieces of paper, which stand for a \$200.00 dowry, that every prospective groom demands for a home, furniture and money to do business – no self-respecting young woman would get married.

– Certainly, certainly, imagine today: your girls love boys, who must, because they lack the two pieces of paper, find other means, which they have. Because of this, how many young lives have been made a misfortune? Then your daughters have to marry such men that are not worth a dowry...

So R' Nathan-David asks:

– What then should one do, R' Yehoshua?

– I say to you – let 'the land become filled with knowledge.' When communism will come, all of this will be put away. There will be no need for money. Everyone will be equal and make a living.

R' Nathan-David went away, very upset shaking his head and as a result forgot that for the entire time we didn't say '*Amen*' even once.

But it was easy for him to embarrass pious and poor Jews, and like that, it went with difficulty in approaching the more worldly, and most of all, rich Jews. He had his greatest and most heated discussions with a rich Jewish man, and additionally well-prepared, who had already seen the world before his eyes - R' Meir Knoblich. Circles would gather around these two when they were having a discussion. It must be conceded that R' Yehoshua had the upper hand, because he saw the embodiment of world capitalis in this small-town rich man. He would approach the rich man with the following words:

Meir, what do you need all this money for? You can't wear more than one pair of boots, and a fur jacket, not to be bloated like a goose.

To this, R' Meir replied:

– Crazy Yehoshua, if I give it to you, I won't have it then, but I don't understand why you have complaints? You are wearing a pair of boots, food – you eat as well, what else do you want?

R' Yehoshua answers him this way:

– Here is the difference between me, as a miser and you as a rich man, you wear boots in the winter, and half-shoes in the summer, you eat dairy on Shavuot and meat on *Simchat Torah*, and at my place – everything is exactly the opposite. I wear my heavy boots in the summertime, and in the winter the half shoes, on *Shavuot* I eat meat and on *Simchat Torah* I eat dairy *kreplach*. The reason is that before *Sukkot*, when I remain standing barefoot, so instead of setting out a pair of boots, I can use the money more effectively dealing in holiday merchandise. So, in the meantime, I buy myself a pair of cheap half-shoes. After the holiday, I provide myself with a pair of boots – and I pay them out until Passover, so I can put them on exactly for the summer. On the eve of *Shavuot*, when I come home from praying, my wife assaults me, that she doesn't have even a morsel of cheese for dairy *kreplach*, because cheese is now as expensive as gold. And Gittel, the small one, and is Moshe's, demands to be paid. By contrast, meat is quite inexpensive and there are no customers for it. Then I give her two Zlotys, and tell her to make a meat meal for *Shavuot*. By contrast, on *Simchat Torah*, when meat is expensive, and cheese is cheaper, I tell her to make a dairy meal for *Simchat Torah*. Now you can see that when the entire *shtetl* is wearing warm boots, I freeze my feet off in half-shoes; and in the summer, I overheat my feet in heavy boots. On *Shavuot*, when the world is eating dairy products, I eat meat *kreplach*. You let me catch cold and get sick, and later you by yourself have to run about and make a few Zlotys for the doctor. But if communism is adopted, I will dress and eat like you – to the season and time. Believe me, there was a time when I also had money, but then I was a bull, and sought only to gore someone: The true, good and elevated thoughts first came to me when I was a poor man. And you too, who today is worth twenty thousand Zlotys, parades around like a bull with two large and strong horns seeking to gore someone else... so do you want to have fifty thousand!

It is with such naive and simple arguments he was able to win over a couple of pious Jews to the communist ideal.

Our Working People

By Mikhleh Dinburt

Ramat-Gan

*To the memory of those who in Sanctification of the Name were slain;
Frampol Jewish Working People, Manual Laborers, Unskilled Workers
and also Ordinary Hard-Working People,*

We remember very well all of the decent and working Jews of the *shtetl*, who sometimes would work 16 hours a day, and sit overnight by their [sewing] machines, or in the shop, and with their sweat and toil, work for the bit of bread for themselves and their family.

I only would like to recollect few of these 'salt-of-the-earth' Jewish people:

The Honigmans were shoemakers during the winter and from the measly few Zlotys that they saved,

leased orchards every summer in the village. They traveled there after Passover, when the very first blossoming could be seen on the trees, and remained there until after the Holidays. They lived the life of gypsies, sleeping and living in a booth, and with a thousand eyes be watchful that no one steals any of the fruit, and before dawn, when it was still dark, personally take the baskets of apples, pears, or plums, pails with cherries and wine grapes. There was not always an 'auspicious year'. One was satisfied back then, if one managed to extract one's investment...

The shoemakers, Feiveh'leh Jaegerman and Ben-Zion Jaegerman, had many customers in the *shtetl*, living quite well, and married off their children.

Of all the tailors Ben-Zion Waldman, had the reputation of being the best craftsman among the Jews and Christians alike. For a good piece of work, an item would be given only to Ben-Zion. The tailor Joseph-Yitzhak Royzer belonged to the old residents of Frampol. All of his sons followed their father in his trade. This was a genuine working home. Until the founding of the professional society of needle workers, all the young people who wanted to learn tailoring, could be found in Royzer's shop, where he kept an open door and an open heart. The Royzer family led a quiet and modest life. Joseph-Itzik passed away after an extended illness on a foot.

Yekhezkiel Hoff was one of the more prosperous shoemakers, and was very welcome in the circles of the *balebatim*. He was outstanding in charity and good-heartedness. Joel-Ber Ritman also had these same characteristics, who took care of his children very well; Henoeh Reinzilber – the hatmaker; Itchek-Leib Jaegerman the clothing merchant; Michael Ehrter, a tailor, who lived culturally, and was an active Zionist and sent his children to a Hebrew school.

As to bakers, it was known that they worked hard, but there is a living to be made. Moshe Bekher was one of the oldest bakers. He was well-known for taking in guests, with his nice house and the *Tisch* he put forth for the Sabbath and Holidays with a generous hand. Among the new bakers one finds Chaim Steinberg and Pesach Bryk, whose wife, Bracha, helped him out in the bakery. Their married children also supported themselves from the bakery – until the Holocaust.

The widow, Sarah Aszenberg ran a bakery with her children. We all knew that this woman was constantly overworked, exhausted and not getting enough sleep. People has a lot of sympathy for her. There was also a baker who was a poor man – Nathan-David. He had difficulty in scraping together the few Zlotys he needed to buy flour, in order to prepare the morning baked goods. He worked by himself with his children.

Simcha Aszenberg worked hard at his trade. But he strongly loved his book. When he began to read the Warsaw Zionist [newspaper] '*Heint*' – It was difficult for him to be torn away from it. He was a fine, upstanding young man and was active in the Zionist movement.

Among the older tailors, it is appropriate to mention Azriel Blumer and Shmuel Blumer, the first – full of energy, a pedant, always happy, loved to tell himself jokes, even with young people. Of the large Blumer family – there were no survivors.

Yankl Frampoler was known among the makers of galoshes. He was a Hasid from Warsaw, who every year traveled to the *Rebbe* and left a notable donation. He was a prosperous Jew, because the making of galoshes was not only a craft for him, but also – a business. Michael Frieling helped along with his own shop, and his wife, Chana-Pesha was the merchant. Her thorough command of leather working, just like her readiness to help with an act of charity for a needy Jewish person – was well-known in the *shtetl*. The Frieling Family lived a life of culture, they were active Zionists and sent their children to the *Yavneh* Hebrew school.

Yitzhak Frampoler and his wife Mindl ran a shop. This woman excelled in her attention to detail and work habits. From 9AM to 10PM she would sit by the foot-operated sewing machine, and after a hard and long workday, did not neglect her duties as a homemaker, mother and wife. There were shoemakers, who required products from wives that only Mindl could fashion, that is the sort of master she was– the family made a steady living, were active Zionists, and sent their children to the *Yavneh* School.

One of the first weavers in the *shtetl* was Eizik Heifler with his children and Yossi Hoff. From the harness makers I remember Abraham'eleh Feiga's, Yekhezkiel Zalman and Yitzhak Czeneworcel. Just like all the other weavers, they worked only for the peasantry. Also the hat makers Henschel Reinzilber, Velvel Press and Lipa Weltczer, worked for the marketplace and the peasantry. They all made a good living from their trade.

Wolf-Ber Elbaum, making standard furniture, did this for the market, by contrast to Zeinwill Krykszer already took on private work and could make a decent piece of furniture.

Fur coats for the peasantry, were made by the hat makers Gutman Ganz and Mendl-Ber Ganz.

*

I know that this list is incomplete, but I have recollected those whose names remained in my memory.

Blind Shia

By Chana Dinburt-Scharf

Canada

He was an observant and decent man, and was zealous about saying his prayers. He remains etched in my heart and memory, as if he were one of the family. As a child, I would constantly think about him, as if he was a member of our household. Even though he was blind he knew everything that was happening in our family and in the house. He knew where the bread was kept – and he would take a portion of it for himself to eat.

Mostly we wondered how he chopped wood for the shop – and such thin pieces, without hurting his hands even once. If something in the house broke, he repaired it. He also ran numerical lists quickly and well.

When my father would travel away for several days, Blind Shia helped my mother to run the shop.

If the worker (a Pole) was tempted to steal whiskey and hide it – Shia immediately found where the stolen item was hidden.

Shia's wife died while very young and left him three little girls. One died while still young, the second was sickly, and the third most certainly went to America.

Blind Shia was a very interesting person in the *shtetl*, good, loyal and decent – but also unfortunate. His persona and memory of him has to be kept for eternity in our *Yizkor Book*.

Chaim and Leibusz – The Water Carriers

By Abraham Hoff

Tel-Aviv

It is the eve before Passover in Frampol. The wheat from which the matzos will be baked has already been ground [into flour] in the Jewish mill in Sokolovka under the strict oversight of the Rabbi. The *shtetl* is getting ready to bake matzos. The kneaders and dough rollers, baking people and those who pour water presented themselves as a complete unit. Tall Nota is readying himself to shovel in the matzos, treating it like a sacred task. Chaim the Water Carrier with his son Leibusz are also not missing. But the work doesn't start. There is no water! There is a bit of pandemonium, what does it mean? The father and son are present, and for some reason stand off to the side, talking loudly to one another loudly in the silence – but the four pails on both shoulders and also on the side, and immediately it is not them that are addressed...

It doesn't take a long time – and we learned that Leibusz has gone on strike. He wants a larger piece of bread than his father's, for helping him to carry the water, and if it is not forthcoming – there is no work. A strike!

All the complaining by his father and the other workers – are of no help. Leibusz is stubborn. That is, until a thought occurs to R' Chaim with which to warn his son, that he will take away his boots if he doesn't begin to carry water. Leibusz does not want to lose his boots. Resigned, he lifts up the pails and puts them on his shoulders – and father & son begin providing water. Frampol, God forbid, will not be left without matzos.

The two practically unknown Chaim and Leibusz, about nothing was said or heard all year long – became famous on that Passover eve and also later there were things to talk about and tell..

Small Shim'ehleh and Tall Leah

This couple were known in the *shtetl* because of the tall height of the *Woman of Valor*, and her short husband.

It is *Simchat Torah* in Frampol. Every Jew was happy in his soul. After the Holiday praying in the day, and after the *Hakafot*, the Jews go to their homes to make *Kiddush*, because they wanted to

make themselves and others feel happy.

Little Shim'eleh prayed in the *shtibl* of the *Linat-HaTzedek*, at the home of Zeinwill-Mordechai. He came home after taking a ritual cup. As a Jew, being a happy soul, he calls to his wife, Tall Leah:

– My wife, I had the opportunity today... and I bought merchandise. I was given a gentlemanly recitation of ‘*Atah Horeta...*’

Tall Leah did not think for too long, put on her apron and went off to the *Gabbai* with a complaint:

– Where is the merchandise that my husband bought? I have come to take it. Do this quickly, because I have no time...

*

Our *shtetl* had this kind of personalities and types of people. They were naive, decent, and for this reason – unforgettable...

The Young Men of Frampol Who Fell in Defense of the Jewish Homeland

Yitzhak (Itchek) Zikhler ז"ח

By Yekhezkiel Frieling

Ramat-Gan



He was born in 1911 in Frampol, and fell as a casualty in the year 1948 while defending Ramat-Rachel.

In the *shtetl*, we knew him as one of the first who saw and correctly assessed the impact of the Jews. As soon as he left *Heder*, he showed an interest and looked for a solution for the specific needs of his people. He was orphaned by the death of his father. His mother, Fradl ז"ע had to support a family of four people. But she saw the yearnings of Itchek, and exerted herself to have him sent to be educated by the best melamdin. Such as, for example, Akiva-Meir, who also had a reputation for planting secular studies in his students, apart from Torah and Wisdom. Thanks to this, Itchek accumulated a great deal of Jewish and Secular knowledge.

Page 259: Yitzhak Zikhler

However, he must help his mother bear the yoke of providing for the family – whether it was a small food store, or in commerce. But he sees no future for himself, no perspective. He begins to take an interest in problems that are social and partisan. In the Land of Israel, he sees the solution of all Jewish needs.



We remember him as one of the most active of the *Halutzim* in the *shtetl*. Inspired, he travels off for training in Pinsk, and later in Vilna. In the year 1934, he becomes qualified for *aliyah* – and upon arrival in the Land of Israel, he was faithful to his course from Frampol: He entered a *kibbutz*. He was among the first to go up on the land behind Jerusalem, in kibbutz Ramat-Rachel, and it was there that he set up his family nest.

Every one in the *kibbutz* loved him. As a activist, he went through the most dangerous trials, some of the times – under the hail of bullets. In May 1948, with the outbreak of the War of Independence. He stood in Ramat-Rachel with a gun in hand, and defended the land. His kibbutz and his family – a wife and three children. He fell with his weapon in his hand.

Page 260: Abraham Zimmerman ז"ר

Itcheh, we will remind ourselves of your idealism and your sacrifice.

Honor to your bright memory!

Abraham Zimmerman ז"ר

He was the son of Yehoshua and Esther-Feiga, born in Frampol on 30th of Sivan 5688 (18.6.1928). After The Second World War, he joined *kibbutz* 'Dror' in Lublin. He served two years there, and then made *aliyah* to the *Land* in 1948 in the ships of the fleeing refugees, 'Fabia.'

During the War of independence he participated in several difficult battles in Jerusalem. He fell in the battle of the intersection of the vendors on the 5th of Tevet in the year 5709 (6.1.1949). He left a wife behind, and his son, who was born after he was killed and therefore named after him.

(From the book, 'Guilty of Fire' Volume 2)

Israel Rotman ז"ר

As a 12 year-old boy, together with his parents and family, left the village, where they had lived for a few years, and moved to Szczepieszyn. Later, The Second World War broke out along with its pursuit and murder of Jews. During one of these relocation *aktionen*, Israel gets a chance to leap off of the train. He comes to a village, where my brother Moshe and I had hidden ourselves. Our plight with the peasants grew worse day-by day. All three of us



Page 260: Israel Rotman ז"ר

were together for a bit of time. My brothers part from me, so they can go off to Frampol, their birthplace.

Arriving in Frampol, they encounter one of the German *aktionen* to kill Jews. My brother falls, a victim of their murdering. Israel was able to flee to the village. Later, he commits himself to the partisans. Before this, I get a chance to send him over to Lublin, where he enters a Jewish orphanage. Those children are also killed – and once again, Israel managed to flee.

After the liberation, he hopes to find someone of those survivors of his family. He finds only me in the village. We make *aliyah* to the Land of Israel.

On May 20, 1957 (19 Iyyar 5717), riding on a tractor from work, a murderous bullet struck him in the heart – and he died.

Honor his memory!

Your sister **Tema**

ה.
חורבן און
ווידערשטאנד

ה.
השואה
והתנגדות

E.
The Holocaust And
The Resistance

YIZKOR!

By Yekhezkiel Frieling

Ramat-Gan

Yizkor!

Let the community of Jews from Frampol be mentioned: poor and rich, observant and freethinking, *Hasidim* and *Mitnagdim*, those to the Left, and those to the Right, The Elderly, Men, Women and Children, who, after the seizure of this ruined little *shtetl* were driven by the [Nazi] Germans into a ghetto, where they were tortured by hunger and disease, and afterwards exterminated in *Sanctification of the Name*.

Yizkor!

For all of those that were exterminated: whether those wearing the white *kittl*, who went to their death without any resistance, with the words ‘*Shema Yisrael*’ on their lips; or those that fell in the forests with weapons in their hand, defending the honor of the Jewish people and their lives.

Yizkor!

For the first martyrs, who fell from the first shots when the *shtetl* was seized.

Yizkor!

For my observant mother Gittl and only sister Reizl, who at 2 PM on 22 Heshvan , were shot along with other women, in the gate on the road to Bilgoraj.

Yizkor!

For the families that lived in Frampol for generations, deeply entrenched, and of good pedigree...

It is for them that we stand with heads bent and say:

We will never forget what Amalek did to us!

Yet Another Tear...

By Lyuba Wyckyn (Lieberbaum)

Ramat-Gan

Writing about the ‘Old Home,’ can only be done in the style of ‘that which used to be.’ Yes, I once had a well-provisioned and warm house, with parents, and brothers and sisters. I was tied to all of them and was faithful [to them], as if they were my own flesh and blood. I loved my street, and its little garden overflowing with oil; the market and the pump; the road to Goraj with the tall mountain in the distance; the tract in Bilgoraj where our young people allowed themselves to take a stroll on the Sabbath.

The road to Janow was especially close to me, because it led to my brother Mottl. I often leapt on the road to Sokolowka, to the little Reczyca River, in order to take a bath in the hot summer days, turning myself on with the sun, blue skies, green fields, allowing myself to be led happily on Nature's lap...

The night in Frampol was dark, but it had much geniality, thanks to the twinkling stars in the sky, the lit lanterns of the children, who were coming home late from *Heder*; The streets were muddy in the autumn – nevertheless, they were close to me, and beloved, because they led to my home, to the family...

This is how we lived through a childhood and youth until – – – like bad weather, a dark plague, the murderer came to us and brutally exterminated both the birds and their nests.

Blood, tears, hunger, need, shared graves, tongues of fire – Frampol is on fire! *Shema Yisrael!*

As I think of this at a distance
About those no longer alive –
Into the goblet of pain, comes
another tear... another tear...

There Once Was a Little Shtetl called Frampol

By Mottl Dinburt

Canada

(Memories of a Jewish Partisan)

This is my modest contribution to the *Yizkor Book* of Frampol, the continuing memories that give no surcease, even though it is more than 20 years since the bloody storm tore out the entire Jewish community by its roots, along with its *balebatim*, activists, storekeepers, hand workers, and laborers, and cruelly exterminated a town its residents and institutions.

Yes, there once was a little *shtetl* called Frampol – it is no longer here! God's anger was poured out onto a Jewish settlement, rendered a wasteland and wiped off the earth, that is what happened to this *shtetl*, which had a reputation for receiving guests, having the genuine Jewish spirit and with its simple and decent Jewish people.

My thinking had still not gotten calm. Were are they, all these innocent martyrs? Oh, how frighteningly large is the number of martyrs, and how vanishingly small is the number of those who survived...

I am trying to revive the *shtetl* and its personalities.

We did not have any well-known Jewish doctors, but Bendler the *feldscher* and his wife the midwife, were more well-known than the best doctors...

Here the storekeepers stood before my eyes, A. Hoff, P. Dreszer, A. Feller, Kh. Herman, Rosenberg, Lazarowicz, M. Weltczar, P. Weiss, and others.

My memory now leads me to Y. Bryk's soda water factory, to the iron business of Y. Baum, to Weltzer's store... Of our storekeepers, I recollect Birman, Bromberg, Hochrad, Judkowitz, Kestenbaum, Steinberg and more and more. I cannot forget even Badanowicz's pharmacy, as well as Dr. Pyotr Badowski who was a specialist in treating a variety of conditions. Having him in the *shtetl* saved a trip to Bilgoraj, Zamość, or to Lublin itself..

In our small *shtetl*, we had our own bakers, tailors, shoemakers, a yarn store, weaving businesses – all retail, and we lived quietly, calm and satisfied.

To this, the frightful hurricane arrived – and we were all left orphaned. I will, as far as possible, dig out several memories from my memory, of the great catastrophe and give you a number of episodes, that I lived through; facts and events, which rob me of my sleep at night and give me no rest during the day...

The First Bomb

I will begin with the first bomb, which wrecked the house of R' Shmuel Moshe Feldman. This oldest little house in the city happened to be empty and nobody was killed.

This was the first evidence, that the storm is moving on. Jews from the surrounding villages and towns began to arrive immediately. The Poles brought in their ready military and the mood became heavy. We immediately felt that things were going to get bad! The robbing of Jewish stores commenced. Moshe Weltzer was among the first who suffered being robbed.

On the Eve of *Rosh Hashana*, before nightfall (September 1939), German airplanes bombed the city. The first two victims were R' Itzl'eh Maness and R' Israel Leiter, the *Gabbai* of the *Bet HaMedrash*. Both were killed at that time.

The panic was endless. Jews, on *Rosh Hashana* fled to pray in the field, among them were: R' Leibl *Shokhet* and several *minyanim* of Jews. By a miracle, Jewish soldiers rescued a *Torah* scroll and brought it to the field. Many Jews still remained in the city, with the hope that everything will transpire smoothly, until the wrath of the moment passes over us and away.

In the meantime, two martyrs were brought to their eternal rest. There are no adequate words to describe that tragedy! After that, Jews began to flee from Frampol, in order to conceal themselves in the surrounding villages and find a refuge for themselves, their wives and children. The Nazis come, then leave and – come back again.

After three days of turmoil, the Nazis came in. Their first thing they did that made us tremble was the seizure of eight Jews and fling them into a pit, that was created by a bomb. If my memory serves me correctly, I can enumerate a few of them: Abraham-Lejzor Lichtfeld, my grandfather Yitzhak Korn, R' Yaakov-Baruch *Shokhet*, Melech the Bookbinder, Zeinvill Kriegszer, Yaakov-Leib Hochrad, M. Kislowicz, and others. The Nazis also wanted to instill fear among the Jews, and so

they forced them to put pots on their heads – and then shot into the pots... That time, no one was shot, but during the spectacle, the Jews were compelled to sing ‘*May Hitler Live*’...

Later, they took Jews to do work, essentially – to clean off the streets.

Shortly after this, the Bolsheviks took over the city, because the Germans pulled back on the basis of a agreement about the partition of Poland. The Jews came back from their hideouts and began to live under the Soviet régime. A militia was created of Jews and Christians to guard order. Once again – something new: the Russians are pulling themselves back, and the Nazis take over the *shtetl*.

Jews remained part of the greater mass of people, not knowing what to do: shall they go off with the Russians, or remain with the Germans?

The sum of this was that about ten percent of the Jews went off with the Russians and the greater majority remained with the Nazis..

The Germans created a militia of their own out of the Poles, and ordered the Jews to put on yellow patches. When a Jew was stopped who did not have a yellow patch, the Poles would cut up his jacket, tear his clothes and thereby inflicted all manner of beatings.

Zelik Rosenberg suggested that an adobe be erected in the shtetl and temporarily remain in place. A large portion joined the Jews in Bilgoraj, who also became victims of fire.

We took counsel about creating a *Judenrat*.

The Judenrat

The previously mentioned Zelik Rosenberg became the head of the *Judenrat*, meaning he was the actual leader of the *Judenrat*. He had a say in all issues, and was the final authority in all instances. Many Jews remained in the *shtetl*, even if the number was small. Absence of resources reigned throughout – accompanied by hunger, pressure, pain and loneliness. Even the Jews who worked for the Nazis didn’t have a bit of bread to satisfy themselves. We worked near the road, and did a little smuggling of food. It is superfluous to recollect that many died from the hard labor, died from either hunger, the cold or a lack of medical help!

In te year 1940, the Nazis brought the so called Granatowa police from the vicinity of Posen – vicious anti-Semites and ne’er-do-wells, who tortured the Jews without limitation. The only thing that could rescue a person was money! Having no other choice, the Jews, once again, brought out their bit of hidden merchandise from the cellars and sold it for whatever they could get, and lived this way in trouble and fear. All of this was still helpful until Hitler attacked the Soviet Union. The agreement between Ribbentrop and Stalin, mediated by Molotov, was quickly forgotten.

The Creation of a Ghetto

Immediately after this, the accursed ghetto was created. The yellow patch could be found on the arms of the Jews. No murders had yet taken place, or in any case – not many. At the time of *Shavuot* the S. S. Troops showed up, they looked for Jewish informants to serve the Germans. To the pride of our community, no informants existed during the Nazi period.

Meanwhile, my brother Yossel, who served in the Polish Army, returned. He had already tasted the bitter taste of his captive condition both by the Nazis and Russians. Shortly after his return, the Polish authorities (in 1940) designated him as the commandant of the Jewish police. However, he felt that this was not an honorable position, because he will not be able to do badly by the Jews – and he did not take the position. Because of this, he was arrested and kept in prison for 4 days and nights. At that time we had sold our father's fur coat and using the proceeds, we got him out of their hands.

The S. S. Troops did not wait long before inflicting their assaults and agony-producing methods on us: they killed 16 Jews because they had picked potatoes without weighing them, and also not at the designated time. This happened on *Shavuot* 1941.

I recollect the *Tisha B'Av* of 1940. The Nazis fell upon us and took away many men to do forced labor. They sent about 75 Jews to Belzec. My father, Berisz was among them. My father was weak and we were forced to work at building fortifications between Germany and Russia. This was hard labor, full of misery and intense suffering. The bloodthirsty Major Dolf was located in this camp, who shot people left and right.

I was able to extract myself from this place and went to Lublin. I also had the opportunity to rescue my father: it happened that at that time, a German drove into town and he brought my father to me. Naturally, this was for a very high cost.

At that time, the Jews work on amelioration of the vicinity. In general, the year of 1940 in general was bitter and hard to bear for the exhausted Jews. The Poles treated them with their usual brutality. This is the way we groaned and worked, keeping silent and suffering. There was no other choice...

Suddenly an order came – that the Jews should gather in the *shtetl*, and they will be given the possibility to travel to Palestine... the first one to present himself was our familiar Yehoshua 'Bolshevik' and his family. That is what the Germans saw: All of them were shot. This was one of the last events of the year 1940 was an omen of what was to come later...

Polish Informants and Murderers

In the year 1941 the S. S. Settled in the *shtetl*, and in the course of 5-6 weeks they killed enough people on the basis of (blood?) libels. They simply shot them, in order to demonstrate their unbounded might. The first victim was Shmuel Yossel Geist, who was shot in the street. The same fate befell Moshe Weltzer and his son Mikhal.



יעקב־ברוך קארפ (שחוקט) ז"ל

Page 273: Yaakov-Baruch Karp (Shokhet)
ז"ל

Later they addressed all those who had hidden merchandise, jewelry and the like. It was here that Poles played the execrable role of informants. They turned over many Jews to the hands of the Nazi executioners. The chief informant was a certain Jozef Kaczmarek. It was because of him that the previously mentioned Moshe Weltczer and his son Mikhal, Moshe Steinberg, Abraham-Elia Bryk, Shammai Yoss'l Geist, the young girl Nikhl and others., Wolf Kiszever, a member of the *Judenrat*, was lucky to be spared. He was arrested because he was suspected of aiding the Russians. However, he encountered a 'good German' who freed him for a payment of money.

Two days did not go by, and an order came, that if he does not present himself, forty Jews will be shot.

Wolf Kiszever went out into the *shtetl* and gave farewell greetings to all who prayed that he be rescued and save his life. He presented himself to the murderers. It did not take a half hour – and he was shot. The Frampol Jews, Zeinvill Kriegszser, Chaim Hoff and myself gave him a proper Jewish burial in the *shtetl*.

The First Jewish Partisans

My brother Yossl took to organizing a partisan division. H connected himself with the towns of Tarnograd and Janow-Lubelski. The organization committee was composed of: Yossl Dinburt (commandant), Chaim Boruch – the son of Eizik'l the butcher (implementer of the sorties); Yankl Hof, son of Shmuel was the procurer of ammunition and weaponry – and the liaison with the surrounding towns. In total, there were about 44 men in the partisan group. Chaim-Boruch was given the task of assassinating Marek for his bestial assaults. On a given Saturday night, Marek sat with a young Jewish man, Welwusz Finkelstein, who wanted to give Marek money, in order to soften his heart. In the end, the assassination was not carried out, because we figured that Welwusz's life would be put in danger.

Furthermore, I remember that R' Yaakov Baruch Karp, the former *shokhet*, was beaten for slaughtering fowl for Jews, who were careful not to eat unkosher food. However, thanks to Finkelstein, his life was saved.

On October 2, 1942, many Germans fell upon the *shtetl* and surrounded it. Every Jew had to present himself within an hour on the plaza. We already knew that this type of ordering was being prepared, therefore two days earlier we had a secret council meeting in my house, with the participation of R' Yehuda Lerner, R' Yaakov Boruch *Shokhet*, Gershon Rosenberg, my father and a few additional Jewish people. There was only one question: should we present ourselves or not. Gershon Rosenberg said: Yes! We have to demonstrate an example of how Jews can die in *Sanctification of the Name*, so let everyone present themselves— men, women and children. This was at the end of September 1942. However, the majority declined to present themselves.

On October 2nd, as previously mentioned, the *shtetl* was heavily guarded by Germans, Poles and Ukrainians. We were still able to flee to the forest of Koszyc, Having no alternative, the majority of Jews presented themselves on the plaza. My brother Yossel and me hid ourselves, in order to see what will happen. It was time to present one's self by noon. After this time, they began to kill everyone that had been found in hiding.. the Polish fire-fighters ferreted out the Jews and turned them over to the Nazis. They were shot in the middle of the street.

And yet another sorrowful episode: Yossel, a child of Mekhl Friedman, who was ten years old, was spotted by a Pole who approached him , and with candy-sweet language began to comfort him, saying that they will do nothing to him, and that he will simply take him to his father. The evil man led the boy out of the house, and immediately turned him over to the Nazis, who murdered the child on the spot. Gershon Rosenberg, wearing a prayer shawl and phylacteries went off to bury him, to bless him for being someone killed in *Sanctification of the Name*...

A Priest Pretends Not to Know...

And here is the tragedy concerning R' Yaakov Baruch *Shokhet*: The Pole, Alphonse incidentally happened to notice him. He began to chase him till they reached the church. He seized him there , and used a stave to break his leg. Later, he called over several Germans, showed them his 'heroism,' and the murderers tore the limbs out of Yaakov-Baruch's body. It is worth mentioning that the priest actually saw this savage murder by the Pole and the Nazis – and made believe he didn't notice it. Many were killed this way in our *shtetl*.

Those who presented themselves were driven on foot to the train in Wiezhniec , but along the way many were killed, such as my father, Berisz, Yaakov Frampoler, Chaim-Yehuda Herman and others, our shtetl resident Hof demonstrated extraordinary heroism: With a revolver, he shot a German in the foot. Naturally, he was killed on the spot.

In the Forest

What became of the mere 200 Jews that went off into the forest?

My grandfather – the Rabbi and *Rebbetzin* with a child, Yitzhak Korn, a Jew over 70 years of age along with his whole family, temporarily remained in the forest. My brother, together with a group

of armed comrades, decided they would protect these runaway Jews. During the night bitter battles were fought with those Poles who simply came to plunder everything. They seized jewelry, clothing, and food. There was such a battle every night, and this bitter battle stretched out for 21 days. This went on, until my brother Yossl was severely wounded in the right hand, Shmuel Zitrinbaum and others were also wounded.

We divided ourselves up into 5 separate groups, dug several bunkers in which to live. But because of the hasty work and shortage of suitable materials, the bunker collapsed and 18 people lost their lives there. Only 9 saved themselves.

We felt a gruesome hunger in the forest: we had to pay 25 Groschen for one potato... I remember yet another sorrowful incident" once, at nightfall, while my brother Yossl was still alive, I went with him to the shtetl to buy food. Entering the shtetl at nightfall we saw two children of Yaakov-Mordechai Lichtenfeld, who came out of a cellar and went in with the Pole Patoranski to beg for a bit of bread. We detained ourselves to see what would happen here. He pushed both children into a stall, and by himself, went out into the street shouting: 'Seized Jews!'

The Nazis would pay for this 'act of heroism' with a liter of whiskey and a kilo of sugar for every Jew that was so seized...

Two innocent children (aged 11 and 13) were killed.

Our searching in the *shtetl* yielded nothing. We did not obtain any food, and returned to the forest, where life was not so dangerous.

We Are Not Secure Even in the Forest

On October 1942, the Nazis caught wind of the presence of partisans in the forest. They surrounded the forest with a ring on all sides, sent in forest peasants with horses and wagons which extracted the Jews from there. It was not possible to give battle, there was no ammunition! And there also was no money! The Polish robbers came into the forest armed with , knives and irons. They took away every Jew that they encountered, including my entire family, along with me, my mother Czarna-Rachel, my brother Yossl, Harris, Azriel, my sister Golda, my grandfather Yitzhak Korn, my aunt Leah (my mother's sister), my aunt Itta with her three children, my aunt Gittl and her three children, ad my aunt Baylah and her two children, Yehuda Lerner, the Rabbi and his wife and child – and others as well, whose names I do not remember. These seized Jews were sat in the wagons, and received murderous blows.

My brother Yossl started to bargain with the Poles, promising them money, if they would just let the Jews go free. The Poles thought we had a lot of money, they then left and on the wagon, the following remained: myself, my mother, my brother Harris, the Mitzner wife, my grandfather and aunt Baylah. We sat on the wagon and waited. Naturally, one of the Poles guarded the wagon with all of us on board. This was the most loathsome creature, Sopcza, a Gaiowa, who held an axe in

his hand. He began to beat my mother. I then asked him why he is doing this. Since his reply was vituperous and insulting, I began to struggle with him, and tore the axe out of his hands and used it to strike him on his side. I cut his blood vessels – but he remained alive.

My mother began to scream, saying that I should flee. At my mother's advice, I fled and left behind those who were on the wagon, whom I had seen now for the last time. This was on October 23, 1942.

I took note of a band of young Poles that began to chase me. I ran breathlessly, until I fell into a swamp bog, and hid myself there for the entire night, so as to at least not fall into the hands of these bestial perpetrators. Those who were led out into the forest, were killed and they were buried in the Jewish cemetery of Frampol, where previously three large and deep grave sites had been dug out.

At this frightful scene, 2 *Gestapo* bandits were standing with machine guns, imbibing whiskey and sporting with each other, while the Polish police were guarding us so that Jews would not flee. The unfortunate ones were told to strip themselves naked. Their clothing was taken away, the victims pushed into the pits and everyone was shot.

There are 165 bodies of people lying in this mass grave. In this killing, my brother Yossel also lost his life. He comforted my mother to his last breath.

Shyeh'leh Zitribaum showed special heroism at this time. Struggling with a *Gestapo* murderer he bit two of his fingers, before he was tossed into the mass grave. The graves still moved around for a couple of days. One girl, the daughter of Pesach Bryk (the Baker) saved herself from this grave and in the darkness of the night, naked, she nonetheless was seized by a Pole, a certain Mateusz, and he beat her for a long time, until she fell dead at the age of 25.

The Death of My Brother

Later, I found my sister Golda and little brother Azriel at a Christian's place. I also found my uncle Asher Guttmakher, who had hidden himself. My sister contracted a lung disease, with a great deal of exhaustion, I got her to the hospital in Bilgoraj, and put her in touch with a certain Florenz from the Polish underground, who had supported my sister for a longer period of time and provided me with a revolver. I and my 9 year-old brother were together for this entire time – in the forest and after leaving the forest, I had to carry him in my arms. One night, I went out into the field to look for potatoes, together with my little brother. He was seized. Thanks to my uncle Asher Guttmakher, my little brother was released on that same night.

On February 13, 1943 I incidentally came across 14 boys and girls in the forest. Yaakov Leib Hochrad, the father, his son Ephraim and daughter Ethel, made a bunker for themselves in the forest. However, we were assaulted, everything was taken away from us – it was only with a bribe that we bought ourselves from the murderers.

On the night of October 18, together with Itcheh Mintzer's wife who had a 6 month old baby and was thrown under Wozhnicki's Door. His wife was a teacher. She took the baby into the house. Later, the mother was seized, and I was ready to flee. The baby dies at the Wozhnicki's home.

Later, I went off into the forest, to find out what had happened to the 14 people. This was nightfall on a Friday. Going this way into the forest, I bumped into severed heads that had been piled together like a cord of wood...On March 13 the commandant of the Polish underground, Florenz, connected me with a group in the forest which consisted of three youths and a widow of seven children.

On the 2nd day of Passover 1943, we were informed on, that my sister is hidden with a Pole. As a result, they were both killed! Later, a group of partisans was uncovered, Jews and Poles among them– the widow and her seven orphans, all were murdered.

I had sent my little brother Azriel to a comrade of mine to fetch and bring ammunition. As he was going, I took note of several Polish policemen. The child began to run. A hand grenade was thrown at him – and the child was torn to pieces.

With Partisans – Jews, Poles, Russians

The last group of partisans (17 people) made the battle against the Nazis and their Polish helpers. In the year 1943 two partisan *otryads*⁵⁷ encountered each other. They decided to unite [with us] and fought together until the last minute – Jews, Poles and russians. These very Poles, later on, wanted to kill the Jews.

Together with the group of partisans, approximately 35 people – men, women and children, as well as one Russian POW who was able to escape from the German camps – fought together, until the liberation.

The battle was how to obtain a little bit of food in order to sustain ourselves. We often had to abandon the places where we were, in order that the Nazis not uncover where we were. In wandering from place-to-place, we left markers to make them go the wrong way. The great military strain that they placed on us, by searching and attempting to see us, because they thought we numbered in the thousands. We acquired our ammunition by attacking certain German posts.

At the end of 1943, we joined up with a large partisan army. It was an army that consisted of thousands.

In July 1944, we met up with the front of the Russian army. In the course of the 27 months that I was in the forest, we only sought to exact revenge from the murderers.

After these difficult experiences, which do not allow themselves to be described in their full detail,

⁵⁷ A generic name given to partisan units that fought the Nazis.

already twenty years after the tragedy, I re-entered our *shtetl*, by way of the road to Lublin. I made this trip with Abba Bekher – and we both saw the destruction...

One feeling reigned us both: Revenge! Revenge! One wanted to exact revenge from the Nazis, and even more – the Polish bandits. Regrettably, there was very little that we could do... I detained myself in Frampol for about ten days, not being able to look at the destruction anymore, I returned to Lublin.

Apart from those previously mentioned, I lost my brother-in-law Meir Kaminer, son of the editor of the '*Yiddishn Togblatt*.' Regarding my father I wish to add only that he was the President of the community. In the years 1940-1941 he had the concession to buy up flax. Many Jews made a living from this and didn't have to work for the Nazis.

My sister Chan'cheh Scharf is in Montreal. Mikh'leh Hertzberg – in Ramat-Gan.

My Experiences in the Forest

By Chana Bryk (Buxbaum)

Ramat-Gan

1

In November 1942, a group of us Jewish people lay hidden in the house of the kasha maker, in one of the few houses that remained [intact] after the Great Fire, which nearly destroyed the whole *shtetl* during the 1939 bombardment. On a certain morning, we heard how the Germans tore themselves into Frampol and began killing those Jews that were still alive, The sounds of shooting and screams of anxiety of those being killed reached our ears, as well as the clipped and hoarse orders of the murderers. The local Polish people escorted the murderers and showed them the places where Jews had hidden themselves.

In the house where we were hidden, there were two groups of Jews: one group was up in the attic, and the second – in the cellar. As soon as the Germans entered the *shtetl*, all those who were not in hiding ran to wherever their eyes carried them. I was not able to get a place up high, so with great exertion, I ordered myself a place in the cellar. There were about fifty people there. The crowding was great. My mother also was able to get into the same place. There were no small children there. I recall that among those who were hidden, there was – the widow Nikha Feder with her two daughters. One of them was severely wounded by a German bullet, she ran into our hiding place, and because of severe pain, she constantly needed to scream and groan. We had nothing with which to help her, because we had no water. All that was done was cover her mouth [to silence her] so her screams would not be heard. There were also two sons of the kasha maker.

Suddenly, we hear the Germans coming nearer to our house. The loud boot steps of the murderers reached us down in the cellar, and their commands of '*Jude heraus*' and the inciting words of the Poles. Suddenly – hysterical screaming for the discovered Jews in the attic, afterwards – in the house. We were certain that death was slowly but surely coming towards us. The Germans banged on the floor with their rifle butts, waiting for a response... it appears that on that tragic day, we got a little bit of luck. Only those in the cellar were saved.

Late at night, several young people left the hideout, not wanting to take anybody with them – especially not women. Forcibly, I joined this group, which set out for the forest. This was not among the easy things to do, because the town Polish people circulated about the few Jewish houses and guarded them well, making sure that anyone who had saved themselves will not worm their way out of the enclosure, but would fall into their hands. Despite this, we were fortunate to overcome this – and we arrived peacefully, eight people among them – myself and my mother, and got to the Frampol forest.

2

In the forest, we ran into various groups of Jews who, like us, had fled there. There was a woman with two children with us, one of which was still a baby. And this innocent soul had no idea what sort of danger lies in ambush waiting for us – and they would always begin to cry and scream frightfully. The rest understood that because of the crying of the baby, we were all in danger. The hapless mother felt the anger and ire of the Jews who had gone down, and could not stand nts and warnings against her – she left with both of her children. Sometime later, she turned back, but only with the older boy. To our astonished questions and intense probing, why she had freed herself from one child, she told that she had left the little one in a corner of the forest and waited until a peasant came riding by, and took it. Wishing to save the second child, se had to sacrifice the younger one... (My impression was that this woman was not from Frampol, but from a nearby location).

The Rabbi of Frampol was among those in hiding, Berisz Dinburt's wife with a few children.

Immediately in the first night we were in the forest, I joined two other young people to search for our parents. I – to find my father, they, both their father and mother.

Darkness reigned in the *shtetl* that was almost palpable. However, I knew FRampol very well and decided to search further. The Poles were still circulating in groups, looking for hidden Jews. However, I was not resigned from the task of looking for my father. When I ran into Poles lying in ambush, I forcefully told them that I was now being escorted by partisans who were behind me. If anything happens to me, they will pay for it very dearly. From Poles that I knew, I found out that my father and his younger brother are hidden someplace else, by contrast, the older brother, Yehoshua, was killed. Since these were Poles that we knew quite well, one of them went off to search for my father and, indeed, did bring him along with his younger brother. It is difficult to convey my happiness and deep feelings about this experience when after such a slaughter in the *shtetl*, I was still able to meet my father and brother.

We immediately went back to the forest, but how great was our disappointment when we did not find my mother at the designated place. All three of us began to search, even though the forest was unfamiliar to us. WE searched this way for a full 24-hour period, and jst at that time, a rain fell – literally a deluge. We encountered many Jews from Frampol. Part of them were: Asher Gutmakher, Mottl and Joseph Dinburt, who already had weaponry and looked for partisans, in order to join them.

We encountered a group of yong people from the *shtetl*. They called our father over to a side and proposed that they present themselves to the partisans, but – only without the women and children. My seven year-old brother overheard this. Crying, he came running to me and told me: 'Our father

is going to leave us.’ Even I who was then twelve years old, began to weep intensely. Our father came to get us, and seeing both his children sobbing and being frightfully concerned, he calmed us and promised that so long as he will live, he will not take leave of his family. We knew that with our father, this was no ordinary statement, but something that was a credible and honest obligation from a father to his wife and children.

3

After several days of wandering about the forest, looking for our mother, we finally found her in not very good condition. She was frightfully worried and completely shaken up because of not knowing where her children and husband were. Seeing us, she burst into spasmodic crying, which lasted a long time, until we calmed her down. Now we were really together. But we were still in a strange unfamiliar forest, not knowing what the next day will bring.

Despite this, not all were in a state of confusion. The thought dawned on one of us about erecting a bunker for the women and children and let the men be with the partisans. They will provide us with food and at the same time protect us from the Germans, and more importantly – from the Poles. This idea pleased everyone. With truly primitive methods we began to dig a bunker which had to serve as a hiding place for us in the forest. You appreciate that we conducted this work only by night and with greater care for ourselves. Finishing the digging, we looked to the future with more security and optimism. We were getting ready to bring our effects inside when suddenly – crash! The entire bunker collapsed. At this point we did not yet have the required equipment to do such work. Fortunately, it didn’t hurt anyone, because none of us had gone inside it.

After the first failure with the bunker, we knew what to do. At night, I went off with my father to collect wood, in order to bolster the bunker. When we had gathered a bit of wood, and began to go back, we hear our mother shouting:

– Don’t come here, the murderers have entered the forest!

Together with this warning, we heard a whistling and a call to gather in Polish from the *shtetl* Poles that were searching and probing in the forest – for either purposes of committing murder, or to plunder and rob, and also further – without pure anti-Semitic instinct, to eliminate Jews.

It is now difficult for me to convey my feelings at that moment. I remember only, that we took off running far from that location where our mother and little brother were found. We knew one thing: to get closer to that location– means a certain death. We galloped along breathlessly, looking for a hiding place in the dense forest, where so many dangers lurked.

In our flight we ran into a Pole, with an axe thrown over his shoulder. We were well dressed, and apart from this, you could see the fine boots we wore. The young Pole ordered my father to take off his boots and turn them over to him. For this reason, he was ready to give us his torn boots and permitted us to go on our way. My father took to this lout and after a short struggle took away the axe from him. Being defeated, the Pole quickly went away, but in running, he did not stop whistling to his comrades. Tired and confused we came to a used path, and just here, under a broad well-

grown tree, we sat down to rest a bit and ... to hide ourselves. Once again we hear the movement of the Polish bandits drawing nearer, among them – the gentile, from whom my father took away the axe. We heard his words exactly:

– Such a disgusting *Zhid* took away my axe. Let us search for him here, and I will cut him to pieces!

This even though they would stop and bend down near us and we heard everything, nevertheless they did not see us. This is the way we sat for a whole day and a night, but fortunately they did not notice us, even though we found ourselves near the road. It probably is for this reason our capture did not materialize, and that at such a point two Jews should hide themselves.

4

In the depth of the night, we continued to go to...Frampol. We knew: there is no longer any place for us in the forest. It was winter. The cold and the snow only aggravated our suffering and danger. In the early morning hours, we reached the *shtetl*. But where are we to go? The very *shtetl* where we were born and grew up, was totally strange to us, not feeling like home and with locked gates and doors. Furthermore: If anyone had uncovered us here, we are done for. We wanted to go to the peasant that we knew, who had previously brought my little brother to my father. However, we were afraid to knock and therefore decided to settle in an unfamiliar attic, in order to wait out the day and go to our known [peasant] friend at night. And that is how it was. We went up to the attic, and crammed ourselves into a corner, since the *balebatim* would on several occasions come up to fetch various items, and they didn't notice us. This is how we stayed until nightfall. Afterwards we went off to our friendly Polish peasant and to our sudden amazement, he was prepared to hide us. He immediately led us to the stall, and in the very close location of horses he settled us down. It was not only once that a horse would snort at me, and not only once was I afraid, that just then he would give me a bite or kick me.

The cold, however, affected me intensely. My feet got frozen and not only once did I crash from the cold. To this day, I still have visible traces of that more than 4 month episode in the stall. Occasionally it happened that in the late night hours, my father would go into the *shtetl*, in order to simply find out what the situation was– but he couldn't take me along with him because my feet did not support me. From the second side, he also was afraid to risk, in the case of a misfortune, from that which lurked at every step we took.

After the start of our staying in the stable, my father learned that the assaults and pursuit of hidden Jews in the *shtetl* proper and in the surrounding forests, had not stopped. The seized Jews would be gathered together in the building of the '*powszechnie*' school and in a few more days, when the *Gestapo*-troops came to the *shtetl*, they shot all of these unfortunate [people]. Not just once did we hear the gunshots in the stable that had executed the [seized] Jews. My father also learned that my mother and little brother were in the school, and we felt that these shots whose sound traveled to our stable, were destined for our dearest.

Every time my father went out, the occasion was accompanied by heartrending parting sentiments and tears, because at no time could we be certain that we would ever see him again.

5

I will never forget that sunny day on March 15, 1943. Rays of light, coming through the space between the boards and the opening of the stable tore into our hiding place. I was not sensitive to conspiracies and undersanding what it means to be careful in those surroundings, and so something gave me a push to get up from where I lay, go over to the wall and put one eye to the small opening there, in order to feel the warmth of the sun. Suddenly a shadow darkened my line of sight. This showed me that someone had seen me, and so I quickly went back to my hiding place.

On the same day, the Master of the House Stanczyk, went off to the saloon to grab a drink, and also to find out what was new. The Poles of the *shtetl* used to ge together in this saloon, to have a discussion of the news over a glass [of whiskey]. When this group got a bit tipsy, they began to speak more loosely, and one Polish man said to Stanczyk:

– We heard that you are hiding Jews!

Even though the gentile was tipsy, he didn't lose it, and immediately answered:

– I am going to hide Jews? When one comes into my hands, he doesn't leave alive...

Nevertheless, the rejection [of Jews] went well into his head. Immediately after he left the saloon, he came to us and told us about what was said. He asked us to leave the stable, and he promised that, as soon as things quiet down, he will take us back. But for now, we must leave. This is how he confirmed my suspicion that someone during the day, had seen me looking out through the tiny hole, and spread it all over the *shtetl*. That person was a lady neighbor of Stanczyk, Mydlacz who for years had a bad feeling towards that Pole, holding him responsible for the death of her son.

Yes, easy to say – go away, but to where, now, when the *shtetl* is almost without any Jews, and the Poles are lurking after you like angry beasts. But we had no choice – and we had to follow the order of Stanczyk.

It was not simple for me, with my frozen feet, to set off on the way by foot. With reat energy and exhaustion we dragged ourselves to a peasant that we knew, where we encountered two brothers from Frampol, Shlomo -Levi and Leibl Feder. They told us that they are to be found in the forest, they have a bunker there, and are ready to take us in. In that time, this was so very tempting an invitation, that we grabbed it wit both hands.

We went off to the forest.

6

The day was mild despite the fact that the winter was in full force. Exhausted and worn out, we came up to a tree. Then I asked: 'where will we sleep?' The answer came as follows: that they also have another bunker not far from here. However, Poles had discovered it, and they were afraid to go there. Having no choice, we cleaned the snow off from under the tree, and only that which we had with us was spread out on the ground and we laid down to sleep.

Very early the next morning, we got up – beaten down by the cold, not well slept and very confused. What is going to happen next? From a distance, we could hear the sound of chopping of trees, and their falling – a sign that there are Poles nearby. We could not let ourselves be seen. However, hunger demanded its portion. From under the tree, we dragged away bushes and tree roots, everything put into a metal container, covered with snow, made a fire and cooked ourselves a ‘meal.’

There were other means available to provide ourselves with food. The older people went off to the *shtetl* in the the darkness of night and provisioned themselves with a small loaf of bread, matches and a bit of salt. The younger people, again, would pas the time on the yards of peasants, and from there they would steal potatoes, and from the cages – chickens and eggs. The potatoes were buried in various places in the forest. There was one time, when a group attempted to pull away a cow. Peasants ran after us and shot. The cow then made such noise that we thought that the entire neighborhood would run together. However, the cow was not released, and she was dragged nto the forest, slaughtered and a part of the meat was buried.

But we did not steadily have meat to eat. There were also days where there was nothing to eat.

There were times when one generally could not come out of the forest, because Germans were circling the area. That was when we lacked food, especially – matches, which we had acquired only in the *shtetl*. My father came up with this stratagem: since he know a bit of Russian, which he had learned when he was in the ‘*plen*’ during the First World War, he would go out onto the road near the forest and stop a peasant who was passing by:

– ‘*Spiczki u vos jest?*’ (Do you have any matches!) – all the while he held his hand in his right pocket, where there was a revolver. The terrified peasant did not understand the language, by the instinctively felt that before him stood a Soviet partisan – and in such a case, he gave not only matches, but sometimes also – a small loaf of bread...

It is clear that after such an incident, we had to leave the area, because it could also happen that the peasant would tell Germans, or Poles, that there were partisans in the forest.

Each match was divided into four parts and like a treasure, hide them in dry places. It is necessary to stress that even a march cut this way, would light...

7

We sustained ourselves in the forest from March 15, 1943. The snow was still heavy on the ground. It was cold. In the winter, we went off to steal potatoes from the ‘*kopces*’ (pits where the peasants use to put in potatoes), bury the potatoes, and cover them with a thick slab of sod. In order that they not become frozen). It was very hard for us to break open the *kopces*, because we did not have the right tools. Because of this, we went through periods of great fear, because the peasants knew that thieves want to steal from them, and therefore they guarded the *kopces*.

It was not only one time when carrying out this sort of work, we would hear a loud shout: ‘Who is there? Stand still!’ We paid no attention to this and quickly got out of there with the stolen potatoes,

which we guarded like the apple of one's eye. After all, this was our sole source of sustaining ourselves. Very often, when I would flee with a sack on my back, I began to fall behind. At that point my father would take away my sack of potatoes and carried it himself, carrying both sacks. There were instances when he did not let me come along. I would then sit at the edge of the forest and wait for his return. At that time I lived in constant fear and thought about what was going on with them back there.

After such an action we could not sleep, because of our fear of being pursued. At night we would roast a few potatoes, sometime with a few mushrooms and cook a lunch. There were times, as I have already related, that we brought living cattle into the forest. I did not participate in such an undertaking. Then, we felt like we were at a real wedding!

There was nothing with which to slaughter the animal. We had a small knife and the animal, sorrowfully, strongly tried to pull away, until it collapsed. We had to deal with the meat the way we dealt with the potatoes: hide it for a longer time, bury the parts in many places a trace [of what we did]. More than once, the forest animals smelled buried meat in certain places, and they would unearth it. We were then compelled to eat a more than normal amount of meat, because the meat would not keep for more than 2-3 weeks. Instances occurred when we had meat but no potatoes. Don't even mention bread.

We would also steal chickens. We were always short of salt. There were times when we also had no water, when the snow was not too deep at least we could eat roasted potatoes.

8

There were times when my father and me would steal into the *shtetl*, to Stanczyk's place, and extract a small loaf of bread from there and a bit of salt, also sometimes – matches. He risked his life doing this. We were good friends with him, and he wanted very much to help us. He took great pity on me.

It rained a whole night, and we were soaked to the extreme. Me and my father decided to go collect vegetables, because after a rainfall, they are nice and fresh. We went out to search early in the morning. The sun was already shining; it was just wet. We had to use a main road, and a peasant traveling through recognized us, he was an old friend. He, as it were, was happy to see us, and he told us that the end of the war is near, and the Russians are getting closer. He advised us to be watchful, because if we have held on till now, he believes that we will live once the war is over. We learned from him, the Germans are lying in ditches surrounding the forest. They are searching for bandits and partisans. Poles are seized and sent for work in Germany. He, personally, is among those who fled. They especially seize young people. The further asked us how we are managing to live and from what do we derive sustenance. He promised to bring us salt, bread and potatoes., and that we should not move to leave the forest, so long as the vicinity is not calmed. This can last a wee's time.

9

I was of the opinion that he spoke to us this way with good intentions, and did not mean anything bad for us. Fate however had a different intention. In traveling away from us, he encountered Germans who wanted to arrest him. He tried to bribe his way out of their clutches, and said that he had encountered Jews in the forest, and went to show them where we were.

All of us did not know about this. We returned to the forest pleased, in order to reach our two bothers as quickly as possible, who slept under the dense tree. We told them that the war is going to end quickly.

In the course of telling them what our friend the peasant had told us, we suddenly heard footfall: I immediately took note of this. But I was dismissed with the statement: ‘you always hear footfall! It is certainly just the tree branches waving about!’

However, I held to my own opinion I then heard the rubbing of a raincoat against the trees. It did not take long and we saw a German with a loaded rifle in his hands, being escorted by our [friendly?] peasant. With the last of our strength we began to run into the depth of the forest. I was holding the Vegetables that I collected, which I did not want to lose. Since my father was fearful of having me fall behind, he had to pace himself more slowly. We ran together. At a certain moment, I lost sight of my father and went deeper into the forest alone. The shooting did not stop. Running this way, I came to the open space in the middle of the forest, where there was a swampy bog. At that point, I was wearing a pair of boots, which were stuck in the mud of the swamp which I crossed without any problems – and I remained staying in an extended period of time. What can one do further? I had already lost everything, and remaine solitary in the world. What will I do? Is it not worth ending my life, of hurry to present myself to the Germans?

Sunk deeply in my thoughts and confusion, I heard a noise. That, once again, aroused my will to live, again I had a flicker of hope: perhaps I will yet find my father. I will never be too late to die! I hid myself in a camouflaged opening, covered with mud. Later on, to my great joy, saw that at a distance, my younger brother was walking (of the two that were with us). We were both very happy. Until night, bother of us sat hidden and did not move from our spot. When the night fell, each of us went off in a different direction, looking for the lost ones. We agreed beforehand to meet at a designated spot, should one of us happen to bump into a member of our family. After quite a while of searching, we encountered the older brother. Regrettably, we did not encounter my father. I searched for him day and night – without any result.

After my father’s death, I had to look after myself. I had to drag myself along with all of the others. My younger brother was often a helper to me. He would leave his potatoes at the edge of the forest and return to me, to take my sack and quickly carry it over to the Forest. After a night’s work such as this, we had to dig out small pits in which to bury the potatoes, in various locations, and wipe out all traces of our presence.

10

On a certain day, we were all asleep in a small forest, and we hoped that nobody would disturb us. Suddenly we heard the voice of children who fortunately passed by this spot. They literally climbed on us, as we were sleeping, and in great fear they shouted out that there are dead people are in the forest... we were forced to leave that place. Running in this way, we encountered the father of the of the peasant who had informed about us to the Germans. He was very old, and at that time he pastured cattle. He told us, that several days ago, the Germans killed a Jew known to him: this was

the '*Lymanyadzhiash*' (this is how the Christians called our father, because he had a small factory of lemonade and soda water). I burst out crying bitter tears. He did not know that I was his daughter. He tried to comfort me. But what sort of meaning could his words have for me?...

When we encountered Christians whom we knew from the city, they also related our misfortune. I thought: For whom do I have left to live for? Despite this, I was driven to remain alive. A single thought gave me strength: despite everyone, I will survive and exact revenge for all suffering and misfortunes. This feeling of taking revenge drove me on further for my life.

11

Without my father I was a burden to my brothers, and an obstacle in their struggle to survive the difficult times. We were told that our father was capture alive and they wanted to know everything from him that was connected with our sustenance in the forest, how many of us there were, where are we located and what do we use for sustenance? They promised to spare his life if he will tell them everything. He did not want to speak. He was frightfully tortured, tearing pieces from his body. He led onto his position, and did not want to tell anything to the Germans. They did not want to shoot him, because the Germans held the bullets in too much value... they said that he will die of his own self. That is what really happened. He underwent great suffering. And they left him lying there just like that in the forest. The peasants buried him afterwards in the forest. They even described to me where the location [of the grave] was. But I could not go there. To this day, I regret that I did not exhume his remains from there.

We began to hear the shooting from the front more often. But this time we noted that those in retreat were... the Germans themselves. During such instances, we would hide ourselves in the mountains, and from there we saw, that the Germans were in retreat. They were being shot without any stop from the air.

On one occasion, we saw how Poles were fleeing together with their families, in order to hide themselves in the forest. At a different time, we heard a loud noise – and we decided that we would go out to the chief tract on our own, to see what was happening. With happiness we saw Soviet tanks, with their red flags. We asked a peasant whether the Russians had already entered? He replied, yes, and added that 'if they encounter a Jew – they kill him'... We looked at one another in great pain and did not reply. We distanced ourselves from him, and didn't know what else to do. In the distance, we saw a Russian tank.

I proposed that we get closer to it, and if the Russians are also shooting Jews, we are better off to fall in their hands! We got closer to them in great fear. It appears that our own appearance and our clothing also frightened them. They did not know whom they had in front of them. Out of great fear, I burst out crying, spoke to them in Polish, using a few Russian words that I had learned from my deceased father. With great difficulty they understood us. We also told them what it was that the peasant had told us about the Russians. They gave us bread, comforted us, and told to go into the city, where there is already a Russian military [presence]. In the city, the local Poles looked at us in wonder, because they had concluded that we were dead.

We went over to the Christian whom we knew, to Stanczyk. There, we ate a bit of soup, washed ourselves, changed our clothing and shoes. We were afraid to stay in the city. We went out on to the Janow Road, which streamed endlessly with the Russian military. WE kept up asking if there are any Jews among them. They answered that Jews done go on the first line...

In Janow, we also did not encounter any Jews. We were the only Jews among a large number of soldiers. We placed our trust in a Soviet officer, whom we asked for help, because we aew terribly afraid of the Poles, for fear that they may kill us. He set us up for two days in a Russian division. There, a military man brought us a large loaf of bread, with a slab of pig's meat and we took to the feast. Since I was not used to regular eating, it affected me. I got stomach pains and was in mortal danger. A doctor in the russian army cured me then, and got me on my feet. The Russians took us with them into the cinema. The Poles in the cinema, instead of looking at films, looked ... at us. The Russians also gave me a black book. They had no shoes. The anti-Semitic Poles could simply not understand, how it was possible, that despite it all, that Jews remained alive!

12

After being in Janow for a few days, we traveled back to Frampol, because we found out, that a few Jews there had remained alive. I encountered my school friend Dina Hoff there, I eas lucky when I first saw her. She had hidden herself with a Christian whose name was Sovczak. She was so weakened, she did not have the strength to walk for several days after the liberation. I had to support her under an arm.

When all of us regained some composure, we decided to travel over to Bilgoraj. Jews remained alive there. We were in Bilgoraj for several months. We all lived together in a commune.

We learned that many Jews had been saved in Zamość. We remained there and worked in a Russian kitchen, from very early to very late at night, just for meals.

After spending a bit of time in Zamość, a Russian came into the kitchen and told me, that they were looking for a little girl. This was my cousin Dvora Bryk (today – Kislowicz). She lived through the occupation [pretending to be] an Aryan. She had come to Zamość to search for Jews. She was told that a girl named Chana Bryk is here. That was how she found me. She admitted that she has immediately forgotten, that she is a Jewish child. She was the oonly one left from an entire family. She immediately left the Christians, where she had held herself up during the occupation years. She related that she was Jewish. We then remained together. We left Poland and went over to Germany, from which in the year 1946, we came to the Land of Israel.

The Pole Sobczak Saved Us

By Shmuel Mahler

Haifa

1

In the autumn of 1942, there were few Jews in the Lublin *voievode*. Among those who remained, Jews could be found that came from Bilgoraj, Tarnograd, and Frampol. The Jews of Bilgoraj were transported to Frampol first. The extermination *aktionen* perpetrated by the Hitlerists against the Jewish populace, were carried out with the strictest military tactics. The cities and towns were encircled by the military, divisions of gendarmerie and local Poles.

On October 30, 1942 the gendarmerie came from Bilgoraj to Frampol to the *Judenrat*, where the following people were located: Chaim-Yehuda Harman, Yekhezkiel Hoff, Zelig Rosenberg, Ze'ev Finkelstein, Chaim Hoff (was the commandant of the *Judenrat* police).

On that day, the gendarmerie demanded that they be given several portions of leather and other valuable goods. According to the tone of the Hitlerists, the members of the *Judenrat* understood that they are preparing for an *aktion* – and singly left the *Judenrat*. Later, the gendarmerie traveled back to Bilgoraj. The Jews in Frampol once again saw themselves in a bind. No one slept in the houses anymore, only in the previously prepared bunkers. A part also went– to Christians that they knew.

Our family divided itself into three groups. Not everyone spent the night in one place. My mother Liebeh and the two sisters, Sima and Gittl went to a bunker in a different dwelling. The sister Shayndl went to Nechama Kestenbaum. My father Yehoshua, my sister Aydl and myself went away to a certain Antek Kurtlik.

The bunker in the house consisted of two cellars, one separated from the other with a wall, through which there was no entrance from one to the other. By contrast, in the floor, there was a secret entrance to the cellar.

At the Kruliks, we were hidden in the cellar under the barn. On November 1, 1942 I attempted to come out of our hiding place, in order to get myself home. But at the same minute, I heard heavy gunfire coming from the *shtetl* and went right back into the hideout. It did not take long, when we heard Golda Hoff come into the barn along with Ze'ev Finkelstein's wife with her child. At that point I made an opening from our hiding place and took them into us.

The gunfire lasted a whole day, as on the front, but this time – against us, the Jews. At a specific moment, underneath the barn where we were hiding, Aydl Weistuch (a daughter of Sholom Weistuch) came running. The Germans detected her, and wanted to shoot her. The peasant's (Krulik's) wife begged the Germans that they should not shoot, because I could incinerate the grain. And then she went to Aydel'eh telling her to come out of the barn, since the Germans will not shoot.

During an entire day, in the *shtetl*, peasant wagons rode around and collected the murdered Jews. In our hideout, we heard the poisonous remarks of the Poles, who busied themselves with the collection of the killed people. There was no place to run. Even those, who managed to get out onto the fields – they fell there from the gunfire.

In the evening the Master of the barn came in to us. Kurtlik, and said that we have to leave the hideout. Having no choice, out in the direction of the fields. Along the way, we ran into the night watchmen who informed us, that they had not yet gathered up all of the murdered Jews. They wished us success in [our undertaking] to traverse the dangerous path we were on. We wanted to pay them something, but they didn't want to take anything.

We arrived at the Marg Forests and met up with an additional thirty people. Staying for several days in the forest, we decided to return to Kurtlik's, and implore him that he should take us [back] to himself. He agreed, and even took some money. However, in a few minutes, he returns and tells us that one of his neighbors had taken note of us going into his house and therefore – he cannot take us in. At the same time, I noted that he had concluded an agreement with the family of Yaakov Mordechai Lichtfeld, took their money, and led them into the hideout.

2

Being in the forest, we heard that they had prepared pits in the cemetery. I went there, and saw pits that had been dug out, everyone about two and one-half meters long and a half meter wide.

A few days later I went into the *shtetl* again, and ran into Yaakov Mordechai Lichtfeld with his family. They asked me what am I thinking of doing, because they had no strength left to go wandering and to hide themselves. They are prepared to present themselves to the police, where they will be detained for a couple of days and after that, the end will come. I declared to them that I am committed to fight further for my life and will do everything in order not to fall into the hands of the murderers.

Being in the forest, we often saw armed Poles coming there and they shot into the air, in order to frighten us. A rifle fell upon us. One time they even took me away from my father and sister, led us deeply into the forest, and demanded that I turn over my money. They complained to me: 'when you fall into German hands, they will take away everything that your money remain in our hands.' They threatened me, that if they found money on us – they will shoot us. Better to turn it over in a peaceful way.

Arriving close to the *shtetl* again, I heard a discussion between Yeshayahu Hassman and a Christian, where he told him he would give away his overcoat and his boots, for which he will get in return a pair of torn shoes – and then present himself to the police. For this reason, the Christian must provide him with food and arrest, until the gendarmerie will come and take him away.

Returning to the forest, I encountered the Pole Tuszuk who lived in Frampol, on the Janow Road. I made an understanding with him, that he would hide us. He led us into the village of Morgis into a house which was uninhabited (this house belonged to him, but he had abandoned it). We gave him several hundred Zlotys. He promised to bring two loaves of bread – but he did not keep his word. We stayed for two days in the new hiding place, without a bite of bread and no water. We were certain, that he is sending police to seize us. So we returned to the shtetl, to the Christian lady Szymienowa, who once ran a whiskey business, in the house of Chaim Hochrad. There we saw a construct of four with a cover, here there was straw. We then crawled into that space and buried ourselves in the straw, so that we could not be seen. Since a snow was falling at the time, he covered us entirely. From time-to-time he would stick out his hand, take a bit of snow and assuage his fainting heart. It seems that someone had seen us, when we arrived there. It didn't take long, and we hear voices, who are asking about Jews who had hidden themselves here. These were the local firemen whose objective was to expose and seize all hidden Jews. The owner of this dwelling was also with them. She climbed up on the ladder up to the little roof, looked around a bit in the straw, but noticed nothing. She said:

– It is not true, there are no Jews here.

The leader of the firemen, Juzhek Zalewa also crawled up, and began to search more vigorously. I saw him say that he will not uncover anyone, and that he should come by night – and we will pay him well for this. Then he leapt down from the high point where he was, so he would not be distracted, because there is nobody here. At night, he indeed came back and led us to his house and hid us there. We talked over and agreed, that at night he will lead me to our house, there, I will take several hundred dollars, which we had hidden in a wall. We were with Zalewa for two full days and nights. At night, he came back and said to us, that we must leave his house, because tomorrow they are going to shoot those Jews that are under arrest. For this reason, he was afraid to keep us there.

3

We returned to the Morg forest, where we met Zvi Wortman (a son of Nathan Wortman), who told us that a sister of ours was alive and can be found at a village near Kaszuwa. On the second day he came again and brought the sister with him. Our happiness was great when we saw her to still be alive. She told us that our mother with the sisters were buried alive, and covered up [with dirt] a mass grave, together with 200 other people, each of whom was shot a number of times and afterwards thrown into the pit. She hid herself in the bunker of Nachman Kestenbaum with other Jews. David Kestenbaum with his wife and children, all from Czarnistok, were there also. One one occasion, a small child began to cry. The father wanted to stuff a cloth into the child's mouth, but his wife would not let him do it. She said: 'you will be better served if you take my life rather than kill a child.' It did not take long, and the hideout was discovered. My sister fled the place under a hail of bullets, taking along three small children from the Steinbergs.

After we had gone away into the forest, we were surrounded by armed Polish men who fell upon us and beat us. We ran off in different directions, hiding ourselves among the trees, in the bushes.

They were able to catch my sister, the Rabbi and his wife and twenty more people. At the same time we heard the gendarmerie shoot the family of Dov Dinbart.

We left the forest and went in the direction of the *shtetl*, to the brick making factory. Me, along with my father and youngest sister Aydl, hid in the forest for a few days, and then also went to the brick factory. Even there, one was not certain of life, because the Christians in the *shtetl* knew that Jews were hiding in the brick factory. But were [are we] to go?

It was a frosty Friday nightfall. The cold possessed all of us. Before dawn, we drew nearer to the brick factory and went into a kiln containing burned bricks. We were relieved by the warmth. My father recalled that in The First World War he was in the vicinity of Harbin, together with the Rabbi of Frampol, who at the time said that it is a privilege to make *Kiddush*. Accordingly, my father recited the prologue to the *Kiddush*, 'Yom HaShishi' and wept intensely...

When dawn began to break, the local firemen surrounded us, and made an escape impossible. First they searched us to make sure we carried no weaponry. In truth, they intended to take away all that we possessed. They took us along the Goraj Road to the school. Along the way, my father said that our lives had ended. We constructed houses in which Poles lurked, they want to exterminate us, and be heir to our possessions.

Along the way, the following fled the columns: my youngest sister Aydl, and Abraham Steinberg (son of Moshe Steinberg). This was done almost at the last minute, when we saw the dug out pits that had been prepared in advance for us in the cemetery.

Approaching the school, the guards began to joke around, counting those who had remained alive and who didn't. We covered our faces, not wanting to look at their disgusting faces. We went into the school, with thoughts of a death that grows nearer...

In one wall to the side, I noticed a door, that leads out to the Radezyn Road. I tried to tear it open, but it was solidly fastened, and on the outside, propped up with qa board. Despite this, I got the door open – and I fled. This took place in the middle of the night. I fled to the Polish cemetery. Lying there, I made the sorrowful assessment. My other with the two sisters were killed while suffering frightfully: In addition – a sister [was lost] in the forest. What did I have left to do? I looked around, and concluded that for me this also was no place to live. I decided that I would confront death head-on.

Along the road, a Polish woman encountered me, Glombicka, who began to argue with me, saying that I should not lose the hope to stay alive. I told her what I had lived through, and what was left of my large family – and that is why I had decided to confront death, together with my father and sister. To this she replied, that it certainly will not be easier for my father to die when he sees that I am going to my death. She proposed that I go with her, and she will buy me bread. I asked her to make a deal with the guard, Stach Wnuk that when he was leading the arrested people to jail, he should make it possible to flee, and thereby shout that they have fled. I promised to give her a little bit of jewelry.

I sent a letter to my father with this woman, who answered that it might be better to attempt to flee through Stach Sobczak. She went off to him – he was agreeable. Seeing him from afar, I did not recognize him and I began to flee. He shouted to me that I should not be afraid, he is Sobczak. I went up to him and asked, can he work out with the guard Wnuk, that my father with my sister can run away and not be arrested? Sobczak made me understand, that he cannot guarantee thi for two people, but only for one. Because if Wnuk will raise his voice, that two peopl have fled together, the arrested people who want to live, demand that they should be set free, and he, the watch man, would be threatened by the *Gestapo*... and if the *Gestapo* does not come in the evening, they will be let free. Tjhen you have to come to me. And I will hide you together with seven other Jews, who are here at my house.

4

My beloved child! I forgive you and I hope God will also forgive you. I leave this world as a sacrifice for you, hoping that you will overcome and continue to live on. Adasz Wonczyk who transported the bricks to us at the time we were building our house, came to see me. Through the gates of the school I conversed with him. He proposed to me, that you should come to him, and he will support you and live through these bad times with him. He said to me, that it is a greater loss, that all of us did not come to him. Were we to have come to him, we could have hidden ourselves and remained alive. See to it that you eat and drink in order that you be able to outlast the tribulations. Don't get chilled.

Perhaps it will still come to pass, that we will be able to get out of being arrested and tha tI will have the privilege of continuing to live, These are the last words of your father who is going to his death as a sacrifice on your behalf, so that you willsurvive and continue to live.

Y E H U D A

This is the sort of letter that my divinely inspired father asked me to send from his place of arrest, where he awaited death.

(After this, I visited Adasz Wonczyk. He admitted too me that he had indeed promised my father to take me into his ambience, but he was very much afraid Meir Knoblich was hidden with him, and he also needed to be taken out of there, because Wonczyk's wife was sick and therefore there can be no discussion about taking anyone into his house).

In my hideout in the cemetery I heard how an automobile traveled into the city. This is certainly the *Gestapo*. Afterwards, I hear shouting and crying and noticed how two murderers are leading arrested Jews.

At night, I saw how Poles with lit lanterns were standing at the Jewish cemetery, near open graves. I then went off to the city to Sobczak, but at the last moment I was seized by a fright and I decided to go back too the cemetery.

On the second evening I once again went into the *shtetl*. In a small side street I suddenly heard a shout: ‘*Halt!*’ I remained standing. Someone approached me with a small electric lamp. This was Anton Kurslik. I worked for him before the war, at which time he would say: ‘what is going to happen to me – that is what will happen to you.’ And later, during the war: ‘If I remain alive – you will also live... I don’t promise this for the family, but I will hide you.’

I did not believe him, because I knew who he was from the first day of the *aktion*. Now he looked me over from all sides and asked, why have I become so fat? He patted me to determine if I was wrapped in merchandise... I explained to him in a definitive tone, that I am now going to the barn and I requested that at the ski location that had a food store, 10 pieces of sugar for 10 Zlotys. He went immediately to the ski location, but in coming back, he no longer found me. I fled the location. He first saw me again two years later. At that time, I was certain, that if I remained with him even for a day – I would not be alive.

I went off to Stach Sobczak. It was already late at night. Sobczak’s wife provided me with a ladder and I went up to the attic that had straw. Here, I encountered the children of Moshe Steinberg, Nachman Kestenbaum, Moshe Zimmerman, Shmuel Honigman with his wife, Chava, Moshe Zaltz from Goraj. Sobczak used to say that, for hiding a Jew, one risks a death sentence, and for this reason, ten Jews – one gets the same sentence. It was hard to procure food for ten and the same –with taking away [refuse] from these same ten...

In the morning he would bring a large pot of cooked potatoes with a small pot of kasha, or something else. Two of the men divided up the food, so that everyone would get an appropriate portion.

Some time later, Moshe Zaltz brought in his sister from the forest. We lived this way we lived for six months in the attic, under cement rooftops. The thickness of the walls (made of wood) was one compensation.

Sobczak suspected that his neighbor Wach was following him around. Accordingly, he took us to a bunker under the barn. The bunker took up the entire length of the barn. It was there that twelve people were hidden the entire time – until the liberation.

After a year of staying in a bunker of Sobczak’s he gave us an understanding of his situation: He would very much like to be free of us for at least a month. He strained once to get a peaceful sleep at night. He is always stressed, and this must be why his waking up he barely makes it. As to us, the Jews, a death sentence was carried out, but he, Sobczak, voluntarily took on the burden to help. A mother always has patience for her ten children, but when she, herself, becomes sick and it is necessary to relieve her of cleaning, in the end, it becomes unsavory for the children...

This was also the same time when the German gendarmerie often came into the city and spent the night at Sobczak’s. At that time, they made up their complicated situations. It was not only once that the gendarmes desired to sleep in the barn, however Sobczak never let them do so. He then showed himself to be a staunch human being, with iron nerves. If the gendarmes would part of the time say,

that they heard voices from the barn, he opened the door quietly, and answered loudly, that it is not true... during the time that the Germans were at his place, he personally led his cattle out of the barn and in their place he led in the horses of the Germans. He led his cattle back into the barn, in order to provide us with food and other necessities, even when the Germans were there. For this purpose, he broke out an opening in the pig sty. The Germans did not want to keep their horses in the stall, preferring the barn. Sobczak did not permit this, and he serviced us through the opening in the pig sty.

A rumor circulated that all the men will be mobilized to do work in Germany. Sobczak thought about possibly fleeing. In the barn, we overheard a discussion between him and his wife. He said to her, that for there is no other way out except to hide himself; in order to avoid the trip to Germany to do work. He requests of her that in his absence that she should take care of the cattle and also of the people that are located in the bunker. His wife answered him categorically that she will not do this. If he must flee – then he should take the people along with him.

After this answer from his wife, he made peace with his destiny and took care of us along with everybody else. This all took place during the days when the gendarmes were in his house.

5

Chana Honigman fell ill four weeks before the liberation. Up to the last minutes of her life she was clear-headed. During her illness we first saw how good and attentive this woman was. In the bunker, deeper into the ground, we dug a grave and gave her a Jewish burial, according to all the Jewish law. We sewed shrouds for her, and she is in this grave to this day...

We would often speak of Chana Honigman, who [at least] was privileged to receive a proper Jewish burial. Who will deal with us should we die? We were not certain that we would await the liberation. There could be no talk of Sobczak involving himself in dealing with our corpses.

Among us, we decided that. So long as the wall from the neighbor will not burn – we will not stir from this place. Sobczak would say the same thing, adding that, if he is observed to have lost his nerve – he should be calmed down and afterwards let him return to normal..

On a certain day, Sobczak comes to us, and tells us there is a fire. We quickly exited the bunker. But even before we went outside, we heard that the Russians are already in the forests behind Frampol. We had already seen the German in retreat, with staves in their hands, tired and without ammunition, they slogged through Sobczak's rear alley, in the direction of the school, where their headquarters were. At night the house of Michalewski burned. Sobczak became terribly afraid and ordered us to go out on his fields and hide ourselves in the wheat stalks. We calculated that, if one of Sobczak's neighbors saw us it would be better to distance ourselves from Sobczak's fields. In the valleys Nachman Kestenbaum remained behind. This took place on July 26, 1944. Instead of hiding himself,

he began to call out: 'Shmuel, Abraham!' The A.K.⁵⁸ people restrained him. We began to search for him, seeing that he has fallen into the hands of the Polish A. K. Bandits. They started to shoot at us. The children of Moshe Steinberg: Abraham, Zvi, Hinde and Gittl, as well as Nachman Kestenbaum were seized by them, and we five fled from their bullets. We dragged ourselves around in the fields for the whole night and did not know where we were. To begin, morning arrived, and we perceived that we are here in the city. Accordingly we again fled to Sobczak's fields. There was gunfire on all sides. We sat in the field for nearly the entire day. There continued to be gunfire on all sides. While we sat in the field for a whole day, towards nightfall, the gunfire subsided. We thought that the silence was temporary in order to clean up the dead. The German cannons stood near us, they could literally be touched by sacking out one's hand. For the entire time we lay in the grain, and hid ourselves, we heard the German language [spoken]. After it became quiet, we suddenly hear a different language. We swept a bit of the straw away where we were holed up, and we saw Russian soldiers who were looking for Germans. They came up to the school and began to shoot from there. This was an indication that the Germans had already retreated from that place. Immediately afterward, regular military divisions of the Red Army began to arrive. Nevertheless, we still remained hidden in the straw, fearing to stir from our location. The Russian military began to put down their cannons at the same place where the Germans were just yesterday. We got out from the bits of straw, and we raised our hands high. The Russians took us and led us to the school, to their headquarters, and immediately set free. However, we were compelled to leave the city, because German airplanes continuously were shooting at Frampol. But we did feel lucky, seeing how the Russians were leading German soldiers to prison. We went up to them, and with careful aim, spit into their ugly faces.

The Poles? They cast eyes of wonder upon us and indicated: 'Come and you will see them!' They did not understand the fact that we had survived...

We did not forget our experience with the A. K., who killed five of their own Jews, and it was frightening to think about spending the night at the headquarters.

We stopped a Russian officer and told him what we lived through during the past two years. We also told him about the A. K. Who in the past night had murdered our five men. Seeing that the military goes on ahead of us, there is a real danger that the Poles will murder us all. He gave us a note to the headquarters from the Red Army.

In our state of confusion, we did not even look at what was written on the little piece of paper, that he had given to us. Being outside the city, a military man on horseback chased us and called us back to the city. The Poles came running together to hear what questions were being asked of us. To the question 'who killed the five people, I could not provide an answer, because the Poles were standing around. The officer said that these certainly were bandits, because the Poles were working together with the Red Army. He wrote down the name of the *Soltis* of Frampol. This was Jaszylski. He called him over and warned him that if anything happened to us, the city will be held responsible...

58

The common abbreviation for *Armia Krajowa*

This, however, did not calm us down, because how will his writing help us, if this military division continues forward, to the front, and we will remain here. They will certainly try to kill us.

We stopped a military auto and asked of the soldiers to take us along with them. They answered that they were riding to the front. We agreed to ride along with them, because we did not want to die at the hands of the Poles. Outside the city we got out of the auto and hid ourselves in the fields, like we did when there were Germans. After a day of hiding, we returned to Sobczak and entered the bunker. In the morning we called for Sobczak, who told us that there were Jews from Bilgoraj in Frampol. He called over Jewish Soviet officers to the bunker along with a nurse, who gave us clean underwear and 50 rubles apiece. It was then that we emerged from the bunker, together with the Soviet military divisions, and we ate from their military kitchen.

6

Five months after the end of the war, a band of A. K. People came into Sobczak's and beat him severely for hiding Jews, taking away his wagon and a pig.

Regrettably the remaining Jews, that Sobczak had saved from their murderous hands, while risking his own life, the present people forgot to thank their rescuer.

I want to add a few details of our life in those frightening days about Sobczak's character:

After the discovery of Nachman Kestenbaum's bunker, where my sister stayed for a period of time, literally at the last minute she was able to flee and let herself into Sobczak's cellar through the hole where they would unload the potatoes. She fled together with Steinberg's children, had no money, and additionally was almost without clothing (this happened because we had calculated, that if she had a lot of clothing, the Poles could get the idea that there was money sewn into the clothing). A *Volksdeutsch* lokator named Klemens, lived at Sobczak's house also took part in the help that was extended to Jews. He shared the last of the food with Sobczak, in order to sustain the life of the Jews in the bunker, or if they were not far from the *shtetl*, in the forest. Klemens also had a friend named Morzhek, a former policeman in the Polish police force in the little *shtetl* of Goraj. For the Hitlerists, he served as a criminal-policeman from the S. S. This Morzhek wanted to learn from my sister, where my father and me could be found. She answered all of his questions with 'I don't know.' In truth, she knew about the hiding place at Sobczak's (we had no relationship with these people, who were scrupulous in believing that if another Jew will be lucky enough to save himself from certain death. In any event, we were not threatened to reveal anyone, if we were not wanted to be taken into a hiding place). Because of this type of mood, Morzhek drove my sister out of her hiding place and she was compelled to blunder about by herself for a number of days in the forest. After that, a Jew brought her to me in the bunker. Sobczak also took her in.

An hour later after my sister had left the forest, we were told that the Poles had surrounded the forest, and apprehended about thirty Jews, who were found there. Among them also was – the Rabbi of Frampol.

There is a desire in me to write more about the life of the bunker inhabitants together. First, there everyone exhibited their [true] character with bloodiness. We were exposed to the evil of a few people, who tried to save themselves at someone else's expense. The same also held true for food, which we obtained from our rescuer Sobczak. And it was specifically those, whom Sobczak cared for with extra attention, and can today be found in Israel or America have forgotten him and do not even want to answer his letters.

How I Hid Twelve Jews

By Stanislaw Sobczak

Frampol

The writer of the following recollections, Stanislaw Sobczak, a Pole from Frampol, did not lose his humane posture during the terrifying years of the occupation, and risked his life and that of his family in rescuing the Jews of Frampol and Goraj. Several days before the gunfire, everyone in Goraj was driven to Frampol and hid



themselves during the time of the shooting. Having his own life threatened, and that of his family, he hid twelve people from Goraj in his house. To this day he is contact by written correspondence with a row of Frampol scions in Israel. Learning about the Yizkor-Book for the shtetl, he sent along his short bit of memories for that period to the address of our landsman Shmuel Mahler, in Haifa.

November 1, 1942. On that day, the Germans attacked defenseless people of Jewish origin. Twelve Jews from Frampol and Goraj hid themselves at my house. A few days before the shooting, all the Goraj residents were driven to Frampol, and these hid themselves at my house during the time of the gunfire. Being threatened for my own life, and the lives of my family, I took in these very same people not for any compensation but because my conscience did not let me abandon these hapless people to the discretion of the murderers. Here are the names of the people who were under my roof:

From Goraj: Moshe Zaltz with his sister;

Page 305: Mr. Stanislaw Sobczak – The Rescuer

From Frampol: Abraham Steinberg and his family of 4 people; Moshe Zimmerman, Nachman Kestenbaum, Lena Hoff, Shmuel Honigman and his wife, Shmuel Mahler. Honigman's wife died a natural death while being by me.

I placed all people in a special hideout in the barn, where there were two floors. I found it difficult to feed them, and take them in. I could not approach them during the day, because I had to be wary of my neighbor, with whom I did not live in peace, and he constantly shadowed me. Once when by happenstance, my neighbor came into my yard, he noticed that a Jew wanted to hide himself with me, and my neighbor told the Germans about this, who had just entered the city. For this reason, I was arrested, and I was exhausted by them for several days. At my side, a certain woman helped me, who had fled Silesia, who knew German, and she testified on my behalf that the accusation was false.

I could only approach the hidden people at night, so it shouldn't be something suspicious. It was then that I carried out the night-vessels and gave them food. During this time, when they were with me, I had no rest, and did not sleep at night, living in constant worry and fear, that as soon as the thing would be uncovered the matter would have ended as a catastrophe for me. I could not decide whether to tell these hapless people that they should leave me, and search for another place. My conscience did not allow me to do that. On one occasion, the *Soltis* came to tell me that German soldiers are going to be quartered in my barn. For how long, he does not know. I took this notification up seriously. Well, let them quarter themselves! And before you know it – they were here already. I was overcome by a frightful panic. I did not know what to do. Even now, when I write this down, I get pale from fear. I alternated between feeling hot and feeling cold. The Germans are in the barn – and there is no way to reach the people under the floor. But I figured out another way to get in, with which I could reach the hiding place. How I did this – is very difficult to describe in writing.

There was an occasion when the *Soltis* came to me, escorted by Germans, at the same time that I let out two people into the small room. My daughter saw the *Soltis* and the soldiers, and sought to delay them, and began to call out for me loudly:

–Father, the *Soltis* is calling for you!

This moment was used by the hiding people and they jumped into the cellar. The *Soltis*, meanwhile stuck his head into the yard. It was truly a miracle, that everything transpired peacefully...

One time, an unpleasant event occurred to those in hiding: Moshe Zaltz had said that concealing a person is worth many millions. He took note of the fact that Shmuel Mahler had money. And since this Moshe Zaltz was not from Frampol, but from Goraj, he wanted to make use of this, and threw himself at him, practically choking him to take away his money (by the way: I wrote a brief letter to Moshe Zaltz, and he didn't answer me).

When the front drew nearer to us, and the Germans began to ignite everything, I feared that this will bring misfortune to those hidden in the cellar. I therefore ordered them to come out of their hiding place. They wanted to give me everything they had, but I did not want to take anything from them, because it all came in handy. I told them to go through my field, in the direction of Zhieszonki. But they didn't listen to me, and went through the '*dolless*,' and it was here that they encountered Polish partisans who killed part of them and plundered everything. The partisans found out later that I had

supported them. About 20 A. K. Partisans assaulted me afterwards, and read a judgement to me, that because I had committed this violation and hidden Jews, I deserve a punishment. They ordered me to lie down, and beat me so furiously that I was bedridden for two whole weeks, not having the capacity to move either a hand or foot. All of this was seen by the daughter of the local dentist. The partisans took away the horse and wagon, the swine, and everything that they could take with them..

“Saint Teresa”

By Tema Weinstock (Rotman)

Haifa

1

I was born in Frampol and was a student in the local school for only four years. Because of anti-Semitism an need that I had in life, I halted my schooling in the year 1937. We were 9 children at home, and because of this, I had to help out in the house shop. My mother was a seamstress and my father dealt with fruit that he bought from the local fruit growers, and then sold in the city.

The house in which we lived was supported by stilts, because it was close to falling down. The Gmina forced us to leave this very house, giving us a different dwelling: one room with a kitchen. This was in the year 1938.

My childhood was a sad one. I had no form of entertainment, constantly being overburdened by housework, and the (other) children. Every night that we lived through being in that wreckage of a house was full of danger, and perpetual fear. It was also not good in our new domicile, because other people lived there.

2

In September 1939, when the war broke out, the Germans entered Frampol. Immediately at the start, we fled to the village of Walia, to peasants that we knew, because one was not able to guarantee one's life in the *shtetl*. We lived there for several weeks, and afterwards went to the village of Khzeszyn. We managed to sustain ourselves for one year with the peasant. The entire family was occupied in the shop, doing all manner of work.

Together with my bother we began doing business. We transported eggs and butter to sell, and used the money to buy thread, buttons, small pieces of goods, which the peasant women needed. Together with the peasant women, we went barefoot into the city, dressed in a village-like dress, that is why I was not searched or pursued. The Germans patrolled the roads, often looking in the cheese vessels. But I has good luck, they did not touch me.

From this business, I supported the entire family.

3

In the year 1941 the Jews in the village of Goraj were moved out. There, four families lived in one house. A ghetto was organized in the village of Bukowiec, to where all the Jews from the

surrounding villages were driven. I did not go into the ghetto, but stayed with the peasants by myself. It was dangerous to go into the city with goods. I then began to take up tailoring and to sew on folk scenes in linen, and in this way earning a living. I went from hut to hut, where for these goods, I was fed, and sometimes— lodging for the night. There was plenty of work. Every Sabbath, I went off to my parents in the ghetto, bringing them bread, flour and other products, that I had earned through my work. The Jews in the ghetto were then suffering hunger, because the food rations we received on the *Judenrat* cards were very meager. This is how we lived for several months, until the Jews were again driven to a different place. This time – to the ghetto in *Szczebrzeszyn*, a small *shtetl*.

Everyone driven out in this way was permitted to go on the road with a small sack, because we were forbidden to take any more. Also, my family went away there, but I remained in the village of *Czarny Stok*, because here I had stable work. I befriended the peasants, even though they knew that I am Jewish, but I was shielded and they told no one that I was doing business in their homes.

In the meantime rumors spread through the village about the mass assaults against the Jews by the Germans and their helpers. Every day – other orders. On one occasion they took the young, so to speak, and led them off to work – and they never returned. Older Jews were also taken off to work, and from there sent to unknown places, later – in the camps from which they no longer returned. Nobody knew where they bodies got there. Even the peasants, who moved about freely everywhere, did not know where the Jews were being taken. They would say: ‘the Jews are traveling to their death.’

4

At that time, in the entire vicinity, ghettos were erected in a variety of places, to which Jews were moved from the surrounding villages and small towns. These moves were from place to place, which used to repeat itself cost much in the way of health, assets and – human sacrifices. We were driven from place to place like cattle, under an escort of a German with a few Ukrainians. Many times, permission was given to make the trip alone to the designated place. But, in this case, it was frightfully hard to find a corner where one could lie down, because such a place could only be with a Jewish family, where the crowding was already great. Incidentally, the owner of such a house did not take a count even for himself, that he as well will not have very much more time to be in this dwelling, since everyone’s fate, whether it was people who already lived there, or having been driven there – is sealed. Also the number of ghetto inhabitants continuously got smaller, because movement had begun towards the death camps. It was just the local Jew wanted to profit from the newly arrived people, and demanded high prices for a room. Even if this wandering out took place, as said before, with just little sacks in hand, part of the Jews still had hidden money, or precious items, with them, with which they helped themselves in a time of need.

At the end of 1942, when the Jews in the ghetto were liquidated, I lost contact with my parents, because I did not go out into the street and could not travel anywhere, being afraid of the Germans. I did not know much about the fate of the Jews, my single source of news were the peasants who told: ‘the Jews have already all been murdered, they were led off into the forest and buried half-alive in pits, after being shot with machine guns.’ A strong longing for my parents and brothers and

sisters, seized me. I cried at night, and didn't even have anyone to talk out what was on my heart. I worked for the peasants from early day until late at night, and anyway, they were filled with fear to employ me, because the Germans threatened burning the business and kill the peasant where a hidden Jew would be uncovered. There were instances where peasants, for a good price, did hide Jews with them – but only after taking away either gold or money, turning them over to the Germans or murder them by themselves.

5

Several months flew by. Once, on a wintry day, my brother Israel came to me. He had the opportunity to leap from the wagon when Jews were being taken to a [concentration] camp. I was very happy, but regrettably, it was not possible for me to hide my brother at the home of my boss. We went out to the meadow near the forest, and sat there for a few hours. I learned from him what had happened to our family: my grandfather died of hunger, he had nothing to eat. My parents hid themselves in an attic for a few days, but they were discovered there and transferred along with the whole family. As already said, my brother Israel was able to leap of the wagon and saved himself that way.

My second brother, Moshe, searched for us also at that time. He knew all the peasants in the vicinity who helped us. But nobody wanted to hide all three of us. We were stymied. Those who kept me at their place, gave us work, food and a roof over our heads – chased us away. Some did so with polite words, some were verbally abusive. But all of them were afraid of the Germans and their neighbors lest they be informed upon. One lady peasant, who was afraid to have us stay with her overnight, gave us a large loaf of bread and a pot of cooked kasha, advising us to hide in the forest. Not having any alternative, we left her house and went to the forest. There, on a swampy tract, all three of us lived through three whole months. One of the brothers was barefoot, and had no shoes on his feet. During nights, we would go to the peasants and beg for something to eat. Not everyone gave something, and there were those that opposed giving assistance. The cold, at that time, was bitter, we warmed ourselves by rubbing each other on the body. The shoes were switched, in order that the barefoot brother should not be impeded by the cold.

On one occasion, the peasant woman, Koczart, took pity on us, when, on a darker and colder night I came to ask for a bit of water. She invited us into her home to spend the night, and gave us warm milk to drink. My brother Moshe fainted after drinking the hot drink. We became very fearful, essentially – it was our homeowner, because he thought that this incident would expose him to his neighbors. The one who fainted quickly came to. A theory is that he had lost control of himself due to deprivation and hunger, as well as the fact that his digestive tract had not been used to warm food for such a long time. Now we slept in a bet and felt like the luckiest men in the world. In the morning, we had to leave the hut. Each of us went in a separate direction. Israel – into the forest, Moshe – back to the *shtetl*, where there were still Jews left. He wanted to find out any news. I did not see him after this ever again, I do not know how he was killed.

6

A hard and bitter life then began for me. I was not permitted to lodge with anyone. I was hungry and frozen, exhausted and frightened. I did not know what the immediate hour would bring. Like a straying dog, I searched everywhere for a hiding place, to at least get a few hours of rest. I looked at the village girls of my age in envy, who went into the church, played with each other, were warm and dressed and laughed merrily. All of this, while death wafted past my eyes.

Many times I would spend time in a barn, without the knowledge of the peasant who owned it – slept the night there and remained there for a day, or more. Many times, it happened that a peasant disclosed me and did a good job breaking my bones. It was not only once that they threatened me with murder, or to turn me over into the hands of the Germans. With a tightened heart and with pain from the beatings I received, I once again, set out on the road. The uncertainty hovering over the barns, yards, and huts, pursued and harassed everyone – continued further. How long will this last?

I went off to the peasant Wladek Olekh and begged him for food and help. He too, started to beat me and threatened me with death, if I do not immediately leave his house. A Jewish woman of means was hidden with him, who brought him a lot of manufactured goods. He did not want to have any sort of witness, that a Jewish woman is hidden with him. And so, I went to the hut of Aniela Cimel – a widow, who lived with her sister and elderly father. At no charge, I once wove a dress for the little girl. The widow lived in very bad conditions – nevertheless, she took me in and hid me. During the day, I lay in a corner near the oven, nobody could see me. I sewed and patched underwear. At night, when the neighbors came to visit, or have a bit of discussion with the balabusta, I hid myself underneath the bed, lying there without moving. The slightest movement, or an attempt to change my uncomfortable position, would have ended in a catastrophe: this would have advised of my savior, that she would have paid with her life, along with me, for her good act. I lay there like I was lame, not apparent, and not groaning... this is the way I lived there for a half year – until the end of 1943.

7

Despite the fact that by that time, various partisan groups existed in the vicinity, to one of which my brother Israel belonged, I did not go to the partisans. I wandered from peasant to peasant for a whole year, and in the hut of each of them, I had to live through a variety of pain and suffering, even when they consented to take me in and give me lodging and some food. I spent a frightening night once, with the peasant woman Putima. It was winter, after the Christmas holidays. Putima hid me in the attic, in the hay. I helped out in the house shop. She was a widow, and had a foolish helpless daughter. She was thankful to me for the advice that I gave her, that the wheat and corn should be hidden underneath the floor, I order that the Germans not confiscate the grain for a contingency. I did all sorts of work for her, so long as she would retain me for a bit of time, so I could sleep on a warm bed and eat to my satiety. Suddenly the Germans came knocking at her door, they had come to search for hidden Jews. On the oven, they found bread and my kerchief. After entering, they shot the dog, who barked vigorously against these uninvited guests. I lay in the attic, and could hear how the Germans beat the mother and daughter, and demanded that they produce the hidden Jews. Both of these peasant women wailed, cried and screamed: ‘kill us, do not exhaust us anymore, we know

nothing, we are soon to die, Holy Mother.’ I was as if paralyzed and did not know what to do. Even if I now descended to the Germans – not only will I cause my death, but also that of the good-hearted peasant woman and her daughter. I sat all bunched up, not moving, not breathing, but this spectacle came to an end. The Germans departed. I went down to the two women, they had been beaten, bloodied, with blue marks all over them. And after this night, these two good, decent peasant women did not drive me out, or beat me, like others used to do, but permitted me to remain for two whole days afterwards. After this, I had to leave.

8

Where to go? What to do? Everyone in this village knew who I was. I knew about a few good peasants, but there were also many enemies. The latter argued that the *zidowka* needs to be driven out, or shot like a dog, because why are we standing up for her? But I wanted to live – so I went away to the peasant woman Ducherka, begging for overnight lodging. She took pity on me, but didn’t allow me to spend the night with her, but told me I should go to Cimelowka, who has better accommodations in which to hide me. It was however impossible to stay with Cimelowka, because this was a poor peasant woman, she was barely able to sustain herself with much trouble. Having no choice, I went away to the village of Cit and went up to the attic with hay, where I lay for three days and nights. I still had a bit of bread that Ducherka gave me. I moistened my throat and mouth with snow. One of my feet became useless because of the cold, I could not walk. Descending during the day into the yard, I saw that with the peasant there were many sons. They were all around: on the attic, in the stall, in the rooms. It was dangerous to remain here. I decided to leave this place.

Limping on one foot, I went (back) to Cmilowa. Again, this time she showed her good nature – she hid me. My foot was frozen. The peasant woman did not know how to heal the foot and also lacked the appropriate medicines. Three toes had been frozen, and because of this, they spread a bad odor about, and also from the rags, with which she had wrapped the foot. The neighborhood women who would come into Cmilowa, always grabbed their noses and asked from where such a stink is coming. The answer from the *balabusta* was, that her kraut had rotted, but it is a loss if she were to throw it out...

I suffered frightfully then, because I could not work and help my savior. She didn’t drive me into the field or the forest for work, even though it was hard for her by herself. Inspections took place in the village often also, and we lived through much fear and travail. Despite this, I stayed with her for three whole months.

We now heard about frequent partisan attacks of the richer peasants. Also, the residents of the village did not leave their homes at night. The partisans skipped over my peasant woman, knowing of her poverty. And this really was one of the reasons that I decided to leave her. For the trip, she wrapped my foot with rags and gave me straw shoes, so that I not go barefoot. With an unhealed foot I left this good peasant woman.

9

Once again the question day and night wafted before me since the war started: Where to go? To whom to go? There was no sense to look for new addresses, also the old would mislead you... my

sick feet got me to the peasant woman Ducherka. I beg her for help. She takes me in for three days. She smears the frozen foot with egg and fat. This eased my pain considerably. Ducherka talked me into going to the partisans in the forest, there they have means to move and eat. But I did not want to go there. I feared the partisan *aktionen* and the nights, when they took food from the peasants, or being punished for working with the Germans.

But now I did not know what to do. I was scrawny and entirely helpless. It was beyond my power to exhaust myself anymore. I raged for life, not wanting to die. This invigorated me, and I crawled into every hole where I felt I could hide. Living another night, another night in hiding. A three-day stay with someone I thought of as a great piece of luck. If I saw a peasant's yard in my wandering, where the little door was open, it was where I found God's Hand, his generosity that he had bestowed upon me, so I could save myself. This was how I wandered from place to place, but did not meet anyone who offered to take me in. Again I went off to Cmilowa, even though I knew she is poor and does not even have a bit of grain for her own use. I would help her at night to steal from the well-provided peasants, who in those times did not pay attention to heavy noises, out of fear of the partisans. It was from such 'night *aktionen*' that we provided ourselves with bread for several months, and my peasant woman was very satisfied with this. We dug a pit, and hid our treasure there.

10

Once, it happened to me that I had to live through a frightening night. I was sleeping in the attic, and all of a sudden I hear three partisans have entered the house of my rescuer and demanded that she turn over the *żidowka* that she is holding. Janka, Cimelowka's daughter categorically denied that a Jewish woman could be found in her house. The partisans did not believe the girl, she was thrown onto the bed and raped. The girl cried and pleaded with the partisans – but with no success. The thugs went away, leaving Janka sick and broken. This event had a bad effect on me as well, because the sick daughter and the poor mother did not present only on that because of a *żidowka* that have to suffer so much. At this opportunity, they offered a new complaint, that I do not pay for being kept, like other Jews, I do not bring any jewelry, like the others – only troubles and worries...

I went back to Ducherka, who was afraid to let me spend the night with her. Then, in the course of three nights, inspections took place in the neighborhood huts of her brothers – but they did not find me, because I was well concealed in straw. But I had to leave Ducherka's house/ A neighbor of hers, Franciszek took pity on me, and hid me for three nights, also giving me something to eat. Here, I sat in the attic. Being again without a roof over my head, I went off to Cimelowa. She had a good heart and also loved me. I always counted on her good, sensitive soul and was never turned away. The daughter Janka also loved me and always helped me.

I lived for three months at the Cimelowa house in the attic, under very severe conditions, in cold and in hunger. In that time, a number of peasants were gathered together to do work in Germany. It was not only one peasant woman that was left without a husband and her sons. I applied myself to all types of village work and could offer myself advice, especially because I was employable. But they knew me well in the village, and for this reason it was impossible for me to show myself in the yard,

or on the potato field. My rescuer therefore had no use for me. I told them about my so-called hiding places of mine, a sewing machine and promised to pay – yet they still wanted to get rid of me. I was an unwanted burden to everyone, which disturbed the peace. I wept constantly and did not see a way out of my predicament.

But also this time, there was a miracle: they began to move the Poles out of the neighborhood. Out of a fear of being sent to Germany, the peasants fled to a variety of locations. In such a circumstance, nobody paid any attention to me, because each person had their own troubles. But not everyone successfully fled and many residents of ‘my’ village were sent off to Germany. I was also among the people that were sent away.

11

We are now going through a thick forest. I find myself near Ducherka. They call her ‘*żidowska czatka*’ (a Jewish aunt), because the residents of the village knew that she is involved with me. Ducherka suffered a great deal because of this help. In pain, she had to observe how a group of boys beat me, while yelling that they don’t want me to go with them. I have to remain here in the forest, confused and afraid of possibly having touched one of them a Tomek Doller, who advised me to hide myself in the chapel, under the roof, which was not far from here. Since I had a little bit of food, that I used very sparingly, I went off to the chapel – and there I found some rest. I did not want to think about what would happen tomorrow. Now I was good, nobody demanded anything of me, or beat me, and I don’t have to beg for a night’s lodging.

I ran out of food, and it was not possible to sit more in the little chapel. I went fearlessly into the thick forest. And here, I encounter two young Jewish men, and our happiness is great. They talk me into joining the partisans to which they belong. But I did not follow their advice. We part – and each of us goes their own way. I come to a hut. A child hands me a piece of bread, by the old father who then came by beat me and drives me off his property. Blundering around like this some more. I came upon a good peasant, who allowed me to spend overnight in his barn, but in the morning, he chased me out of there. With a second peasant, there was work going on in the field, and so they took me on to help and therefore gave me something to eat. The girl with whom I was working, stealthily, so her parents would see, gave me bread. But I could not swallow it, being accustomed not to eat. After finishing the work, I went back to the village.

Here I encountered Cmilowa. Because she had not been relocated. Regrettably, this time she did not want to take me in. I went off to the peasant Mikhal Turlipo, he was a liaison with the partisans in the forest. There, I also encountered my brother, to whom additional food was given. We were very happy. My brother very much wanted to take me to the partisans – but I did not want to go. A sharp dispute broke out between us. The even threatened me with vengeance...

I encountered the teacher Bukhovski who had threatened to kill me. He was the liaison with the A. K. group in the forest. My cousin would come to this peasant for food, who was hidden not far away in a bunker together with his wife. I was very happy to see him, being certain that he would take me to his bunker and I will be able to cease blundering and wandering over field and forests. I begged

him and cried for him to take me with him, not to leave me alone among negatively disposed people – but he refused.

Neighbors of Tulipo, the Stachs, took me in for two days. They were afraid to keep me any longer because of the inspections and the suspicion that they were helping Jews in the forest. So I went off to the peasant Popa, who took me in for a whole month. Now I was in a house, and I had it good, but I lost my health because of an inability to eat, and I vomited a lot, suffered from intense headaches and could not work.

Pop'keh sent me to a peasant woman in Kyntawka, who lived with her husband, but had a retarded daughter. It was very hard for her, but she could not allow herself to accommodate workers. The house of the Niedzhwiezhka was on that side, and therefore it was not searched and inspected like other houses. This woman did not fear taking me in, but food consisting only of milk and potatoes. She ate the bread with her daughter and did not want to give me any.

12

1944. It was discussed that the Soviets are coming more quickly, the front now being quite close. The Germans are retreating. I was not bad for me at the home of Niedzhwiezhka, but my health was not in order. With considerable strain, I would get up in the morning and go to work. I learned how to milk cows, feed them and also cook food for the house creatures. The house was always clean and fit for *balebatim* and they were satisfied with me. She even told the *Soltis* and the priest, that she was holding on to a Jewess, and these two praised her for her act and proposed that she prepared me for conversion..

My peasant woman would often travel to visit her relatives and friends, leaving the entire shop to me. Were it not for me, I could not undertake her trips of this kind, the retarded daughter was not capable of carrying the yoke and the responsibility for everyone. She had a great deal of faith and understanding of me, knowing that I would not steal anything and take it out of the house. From my side, she did what she wanted to, being fortunate in knowing that I have a secure and warm dwelling and could eat my fill. But she still did not give me any bread. For this article, her neighbor Karlowa proved for me out of pity.

At night, various people would come to us from the forest and then I went off to the cellar be under the floor – but it was forbidden to reveal me... Many times the local people would come to my *balabustsa*, who knew about me. He was confused many of those times – and I went to the hideout. But later, when he stopped bothering me, I no longer was afraid.

The work in the house was monotonous and lengthy, but I did it well. But now I grew afraid of the front that was drawing near. What will happen after the liberation? Will it no longer be necessary to go into hiding? Yes, at one time I had a home, parents... but now everything is so distant, so unclear.

Meanwhile we lived for each day, worked hard and dreamed of something to eat to satiety... which was always missing.

13

In the summer of 1944, I once went to the priest to bring 'Holy Water' for my *balabusta*. At this opportunity, the priest also sprinkled me with water, said several prayers and called me by the name Teresa. Nothing different –the priest converted me. Some of the peasants joked about this: . What is the difference, she is after all still a *żhidowa*.' But the priest did not jest and stressed that this was a valid act for the Catholic Church. At that time, I already felt better, the wounds on my feet had healed.

Once, in a dream, I saw my mother, dressed exactly the same in the dress she wore on the day that we parted three years ago. Very vigorously she entered the room and declared, that not for very much longer will we have to exhaust ourselves against the Germans, because the Soviet Army is going to come to our village on July 23, and we will be freed. I told my *balabusta* about this as well as my neighbors, but they made fun of this. But I remembered the dream very well, my mother was alive – but after they had joked about this, I personally began to be drawn to this matter as if it were a dream.

I was twenty years old at the time, but I had the feeling of being much older. I had gone through so much, the concern for a bit of bread even back when I was a child, the work in the village, the parting with my parents, the homelessness during these poor three years – all of this left an imprint on my character and mentality. Now, I no longer believed that I would have a home of my own, to eat till satiety... this is why I waited for July 23, even though I was skeptical about the date. Nevertheless the miracle came to be. Exactly on July 23 the first Soviet patrols rode into our village and the neighboring villages. After this event, many peasant women came together to see my *balabusta*, and they called me 'Holy Teresa'... they invited me into their homes, literally almost tore my hand off, gave me food from the best and nicest that they had, and argued with each other about the honor to be in their house.

To tell the truth, at that time, I too believed in miracles. When one spends so many years in a village, among peasants, and take over all of their seats and dwellings – I also had the belief that maybe I really am a Saint... someone else until now...

The peasant Franczisek, in whose house I lodged for three nights, now took me to his home. His wife was at forced labor in Germany and he had need of a *balabusta*. This was a neighbor of the Ducherka, who knew that I was hidden by her. Now, just like all the others, bragged and was proud of having hidden me. I was fortunate, I was lucky to stop being someone who was changed about and being harassed. Franczisek immediately gave me clothing, gave me food, he was good to me, and satisfied with my work. I left my current supplier of bread, who had a lot of work to do because it was tailoring season, but from time-to-time I went off to help her, with Franczisek's permission.

14

Sometime later, my brother came back from the forest, discarded the life of a partisan and settled in the village with a Jew called Heschel'eh Altman, who did not want to travel into the city, being

afraid of the A. K. bandits, who now under the Soviets began to murder the surviving Jews. But even this Jewish man did not avoid the tragic fate, even after the liberation. He was murdered by anti-Semitic Poles – and my brother moved over to be in the city.

I felt good at Francziszek's home, but his daughter, who would often come to him, only had complaints, as to why the *zhidowa* is still here. I could not cook and bake the holiday food, because the Christmas holidays were drawing near. The house needed to be plastered and wash everything. There was no lack of work. So Francziszek asked his daughter to help prepare for the holiday, but she refused with the excuse 'do you need this for the Jewess?!' He remained stubborn about this, and everything was prepared as in past years.

Francziszek was a drunkard, and would often come home drunk, but he never touched me. The neighbors warned me that he will yet kill me, but I was not afraid. It was good for me there, he permitted my prior balabusta to visit me almost daily and that she should help out in the shop.

A half year had passed since the liberation and I still had no plan as to where I might go. After having lived in a village for so many years, I could not come up with the thought that somewhere else that will afford me the opportunity to stay in the attic.

On one occasion, Francziszek's old mother came to him and then remained living here. Now, she completely changed my situation. The old lady continuously criticized me and even accused me of being a thief, and she even accused me of stealing a pair of pants and taken them out of the house. My oaths and tears did not help. She even told the *Soltis* about the theft. Out of great aggravation, I offered a curse: 'let the fingers fall off whoever took the pants away.' In two weeks, the old mother lost three fingers, when she was processing grain. She saw God's punishment in this for the misdeed that she had done to me – and once again, the village spoke of Teresa, who is followed by either the devil or some higher power...

After this incident, my brother had the opportunity to change my mind. I began to leave the village often, visiting the city, finding myself back among Jews, until I decided finally to go back to my people. In order to provide for me, we took to selling, even though the longing for the field and for the village was generally very great.

In the year 1946 I got married, and began to lead a normal life. Some time later, I made *aliyah* to Israel.

In Those Dark Years

By Ze'ev Finkelstein

Melbourne

§

I was born in Frampol, and lived there for my whole life until the outbreak of The Second World War. I was active in the community, in the Zionist Organization and in 'HeHalutz', together with an array of other friends.

On September 1, 1939, when the war broke out, we did not succumb to so strong a panic. Frampol was located far from the large city centers and principal roads, of train crossings. Optimists believed that possibly the storm of war will pass by the shtetl, not touching it. Pessimists however, argued that a brutal and terrifying war is drawing near, and in contrast, The First World War would seem like child's play.

As soon as the order came out to make the place dark, groups of Jews and Poles gathered on the streets and discussed the nearing danger. We, the Jews, knew that our Polish neighbors are weaving dark plans against us, as they get ready, in the height of the fire of war, to settle 'old debts' with us, being infected with anti-Jewish incitement and hate.

The panic caused by the war nevertheless burst into the *shtetl* when waves of refugees from western Poland, both Jews and Poles. The management leadership committee members of the community – Shmuel Joseph Kestenbaum (President), Chaim-Yehuda Harman (a grandson of the Rabbi of Frampol), Abraham-Lejzor Lichtfeld and others, whose name I cannot recall at this time, looked after viding order for the mass of incoming Jews and sent them to a variety of Jewish families in the *shtetl*. The situation, however deteriorated, when the stream of refugees got larger, especially when the retreating Polish military stopped in and around Frampol in larger numbers. It appears that the German Air Force knew this – and on Wednesday, the Eve of *Rosh Hashana*, lived through a frightening bombardment from the air by the Nazi pirates. Entire streets were incinerated. Only two streets, where Poles lived, were saved. As a result of this murderous bombardment, the entirety of the shtetl residents fled into the nearby villages.

For us, this was a very sad *Rosh Hashana*. It is true that more Jews beseeched God with greater ardor, but the minyanim were on alien soil, far from the home that had been destroyed, where a day earlier we felt so secure. But not much praying was possible. The community elders, and the Rabbi permitted (and even ordered!) first to bury the tens of victims of the bombardment. A larger part of the Frampol Jews returned to the shtetl, in order to bury the dead – refugees and local people, such as Itcheh'leh Judkowitz, known better as Itcheh'leh Manesses' Israel Yitzhak Leiter, who for all these years, was the *Gabbai* of the city synagogue, and others.

Interment was carried out before the blowing of the *Shofar*, because observant Jews were of the opinion that the mitzvah of generosity of truth and giving a proper Jewish burial to the deceased, was more important than hearing the blasts from the *Shofar*.

The Jewish residents in the villages also did not feel safe. The fact that one was left homeless, without a stable force and protection, let loose the hands of the robbers and hooligans, who began to fall upon Jews, beating them and taking away whatever they could. This situation compelled the search for a new refuge – and most of the Frampol Jews again left for the unknown in such places, such as Goraj, Graiec, Turobin and Szczebrzeszyn. In these places, with a larger Jewish population, one hoped the situation to be calmer and safer.

This illusion quickly was shattered. After capturing all of Poland, and when the German forces there had been made sufficiently firm, they began to seize Jews to do work. Such controlling the masses were then carried out through the entire Lublin Voievode and reached [even] our far-flung places. I also was ripped away to do forced labor, together with Berisz Dinburt, Sincha Aszenberg, and others – to dig pits in Belzec, along the one time line of demarcation between Germany and Russia.

I was taken from Frampol to Belzec, where the majority of the *shtetl* Jews, who in the spring of 1940 had returned from the nearby places. Understand that all we ran into were destroyed places. But the will to live was stronger than everything else. A building movement began. With put up pieces of metal, bricks wood and waste material, small stores were set up, barracks and a variety of buildings, where large families went into. I remember, that among these building workers there were about fifteen family members from Frampol such as: Shmuel Jaegerman, Mekhl Frieling, Chaim Brezel, Akiva Kestenbaum, Zelik Rosenberg, David Walman, Moshe Weltczer and the writer of these lines, with his parents, wife child, and two brothers-in-law.

They lived off whatever merchandise they dug up, and things that were hidden from the bombardment. If the things were still in a good condition, they were exchanged for products that the peasants had – and thereby sustained their lives. But not everyone was fortunate enough to be in possession of merchandise. Many other Jews had returned to the *shtetl*, impoverished, and they were threatened with death by hunger. It led to having those with assets give a sort of tax to the *Judenrat* treasury, which distributed bread strictly. But the principal provider of food was the peasantry of the surrounding villages, where a shirt could be exchanged, a suit, a pair of shoes – for a bit of potatoes, flour or grain.

2

With the return of many Jews to Frampol, we received a demand from Bilgoraj, our district capital, issued by the *Gestapo*, to create a *Judenrat*. The president of the Bilgoraj *Judenrat*, who was officially responsible for organizing Jewish life in the *Powiat*, had to carry out this order. In Frampol, the first *Judenrat* consisted of five people: Zelik Rosenberg (President), Chaim-Yehuda Harman, Mordechai Waldman, Akiva Kestenbaum and Yekhezkiel Hoff.

The central objective of the *Judenrat* was first and foremost to follow up on the constant German demands, contributions and fines, before engaging with the fate of the Jewish population. Furs, boots, money and gold – had to be presented at the demand of the *Gestapo*. And apart from the official contributions, several *Gestapo* officers would travel from Bilgoraj to the home of Zelik Rosenberg and each time demanded something different: ten kilograms of butter, meat and strong drink. It is understood that there was no talk of refusal or to go complain to a higher authority.

The previous police chief from the Polish days was the one who looked after the order and peace in the *shtetl*, with the same Commissar and the same policemen. They also served the occupiers faithfully in the matter of harassing Jews.

It should be understood that the Polish ‘Gronatowa’ policemen helped the Germans in their murdering work against the Jews. In the years 1940/41 it had not taken on the extent of a mass-murder character until later, during the general extermination, but sporadic *aktionen* and murders did take place. German gendarmes or *Gestapo* staff, and even soldiers, in traveling through the villages in the vicinity of Frampol, suddenly stopped, asked about the Jews, about which the peasants were glad to point out with pleasure. After this, the murderers took a few of them away and shot them on the spot. When it was for sport, or amusement, or simply to quench the bestial sadistic instincts [they had] – is hard to say. But Jews were murdered at every opportunity and circumstance. We lost out the following brethren this way: Yossl’eh, Yeshaya and El’keh Zitrinbaum (the latter was a member of *HeHalutz*), Moshe Weltzer, Yoss’leh Frampoler, Moshe-Yossel Geist, Pesach Weiss and Hochrad, who was shot in the village of Kacudza.

These single murders bred unrest in Frampol. If an auto just appeared, people immediately fled to various hideouts, whether amid the wreckage, or whether in the fields and pits. But the feeling was the enemy is going to be they would be running into the enemy for a long time – when they could not [flee].

2

In the month of August 1942, the *Judenrat* received an order to have 12,00 Jews gathering ‘for work’ in Frampol and the surrounding vicinity. Everyone felt and knew what this meant, because we had news from other small towns about the liquidation from the ghetto. There was not yet any ghetto in Frampol. The *Judenrat* was responsible for the Jewish populace and the previously mentioned gathering, and [also] three Jewish policemen (Skomsky, Lash’keh and Lukaszik). When the order came to get the transport ready, the *Judenrat* let the people know about this, and give the residents an explicit communication to flee Frampol.

On Saturday afternoon, autos appeared in the marketplace containing *Gestapo*-murderers and their Ukrainian helpers. But apart from the Chairman of the *Judenrat*, Z. Rosenberg and Chaim Harman – they didn’t find anyone in the *shtetl*. The two calmly informed the Germans that the Jews of the *shtetl* had fled... the murderers were not satisfied with this answer and begin to search the *shtetl* itself. At that time, they found a number of families in the wreckage and shot them on the spot. Among the victims in that *aktion* I recall Mekhl Ehrter, Shia Levinger and others. Six Jews were killed at that time.

Difficult for me to grasp, how the Germans, after the arranged ‘presentation’ of theirs for 1,200 Jews, left the *shtetl* and did not impose any severe sanctions against the *Judenrat* and against the Jews. But the pursuit of individuals or groups of Jews in the vicinity, continued, but even with greater sharpness and brutality.

During the Holidays of the year 1942, the Jews of Frampol had heard so much about these *aktionen*, relocations, and murders in the surrounding towns, that they already harbored no illusions regarding their own fate

We became aware that Josepov near Bilgoraj, Szczebrzeszyn, a but further from Frampol by about 20-30 kilometers – have become *Judenrein*. The Germans spread the word that are stubbornly held to by the Poles, that the removal and transportation of the Jews from all of these places, is punishment for the joining of Jewish youth in the partisan-divisions, together with the Poles. They seized two Jewish girls from Szczebrzeszyn who were carrying food for the partisans. This was supposed to serve as it was, as an expression for the punishment imposed on three towns with Jews,

During the *Sukkot* Holidays, the Germans elicited a fire in Goraj. The two principal streets where the Jews lived went up in smoke. The murderers had a reckoning, despite the fact that they are assaulting all the Jews of Goraj, to get them moved over to Frampol, someone drops a word that ‘the slaughterer wants all of them in one slaughterhouse.’ The Germans send a special expedition to Goraj, in order to brutally, and with murder, carry out this relocation.

This event did not bode well for the Frampol [Jews]. The indecision and confusion grows. One does not know what to do. During this difficult period several members of the *Poalei-Tzion* come together to assess the situation. This was the last meeting of party members in Frampol, which took place in the home of our comrade, Moshe Guttmakher. We discussed the questions of posting a night watch, which could alert whether or not the Germans are coming, in order that the people can hide themselves, and those that want to – should go off to the nearest forest and most importantly – provide themselves with ammunition.

On the 22nd of Heshvan – what was terrifying took place, even a day earlier, on Sunday, November 1, when we notices a group of Poles are arranging themselves secretly and wait tensely for something to happen.. and take pleasure. And they waited until the next morning, Monday at 6AM in the morning, when the last liquidation for the Jews of Frampol began. German murderers, Ukrainian bandits, Polish thugs – all of them got together to exterminate a community of Jews, with whom they had lived together as neighbors for centuries.

The midday hours, when the human beasts had already assembled most of our brethren and sisters, peasants cane from the surrounding towns with there horse-drawn wagons, in which the hapless Jews were transported to the nearest train station, Zwierzhiniec, and from there – to Belzec. Later, the peasants, not held back were allowed to plunder and rob the abandoned assets, whose owner and been sent to a crematorium.

7

Eight months after the liquidation, a number of Jewish families who survived blundered and wandered about in the nearest vicinity. Some found protection from a peasant, others in the field with partisans, who happenrd to be – Poles. My family of seven people could be found among these [human] remnants.

We lie hidden in the Komadzhionker valleys, But we are not allowed to move out of our hiding places. The entire vicinity is surrounded by Germans, who are looking for grain and livestock for the contingent. Hunger is killing us, which was especially felt by the four-year old child, who doe not stop crying and demanding what is his. In taking a glance at the situation, me and my two brothers-

in-law – 18 year-old Joseph and 16 year old Herschel, decided to crawl out of the hiding place, in order to generate some food from the area peasants. Said and done: at 9 o'clock at night we went to the village of Deszdrekowa, 4 kilometers away from us. We come to the poor peasant Pyotr Jargelo. He helps us with two small bottles of milk, a fresh bread and several onions. Happy, we turn back to the valley. Everyone is seized by the heart.

We satisfied the first hunger, then my mother-in-law *ה"ע* proposes that the three of us distance ourselves from our current location, because we can hear the Germans moving around. We crawl into a dense cornfield – and we sleep there. It is two o'clock at night.

I do not know for how long we slept. We suddenly hear a command: '*Aufstehen!*' It is still dark, but we can distinguish several 'Granatov' police with *volksdeutsche*, who raise their rifles and threaten to shoot, if the command is not obeyed. My two brothers-in-law are handcuffed, while I am bound with a strap, which one of the bandits ties up my hands and leads me like a dog. About seven o'clock in the morning we arrive at our hometown of Frampol. The Poles are satisfied that a few additional *zhids* have been seized. They are happy about this event and speak loudly.

We are taken to municipal arrest ('*kozeh*'). My younger brother-in-law (after they had tied his hands) tore up his [paper] money that he had with him. As a result he is beaten frightfully by a policeman. Bloodied and groaning, he is thrown into the cell, where I was squeezed in with my second brother-in-law. All three of us are lying on the cement floor, without a drop of water and nothing to eat. We know what is going to happen to us, but my thoughts are with the woman and child not wanting to present themselves in Frampol. 'Why don't they get killed?' – I ask myself the whole time. Tensely and in waiting, I listen to the noise in the corridor, and I know, they are not going to keep us here long.

When it got good and dark, the unlocking of the door to our room can be heard. An order is given that one of us should come out. My brother-in-law is the first one out of the room. The door locks itself behind him. A few minutes go by – and I hear a shot. I have no doubt, that Joseph fell at the murderous hands. The door opens again: '*jecze jeden!*' ('another one') – an order is heard. I go out and I am satisfied, that finally there will be an end to this situation. I am led into another room, where there my brother-in-law lies in a pool of blood. He is dark. I am ordered to undress. I remain standing in my underwear. There is a report from the rifle. I fall down, but my mind is still working, and my thinking is clear. The shooter, and the other one, leave the death room, so that in a minute, they can return with the second brother-in-law, their third victim. I clearly hear the same order that I heard before: 'undress yourself!' Again there is a shot – and a body falls on top of me that has blood streaming out of it. I am soaked in blood – but I have clear consciousness. I am lying between two dead people and I hear one of the murderers say:

– The wagon is already here, they have to be taken to the cemetery...

They call the wagon driver, his name was Antug. In the *shtetl* he was known for his half-dead sheep, because he used to move clay, sand and lime there.

Antug, assisted by the two policemen lay the three bodies on the wagon and where it was improved and an addition was built.

As we lay in the death room, meaning – I being between both of my brothers-in-law. I hear how one of them is gurgling in his last act before death. He is still alive, but his voice grows weaker and weaker... Antug goes out in front, and he pulls the horse by its harness, because it cannot go in the correct direction by itself, and up the mountain – certainly not. The two policemen follow in the rear, all the time, one of them turns on an electric lamp and lights up the wagon containing those who were shot. My mind is working in one direction: to flee, flee from death. But how? Should it be now to slide and jump off the wagon, when it is dark – or to allow myself to be covered with dirt in the grave, in order to later get out of there. Perhaps the pit will not be a deep one?

It took about another half-hour to get from the jail to the cemetery. During this time, I thought about fleeing, but I did not see any possibility to do this. I knew the entire way very well, and knew when we rode into the cemetery. The two policemen now went over to Antug, and had a discussion with him. I free myself from the yoke that lies on top of me, and I carefully slide myself down from the wagon – and I hide myself in the nearby cornfield. Several minutes later, after the creaking wagon stopped, I hear a tumult, people running, by the electric lamp I see how they are running back part of the way, looking and searching, cursing and – come back to the grave, into which they placed two corpses. The third had vanished – and also they are leaving, for certainly deciding not to tell anybody the secret, that one corpse was lost along the way...

This ‘corpse’ meanwhile sat in the field an entire night. When dawn began to break, one way or another I dragged myself to the hiding place of the Wine family. Who was in a position to write down the encounter with people close to them, after a night of terror and pain? The telling of my experience rang for them like unfortunate history, some sort of a mystery, which if it were true, could only appear in that sort of an endeavor.

But this satisfaction did not last very long with my wife, both children and mother-in-law. One evening, I go out to a village with my mother-in-law in order to bring back something to eat for the five hungry mouths. Returning with a little bit of edibles, a frightful picture appears before our eyes: my wife and both children are lying shot, their bodies still being warm, but no sign of life. It was the Poles who uncovered them, and murdered them in cold blood. A theory is, that they have spied on them for a long time and they found their hiding place.

The loss of her daughter and grandchildren was too severe a blow for my mother-in-law. On the spot, she had an attack of hysteria, lost her mind and went off to exact revenge in Frampol – and she herself fell as a victim of those murderous hands.

After a whole year, it happened that I managed to survive seven fires of *Gehenna*, until I lived to see the liberation in the year 1944, when the Red Army captured the entire area.

Poles Hid Me

By Dora Bryk (Kislowicz)

Ramat-Gan

1

When the war broke out on September 1, 1939, I was 9½ years old. For me, just as it was for all children my age, the war was an ‘attraction’ a play from which we even derived happiness.. ‘*bendzhe wina!*’ – we shouted. This meant that we were waiting for extraordinary experiences and changes.

I was born in Frampol, my parents– Yaakov and Chava had a small soda water shop in the marketplace. In the year 1937, my father decided to relocate to Warsaw, and for the time being turn over the little shop to others. But he fell sick and was bedridden for several months. As to the plan to permanently leave Frampol – nothing came of it. My father turned back to the shtetl and until the outbreak of the war, he was already working as a tinsmith.

It is now difficult for me to reconstruct, in my memory, what I lived through during those first September days. I do know that, on the Sabbath, the morning after Hitler’s attack of Poland, my entire family left Frampol, and went off to a village, not far from the *shtetl*, on foot. My parents and four brothers (Zelig, Shimon, San’eh and Leibl) and myself, took a few things and went off to the village. My oldest brother, Abraham, was in Warsaw, and it was there that the war overtook him.

After several hours of wandering, we arrived at the place of a peasant known to us. During the day, we were in the orchard, and at night we slept in a bar. This is the way it was for two week’s time. [This persisted until] discussions in the village indicated that the Germans were already in Frampol. And how long will it be, before they will come to our village?

My parents decide to flee further. To return to Frampol – made no sense. Firstly, the Hitlerist murderers were already there. Secondly, the shtetl was burned by the frequent bombardment. So we went off to Tarnograd, where we had our relatives. They received us well. The town of Tarnograd projected an image of an ideal temporary lodging place for refugees. But – not for long. Two weeks later, the Russians came here and we decided to travel to Zamość, to a dwelling at Staszica 19, which was given us by the Soviet authorities.

Here, we were awesomely overwhelmed. By luck, my father ran into a Soviet *Nachalnik*, who recognized him as a soldier of the First world War, when they fought on the Austrian front. This *Nachalnik* strongly convinced my parents to travel to Russia, and we will want for nothing there, and most importantly – he is ready to help us make the trip.

My parents let themselves be talked into this, especially since the situation in Poland at that time was such that one wanted to put as much distance as possible from the fever and chaos of war. We had already packed our meager belongings and were ready to leave Zamość – until my father encountered a friend of his from Frampol, Aszenberg, who began to strongly attempt to dissuade my parents from traveling to Russia. Aszenberg argued that it made no sense to travel such a long distance with five

children – and leave one son in Poland. It would be better to remain in Zamość, the war will end, as well as our uncertainty coming to an end.

My father let himself be convinced – and nothing came of the whole plan to travel to Russia.

A week later, the boundary line between Germany and Russia had been settled. The Red Army pulled back to the second side of the Bug [river] – and the Germans entered Zamość.

We could not even think about leaving the city now.

2

Immediately on the second day, when the flag with the swastika began to flutter in the city, the anti-Semitic pursuits began. Every Jew found in the street was assaulted and beaten by the Germans. They were hit for being derelict in removing their hats, not going in the right way, for not bowing enough to the German. After the chicaneries, the troubles first began. It did not take much time, and they began to seize young Jews for forced labor. Along with this, they were not stingy with beating and abusing them.

My father, who knew German and Polish very well, worked as a translator in the German office. The salary he received was nowhere nearly enough to feed the family, especially in those times, when the Germans implemented a strict regulation of food. The foodstuffs that they permitted the Jews to take according to the allocation, were, to begin with, creating hunger for everyone.

In those days, we went through with a little bit of happiness. Unexpected was our older brother, Abraham, who came traveling from Warsaw. Jews could not freely ride the trains, and so he counterfeited a Polish document, and used it to return to his parents and family. We were able to be happy to have him for two days – and he was then taken away to do forced labor.

The food situation went from bad to worse. If the Poles could still buy something for themselves, despite the fact from the outset, they had to stand in long lines – this method (of distribution) was denied to Jews. Since, as a child, I did not have to wear a yellow patch that all the adult Jews had to have sewn on the front [of their garments], so from 5 on Friday, in the frosty cold, I placed myself in the line for a bit of bread, and possibly a bit of salt.

A new trouble befell us, while unable to rid ourselves the daily concern for a piece of bread, or that the children not be taken away for forced labor, or to avoid all these blows and harassments: Germans and *Volksdeutsch* began to go over the Jewish houses, extracting older people and children – and sent them off. At that time we did not know where they were being sent... but also, in that time, they vanished permanently before our eyes.

The work of extracting Jews from the houses was not difficult for the Germans. As of that time, they had driven the Jews out of the central streets in Zamość and crammed them into a living quarter, in

crowded, filthy side streets. Thanks to the action of my father, we were able to occupy the Staszica [House] and not take part in the fate of the other Jews, who were urgently packed into several side streets. But a moment arrived when even we had to leave our place – and my parents felt, that our fate will not be better than that of the other Jews. They decided at that time to give me, their youngest child, to a Christian family in one of the suburbs in Zamość.

3

You must understand that turning me over to a Christian family was connected to a payment. At the same time, a row of Poles approached the German authorities, requesting that they be allowed to retain children to do support-work in a house, or in a shop. I babysat a child, peeled potatoes, washed floors, chopped wood – but I was content, for having gotten out of the ghetto and that every Sunday I can visit my parents and be happy with them.

A ghetto was created in Zamość in the Fall of 1941. My parents were permitted to travel to Komarov, where no ghetto existed yet. But in my case, I was deprived of the possibility of seeing them. I suffered a lot from this, especially every Sunday. At that time, I cried a great deal. So my father arranged a place for me with a peasant not far from Komarov, such that I could even get there on foot and meet with my parents.

Later on, a ghetto was created in Komarov. My father still worked in the office, but lived in the ghetto and suffered along with everyone else. I would spend every Sunday in the ghetto, and bring a few potatoes with a little bit of fat, or kasha and flour for my family. The peasants, where I was living, related very well to me. But after every get-together with my parents I did not want to leave. I complained to them:

– You want to let me live. But what will happen to all of you?

At the end of 1942 unsavory rumors spread around about ‘*vishedleniehs*’ and exterminations at the location in a variety of towns of the area, such as: Szczepieszyn, Bilgoraj, and others. Now, certainly, this column will come to Komarov.

On that wintery day, on a Sunday, I went off to the shtetl. The day was nice, the sun shined. It was only in the Komarov ghetto that there was darkness, sadness, and desperation. I encountered my parents in tears, confused. My youngest brother, six years old begged me:

– Dodka, *wezh mnia za sobon, Ja Chcen zicz!*... Dodka take me with you, I want to live!...)

My father croaked:

– What did you come here for? You are risking your life...

And my mother added:

– I mean that this is the last time you are seeing us. I will not live any longer, get dressed and travel back to the gentile.

I could not control myself, and I broke out into tears:

– I will stay, I want to die with all of you.

My father seemed to consent to this, but only asked that I should travel back, I have my things there. He made me aware, that tomorrow, Monday there will be a great 'odpust', the peasants are coming to the shtetl, I will be able to return to Komarov.

I was still too young at that time, to have enough will to confront and refuse my father's request. I went back to the village, to my peasant. I did not sleep that night. Bad dreams and hallucinations followed me for the whole night.

I finally came to the start (of the day). Outside the dawn was breaking. Shooting and screaming reach my ears, mixed in with a high wailing and weeping. After this the Soltis came, and related that Komarov was surrounded, and he must send me away from here...

The peasant says to me:

– Dodka, *mozhesz odiszcz!*... (Dodka, you may go away...).

I ran from the village like a crazy man. I am drawn to the *shtetl* which was burning, there, where my parents and brothers are. Suddenly I hear a shout, and a warning in Polish:

– Stay, where are you running to child? Go back, the entire *shtetl* is burning. The Jews are being driven out...

(I am standing like an automaton. I don't even look around to see who was talking to me and warned me. I find myself in the middle of a field. I see a bale of hay and crawl inside of it. I lay there until the night.

4

When it became dark, I decided to crawl out of the house and get on the road again. I encounter a little girl of my age, Rivka from Komarov. She makes me happy,

–You are alive? Me too.... my brother is not far from here, in a village.

We go for the entire night. At dawn, we arrive at a village and met the girl's mother with her three brothers, who had fled the Komarov ghetto. I am pleased:

– Do you perhaps know anything about my family?

– No, nothing!

– I beg of you to take me along with you wherever you are going. I am still a child. With you I will feel more secure.

They refused. It never occurs to them to assume such a burden, that being another child. Having no alternative, I go away and continue wandering. It is already late at night, I draw near to a farm and see a few farmers. I ask for a night's lodging from them, and then show me the way to Komarov. One of these workers responds:

Listen, child, can one let in a mad dog? The same is true of you! You are after all a *zidowa*. Get out of here while you are still in one piece.

I leave, but not far. I crawl into a bale of straw. It should only get light, then I will go back to the city, to death ... I hear German being spoken:

– *Hier sind Juden?*

I look out through the straw. The owner of the farm answers the Germans, saying that he is not holding onto any Jews on his property. If they don't believe – let them search.

The bale of straw is pierced in a couple places with bayonets. They leave – and meanwhile I stayed alive.

Suddenly I hear someone poking around in the straw. The same worker who had driven me out, finds me in the bale of straw and shouts out:

– Jesus and Mary, are you still alive? Lie here for a bit more, and afterwards you will go, once the Germans leave.

He went away, but I did not believe him wanting to do good by me. He has an opportunity to give me up. As soon as he vanished, I crawled out from the bale – and went to the nearby forest, sat down under a tree and sat resigned for many hours, confused feeling this way about everyone.

After sitting this way for several hours, it became evening, and I hear Yiddish being spoken. I went off in that direction and encountered a number of Jews from Komarov, among them – the little girl's family, that I sat with. I strongly implore them to take me along, or take me out to the road. Now they do not answer at all, but one of the brothers begins to beat me murderously, and I spit out two teeth... how long was I in this condition – I do not know. When I came to a bit, I feel my face lit up by an electric lamp. Three Poles bend down towards me – and one happily says:

– We found a Jewess. Ten kilos of sugar.

With a weak voice I reply: ‘kill me on this spot. Why turn me over to the *Gestapo*?’

The older Pole of this group asks me to get up. He says:

– This sort of a child?! Let her go. What is she guilty of? I will take her to me.. I will give up my part of the sugar...

The two young remain in the forest, apparently to continue their pursuit of Jews. My rescuer and me take off for the road. We alk this way all night. He gave he his coat to wear, qand took me on his shoulders several times. Finally we reached a hut.

– It is now dangerous to go into a house. Meanwhile go up to the attic and lie down there. I will think up a story, then we will see.

He thought up a scheme naming me as a Pole, an orphan, the storm of the war brought her here. Seeing that they have no children, he will negotiate with his wife to keep me in the house. Meanwhile he gave me a pillow to take up to the attic, two apples with a knife, bread. He promised that in the morning he will take me into the house.

I don’t remember what the opportunity was, but I told the peasant’s wife I was a Jewish girl. She no longer want to hear anything about holding on to me. This was especially so, because the *Soltis* had consistently warned against hiding Jews.

5

Winter came closer. The frost and cold drove the Jews out of the forest, they sought protection in the village. The unlucky ones left their footprints in the snow. My homeowner, just like all the other peasants in the village, having gotten afraid of the Germans’s acts of vengeance . He says to me:

–Child of mine, you will have to go away from here. As soon as it gets calm, I will take you back. Now, however, your situation is dangerous. Here is my food to eat on the way, not far from here a forest, hide yourself there. Afterward, either come by yourself or I will look for you. But be careful, there are hungry Jews in the forest, and they can take to food away from you.

I barely dragged myself to the forest – and again sat under a tree. I hear footsteps and Yiddish spoken. This came from a mother and her chile who were blundering around in the forest (both from Frampol, but I do not remember their names). The mother looked like she was dying, and one could barely hear what she said. The little boy recognized me, but instead of expressing happiness, he burst out crying while wailing.

–Dorkeh, why have you come here?!

I croaked...

– ^You know your brother is alive! He is here in the forest. I am calling him now – the little boy said.

In 15 minutes the emotional contact took place between me and my brother.

– Please take me along... – I say confusedly.

– I cannot.

He takes out a picture and one hundred Zlotys from his wallet.

– Go to Zamość, maybe you will get a chance to be saved there.

He hears a whistle. My brother gets out of here quickly and vanishes. [He went off] in the direction from which he came...

I remain alone in the forest. It gets dark. It makes no sense to go on.

I want to wait until morning; once again, I sit under a tree. As several clouds circle in the sky, one can hear the occasional clap of thunder, and from time-to-time, lightning. Suddenly a strong rain pour down. It falls this way from the sky for several hours. I am completely soaked. One tooth is chattering against another. Before dawn, the sun began to shine and brought warmth with its rays. I raise myself with the firm decision: I am going to Zamość.

I see a small girl near me. Shivering, she asks me:

– Where are you going?

– To Zamość.

– I am also going there!

And we both start out on our way. We hear a deep groan near us and afterwards – gurgling. I ask the girl what does this signify? She answered that her father is dying here in the forest, not far away. She wishes to remain with him until the last minute, and am I prepared to wait with our departure, until... the father will die, and she cannot leave him this way. I made her understand that every minute in the forest we are threatened with a thousand dangers, and if she had decided to go off to Zamość – she has to do it now, together with me. The girl approaches her dying father gives him a kiss on the forehead and runs away in tears.

We go walking along as best we can, acting like two little gentle girls. The way to Zamość leads through Komarow and we are afraid to go into the *shtetl*. While still in the forest we heard that the dead still are lying in the streets, but there is no other way.

Along the way every time, a different peasant took pity on us, and threw us a small carrot, a small beet, a bit of bread. Approaching Komarov, I say to my companion:

– Let us part. If we come out appropriately from the shtetl, we can again find each other in the field and continue to march together. However, here it is dangerous to be found together.

The little girl agreed, and we part.

The street of the *shtetl* – dead people, the stench of the dead gets into every house. We now see that first, a couple of days ago a great slaughter took place and a relocation. With tightness in my heart, I go over to the cemetery of the *shtetl*. Suddenly a German approaches me from the opposite direction with a large dog.

– *Jude, Żidowska?*

I answer him in Polish by saying that I was sent from the village to bring something from the *shtetl*. The dog sniffs me over – and has no reaction. The German lets me go away. After going several steps, I hear three shots. This can be nothing but the murderer having shot the girl that I had an arrangement with to meet outside of the city.

6

My trek to Zamość on foot lasted two weeks. What I had to endure on this long road – is impossible to describe in writing. I arrive in the city as Hania Dubielovna. As far back as our first encounter, my brother said to me, that at Staszica 19 the Frampol woman Reizl Aszenberg was living as an Aryan. I did not know her gentile name, but I recollected that in the same house there is a Christian service lady of a Jewish family, who, in 1940, traveled off to Russia. Her name was Władysława Karabbinovna. She was pleased to see me, and heartily took me in, prepared a bath, gave me something to eat and declared:

– You can stay with me as long as you want to.

She orders me to lie down in bed, but added that she was leaving at nightfall. She will lock me up from the outside: if someone should happen to knock – I should not react, just as if there was nobody home.

When I awoke in the morning, I see that nobody is in the house. A little at a time, I start reminding myself where I am. I had barely gotten myself dressed – and my lady rescuer arrives. Without any ceremonies, she declares:

– I am very sorry, but you will not be able to stay with me. Don't ask why. You speak a good Polish, identical to a Pole – you will be able to get yourself out of any of these troubles. Go, my child – and succeed...

I left Zamość . I arrived at a small village, knocked on the first door and asked for – work.

– You are such a child and already you want to work? Except, we don't have enough to eat ourselves, how can I rear you? We give everything away for the contingent. The accursed Germans take everything away.

I decide to take off for Bilgoraj. My cousin, Chana Boxenbaum lives there. But how can I get there? I reach the main road. A freight truck comes along with *Volksdeutsche* in it. I ask them to take me along to Szczepieszyn. Without asking anything they pull me up into the vehicle. We come into the city. It is dark already and cold. The thought of continuing on my way never enters my mind. I knock on the [door of a] house, and I ask for a place to spend the night. The Pole agrees to this, but he has to go to the police. His wife chimes in:

– Leave it, you can see she is just a child.

She told me to spend the night. In the morning, I got a pair of socks from her, a sweater, a satisfying breakfast – and the home owner took me for part of the way. I take off for the train station. Suddenly we come across several Poles and one shouts:

– *Żidowa, szien krenczi* (A Jew is loitering about).

One leaps toward me and asks:

– Are you Jewish?

I don't lose my composure and audaciously reply:

– Do I look like one?

– Where do you come from, and where are you going?

– I am traveling back to Bilgoraj, I live there. I was in Zamość.

– We already have six *Żidowas*, she will be the seventh.. come with us. We will telephone to Bilgoraj, to determine if you are telling the truth.

Several steps before the German office, a young Pole shows himself at a small side street, and he ceremoniously takes me in his arms, is intensely happy and calls out joyfully: Oh, my *kolezhanka*, I haven't seen you in such a long time. Come with me to my house, and we will be joyful.

He takes me by the hand, and we go away. The Poles that detained me are standing stunned, and do not react. The unknown young Pole is satisfied that we are alone, and he says to me:

– Come I will take you to the bus going to Zamość .

He keeps his word. On the way, he does not ask me if I am Jewish, how did I get here and why did he rescue me from certain death. I have no words with which to thank him. I travel to Zamość .

7

Arriving in the city, I know there is nobody I can go to. But I had good luck. Knocking on a door, it was opened, let me come in, and took me to work. I busied myself with a small child. I was with this family for two weeks.

At that time, the Germans began to carry out the relocation of the peasants of the Zamość vicinity, in order to replace them with German families and ‘germanize’ the region. My house owners had to leave the city. I was prepared to leave with them, because these were very good people. Regrettably, they refused to do so, and so I went off to a farm not far from the city, that belonged to the Pole Czopek. There, they were principally occupied with raising tobacco, and manual workers were very much needed. The owner of the farm, a lady *Volksdeutsche*, took me in, but she had no faith in my being Polish. She called over to her husband:

– What she says, that she has no one – is unclear. Let us take her for the time being, but tomorrow morning I will listen to her reciting the ‘*Pacierzh*’⁵⁹.’

I was not familiar with the ‘*Pacierzh*,’ and it was impossible for me to learn it in the room where I slept, because there was another girl from the village with me. So at night, I went to the kitchen, found an old prayer book with Catholic prayers – and began to learn. This took hours, and I felt that nothing is sticking in my mind. I fall asleep – and in the morning I am back up on . The snooty lady asked me to come into the salon, to kneel on a small divan, opposite a picture of the Virgin Mary. My heart was beating, and who knows if I will be able to last through the examination. Nevertheless, it went my way. The lady *Volksdeutsche* no longer doubts that I am Polish and Catholic. I remain to work.

However, for my young energies, this was very hard work. I had to pasture about 30 head of cattle, and milk half of them. My obligations also included taking care of the swine, cook food for them and feed them. On top of this – I had no clothing, no shoes, and one had to be on one’s feet chasing around from 18-20 hours in a 24-hour period.

The thick flesh on my feet became frozen. I could not hope for a doctor or even a *feldscher*. In addition, one had to withstand insults, verbal abuse and occasionally – beatings. And this is way the *Gehenna* went for four full months.

The women peasants who worked together with me on the farm, not once showed me any compassion for this solitary child or to utter a good word, having rags to wear, because they go about as poor people and had nothing to eat to satiety. One of them said the following to me on one day:

⁵⁹ The Polish word for a ‘Prayer.’

– There is no place for you here. We found a childless couple in Zamość who are decent people who are prepared to take you in. Go into the city to the Polwarczna Street number 33, to Tomasz Galaszekwicz. Say that you come from the farm.

I was again disoriented, but I could not deal with it. I go off to the Galaszekwiczes. They greet me well, and immediately declare that they are prepared to adopt me as their child, and I will not have to work. Even more – they wish to enable me to learn.

8

After living in their home like their own child, I concluded that this is the highest cultured Polish family, who came back from America in 1938, because of their longing for the ‘*alter haym*.’ behind Zamość, they also had a farm, managed by an administrator. First of all they called a Doctor to see me, who cured me of my frozen feet and other problems. The relationship of them to me was indeed very much like that of parents to their own child.

The Czopak wife in those times was in other positions. She was very disappointed that I had left her in this condition – and she complained about it, that I am Jewish... On one evening, sitting by the table my new house mother says to me:

– The Czopkov lady said, that you (meaning me) are a nice Jewish child.

– Czoczku (Aunt), I can leave and go away...

No, you stay with me. I have thought through the fact that we can legalize you, and you understand, not as Jewish. Tomorrow, you will go to the labor office, I can depend on you, that you will know how to convince the employees, and be offered the necessary document.

I was not the only claimant in the labor office that day, but to me, it looked like everyone's glances were directed at me, and that we were examined the longest, and by the largest number of employees.

– Where were you born?

– In Warsaw.

I knew that in the bombarded and wrecked city, she will not be able to do a search.

– From where are you coming here?

– When the war broke out, we ran away from Bilgoraj.

About 20 employees quizzed me for a full two hours. They asked me to enumerate the names of several streets in Warsaw, and even took note, that I stumble over words with my tongue. My excuse was that I am only a child, and am telling the truth. There was also a priest there, and he put a

crucifix on me around my throat. I receive a document – and I see that everyone is satisfied. And me as well..

After the legalization through the labor office, the *balabusta* says to me:

– *Honyu* your becoming 12 years old very quickly. You must take on Holy Communion, and afterwards confess to the priest.

On a certain Sunday in one of the churches of Zamość, the ceremony of ‘*Oplatek*’ from the Holy communion was carried out. I had to swallow the *Oplatek*, which was previously dipped in sanctified water. It was now, after a week, that I had to go and ‘confess’ [to the priest.] – on the ‘*Spowiedzh*’ the priest asked me:

– Is this the first time? you are kneeling before Christ? Do you go with children? Did you at anytime hit a brother of yours? And a few other questions. At the end, I kissed the cross – and got through the process.

I lived in the home of the Galaszkewicz I quietly and peacefully live through the last half of the War years. Even though the wife was an open anti-Semite, she wanted to believe that I am really a Polish girl. The husband by contrast, was a good man – and I was drawn to his gentleness in some time later.

When his wife was not in the house, he asked for bread, bologna and other foods – And I had the thought that he was carrying the food to the attic...

On a certain Sunday, he took me along to his farm, where grain was being threshed. He wanted me to help out with this work. I stood in the attic of the barn, bound up the sheaves, which was taken to the threshing machine. Suddenly, an auto with Germans in it came riding up. The machines stopped, the soldiers ran off to look for tobacco, which my master should have, so-to-speak, hidden.

When the Germans search in the barn, somebody fell out of the attic. The senior [soldier] asked whether he was one of the workers, and does anyone know him. Everyone is silent, because he had first come to hide here last night. The German shouts: – *Jude?* The stranger answers: ‘Yes!’ He tells how it was first last night that he had come here to hide, having escaped from a camp. The German wants to know if someone else is hidden. The Jew says that there is a second barn. He is taken there, But the young man starts to run, the soldiers shoot at him, and none of the bullets hit him, but it happened that one of the peasants tried to capture the Jew. The Germans led him off to Zamość – and killed him there.

After this occurrence, my master, or as I called him – ‘Wojtek’ (Uncle), began to get drunk. Being under the influence of alcohol, he once told me, that it is already 8 months that he had hidden this young man, a son of a Jewish friend, with whom he corresponded, when he lived in America. He knows what the risk was to take in and hide a Jewish child – Nevertheless he was prepared for

everything. The fact that the young man was uncovered and then shot – dissembled him. He cannot calm himself down, and that is why he began drinking, and even vanishing often from the house.

9

With the entry of the Soviet Army, I was still another four months in hiding. At his reprimand, I simply said that I had ‘forgotten’ that I was a Jewish child... It never entered my mind that I would have to leave these good people. Once, in eating the evening meal, an invited Polish guest said to my *balabusta*

– You know *Pani Galaszekwiczova*, that in the *Altstadt* of Zamość, many Jews are now living...

This talk elicited a wave of new feelings and deep experiences. Other than that, I was not recognized, but in me, a fierce fire burned and an enormous desire raged inside of me to more quickly see my brothers and sisters. I did not sleep for the entire night, but only thought about how to go to the *Altstadt*, so that the home owners will not stand in my way. I thought: Sunday morning, everybody would have readied themselves to go to church, and so I started to complain of a severe headache, that I cannot go, but I am staying in the house. And remaining alone, I immediately departed for the *Altstadt*. On the way, I encountered a Polish girl and asked her:

–*Gdzieh mieszcanon Żidzi?* (Where are there Jews to be found?)

– What do you need Jews for? – she asks me, and adds: where Jews live, I do not know, but on the Peretz Street Number 6 a Polish family lives about which I heard tell, that in their neighborhood rescued Jews and the like had come back from Russia.

It was now, on the second Sunday, using the same excuse of some malady, I did not go to the Russian Orthodox church, but went to the Peretz street number 6, entered the house, where I saw a woman, embracing the Jews, kissing them and telling them of my experiences – they only became hysterical, and began to shout and cry:

– I am not a Jewess! What do you want from me? Leave me alone! I am not a *Żidowka!*...

Suddenly a young man asks me:

–Are you not Dor’keh Bryk of Frampol?

– No, I don’t want to – leave me alone...

– Chana Bryk is not a member of your family? She works in Zamość, in a Soviet kitchen.

But I don’t want to hear anything. The people calm me down, and begin to talk about various things. This lasted for a few hours, until I calmed down. It was only then that I first went off to the Soviet kitchen. My cousin Chana saw me through a window on the third floor. She nearly jumped out of

the window. That Sunday night I stayed and slept with her for the entire night, and no eye was taken off of me, all we did was talk and cry. There were no themes to leave out.



ד"ר פליסקין (אין צמנטער) מיט א גרופע חברים פון 'החלוץ'
ד"ר פליסקין (במרכז) מיט קבוצת חברים מ'החלוץ'

Page 345: Dr. Pliskin (center) with a group of *HeHalutz* Friends.

In the morning I decided to go home and tell my ‘aunt’ and ‘uncle’ that I had found a cousin, a Christian, in order not to frighten them suddenly.

After the visit, in parting, Chana says:

– The time has come to show all of the cards, tell them that you are Jewish, and that you will no longer remain with gentiles...

Two days later, Chana Bryk came with Aharon Kislowicz (my husband now) – and they told the Galaszewski couple that I am Jewish... The Christians fainted. When they came to, she shouted that she does not believe anyone, they are fooling her, and they want to extract the child from her. By contrast the [male] Pole did not hide his satisfaction that he had given shelter to a Jewish daughter. Both were ready to take my cousin and myself to them, the point being – they should not lose me.

However we were drawn to the essence, to being with our own people. When Chana and I were married in Zamość, this couple came to the wedding, and came practically every day to visit us in our dwelling and took an interest in every detail of our life’s experience. When we traveled away from Zamość, and also Poland on the way to the Land of Israel, the Christians said to us in parting:

– I wish you much, much good, but if God Forbid, it will also be bad – come back to us, here you will have a home...

Jews of Frampol Battling the Hitlerist Enemy

By Abba Ben-Moshe

Ramat-Gan

The Days of September 1939

During the summer of 1939, life in the *shtetl* went on normally: young people tried themselves out in various organizations and parties; The older and more observant Jews – in the synagogue, *Bet-HaMedrash* and the *Shtibls*. And a circle of the so-called ‘better [class] youth – gathered around the beloved and proud Jewish doctor, Pliskin. He was the only doctor in the *shtetl* and also served surrounding villages.

Thanks to the way he treated the sick, making no difference by nationality or standing, He quickly became loved by the whole populace. The essence was that he influenced, with his effective Jewish position among the Poles, the *shtetl* intelligentsia for whom he did not have to reserve his feeling and position as a nationalist Jew. In that anti-Semitic period and atmosphere, a great deal of personal energy was required because he was always confronted with chicanery and boycott by the Christian population. But his few close friends, with whom he spent time with on a daily basis, were among the more enlightened and better young people in the *shtetl*.

After Passover, he traveled out of Frampol and his place was taken by Dr. Shirenetz, who was also a proud nationalist Jew. Her took up residence in Dr. Fliskin’s house, and like him, he also drew closer to the more serious Jewish youth.

Every evening , at his residence, we listened to the radio from Berlin and heard the violent attacks and intentions regarding Poland. Incidentally, this was the only radio set in a Jewish home in the *shtetl*, because even the richest Jews in Frampol were not in any position to buy this sort of a set for 600 Zlotys.

A sensitivity towards the war was created in the *shtetl*. The *Gmina* had a special mobilized emissaries (*gonces*) with guns and horses, standing ready to be called into the army. They began to amass various goods. We did not have to be worried about bread, meat, and potatoes or milk. Oil, salt, sugar and matches were bought. People sold off the last of their goods in order to have food to sustain them.

The call for mobilization demanded that the soldiers who already had served to assemble in their units. The crying of the Jewish families which accompanied their mobilized sons and fathers, could be heard loud and strong.

This is what went on until Friday, September 1, when the government president of Poland spoke of the war that had broken out. It was forbidden to light candles at night. A deep and hard worry reigned in the *shtetl*: What is going to happen to us Jews?

On the next day, the Sabbath, the first refugees from western Poland appeared, coming in their own autos. They immediately applied themselves to buying food, paying high prices, because everywhere

that they had traveled through, it was hard to obtain anything. They, however, refused to tell anything about what was going on at the front.

Holding the market day, that usually took place on Monday, was forbidden, as well as larger gatherings, out of fear of airborne bombardments. On Wednesday and Thursday, a large number of refugees passed through the *shtetl*: some by vehicles, some in wagons, or riding on horses, and some – on foot. We received them as if they were guests. Those who had the means, paid generously, wondering to themselves, what is in Frampol that can be bought as food.

On Friday, September 8, a larger number of airplanes appeared over the *shtetl*. Everyone came out of their houses to look, because people thought that these were our own Polish (airplanes). Immediately, however, frightening reports were heard of the exploding bombs, which, thankfully, didn't hurt anybody, because they landed outside of the city.

It was first only now, that we began to understand that the situation at the front was not light as birds, and the talk from the Poles about fighting on German territory, and that we will capture Berlin – were empty speculations. The truth was that half of Poland was already occupied by the Germans.

Before nightfall, a large division of the Polish military came into the *shtetl* and occupied all of the houses, and also my father's bakery. The Jewish populace went off to the forests and fields around Frampol, in the hopes that this area will not be bombarded. But this was not the case. The Nazi murderers bombarded and shot everywhere, killing people and laying waste. As soon as they saw a group of men, and especially of the civilian population, they shot [them]. Our fear had come to pass. The Germans bombarded Frampol on a daily basis. Until Wednesday (The Eve of *Rosh Hashana*) before nightfall, they finally dropped incendiary bombs to wipe out the city. Most of the houses, made of dried out wood, were entirely burned down. The only one that was not bombed was [a house] on the road to Goraj, up to the tract of Sokolowka – about ten houses – among them two were Jewish. And so just at the time of the Eve of the sacred *Rosh Hashana*, a complete contingent of Jews were left without a roof over their heads, warm clothing to put on, and without food, being pursued by retreating Polish military, that now sought protection in the surrounding forests and fields.

My parents decided to relocate themselves in the windmill, which stood on the Goraj Mountain. Poor Poles lived there, who used to come to buy bread on credit, and often – even for free. Most of all, my mother took pity on them and from time-to-time even helped them out with money, or by giving them work.

Until we got up on top of the mountain, night had already fallen, the night (Eve) of *Rosh Hashana*. The Christians took us in with friendliness, and let us stay until after the Holiday. Immediately after *Rosh Hashana* my father went off to the village of *Mala-Koritkow* and rented a house from a peasant. Many Jews from Frampol did the same thing, and temporarily settled themselves down until... the arrival of the Germans.

The Shtetl is Transferred from Hand-to-Hand

As soon as the Nazis entered Frampol, they showed what they were capable of. First of all, they seized Jews, cut off beards, beat and robbed – until they left the *shtetl*, because of the entry of the Russians. The burned *shtetl* present a sorry picture to me, when the Red Army came in there. The majority of the Jews had fled into the surrounding village and towns, mostly to Goraj, which, on account of this, became larger than Frampol (in population). The Monday market days were re-instituted, and commerce began to blossom, because on this day, not only did the peasants of the villages come together here, but also the prior residents of Frampol, that had already settled themselves in the surrounding villages. The market days were transformed into a place of re-uniting members of unfortunate and split families. People asked questions of one another, opened their hearts and tried to take counsel from one another about the future. Part of the Jews had sequestered some merchandise with Christians that they knew. The ones who were lucky, that the peasant returned these assets – began to do business, putting up a small house, that consisted of a room and a kitchen, or of two rooms and began to run a normal life. A large part of the Christians did not want to return the little bit of poverty, and for Jews there was no possibility to get themselves back on their feet. In total, the shtetl rebuilt about 20 small houses.

When the Russian left Frampol, many Jews went with them. They had already seen what the Germans were capable of doing, and they concluded that there is nothing to lose. The largest part of them stayed behind, not wanting the wandering and chasing after a piece of bread. Those who knew me alleged that the War would not last long.

Regrettably nobody foresaw, what awaited them at the hands of the murderers.

Anti-Jewish Decrees

The first one created by the German authorities, after returning to Frampol, was – the *Judenrat* (Zelig Rosenberg – President). Their objective was to carry out the orders that the German gave out for the Jewish populace. The Secretary, with one additional *Judenrat* member, would travel to Bilgoraj every week, in the *Powiat*, and from there, bring back instructions. Also, in the surrounding shops, the place inhabited only by Jews, even if in a small number, there has to be a *Judenrat* member. In the *Koczusz Gmina*, where Frampol Jews now lived, there was a *Judenrat*, which, according to what I remember, consisted of: Ephraim Hochrad, Chaim Grau and others.

In the first year after the outbreak of the war, the Jews made a living from work and commerce. Life, at that point, was a bit more calm, especially in the smaller places, even though there were no lack of decrees and pursuits. Every week, I would ride around the surrounding neighborhood with a horse and wagon, a distance of about 50 kilometers, carrying with me, linen and sacks. Such a ride, which lasted 6-7 hours, gave me a living, from which I could live for two months. On the side road from Frampol to Bykhovo nobody stood in my way, that was a place where autos could not travel and I did not encounter any chicanery on the part of the Germans. In general, it was still possible at that time, to eke out a living, but it was connected to a variety of dangers, so far as even losing one's life, if the Germans captured such a merchant.

The situation in Frampol characterized the fact that even after the appearance of a decree concerning the (yellow) patch, many Jews did not put one on. The reason for this was, that in Frampol proper, there were no Germans to be found. Only from time-to-time, the *Powiat* would send a patrol of several Germans, or some *Volksdeutsche*. The Jews then hid themselves in their houses because not having a higher authority over them, these arrivals would come to rob, bet, shame and even shoot, knowing that for Jews under the German occupation, there is no protection.

Because of the severe frost, which held sway in the winter, no Germans showed themselves in Frampol. The 'authority' consisted of the Polish police, not the ones assigned to fight the war, but rather those that were specially brought in from Upper Silesia. These, however, were no less anti-Semites than the Germans, it was not enough that not only with 'szlonzankas' was it possible to save one's self with the help of bribery. Then, they 'overlooked' many things, and did not carry out their orders so rigorously, as given to them by the higher German authority. And when they finally had carried out the orders of the *Powiat*, they did a special search without orders, of the rest of the Jews, where the Germans lived. Just as there was not often gunfire, and with an income one managed to get through— Jews in Frampol held that, that winter was not the worst.

The entirety of Jewish life in Frampol coalesced in the two Jewish houses, that remained after the great bombardment and fire at the beginning of the war. These were the houses of Feiga Raphael's and Melech Tobin. About ten families lived in these houses, in very intense overcrowding – and each heoods within an arm's length. These two houses were like a train station in a big city, and served to accept Jews traveling here. Here is where one asked after family, about buying and selling; here is where a small package might be left to send on to a second place, and here is where the packages that were left, got picked up. The doors did not close for the entire day. The peasants enlarged the tumult who came to Gershon Shia's restaurant to have a (strong) drink. From all of this, yo can imagine what sort of a fair took place in those two Jewish houses.

I provide a separate chapter for the life of the Jews in Goraj. Mekhl Frieling, Moshe Weltczer, Kalman Ehrter, Menachem Ulmer and Dr. Szirenetz with their families, who took up residence in the nearby small *shtetl* of Goraj, and having the means, became the principal advisers in the *shtetl*.

A typhus epidemic broke out in Goraj that winter, which produced frightening victims among the local Jews. Among others, Dr. Szirenetz became sick. He was taken to Bilgoraj in the *Powiat* hospital, where he died (it was said that he was poisoned). With his death, the Frampol Jews in Goraj were left without a spiritual leader. This motivated many Frampol Jews to abandon Goraj.

This was how Mekhl Frieling came back to Frampol, where previously, he had built up a house of two rooms. Moshe Weltczer went off to live on the Wohlya. Many other Jews of Frampol did the same thing.

The German-Soviet War

Immediately after the Passover of 1943, large transports of the German military started to arrive in Janow-Lubelski on the road to Bilgoraj, leading to the Bug River. Day and night over the course of 4 weeks, they marched through Frampol. It went on this way until the assault against Russia. I remind myself that for five whole weeks I had to sit in the village of Kortkow, where I came to visit my parents and could not return to Frampol. The roads were crowded with military resources, that were being hurried to the Russian front. And later – the sad news of the great victories that the Germans had achieved in Russia.

More demanding decrees were given out against the Jews. The most severe was the order, that Jews do not dare to leave their homes, without a special permit from the *Gestapo*. Those Frampol Jews that dealt commercially or worked in a village and had their families there, were suddenly torn away from their livelihood and their nearest. This order was carried out with greater severity and cruelty. Anyone encountered on the roads outside of the city, was unceremoniously shot. The only connection between these sundered families, therefore took place only at night. Through a variety of roads and byways, and also putting one's life in danger, Jews carried on with their difficult existence. Fortunately, there were no failures, or informing going on. It stayed this way until the sorrowful day in January 1942.

In Frampol, and the surrounding villages, the Germans became aware that an underground movement had been started by Poles. This was expressed by not following the orders of the Polish police and by not presenting the demanded portion of grain and meat for the occupying forces. Because of this, a n expedition to inflict punishment was sent to the *shtetl* consisting of 100 *Gestapo* staff.

Bestial Murders

I found myself among the Jews that the *Judenrat* had sent to prepare a 'public' school for the Germans on the road to Goraj, as well as doing other work. And – we received beatings. Every day, I witnessed the terrifying murders that the Germans carried out against Jews and Christians: At first – for pleasure, and the second – for being suspected of being involved in underground activities. In this, they didn't hurry to take the elderly and children.

Their first victim was the younger daughter of Nikha Feder (who lived on the street to Janow). A few Germans, returning from the village took notice of her and brought her to the school. She was led into a yard, and a German wanted to shoot her. She, however, mounted a resistance. So a second German threw her to the ground, stepped on her throat with his boots, and shot her in front of everybody. Later on, a representative off the *Judenrat* was called to remove the dead body.

From that day on, during a four-week period, I rehearsed the murders and bloody executions, also of peasants, especially – the young. Beaten, they were led through the *shtetl*, as a means to instill fear on the populace. It was done with ritual: in front, two S. S. men walked (dressed in white fur coats), and after them – the victims, chained in cuffs, and to the end – in the highest military order – the execution unit.

It was not possible to hide from these murderers. When the Germans came to arrest someone and didn't find him at home, they arrested the family of the one sought, and shot them all immediately. It was this way that the following were murdered: Yeshayahu Weiss and his wife, Yoss'keleh Shimshon and his son-in-law, Pesach Weiss, Joseph Zitrinbaum with his younger daughter, Moshe Weltczer with his son Mekhl, and others.

I present a separate chapter regarding the death of Wolf Cooperstein. On a certain Sunday, the Head of the *Gestapo* ordered him to appear before him. As far as we knew, such an appearance means death, so he hid himself. The murderer then told the *Judenrat*, that if Wolf does not present himself by noon on Monday, the entire *Judenrat* will be shot, along with the Rabbi and an additional 20 *balebatim*. The panic that swept through the Jews was indescribable. A delegation of the *Judenrat* went to the *Gestapo* in an attempt to plead for Cooperstein, and at the same time, too along a large bribe (to offer). The Head took the bribe, and promised that if Cooperstein would present himself – nothing will happen to him.

Monday morning, Wolf came into Mekhl Frieling's house and declared that he would present himself. The house immediately filled up with people. The Rabbi, who had arrived, said to him that he should handle the situation according to what he will see. Cooperstein's family: the elderly mother, his wife, child and sister, pleaded with him that he should not do this. Cooperstein himself argued that nothing will happen to him. There were moving scenes were played out during his parting from his family, especially with his old mother. All those who were nearby wept.

Jews arose to recite *Tehilim* and with pain and tension looked towards Wolf, when he went into the 'school.' It did not take a long time, and he came out from there escorted by armed *Gestapo* men, who led him off to the road to Goraj, and there, they shot him in front of his entire family.

There was an instance when the Germans released a victim from their bloody hands. This happened with Mekhl Frieling. He was taken out of his house at night. The spasms, crying and pleading of his wife and children did not help. All those present already had taken him for being dead. But at around one o'clock at night, two Germans brought him home alive. To this day, it is a puzzlement to me, how this could have happened, that the murderers let him go free out of their talons.

Death Draws Near to Frampol...

The murders, and plunder of our small settlement, lasted for a whole month affecting both Jews and Christians. The greatest optimists lost their conviction. Bunkers were started to being built, and hideouts. Everyone sensed what was coming. Using the fact that the Germans had requisitioned his large room from Shmuel Honigman, to be used as a bureau for collecting contingents – he asked to be permitted to live in the second room, which was unfinished. He got such a permission. In the refurbishing of the unfinished part of the house, Mekhl Frieling and myself and the owner built a secret hiding place on the attic, that consisted of a double room with a camouflaged entrance, which later on, served us very well.

After Passover, I made the acquaintance of a young Pole, who worked in the bureau. He belonged to the underground movement and therefore was interested in what might happen to us. He would communicate a variety of news items to us, as well as illegal Polish objectives. The news that I got from him were very somber. From me, the news was given over to our neighbors. This was the way our settlement knew about all the events that took place at that time.

I bought a revolver and bullets from this same Polish man, and I always carried it with me.

On Shavuot 1942, the Poles that were employed at the train station told, that day and night there are long echelons of over 50 cars traveling through the Zwierzniac station – all packed with people. Screams and groans emanate from those train cars. The echelons are well-guarded by armed S. S. people. They are traveling in the direction of Belzec. As evidence of these terrifying news items, they brought us notes, written in Yiddish, that the unfortunate Jews threw out of the train cars.

‘Be well, we are traveling into heaven.’ or: ‘*Shema Yisrael.*’

We knew that there were some work camps at Belzec. Under no circumstances were we able to understand how these work camps could take in so many people.

After a longer consultation, the Judenrat decided to secretly send a credible Christian (you understand, this was for a large payment) to Belzec, in order to find out what was going on, and bring back precise details. After a week’s time, the Christian returned with the terrifying news, which nobody wanted to believe – that all the Jews that are brought to Belzec, are killed there and cremated. The odor of the scorched human bodies could be sensed for kilometers. Many held the opinion that this reporter is an anti-Semite and therefore, he concocted a frightening lie. His intention was to instill fear in all the Jews.

So a second emissary was sent – a Christian known to us, and was friendly to the Jews, Stakh Sobczak, that everyone knew for many years. He came back with additional frightening news. With his own eyes, he saw how the whole train line – from the Belzec station to the camp – was filled with dead Jews. This and related news finally convinced everyone. We looked around and concluded that death was closing in on us and also on Frampol, because the surrounding towns have no more Jews. And in Lublin, there remained not more than a small handful of Jews, all in the ghetto.

The Death of My Father ל"ו

The unrest in the *shtetl* grew day-by-day. People were afraid to sleep at home. At night, the men would hide themselves in the fields, the nearby forests, with known Christians, or in the already-prepared hiding places.

On a certain day, two *Volksdeutsche* came and demanded a contingent of Jews for work. Since most of the Jews had fled, they seized my father and another Jew from Goraj, who it happens, came from Frampol – and both of them were taken to the floor in a camp. They worked very hard there, digging

out stones. It was only after two weeks, thanks to the mediation of the *Judenrat*, I was given permission to send help to my father in the camp. The representative of the *Judenrat*, Chaim Yehuda Harman personally obtained (through Bilgoraj) a small package of food, clothing and money for my father. This kept him alive for a while.

My father fell very ill, being in the camp for three months after such demanding work. We began to exert ourselves to get him released. The Germans demanded a large sum [for his release]: ten thousand Zlotys. We sold everything that we had, and presented this sum of money. He was sent over to Bilgoraj, in that famous but somber hospital, where, on the following day, the Eve of *Yom Kippur*, he was poisoned. There he gave up the ghost of his tortured but sacred soul.

Want, poverty and hunger continued to pervade the *shtetl*. The situation grew worse from day-to-day. The people that found work were lucky. The children – as shepherds, the women – as cooks, or seamstresses, and the men – farmers working for the Christians and peasants of the villages. Part of the peasantry took pity on their erstwhile known Jews, and so, apart from food, they gave them money to buy other products. My older sister worked as a cook for a peasant in Kyszowa. He was actually good to her. She would get one day off in the week. She came with a bit of potatoes and flour for the parents. These were the only products from which my parents derived sustenance, and also fed the children. My brother worked for the peasant Kubin on the Wohlyia, who would also give him food apart from his own meals.

The Tragedy of Goraj

The High Holy Days are drawing close, and together with them – the worry of the *shtetl*: how do we celebrate the last Holidays in our lives? WE put together a minyan. The Cantor was Chaim Yehuda Harman. Everyone separately, and all together, pleaded with God in a heartbreaking manner that he should grant us the strength to overcome the tribulations and fear of death.

On *Yom Kippur*, at the *Musaf* service, someone gave a shout: ‘the Germans are coming!’ – everyone fled.

After the Holidays, a fire broke out in the neighboring *shtetl* of Goraj. We discussed among ourselves that igniting the Jewish quarter was carried out by two *Volksdeutsche*, so that they would not be impeded in robbing Jewish property and drive the Jews out of the place.

The largest part of the Jewish quarter went up in smoke. The Germans ordered that the Jews in Goraj be relocated to Frampol.

In the twenty Jewish houses of Frampol, where a frightening overcrowding reigned, they sent about two thousand souls. Regardless, they were taken up without complaint and shared their last bit of bread with them. From the Goraj Jews, who recognized me, we became aware that two *Volksdeutsche* who served in the *Gestapo* in Bilgoraj (known in Frampol as the secret police) used to come into the *shtetl* two-to-three times a week demanding a variety of contributions.

Because of a provocation, the two *Volksdeutsche* killed the best of the local youth, among them – my good friends: Zusman, Itcheh Fleischer, and Hirsz. The extraordinary means used to try and rescue them did not help. The murderers led these three young men out of the city and shot them.

The Thought About Resistance

Knowing what awaited us at the hands of the Germans, the thought of resistance ripened in our minds. It came to the conclusion, the only possibility to rescue ourselves from being cut down was – resistance. A group of youths (the brothers Aharon and Eli Wolk, Aszer Guttmakher, Moshe Zontag, Shlomo Aszenberg, Jonah Bendler, Berisz Blumer, Chaim Hoff, the writer of these lines and others) decided to organize a partizan group. The plan was: to gather weaponry and sneak ourselves out into the forest. In the course of a short time, we were able to buy several rifles, pistols, and even machine guns. All of this was hidden in the forest by the brothers Eli and Aharon Hoff.

We decided to wait for an auspicious moment to leave the *shtetl* and concentrate ourselves in the nearest forest. Because one of us has gotten married, it was difficult to carry out the decision, not wanting to leave a wife and children in an attempt to rescue ourselves. For this reason, we put aside the plan, and pushed the date for the active resistance forward. In the meantime, many of our friends were killed in the first *aktion* in the *shtetl*. Those remaining are not adept and ready to carry out the plan that had been agreed on.

Apart from this, we separated, and became disconnected one from another.

For those who have saved themselves from the liquidated, surrounding Jewish towns (Turobin, Zolkiew, Bykhovo and Wislocki), we learned about the dissembling details of the German *aktion* to make the vicinity *Judenrein*.

Resignation, fear and hopelessness reigned about us. Sorrow was splashed on the faces of the children. In the case of the older people, their nerves were taxed by tension, and were at the point of bursting.

The last Sabbath had remained in my memory, when in the presence of Kalman Ehrter, Shlomo Weltzer, Berisz Blumer and Jonah Bendler, toasted everyone with a *L'Chaim* and wished that all of us would 'live to see the next Saturday.' Kalman Ehrter asked a question: 'Will the world ever know, sometime in the future, what sort of a *Gehenna* we are living in now?' Opposite this, Blumer had a request, that our friends in the Land of Israel should know what is happening to their brethren who have been left behind. Because of this, we faced a barrage of questions:

– Why are the American Jews silent? Why is the world so willing to accept our present tragedy? Has the world made its peace with the idea that all the Jews need to be exterminated in such a gruesome manner?

We came to a conclusion that the world does not know anything about the German barbarity. And if indeed they know, the Jew is (therefore) not so important so as to cause us to engage in hostilities with the Germans. But where is the Jewish settlement in Israel? The Zionist movement? And maybe it is because our tragic fate has been covered up?

Before us, it was clear that we would not be among the living Jews. Sooner or later, a cruel death will overtake us. There is no hiding place for the murderers and their Polish helpers. In fact, it is not important that the world does or does not know about this. Be we may take some solace in the fact that Germany will lose the war, regardless of the fact that it has penetrated so deeply into Russian territory. And perhaps for that very reason... a time will come when revenge will be exacted for our innocent spilled blood. But we did decide that, whoever one of us will survive the war, will without being asked, tell everything that the Jews of Frampol went through in those dark years.

All of us intensely wanted to survive to the moment of liberation, and with our own eyes, be able to see Hitler's downfall, and be privileged to exact revenge. I has a minimal hope of surviving what I had been through. I was poor, at a time when the wealthy believed that the poles would hide us for money. What subsequently became visible in most instances is that, the money was taken away from those kind of Jews and the Poles, by themselves, murdered them, or exposed them to the Germans.

There also were Poles who risked their lives and rescued Jews. The only sad thing is that – they was only one out of thousands.

The Aktion

We got up on Monday at 6:00AM, on the 22nd day of Heshvan 1942, and left our hiding place, where we had hid ourselves for a longer period of time. In the street, we heard the sound of heavy gunfire. We immediately turned back into our hiding place of Shmuel Honigman (he could be found there with his wife). We ran together to the hiding place with Mottl Szapiro and his sister Reizl from Goraj. There were six of us there: Mekhl Frieling, the owner of the house, Shmuel Honigman and his wife, two Jews from Goraj and myself. We closed ourselves in, and through a roof, aperture and we looked outside through camouflaged peepholes. At first, we thought these were Germans coming to seize us for work. But upon seeing how they were driving women and children out of the houses, we understood this to be the end.

The gunfire gets continuously stronger. We see people falling, shouting, groaning and crying are also heard. Among those murdered we see Yankl'eh Finkelstein lying wrapped in his prayer shawl and wearing phylacteries. We also see that Mekhl Frieling's son, Joseph, is among the shooting victims. Until the middle of the day, they shot and killed about 600 Jews. The rest, also about 600, were driven to the train station at Zwiezhniec, not ceasing to fire their guns along the way. (Many Jews could be found in Frampol, relocated from the surrounding towns).

Only a small number made it to the wagons. The *selektion* was made in Zwiezhniec. The young and the healthy who survived the ghastly death-march, were sent to Maidanek. The Jews of Tarnogrod

and Bilgoraj were loaded into the wagons, from which we had previously shoveled out ground like. As we later learned, this was where Chaim Harman came.

Driving the Jews on foot, the later *selektionen* and being crammed into the wagons, was carried out by a small group of S. S. People.

All of these details were communicated to me from Shlomo that came from Kantiss, whom I had met in the village of Kyszowa.

Upon leaving Frampol, the Germans ordered that the 600 dead be buried in one mass grave. They also required the firemen and Polish police to help capture the hidden Jews and end the work of murder. From about 800 Jews, that had fled into the forests, the Polish murderers uncovered more than 600 Jews – and murdered them. Lying in the hiding place, at night we heard the wailing cries of the captured Jews, who begged the homey and familiar Poles to let them live – but without any results.

The execution of the seized Jews was carried out several days later, Thursday, in the presence of two members of the *Gestapo*. All were led off to the cemetery, where a large grave (pit) had already been prepared. They told the victims to undress to be half-naked, and to lay themselves into the pit. From up close, all of them were shot. Many were just wounded at the time the Poles covered the pit.

Bluma Cooperstein related all the details to me, who herself was wounded in a foot, but fled the mass grave. She shared (with us) the fate of all the others, because several days later, at the time she had come to ask her Polish neighbors for help, she was detained, and turned over to the murderers. After this, the Germans were able to capture an additional 150 Jews. A couple of days later, after the mass slaughter, that were taken to the cemetery and shot everyone in one mass grave.

After spending four days in a hiding place, we began to think about how we might get out of the bloodied and wrecked city. Mekhl Frieling and Shmuel Honigman decided to approach Stakh Sobczak . Previously, he had promised to provide hiding places. I and the two men from Goraj (Mottl Szapiro and his sister) had . Nevertheless, we believed that it would be satisfactory if we settle down at the place of a known peasant in the village of Branuwa, ten kilometers from Frampol. Mottl, together with his sister talked me into going with them. But we were faced with a difficult question: how does one get out of the hiding place?

We decided that the most appropriate time is Thursday evening, when the Christian known to me who works in the bureau in the same house, is alone. At the time he will close up the bureau in the evening, I will ask him to call Jantek Szimczak, the leader of the firefighters, who is occupied with seizing Jews. He was a friend to myself and Mekhl Frieling.

At six o'clock in the evening, when my friend came out in order to close up the bureau, I called out to him. My sudden shout caused him to freeze up. To his question of what we want from him, I requested of him, that he should bring me a drink of water and call Jantek. He was scared again, and

he warned, that the ‘fireman’ would certainly arrest me. I made him understand, what is going on – and he went off, returning to the city with Szimczak. He immediately answered:

– Who else is hidden up there?

– I – Mekhl Frieling responded.

– I will first take Abba – the gentile ruled, and added:

– If this matter goes through, I will come and take you.

Go try to understand a gentile’s soul... this after all, is the same firefighter who uncovered almost all the hidden Jews and turned them over to the Germans. He led us out of the city, gave us cigarettes and bread, and even kissed us on parting. I still remember his words:

– You are a Jew, and I am a Christian. But to me you are like my own brother. Let God be my witness – go, and succeed.

He also told me that yesterday he had found my wife with the child and (my) mother. He took them in to himself, gave them something to eat, and gave them bread for the journey. But as to where they went – he did not know.

That is how I parted with the commandant of the firefighters, who had been designated to seize the remnants of the Jews and turn them in to the murderer.

From One Hideout to Another

We walked for the entire night. On Friday, before dawn we came to the forest, close to Bronuwa. Mottl’s sister immediately went off to the peasant to ask whether or not he would take us in. Stuck in the forest, impatient and with fear, we waited for her to return. The hours went by like an eternity. We began to feel pressure in our minds, why did we let her go by herself? Perhaps, God forbid, she has been seized? Meanwhile the night came, and we silently began the ritual of welcoming the Sabbath. Finally, we hear footfalls – Reizl and the peasant had arrived. They also brought food with them.

We stole into the peasant’s barn like shadows. We sat for the entire Sabbath day in the attic. At night, the peasant came and said, that has had regrets. We must soon leave his house. In the village, he says, there is going to be a great ‘*lapanka*’ on the Jews. Having no alternative, I parted from Mottl and his sister. The peasant led me out of the village, through byways, over fields and (through) forests, and I headed for Frampol. Close to the *shtetl*, I knew many Poles and hoped, for a bit of time, to get a hiding place, as well as finding my wife with the child. Before dawn I came to the Goraj mountains by the glow of a fire, and saw that Meir Knoblich was sitting there with his two daughters. They were very happy to see me. We told each other sorrowful tales about the past week.

The related to us that many Jews are now coming to Frampol (even during midday) and the Poles do not touch them. It appears that it may have somewhat quieted down. My opinion however was, just as we have no faith in the German murderers, we should have no faith in the Poles who assist them.

But they did not listen to me. They went back into the *shtetl* and made themselves a hiding place in the dwelling where he had previously lived. As I later on learned, a Pole who had worked for Meir Knoblich for many years uncovered them. For the first few weeks, the gentile even provided him with food, but after that, he took away their money and murdered them all.

On the same day, at nightfall, I went off onto the mountain to the windmill, and knocked on the windows of the woman Szviszawska, the same person that my parents had supported for many years with bread and money. She came out to me wielding an iron rod and shouted:

– If you don't get out of here, I will split your head open! Is there still is no end to these accursed *Zhidehs*?

I moved away quickly from there. Descending the mountain, my birthplace lay spread out before my eyes. I was so close to the place where I grew up – and no so much alone, by myself and with the fear of death in my eyes. Where does one go? A dark fear overcame me, I even had the thought of committing suicide. I saw the hopeless ones very well, who were in my situation. But the longing for my wife and child and the stored up hope, that just vibrated within me – restrained me from that direction.

I decided to go to Kyszewo. Several peasants that I knew lived in that village. At night, I knocked on the door of a peasant, who used to work by us as a wagon driver and bring us flour from Zamość and other places. He accepted me in a friendly manner, gave me something to eat, and hid me in the shire. He told me that he nothing about my wife. Before dawn, I hear outside that the son of the peasant, my rescuer, is beating a woman, who hid herself near their house. I immediately recognized my wife's voice. Not thinking, I immediately leaped out of the barn to the outside.

After the first relief, she told me that she came from the city, where she had bought bread. Many Jews are coming now, after wandering, back to Frampol – and they are not detained.

After that, she leads me to abandoned stone quarries not far from the village, where I encounter my mother-in-law with my child, and Yaakov Waldman (Mordechai-Joseph's son) with his wife and three children.

All of us lived in the stone quarry for a while. Every morning, one of us would go into the *shtetl* to buy bread, and return peacefully. Up to a certain day, a familiar peasant warned us, that the *Soltis* had received an order to seize all of the Jews, that are hidden in the village and the area. For this purpose, he has organized a group of youths. We left the hiding place that night and went to another stone quarry, near the village of Retszica. We stayed there for two days.

Meanwhile the Germans came back to Frampol and encountered single Jews. Among them – Malka Rosenberg, who threw herself at one of the murderers, started biting him, and tore away his revolver. A second German killed her on the spot. The fact of her heroic act left a very strong impression on the Poles in our entire vicinity.

The Germans, again, ordered the firefighters to search out all of the Jews that were still alive. With this, the process of buying of foodstuffs in the *shtetl* ended. No Jew dared to show himself in Frampol during the day, even if at night one also risked one's life.

In the third night of our stay in the new hiding place, two peasants came from Retszica and wanted to turn us over to the police. Fortunately, it turned out I knew them well. They abandoned this dark plan, but warned us to get away from this place immediately.

We left this hiding place that same night and went off to the *shtetl*. All nine of our people went into the cellar of a burned down house that belonged to Mordechai-Joseph. The fresh snow which fell afterwards, covered our tracks. It was warm in the cellar, and we settled there. We would buy food at night from Christians that we knew. We spent two weeks in this hideout.

At night on of the third candle of Hanukkah, two firefighters came into the cellar – Tatelyusz and Stik. It seems that one of the Poles that we knew had turned us over. I went out first. I did not do this out of heroism. It was just the opposite: I had been sick for several weeks, laying down in a high fever – and everything revolted me. As soon as Stik saw me, he said:

– Flee, we don't mean you.

I refused to flee by myself, but wanted my wife, child and mother-in-law to go together with me. Stik agreed, but only asked that I should in the meantime go to the commandant of the firefighters and wait there. He will bring my family there. I went off to Szimczak and awoke him from his sleep. He got dressed quickly, and ran to bring my family.

He comes back a half-hour later with a sorrowful piece of news, that all are already under arrest. When Stik brought my nearest to me, everyone began to cry and begged to be set free. The Polish police, who were not far away, heard the tumult. To their question of what is happening here, they were told that Stik went off with a group of Jews. They pursued him, and arrested everyone.

Jantek calmed me down and promised that immediately in the morning he will speak with the commandant of police, and we will then be certain that they will be freed. Then, he will hide all of us. I reminded him of the good that he did in the time when he evacuated the city, escorting me as if I was his own brother. He promised me help.

The Inhuman Person Shows Himself to be Human

I do not know what pressured me then not to accept Jantek's offer to stay with him, but rather to go off to Kyszewo during a frightening snowstorm. At night with a temperature of 40 C, under normal conditions I would never have dared to do it. With great difficulty, and not immediately finding the way, I came to the village and knocked on the window of Karamin Felless, a poor peasant who, before the war, would get loans from me, and a part of them – not repaid. We spoke among us that he was a thief, stops travelers along the way, and robs them. Before the war, I would not have dared to spend the night with him. Just now, in my great state of confusion, I remembered this very new type. And it is noteworthy: he took me into his house. Seeing me as a grown up and left alone, he and his wife broke out in tears. They warmed up some water, gave me clean underwear, and gave me a good meal, led me up to the hay attic and promised that immediately in the morning, he would go into the city and take an interest in the fate of my wife. He also gave me an aspirin – and I immediately fell asleep.

I lay in a nightmarish fever for a full three days. When I returned to consciousness, the peasant showed me a letter from my wife, in which she writes that I should be careful, and should I survive, I should exact vengeance and tell the world what took place. There is nothing to be said about setting you free. She was arrested with 17 other Jews – men, women and children (among them also Yaakov Rosenberg with his wife and children (among them also was: Yaakov Rosenberg with his wife and children, whom the peasants captured and turned over to the police).

I waited until after the noon hour. I descended from the attic and went off to the city to present myself to the police. My theory was that the peasant discovered that I was not here and pursued me along the way, already close to Frampol – and took them back to his house by force. He told me that he had spoken with my wife as to hiding me until the war was over, because he kept his word. – Do not do this again, leaving my house without my knowledge – he warned me. – from now on you will sit in the cellar bolted in. This is how you will sit, in the dark, day and night, until you promise me that you will not engage in such foolishness.

Having said this, the strong peasant took me back to his place. I sat in the pit, where he stored potatoes. A peasant's copper pot stood there – a meter long – and 70 centimeters deep. That is where I lay down, with my hands and feet under me. They gave me food three times a day – some potatoes and a little kraut. He was very poor, and had nothing to eat himself. They shared their food with me.

... here, I had the time to mourn for my dearest – and at the same time think: what moved this crude man, who had such a bad reputation among Jews and Christians alike, to show such humanity? He risked his life and the life of his wife, and shared his last poor bit of food with me? He certainly knew that I had no money to pay him.

It is possible that because I had no money – I was lucky. My death, one way or another, would be of any use to him... and maybe? Perhaps the feelings of gratitude for all of the favors that I did for him, oriented him to deal with me in this way?

No, I could not think of how to separate from this rescue, that means... a good human being.

The longer I lay in the copper container, the more the difference between a pit and a grave were wiped away. I thought that any minute now I will lose my mind, every time the bolt opened, and he gave me food, I asked of the peasant to release me. That he let me go wherever I want to. Everything is the same to me. He convinced me with simple but logical words that I was no right. That I do not assess what he does for me. That many Jews would have made him rich, if he had taken them in and hidden them. Who beside me knows, he argued, how much he needed money? But he remembers the favors that I did for him before the war, and essentially – that which my wife asked of him and he promised to do. I will keep my word, he clarified for me, that my plan was childish. From my part, it is very foolish to go give myself up to the Germans. I can barely say to him that he must be obedient, and by this, he will ease my plight. Felling that I will get nothing from him by being stubborn, I promised him everything, if only we could get out of this living grave.

Out of the Grave

Lat at night they began to come out of the cellar and sleep on the warm floor. Once a week they would prepare hot water for me and clean underwear. I also has the opportunity to shave and cut my hair. In the end, they also permitted me as previously, to sit up in the attic with the hay and straw.

He always brought me news from the outside. Among other things, he informed me that Szczebrzeszyn there was an active mixed partisan group, wit a larger portion of Jews. Poles and Russians. The instill fear not only in the Germans, but also on Poles that inform. They seize such peasants and punish them immediately on the spot by setting their houses on fire, and taking away everything that they had. This knowledge went well into my mind.

Often pursued Jews would knock on my peasant's door and ask for food. The wife of the peasant would cook a big pot of potatoes each night. This assuaged the hunger of many a pursued Jew...

On a certain morning, Aryeh Elbaum (son of Yekhezkiel) knocked (on the door) and with tears in his eyes, he begged to be let inside. Thereby, he told the following frightening story: His father-in-law Moshe and his sister Golda, hid themselves for weeks in the stone quarries. He made himself look dead, and laid without moving among those who had been killed. The murderers thought everyone was finished – and they left. He had no other choice but to turn himself into the police, despite the fact that good Poles tried to talk him out of it, and made room for him. He thanked them for their good deeds that they do on his behalf, and on the next day, after his night at my peasant's house, went off to the shtetl to turn himself in. He died at the murdering hands of the Germans.

He was practically only a child, maybe fifteen years old.

Two brothers from Kantiss also came (Leib Bryk and Nathan) who used to come at night to my peasant to ask for food. Also, Abraham Waldman's son went from village to village, torn up, with rags on his feet – and begged for food from the peasants. It is strange: whether out of compassion or an event of good luck – nobody detained him and this is how he survived the war.

My rescuer did not let me meet with them under any circumstances. He did not want them to know that he is hiding me. His argument was, that should any one of them fall into the hands of the *Gestapo* and is tortured – he is prone to break under it.

I reminded myself that my sister Rechl worked for a Christian in this same village where I found myself before the last *aktion*. I asked the peasant for permission to go and ask for her. He permitted this, but only on a condition, that he comes along. At about one o'clock at night, we went off to Halt (this was the Christian's name). The peasant went into the house, and I went into – the shire. Quietly, I began to call out her name. She recognized my voice came out, and fell upon me crying. We both cried bitterly. She told me that she was sustaining herself in the shire without the knowledge of the *balabusta*. She derives nourishment from bits and pieces, that she stole away from the swine. She is hungry for the whole day. I ask my peasant fearfully, 'what shall we do?' and not thinking for very long, orders that she be taken along with us. On the way, she tells that our 14 year-old brother, Nahum, who served by the resident cook (who was a decent Christian), was driven out of there at the start of the *aktion*. He hid himself in the fields for several weeks, until he was revolted by it. He went off to the *shtetl*, presented himself to the police, and was shot.

It was only first in the peasant's house that we understood what a frightful condition my sister found herself. Dirty and lice-ridden and additionally – an outbreak on her skin. The peasant's wife washed her down, and gave her clean underwear. In the morning, the peasant brought some sort of a salve which healed my sister's skin outbreak.

The master of my house told me later, that he does not have room for two people. My sister has to go. His suggestion: let her make herself available for work in Germany. He will present her as his sister. Having no alternative, we took his advice.

Before dawn, the peasant's wife prepared a small package of food with a bit of underwear. Her husband and my sister took off on foot to go to Bilgoraj. In the German labor office they documented her as Polish (they didn't even ask for any documentation) and immediately sent her off to Germany.

For a whole day, the peasant's wife and me looked out for his return. It was only at night that he returned satisfied and in a good mood. Everything happened peacefully. She is journeying to Germany.

We got her first letter two weeks later, telling us that conditions in the labor camp was very bad. It is necessary to work hard, and they provide insufficient food. My peasant's wife didn't think for very long, and sent her a parcel of food. This is how she got on for several months. We got letters from her, and sent her parcels, until – I left the peasant and did not hear from her again.

After the liberation, I found out that the factory in which she worked was on the border with Holland, near the dams, which the Allies bombarded and destroyed. The entire area was drowned, as was my sister. Only very few managed to rescue themselves from the frightful flooding.

After seven months of being with the peasant, the Germans began to search in the villages, seizing peasants for labor. I proposed to my master that he should hide himself in my hiding place – and I will meanwhile go and hide in the field. The sheaves of wheat were already high enough at this point, so that a person could hide himself there. I spent eight days laying in the field. Once a day, the peasant's wife brought me food. On the ninth day, it began to rain heavily, and the field was flooded with water. Two full days and nights I lay in mud. However, my sacrifice was for nought. The Germans searched very well, and found almost all of the hidden peasants Among them – also my rescuer and sent him off to Germany to work.

I decided to leave the hut that was so friendly to guests and went to the forests of Goraj. It was sad that partisans were sustaining themselves there. But it was a great danger to encounter a group of the *Armia Krajowa*. They would kill every Jew just like the Germans.

To the Partisans

It was necessary to separate ourselves: to begin searching for a partisan group, thereby risking one's life – or hide one's self. I decided to go into the forest to the partisans.

I come to say goodbye to the peasant's wife. She breaks out into tears, wondering why I would leave her at such a difficult time. After all, I had promised her husband to remain until the end of the war. Seeing that I stood by my decision, she gave me a change of underwear, packed food and tobacco and wished me success on this dangerous trip.

After a whole night of going, I come to the mountains between Frampol and Szczebrzeszyn, near the village of Grajec, that vicinity is full of thick forest. They serve as a good hiding place for those that can't move about freely. I looked for a widely-branched tree and laid down to sleep. As stunned as I became, when I got up and found it was day. I continue going, and I see a group of cattle and a shepherd of about fifteen or sixteen. I recognized him immediately, I once spent the night with him in Grajec. His father is one of the richest peasants in the village. He did not recognize me, I ask him what kind of a day it is. He answers me – Sabbath.

It first now occurs to me that I had slept uninterruptedly for 24 hours. I ask him what kind of a place is this? He looks at me suspiciously and answers me with a question: Where did I come from and what am I doing in this area? I told him that I had come from Janow-Lubelski, that I had run away from home because the Germans are seizing people to do work– and what do I think to do? My answer: I do not know. He carefully asks me, whether I want to go to the partisans? There are many of them here – Jews, Russians and Poles. I take the stand that it is them that I am afraid of, because I heard that they kill Poles. He assures me that I do not have anything to fear of this kind. They don't do that.

In order to test him, I ask him to bring a packet of matches after returning in the afternoon to pasture the cattle. We decided to meet after the noon hour in the forest. I hid myself, and waited to see what would happen. At the designated hour, I see him approaching. I come out of my hiding place. He is

alone. About thirty meters behind him, two armed men are standing. I grasp that he has informed on me – and I think about fleeing. But where to run? They are getting closer quickly and ... my joy is boundless: these are my very familiar (friends) – Yankl Mett and Mendl from Grajec. They have recognized me as well. We embraced one another, and began asking questions of each other. They were armed with rifles, pistols and grenades. They tell me that there is a larger group of partisans, this person is their ‘*loncznik*’ (contact). He came and told that a somewhat heavy man looks like a German spy, and he is wandering around the forest looking for partisans. Fortunately, you found us first. If not, who knows what would have happened. I told them I want to join their cadre. They ask me if I have any weaponry, because without it, no one is admitted. The promise to find weaponry for me. However, for the time being, I must remain in the forest, together with another group of Jews. We warned them, that if so much as one Jew is killed by them, the entire village will go up in smoke.

They lead me to a secret hiding place, in the forest. There, I encounter Herscheleh Altman (from Grajec) with four young children, another woman with three children and Israel Rotman from Frampol – a boy of about fifteen (years old). The partisans protect them, and provide them with food. Thanks to this, indeed, they survived the war (Herscheleh from Grajec went back to Grajec after the war, and took up residence in his house. After a few weeks, the Poles murdered him).

The Jewish Settlement in Grajec

Between Grajec and Szczebrzeszyn (a distance of ten kilometers from our *shtetl*) in the middle of the way, is the well-to-do village of Grajec According to polish descriptions, this was a large village, divided into three parts: the first part, from the Frampol side – Zastawia; the second part, with a straight line Zagrabria, and the thirist part – Starowiec. In the middle of the village, between the first and other parts, was a little river. The village lay on a straight strip of land which faces Szczebrzeszyn to the east, bounded by a chain of mountains and heavily overgrown with trees. There are empty parcels of land on the mountains as well, which are tended by the peasants of the vicinity. Because the soil is rich, the peasants are indeed rich, and well-situated. But for this reason, the roads into the village were not paved – muddy and sandy. After a rain, it was impossible to drive through. The wheels sunk into the rich, clay-like soil.

About ten Jewish families lived in this village, residents of long-standing. A number of them were also engaged in working the land.

The three brothers: Eliyahu, Yankl and Abraham Mett and his brother-in-law ‘Short Eliyahu’ – all lived in a yards, which they inherited from their parents and great-grandparents (who were engaged in working the earth). Each of them had their own Marg of earth, a house of their own, part of the forest, a vegetable garden and an orchard.

The hillock on which the Jewish families lived, was as if ‘squeezed in’ between two old walls.’ The place therefore gave the impression of being a medieval fortress. Jewish life prospered there before the war. Jewish peasants and their children were good, and friendly to guests to people passing

through. Jews know that here one could get a kosher bit of cheese and butter, and will be taken up heartily, and if it was necessary lodge for the night.

Grajec therefore was taken to be a Jewish settlement (even if it was small), with its own *Bet HaMedrash* and *Mikva*. On the second side of the village, Zagreblia, several tens of Jewish families lived—shoemakers, tailors, handlers and also peasants. The local Jewish youth was organizationally and politically connected with Frampol and Szczebrzeszyn.

I had to be there more than just once, driving by on the way to Zamość. The greater part of the young people left the village over time, going to the *shtetl*, or cities further on – and remained there.

This is the way a small Jewish settlement lived—until the outbreak of The Second World War. After the Polish army was beaten, a few youths, like their Polish neighbors, sequestered weapons. After the outbreak of the German-Russian War, many Russian prisoners fled from the German camps. A few of them reached the forests of Grajec. This proved to be an ideal place for them to hide from the Germans. The local Polish populace had a hostile attitude towards the (German) occupiers. The Russian refugees found friends among the Jews and Christians.

Yankl and Yekhezkiel Mett and Mendl developed friendships with many of these Russian soldiers who had fled, helping them with food and gave to them material taken from their hidden weaponry.

Along with this, the first foundation was laid for a partisan group in the vicinity.

At the start, this small group only had one rifle and staves. With the passage of time, this group broadened out, and was comprised of twelve men and four rifles.

In the Forest

At the end of 1942, when they (the Germans) began to liquidate the Jews of the surrounding towns, many Jewish families fled the *aktionen* and sought hiding places in the vicinity. In the large part, the surrounding Poles uncovered them and had them murdered. Several young people who were in contact with the partisan group, committed themselves to tear out of their present surroundings, come to the forest, and join the partisan group. The group took in Gershon ‘Warszawiak,’ Reizl Berger, Itta Herring, and a few from Grajec: Yitzhak Mett, Dvora Zimmerman, her two daughters: Kreindl and Rivka, Goldberger, Joseph Kopp, Yankl Dym (father of Michael Dym) and a woman and her daughter named Mett, also from Grajec.

The forest objective of the group was to make food and water for themselves. This had to be done very carefully, It was especially difficult with water. In the mountains, it was not to be found. It was necessary to get close to the village. It was possible to do this at night. Every night, a group of 6–8 men slithered over to the village, always at a different place and brought back two pails of water. It was necessary to procure food from the wealthy peasants, or those who worked alongside the Germans. Part of the time – also from the landholders.

It was done in this way: we went into the peasants at night, with weapons in our hands and took everything, that could be found under the hand: bread, butter, fruit, clothing, and even cattle or pigs which were slaughtered on the spot and take the meat away on our backs. When we managed to confiscate a wagon, we loaded all this material in it. In general, our partisan group could to participate in many actions of battle. Added to this, the local populace hated the Russians, and on top of this – the Jewish partisans.

It was sufficient for one peasant to notice us, and immediately, in several hours later, hundreds of peasants would appear with German military people.

A rigorous regulation and thorough orders were used to regulate the life of the *otryad*:

Every newcomer to the group was probed by the commandant in depth:

If the newcomer had recently escaped from imprisonment, he was even more intensely questioned, since the Germans would release soldiers captured in battle, so they could join the partisan groups, in order to disclose them. Even after the interrogation, the newcomer was kept under strict observation, excepting a newly arrived Jew who knew the vicinity well, and was trusted more:

Simultaneously, it was forbidden to leave the group without the knowledge of the commandant.

We dared not remain in any place for more than two or three days. Before the place was abandoned, all revealing traces of our presence had to have been wiped out, and also not all the partisans had to know what was being done by the leadership and know the plans, because if someone falls into the enemy's hands, he should not have any sign to give out in the event of torture.

If it happens that by coincidence in going through the forest, we encounter an individual, and we do not know exactly who this person is, and where he is coming from, we must leave the current location.

When we go off to procure food, the operatives are divided into three parts. One group is designated to stand guard, the second – to enter a premises and take whatever is possible to take, the third – needs to look after transportation, including horses, and cattle for meat.

Those who went out for such 'work' needed to shave and dress nicely, because the Germans would search the various ways the partisans dressed and looked. According to dress, the Germans knew whether the partisans were coming from the forest or the village.

There was a special problem in selecting a suitable place for a temporary stop. It had to have a difficult means to approach it, and an escape method – to withdraw to, in the event of a danger. It was forbidden to light a fire at night, and cooking had to be done with dry wood, so it should not emit an odorous smoke.

There was also an objective to maintain contact with the outside world. At the beginning, there were no such contacts, which increased to difficulty of maintaining ourselves in the forest.

If such a contact was indeed established – every night, or once every other night, we sent out a person to give and take information from other partisan groups. Because of this, the liaisons were not permitted to know too many details about the status of the group, and its location where it may be found.

The Partisan Movement Grows

At the beginning of 1942 our group consisted of Russians captured in battle, Poles and the Jews, Mendl Mett and his brother. When in the same year, the liquidation of the Jews in the surrounding towns was implemented, the group grew by the addition of many Jews, until about thirty. By this time, we had hand grenades, three machine guns and everyone of us had a pistol.

Most of the Poles from our group belonged to the criminal, law-breaking element. The head of the Poles was the familiar comrade Spuzhak, from a village not far from Szczepieszyn. They were in fact, prosperous peasants, but rather wanted to live off of cheese and plunder. They proposed this approach to their partisan group. The troubles that they wreaked on the local populace made the work of our group much harder, because our principal work was diverse against the occupation troops.

When the general partisan movement began to get organized in the vicinity, these lovely folk were put under a strict discipline, which also motivated them to liquidate themselves as a group. It happened quite by a good fortune. On a certain night they went to a specific village, got drunk and went to sleep in a barn. In the meantime, a German patrol became aware of this – and a whole military division surrounded the village. The barn was set on fire, and everyone was burned alive. Only two managed to save themselves, but being heavily wounded.

At the beginning of 1943, we became aware that in the vicinity of Pinsk, a strong Soviet partisan army was operating, which held sway over a large stretch of villages. Because of this, a number of alternatives were put forward: we have to undertake a distant ride, in order to reach the big partisan army, and join forces with them; or to propose this work be done on the spot. Eighteen former Russian prisoners decided to leave our partisan group and go on the way to Pinsk. This group was headed by a Soviet Major Mikolai⁶⁰. He was a good man by nature, and very well-educated. He took the machine guns with him. They promised Mendl and Yankl that as soon as they will reach the Pinsk partisan region, they will send special men, and help everyone to come over to that vicinity.

As it happens, at the same time, in our vicinity the partisan group in our vicinity started to increase in size at our location. The following *otryad* units were active in our area:

1. The N. S. Z. – A fascist organization which has occupied itself with murdering Russians and Jews.

⁶⁰ This may be a misspelling of Nikolai, which appears in several places.

They were in tight connection with the German occupation authorities, and helped it exterminate those Jews who had been saved. They even received weaponry from the Germans, and if a member of the N.S.Z. was wounded – he was treated in a German hospital.

2. A. K. (*Armia Krajowa*) was thrown under the Polish emigration authority, that was situated in London. They also pursued Jews and Russians. One needed to be very aware of their activities.

3. The third partisan group consisted of peasant battalions (B. Kh. – *Battalioni Khlopskia*). It depended on whatever the head of the group decided it to be. With them, Jews were dealt with as did other enemies of Israel,

4. The fourth partisan group consisted of the *Guardia Ludowa* (the people's guards), which was under the influence of the P. P. R. (The Polish Workers Party). In their ranks was the best place for Jews. Here, one found Poles, Russians and Jews.

The plight of the leftists, so-called progressive groups, about half of the partisan movement, deteriorated in the years 1942-1943. The more rightist organizations challenged themselves to fight the parties that had leftist-leaning partisan groups. The rightist element had a strong influence on the populace. They found adherents in every village and *shtetl*. This made their *aktionen* easier military front, and by getting food for themselves. Often, the animosity of the local populace towards the leftist groups was so large, it was impossible to get food from any village.

This situation compelled many Russian partisans in the leftist groups to abandon them and smuggle themselves over to the other side of the Bug River, where the relationship of the populace was more friendly.

It was easy to hide one's self in the vicinity of Grajec. The mountains and the forests gave the partisans the necessary protection. But it was difficult to obtain water. Apart from this, these villages were controlled by the N.S.Z.

The second location where partisans concentrated themselves was in the Loder forest between Frampol– Goraj and Turobin, not far from the village of Khoszyna. There, the water problem was not so acute. By contrast, there was difficulty in procuring food. In order to generate it, one had to traverse large distances. The villages there were far from one another, and the vicinity – strongly guarded. By contrast, the third place where would station ourselves, it was more comfortable (the Liszec forest, between Szczebbrzeszyn and Turobin).

In the village of Khoszyna we had to withstand tribulations from the forest guard, who consistently pursued us. The end was, that we liquidated him, especially because of his final informing on us. At his call, Germans came and surrounded us. We fought with them for a whole day. When it got dark. We drew back. During the battle, we lost our two of comrades. The Germans also had losses.

After carrying out the death-sentence on the peasant (he was shot with his own pistol, which we had taken away from him) – we breathed more easily.

Our group consisted of three Russians (Ivan, Mikolai and Emelyan), a few Poles (Jozef Szpana, Marczinek, Mariasz, and Bogusz) and two others, whose names I do not remember. The remainder – were Jews: Yankl Mett, Michael, his father Yankl wit their daughter Rivka Dym, Yitzhak Met, Goldgruber, Itta Herring, Reizl Berger, Gershon Warszawiak, Joseph Kopp, Dvora, Kreindl and Rivka Zimmerman.

We found ourselves in the very center of the forest. We had a suspicion that the local peasantry wanted to exact revenge for the death sentence (we had carried out). And this is exactly what happened. Several days after we had left the group on the other side of the Bug river, several hundred peasants fell upon us together with a party from the A.K. and in the fighting, we lost Yankl Dym and Kreindl Zimmerman, the companion of Yankl Met.

We were forced to draw back. In this time, a messenger came from the Josephov forests and brought a message that on the other side of the Bug River that there is a group of twelve men, who were there to take us in. Our joy was boundless. It was precisely at that moment that I arrived at the partisan group, just as it was preparing to go over to the Josephov forests, at the behest of that local leadership.

On Our Way to the Josephov Forests

Between Bilgoraj, Josephov, Zwieczhniec Krasnobrod and Frampol, there is a large expanse of forest, of about fifty square kilometers in size. Since the beginning of the war, that was a place where a large partisan group of Russians, Jews and Poles had been organized. This group had great operational possibilities, because the forest – was an embracing one. The group generation large losses among the Germans, who, at one time, had set fire to the forest, but had minimal impact on preventing the partisans from carrying out their operations.

The group had a lot of weaponry, good leadership and remained in constant contact with Moscow, from which they received instructions.

At the beginning of 1943, the *otryad* had grown into a stronger division, fully armed and commanders that had traveled in.

In the summer of 1943, this group sent out messengers to all the forests to search and find smaller partisan groups, and to join them into the army This was a most correct initiative, because at that time, the existence of the smaller partisan groups became increasingly more difficult and endangered. Because of the weak possibilities of improvisation, shortage of ammunition, as well as the pursuits by the Poles right-wing elements.

On that same day, when I joined that group, 28 comrades arrived from Josephov, among whom there were also 12 messengers from the other side of the Bug River. These comrades stayed with us for the day, in order to enable all of us together to go on our way on the second night.

We were divided into several groups. At the front six men went forward. Of these six, two went first, and behind then – several tens of meters – an additional two, and a little further – the last two with a number of heads of cattle, which had been ‘readied’ the night before to go with us.

At about eleven o’clock at night, we came to the village of Zhurawnieca. We had to go through it, and cross the road. At that moment, rockets lit up the sky. Immediately we heard heavy gunfire over our heads. We fell to the ground. We lay there for a period of time, quietly and not moving. My comrade, the Pole Bogusz, more experienced in battle than myself – gives an order quietly: crawl on your bellies in the direction of the fields. We move ourselves this way for a kilometer. Again, gunfire is opened on us. We decided to go back to the forest, from which we left last night.

During the march, Bogusz began to act in a strict way, and wanted to take away my weaponry. A thought, that he wanted to get me off the way and later say that I was killed during the gunfire near the village. I began to stay away from him on our ride back, saying that my foot hurts – and in the end, went off in a completely different direction.

Now, on the second day, at about eleven o’clock, I arrived at the place from which we had left last night. There I encountered the entire group, and learned that after they had heard the gunfire, they understood that this was the act of Germans. In fact these were Poles that were firing, adherents of the N.S.Z., and they were certain that we had been killed. Bogusz however, did not return. He was probably afraid that I will tell what it was he wanted to do with me.

At a consultation of our commanders, it was decided to exact revenge on the village of Zhurawnieca. In that same night, we (meaning) a group of forty men, with three machine guns and automatic weapons approached the village, and surrounded it on all sides. A patrol was sent out onto the road, in the case the Germans became aware of this sortie. A group went into the village, and first dragged out everything that we could. After this, we drew near to a couple of houses, from which we had been shot at, surrounded them, and lit fires around them on all sides. After this sortie – on requisitioned horses and wagons we set off to the Josephov forests and the leadership there.

There we were told – the Russians separately, and the Jews with the Poles separately. Our division had the name of Kosciuszko. The leader was Captain Grzegorz – an old peasant, and a member of the Polish communist party. He was a liberal man with a lot of combat experience. He was also a member of the highest level of the P.P.R. (The Polish Workers Party), and a co-editor of the illegal party newspaper. He comported himself plainly, and was courteous in relating to us, making no distinction between one or the other. He too an interest in all of us – even in personal interactions.

The leadership did not permit us to accompany these messenger from the other side of the Bug River. An exception was made for Itta Herring, who did go away with the messengers.

Towards nightfall, we were all made soldiers. A strong military discipline was put in place. Also, our food got worse than it had been previously, when we found ourselves in the fields of Grajec.

After several days, an order came to get ready to move out, together with a large division of 400 men. It was discussed that we were going – in the direction of the Carpathian (mountains). We did not understand the reason for this. It was only a year later, that we became aware that we had to come to support the Kovpak division, which conducted continuous battle with the Germans.

Before nightfall, we set out on foot along the way. We had horses and wagons, but only to transfer necessary material and provisions.

Before dawn, we came to a forest, no far from the *shtetl* of Kreszow, beside the San River. We stayed there for a day and again before nightfall – again resumed our travels. We needed to negotiate the San River in our clothing, holding our weaponry above our heads. We could not bring the wagons over. They remained on the shore, and we – practically without provisions.

This is how we wandered along at night, and rested during the day. Every march – not less than 40 kilometers. The Germans began to spy on us and track us. We went in the direction of Stalowa Wolya, where there were many military factories, built by the Polish government. There was also a military airfield there. The Germans thought that our objective was to destroy the military facilities, and therefore concentrated a large military force in that vicinity. We were compelled to enter into combat. Our group was counted as having small units, set out in a variety of places, from my division, which numbered twelve fighters, a Jew was the first casualty – I do not remember his name. Later on two more fell, and three were wounded. There were also no lack of victims on the German side as a result of our counter-attacks.

We concentrated in one spot and decided to break through the blockade. Our weaponry consisted of 60 machine guns, over 100 light automatic, and a lot of rifles. We came to the road connecting Sokolov-Rysza and sat down by the edge of the forest. Suddenly, we hear the arrival of an autobus filled with German soldiers. We opened a hasty fire. All of the shooting lasted for two minutes. When I was practically the first one to reach the auto(bus), a frightful picture revealed itself to me: in the bullet-riddled vehicle, there were more than forty soldiers and officers that lay shot. A few still breathed. For the first time in my life I used my foot to squeeze a wounded German. I could not eat for a few days afterwards. Later, I got used to this...

We took the ammunition out of the autobus, several cases of grenades, and other necessities. I took a bottle of water from there (as it turned out, it was whiskey), in order to raise the level of lust for battle among the Germans.

The robbed ammunition was a salvation for us.

We set out on the road again, putting about a 29 kilometer distance from there, to wipe out any traces of our presence. The following morning the Germans looked for us, but did not reveal where we

were. We spent the whole day without food and potable water. It was not permitted to leave the forest, or not get near a village. At nightfall, we were given the results of yesterday's battles. We had 8 killed and a few wounded. By contrast, the Germans lost 270 apart from the wounded.

All of Poland came to know of this battle. The underground newspapers gave this lengthy coverage. It happened that we were able to conduct battle under better conditions than the Germans. Because of the thick trees and bushes we could camouflage ourselves well, get closer to the Germans and afterwards achieve our goals.

Back on the Old Base

After a consultation, the leadership decided that we will not be able to break through the German blockade and reach the Carpathian mountains. We therefore, have to stay in Poland, go back to the Josephov forests. It appears that this conclusion was endorsed by Moscow.

We began our return march in a very bad condition and state of mind. We were without food and water. It is true that we got food in every village, but this was a poverty-stricken area. This is the way we proceeded until we reached the forests of Janow. There, we rested for an entire day. At nightfall, we resumed our journey. Coming to the edge of the forest – a division of Germans was coming at us from the opposite directions. Not waiting for them to attack us, we opened an intensive gunfire. They quickly fled, leaving several killed and four autos. In one of the vehicles we found a radio station. We burned the autos, took away the radio station and a bit of ammunition.

In the evening, we resumed our march and arrived as far as Bykhovo where we rested for an entire day. We were not far from the main road, and we observed the moving of autos with military. Our leadership, however, did not want to engage in combat, because we were short on ammunition.

The group from Grajec had decided that when we get close to our previous location, we need to start anew and build up a small partisan group, so that we are not exposed to German attacks. This, however, was hard to realize. Our marches also decided to deploy a rear guard, which watched carefully over us, so that nobody should not be separated from our group. If such a person should be uncovered, he was tried before a military court for desertion.

We divided ourselves into groups of two or three men in order to rendez-vous in the forests that were familiar to us. And this is what we actually did.

Nearing Ruda Sokolowski, I left the group with one other comrade and spent the day in the Ruda forest. At night we entered the village of Smaryn and 'provisioned' ourselves in the '*spuldzielnia*' with sugar and cigarettes. The peasants asked us if we were coming from the known battle near Stalowa-Wolya? Hearing a positive answer, in a friendly manner, they let us in. We got everything from them, that we asked for. The knowledge of that battle had a strong echo from the partisans and not only one fighting group signed up for the battle of Stalowa-Wolya. Wherever we came, we were well-received.

Two Jews from Lemberg also came with us, who had been in the staff divisions for a long time. Life there did not appeal to them, because of the open and clandestine anti-Semitism. One of them, a lawyer from Lemberg told me that Dr. Fliskin was in the Lemberg ghetto, from which he had a chance to flee. What happened to him – he did not know.

From Staryn we went off to the center of the forest and waited at the agreed point for the other comrades. In a week's time we all got together. Many (dead!) were left in the Josephov forest. Among them: Dvora Zimmerman, the mother of Rivka and Kreindl, who was killed during the German bombardment.

What else should we do? We want to ford the Bug River, because sitting here longer – is not a solution. It is already September. We are getting worse on food. The right-leaning partisan groups keep on trailing us. They want to exterminate us. We decided to cross the Bug River by ourselves. Ivan took on the responsibility to lead us there. He knew the vicinity well. Meanwhile another Russian prisoner-of-war came to us – an escapee from a camp. His name was also Ivan. We called him 'small Ivan' because the first one was tall. We decided to go over to the forest at Liszica, in order to cross the Bug River from there. First, we provisioned ourselves with food. Coming into the forest at Liszica, we immediately felt that another partisan group was in that location. We took all of the careful measures needed. During the day Nikolai went off to the village to get whiskey. We were all dressed like peasants.

On the way back, he spotted two men between the trees in the forest. He ordered them to stand still. They did not obey. He opened gunfire. The others responded with gunfire. From the distance, we heard the shots and thought that this was an attack against us. Despite this, with care, we got close to the place of the gunfire and from a distance, we saw Nikolai and two others. Suddenly, we hear single shots not far from us. Ivan recognized them to be two Russian prisoners-of-war (Ivan and little Nikolai), who were all together some time ago. (Those had separated themselves and went to the village to hide). We gladdened ourselves. They told that they are in the forest with a small group of Jews. As they related later, they too detected that we were in the forest and decided to investigate who we were. Meeting with Nikolai cleared this matter up.

They led us way, not far from their group, where I encountered my friend Mottl, a son of Berisz-Elyasz from Frampol. We were very elated. It was a rare that two people from the same *shtetl* would meet at such conditions that were extraordinary.

In this group, we also found: Michael Maness of Bykhovo (a village not far from Bilgoraj) and Joseph Fulk (born in Podljaszi), a village near Turobin. He lived in Janow-Lubelski. There we also encountered Nota, Avigdor, Chaya-Bracha, and Feiga, all from Goraj.

The Russians would often stay with the local peasants. From time-to-time they would carry out certain sorties together with the Jews. From the robbed food and other necessities, they would take their portion and go back into the village. They sustained themselves this way for a long time in the village, and also carried out sorties against the Germans.

We united both groups. Crossing the Bug River was postponed for several days, until everyone together had together agreed to cross the Bug River together. Those who remained in place were: Nota, Avigdor, Shmuel, Nikolai, Alec, Feiga and Chaya-Bracha. They did not want to go along with us. The way was past Szczebrzeszyn, over Chelm. We wandered over forests, fields and a variety of byways. During the day, we usually waited in the forests and at night we resumed the march. It was not only once that we stopped at a little forest because of exhaustion, when there were many German military in the vicinity.

One time, after a night march, we happened to come out in the middle of the day to stay on a fight. We began to look around, and we saw, that quite close to us, there was a German military camp.

We wandered this way for about twelve days, until we reached the Bug River. Here we were also stopped by a new problem and danger: where does one find a cooperative person? One could cross the Bug River only there, where it is not too deep. And it was only the local peasants who know of such a location.

After long, difficult and complicated searching, we found the peasant that is involved with transferring people to the other side. He clarified that the river was now full, and the usual shallower places were . As a result, he advised that the crossing be put off for several days, until the level of the water drops.

We looked for several days, especially at night, researched and to our disappointment, the water not only didn't drop – but rose further.

In the meantime, *Yom Kippur* came along. The group had ten Jews. We decided to fast that day, and arrange for a memorial day in honor of our fallen and murdered parents and near ones.

We spent ten day by the bug river and could not move from where we were. The nights were getting colder. The core of sitting in one place did not provide any assurances, and as laden with danger.

After lengthy discussions, we decided to go back to our previous base in the forest. It is easier to wait there until it will become possible to cross the river. The trip back took less than two weeks. Coming to the region of Turobin and Szczebrzeszyn, that first we have to provide ourselves with food.

There is a large parcel of land in that vicinity. The owner of that parcel was arrested by the Germans and replaced him with a *volksdeutsche*. We fell upon the farm and took away sheep, swine, flour whiskey, onions and other products. Everything was placed upon two wagons (also taken from the farm) and left the place. Having enough food for several weeks, we arrived with no trouble at our previous base. Those that originally did not want to come with us, now joined us.

In the Forest Bunker

The winter set itself down with frosts and snowstorms. It will not let the winter go by under a free sky. We therefore decided to go over to the forest of Lado, dig out bunkers there and settle down there for the winter. We selected four strategic places there, one not far from the next, in the event of a danger, have the capacity to resist and hold out. The fighters were divided into separate groups. Each had his own battle objective. This time, the Jews were mixed in with the Russians and Poles. Two women were assigned to each bunker.

It didn't take long, and the bunkers were completed. We camouflaged ourselves well there. Each bunker was two meters high, with a special corner for a kitchen, where one could find vessels and the necessary food. It was warm on the inside. In contrast, from a security standpoint it was worse. Because of the ongoing danger of being uncovered, we had to take on all of the relevant cautionary steps, not to light any lights, as far as possible, watch ourselves not to allow smoke to escape from the hot kitchens. And outside – wipe out every trace of human footprints. And in addition, it is winter. There is snow. The snow is revealing..

As an example, we would bring a cow along. But it was necessary to erase the marks of her feet. For this purpose, a small tree with many branches was tied to the rear of the animal. In going forward, the small tree wiped out all traces and tracks up to the bunker. This was also done, altered, and matched, to the new winter quarters.

Every bunker was provisioned with enough food and other necessities in order not to have to go back and forth from one bunker to another.

We took food from three locations: from Grajec, Yevrimov and Radica. At each yard we found a mill. And so, we would provision ourselves with flour.

Once while returning from the yard at Yevrimov with several cows, several of us went into the nearby mill and wanted to take flour. The miller was against this. We knew that he is connected to the A.K., and this flour was not given out without an order from the A.K. leadership. We took him along with the confiscated flour (we had an old score to settle with him) – and leading him off a little way, we read a death-sentence to him and immediately shot him. We found a large pistol on him that we took away. We left what money he had with him.

On January 1, 1944 and evening dedicated to St. Sylvester took place in the yard at Radica. Many *volksdeutsche* came traveling there from the surrounding land parcels. We came up close to the yard, surrounded it, so that no one could get away. Six of us went inside the lit up hall, where an orchestra was playing dance music and ordered everyone to turn around and go stand against the wall, we frisked everyone and order them to take off their outer clothing leaving them in their underwear. We took away the shoes and clothing, also the watches and jewelry. At the same time, other partisans took food out into the yard from the storage areas and the living inventory. At an order from us, we set the detained people free. We left that place peacefully.

This was an auspicious bit of work. Many underground newspapers wrote about this. Our sortie left a major impression on the whole vicinity.

In the course of several winter months, we were able to assault and empty out Consume-Cooperatives (*spuldzelnias*) which were found under the oversight of the Germans. Apart from the utility that the food gave us, it was also an act of diversion against the occupying authority and a warning to the peasants that worked alongside the Germans.

We had our own people in many villages, who were in constant contact with us. From them we also got exact news about everything that took place in the vicinity.

Our first liaisons were the members of the group, Alec and Nikolai, who were in the village and knew everyone. As already cited, they would, from time-to-time come along with us for certain sorties. From our side, we supported and protected them to the extent we could.

There was another informer – Janek Marecki. A very liberal Christian, everything he did – was not for money. We would meet with him at an agreed spot or come to his home.

We also had an informer in the Yevrimov colony. This was a peasant, who lived on the open field, all alone with his family, without neighbors, and his relationship with us was very comfortable. For a piece of swine meat, or other stuff that he needed very much – he brought us important information from the village and the surrounding vicinity.

We also had liaisons in the area of Turobin and Grajec.

A special concern of ours was created by Herscheleh Altman and Israel Rotman. Herscheleh was a man over sixty years of age. The four children – Fishl and Yankl Karp, Israel Rotman of Frampol, Israel and his brother David – resided in the forests of Grajec, and hid themselves there. Often, we provided them with food. Also, we kept a watch, to assure that the peasants do not do anything wrong to them.

We also did not forget, according to our capability, to take an interest with the Jews that were hidden with various peasants. Along with this, we maintained contact with additional Jews in the bunkers, that we knew of.

It is understood, that we could not leave the bunker all the time. We did this only with permission from our commandant.

We can say that we did not suffer any hunger in the bunker. But because of this, we were bitten by the lice. It didn't help to change and often wash the underwear. The lice ate us up alive. Nevertheless the state of our health was sufficient enough.

What helped a lot here was the strong drink, without which we would not touch the food.

It was hard to deal with the sick in those accursed conditions. If, in a larger partisan group there was minimal medicinal help – we had nothing. Reizl Berger in our group occupied herself with medical help. (Apart from pieces of bandage, we had nothing). One healed one's self 'by one's self.' Nature also healed us with its unnatural and exceptional way.

In Kowpak's Division

In the last months, there were rumors about the proximity of Soviet soldiers. Our liaisons who were in contact with our partisan division also bring this news continuously, and were bringing steady news that in a few places, they saw soldiers and non-soldiers in the uniform of the Red Army. Even though these reports contradicted that which we heard on the radio and read in our underground press about the fronts, deep in Russia – despite the fact that the Russians had overrun in battle, they will, at this pace, come to us no earlier than the summer of 1944. Meanwhile, in January 1944, the peasants repeat their stubborn disbelief at this news. No different they abandon the Ukrainian units, that serve the Germans and are dressed like the Soviets – of the regular Soviet Army. It is also possible that these are Ukrainian bandits, that fight against the Russians and separately – against the Soviet partisans. But we, in the forest, are not so hopeful and optimistic regarding the closer help and rescue.

Our situation gets worse from day-to-day. The tough winter, the minimal amount of food, and our inadequate weaponry do not create a feeling of certainty, especially since the Germans are still active in this vicinity in searching for partisans. We are thinking seriously of leaving this place, to try and find another way out. It was for this reason that we gladly took up the idea that a delegation of three officers from a large partisan division in the forests of Janow wants to meet with us. They got the contact through the P.P.R. organization in the village. They come to us with a very practical and captivating proposal: that we should join them and in this manner, transform two small divisions into a large partisan *otryad*. After more extensive discussion, we decide to send two of our representatives to their camp, so that they can, on the spot, orient themselves about the condition there and bring their opinion back about the unification. As delegates, we name Yankl Mett and a Pole.

To tell the truth, Yankl Mett, one of our best partisans and a good friend, presented himself for this mission. Between him and Jozef Szpugai, two good friends, 'a cat ran through'. Because of their anger and enmity our entire camp was ruled by a heavy atmosphere. Yankl Mett and our partisans thought that if Yankl goes off on a mission of several weeks, the sides in the meantime will quiet down, forget the conflict and peace will reign again. We part heartily with these two. This was the last time that we saw the dear Yankl Mett. Several weeks later, he fell heroically in a heavy battle with the Germans in the forests of Leszansk.

At this opportunity – (let me say) a few words about the fallen hero.

I knew Yankl before the war, as a boy. He was born and grew up in the village of Grajec, to parents who engaged in agriculture for their whole lives with a little bit of selling. He studied in the Polish

'powczenie' school , but his parents retained a special *Melamed* for *Yiddishkeit*. After finishing school, he would often come to Frampol, where I met him in the house of Chana-Ethel Blumer. This was a handsome boy, raised well, with inborn intelligence. When I encountered him in the forest, during the war years, he was already 20 years old, tall, and well-developed physically. But he did not have only outer virtues. He was prepared to sacrifice himself for anyone, carry help and necessities, especially for a Jew. Despite being raised among Christians he had an unusual Jewish heart, and would risk his life when he had to rescue a Jew from danger. Poles in our unit also thought very well of him, he was full of life, pride, skilled in battle and battle-ready at any time. I cannot forget the persona of this partisan. May his memory be for a blessing!

In February 1944 we again received rumors that on the way into the Sarny vicinity, divisions of the regular Soviet Army were spotted. Knowing that all sorts of rumors get spread around during wartime, we related skeptically to the news. Suddenly – a sensation: near Tarnograd, not far from us, armed men were seen with the insignias of the Red Army, but at the same time – also German insignias. Who are these secret fighters? Are they our rescuers and helpers – or are they traitors and killers?

It did not take a long time, and the rescue became clear: the well-known partisan division, that has the name of its legendary and heroic leader – General Kowpak – is already found in our vicinity. The five thousand fighters are carrying on an unending battle with the Germans, throwing themselves over from one place to another and attacking the enemy, following the maxim: 'deliver and flee.'

At this time our partisans asked to join the Kowpaks. A gathering accepted this proposal, but now, just at the return of the two emissaries, who had gone off to negotiate with a Polish partisan *otryad*. Nevertheless, there were a few fighters that were against joining with the Kowpak division – and they later did not go along, and a number decided to hide out with peasants.

The experiences, battle sorties and relocations emanating from the Kowpak division after liberating Poland from Hitlerist occupation – is a whole separate chapter unto itself, which would take up a lot of space to write down. Apart from this, much had been written about this heroic division – and in many languages...



A group of 14 Jews together with the Pole Jozef Szpugai with whom we fought back in the Grajec forest, went to the headquarters of the victorious division and declared our desire to travel to Lublin, because we are Polish citizens. We were given a written pass for 15 people. The Pole explicitly declared that he will go wherever we go. We also got a train ticket as far as Lublin and a letter to all military units to help us with all our needs. Each partisan also received a piece of paper where all his battles, earnings and exceptional acts were documented.

After a 24 hour ride, we arrived at Chelm. We encountered a Jewish community there, spent the night in the city and afterwards set out for Lublin. In the office of the Jewish committee we began to look through the lists of the rescued Jews – and stopped at the name of Velvusz Finkelstein at

Lubartowski 30. Michael and I ran there immediately. The happiness at this meeting was great. Reizl Aszenberg was also found in Lublin. But we did not have a place where to lodge for the night. By chance, we encounter a young man from Bykhowo in the street, named Abraham, who knew me from Frampol and Bykhowo. We stay at his place on the attic of his *shtibl* for several days, and later on, we decided to travel towards Frampol, to see what is left of the *shtetl*.

With the help of the Soviet authorities which was in control of the shtetl, we arrested about 35 Poles who took part in informing on and murdering the local Jews. We worked at a military division for a certain amount of time, and helped Jews to recover their belongings, or leave Poland on the way to Israel.

In the year 1946 I also left Poland and in the year 1948 I reached the shores of the Jewish Land.

The List of the Martyrs; Necrologies

ד .
רשימה פון די קדושים ;
נעקראלאגן

ד .
רשימת הקדושים ;
נקרולאוגים

The List of those Killed; The Martyrs of Frampol⁶¹

**It is for these that we weep,
Together with all the martyrs of Israel,
Who fell in *Sanctification of The Name*
At the hands of the Murdering Germans
And those who helped them in this atrocity.**

The Complete List of the Martyrs Begins On

Page 221 - 222

⁶¹

This was compiled from memory, at several meetings of the committee, 20 years after the extermination of Frampol Jewry. It is possible that specific names were forgotten, or by error, altered – for which we ask for your forgiveness

In everlasting Memory of our Beloved Mother
 בזמן הנצח נשמת אלהינו ליבנה מוטצ'י אמן פריי



CHANA HOCHMAN
 Born: March 10, 1909
 Died: July 3, 1963

זמרת וזמרים
 נשמת אלהינו מוטצ'י 1909
 נפטרתה ביום י"ג ט"ז

אין חולל הנשמת כבודנו ידך, שייחוד נשמת אמן פריי, ודין אידולקייט
 מדיינענעם און איבערלעבענדיקייט ווען אים און נאכזיני פארוואלט.

און ביינדיקן האבן און
 די קינדער עלקע פאלע-רייזל
 זינע און אברהם שולום
 און די אייניקלעך: חנה-על-שרה
 און חנה-רשמיאל
 און נאכזיניען ודיינען

In Everlasting Memory of Our Beloved
Mother
Chana Hochman זמרת האכמאן


Born: March 10, 1909
 Died: July 3, 1963

We will always remember you, dear mother and wife,
 Your refinement, loyalty, and commitment to the
 Home and Whole Family

Benjamin Hochman, Husband
El'keh, Maleh-Reizl, The Children
Abraham Sholom, Husband
 And the Grandchildren: **Hodl-Sarah & Hannan Raphael**

Los Angeles, New York

ל' חסיד
 ליובאוויטשי רבי, אהרן, השני ברוני ציבור
 אהרן השני, הלוחם באויסטן —



בריש (דוב) בלומר
 נרצח על ידי הקלסטס הנאצי בליל 1943

החברים בחברתנו פירוש

An Eternal Light

To Our Friend, precious among people
 Who engaged in the needs of the community

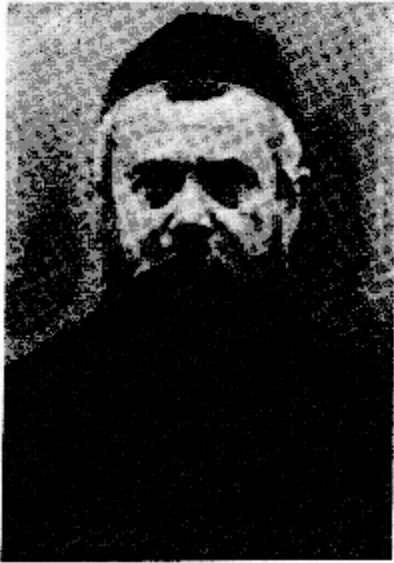
One of the Workers and Leaders of 'HeHalutz'
 In Frampol

Berisz (Dov) Blumer
בריש (דוב) בלומר

Murdered by the Nazi Hordes in the year 1943

From
 Your Friends of the Movement in Israel

יָבוֹר הוּא



אבִי חֵיקֵל הַרְמֹזֵר ר' אַבְרָהָם אֵלִיעֶזֶר בֶּן ר' שְׂמוּעַל
דוד לִיכְטֶנְפֶלְד
מוֹתוֹ אֶמְנֵן בֶּן ר' אַבְרָהָם אֵלִיעֶזֶר חֵיקֵל
אֲמוּנָה מְלִכָה
יְהִי זָכוֹר וְקָדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ!
מִשׁוּל לִיכְטֶנְפֶלְד / הַרְמֹזֵר

May the Lord Remember...

My dear father, Our Master, Rabbi & Teacher

R' Abraham Eliezer son of R' Menachem

אבִי חֵיקֵל הַרְמֹזֵר

ר' אַבְרָהָם אֵלִיעֶזֶר בֶּן ר' מְנַחֵם

David Lichtfeld

And

My Brother **Zalman**

son of **R' Abraham Eliezer** חֵיקֵל

My Sister **Malka**

May Their Memory Be For A Blessing!

יָבוֹר יְיָ אֵת נַשְׁמוֹת יְשֵׁרֵי וְהַלְלוֹת אֲבוֹתָי וְאִמּוֹתָי וְהַלְלוֹת נַשְׁמוֹת
וְהַדִּי דַּיָּקִים —

אֲבוֹתָי דְבֵי-יֵשׁוּ דִלְנַבּוּרְט
אֲמִי-מִרְחֵי צִרְעֵה-רוּחַ
הַשָּׂדֵם יוֹסֵף, צְבִי, עֲזַרְיָהוּ
הַמְּוֵתִי בְּלִדְהָ



מִשְׁבֹּחַ לַעֲלֵי יְהוֹנָתָן אֲבוֹתֵינוּ הַמְּוֵתִים
בְּנוֹסֵף לַעֲלֵי אֵת יִקְרָא שְׂמֵנוּ בְּפִנְיֵת הַשָּׁמַיִם
מִכְּלַח הַרְצֵבֵרְג-דִּינְבוּרְט / יִשְׂרָאֵל
מִשְׁוֹל וִינְבוּרְט וְהַמָּה שְׁלֵקֵי-דִינְבוּרְט / קַנָּדָה

Moshe Lichtfeld

Petakh Tikva

May The Lord Remember the Souls of the SIX MILLION of our brothers and sisters, among which are the Souls of my Beloved Parents –

Hou-Berisz Dinburt, my Father and Teacher

Czarna-Rachel my Mother and Teacher

Joseph, Zvi, Azriel, the Brothers

Golda, my Sister

Murdered by the German Beasts of Prey and Their Accomplices

**We will remember our beloveds for all eternity,
Who Were Exterminated in the Holocaust**

Malka Hertzberg-Dinburt

Israel

Mottl Dinburt & Chana Scharf-Dinburt

Canada



May God Remember the Souls of יזכור ה' את נשמות

My beloved Brother **D A V I D**
 Son of Abraham Eliezer הי"ד

אחי היקר **דוד**
 בן אברהם אליעזר הי"ד

And His Wife (**חיייה**)

And Her Sister **לאה**

Who were murdered by the filthy Nazis מ"ש
 May God Revenge Their Spilled Blood
 And May Their Memory Be for a Blessing

Moshe Lichtfeld
 Petakh Tikva

...and taken their blood, and have taken vengeance with contempt of soul, to destroy it for the old hatred...

(Ezekiel, 25)

To the eternal memory of the pure and sacred members of my dear family

My Father, **Haakou Hochrad**
 יעקב הוכראד

My Mother **Chana Pearl**
 חנה פרל

My Brothers & Sisters

Ephraim, Chaya, Ethel, Chaim Leib, Reizl'eh, Abba

אבנא רייז'לה זינים לייב עטיל זייה אפרים

Let their Memory be Bound Up in the Bond of the Life of The People

Moshe & Leah Hochrad
 Tel-Aviv

על שילת אבי נכח

אבי פיבל יארגמאן
אמי אסתר יברמן
אחייתי, מרים אלטמאן,
בת-שבע הויגמאן
חווה הויגמאן
משה ברוך אלטמאן
יסף הויגמאן
וכני משפחתם

בכחם חפרי בפינת ירושלים

It is for these that I weep

My Father **Feivel Jaegerman**

My Mother **Esther Jaegerman**

My Sisters: **Miriam Altman**

Bat-Sheva Honigman

Chava Honigman

Brothers-in Law: **Boruch Altman**

Joseph Honigman

And their Families

From their Daughter T A M A R in Israel


I Will Never Forget You –

My Dear Father **Yekhezkiel Hof ז"ל**

My Brother, The Partisan **Nathan Hof**
(Shot by the A.K. at the Age of 13. His Grave Can Be Found On the way Towards Sokolowka, where the water mill is):

My Brother **Meir;**
Our Friend **Jonah Feder & Family**

The Memory of All of You Will Always Be Etched In My Memory



אד וועל איך קיינמאל טיטס פארעסן –
מיין טייטשן פאטער יוזקעף הוף ז"ל
מיין ברודער דער שווייטשענער געזען הוף
(דערשטען געווען דורך דער א.ק. אין אלטער פון 13 יאר, אין סבי
העטענ זיך איינס חטף פון סאקאלוואקע ווען ער איז געווען די האטער
פילן.)
מיין ברודער מאיר;
אונזער פריינד יונה און סאמאליץ
אייער אלעמאס פארעם וועט מיך זיין אויפגעקומען אין מיין גלות.
ווערן ירושלים פאקטא (צוויי) / תרס"ג

Wladyslaw Sokha (Hof)



Warsaw

*To the Memory of My Dear Parents
Who Were Exterminated by the Accursed Nazis
And Their Polish Accomplices*

My Dear Father **Shmuel David** son of Yehoshua **Bryk**

My Dear Mother **Esther** of the **Brumberg** family

My Dear Brother **Yehoshua**

My Dear Brother **Arjeḥ**

לזכר חורי הקרים שנשחטו על ידי הנאצים והצ'רנים וחוזרים השלמים

אבי היקר שמואל דוד בן יהושע בריק
אמי היקרה אסתר מביית ברומברג
אחי היקר יהושע
אחי היקר אריה

יהי שרם בידך לעמך

מכתבם הגה בוקסנבוים-בריק,
בעלה וילדיהם / רמת-גן

Let Their Memory Be Eternally Blessed!

From Your Daughter
Chana Boxenbaum-Bryk, Her Husband & Their

Children
Ramat-Gan

To the Eternal Memory of
Our Dear Parents and Brothers

My Father **Yaakov** son of **Yehoshua Bryk**
My Mother **Chava** of the **Gochrad** Family
My Brother **Abraham**

Our hearts ache in recalling the cruel death they suffered along with Six Million of the Martyrs of Our People.

The Memory of Them Will Never Fade From Us!

Dvora Kislowicz-Bryk, your Daughter and Her Sister
Her Husband, **Aharon & Their Children**
Ramat-Gan

לזכרון נצח

הודי דיקלים משנה חיים הוכראד ואמי
אחתי טישת והדי אריה בריש
עשרה אמ דיקים על קידוש השם,



יוד והרה ברוך

אין טענהייקן וודייר נאך אמרשנים אייזיג און אמאן'שטלינג



טאטע'ס טאטע אשר-זעליג און מיכלע זיטמליך
זוועקסטור חלנה מיטן זון משה-אייזיק עלבוים און פיר קינדער
זוועקסטור עלקע מיטן זון יעקב אהרע'לעך און פיר
די זוועקסטור רייזל, הענדל און לאה

גור' וועלן זיין שוויגער געזעצטן

אייזיג זון און מרדכי ברויט' זיטמליך און פריד
מיט די קינדער און זוועקסטור און אהרע'לעך
טאטע'ס אהרע'לעך מיטן זון בילד און עטער
און יודאל

רבודת קיטלובי'דערקע

באבס זוועקסטור

באבס אהרן וילדויזעם / רבודת

To Eternal Memory

My Dear Parents **Moshe Chaim Hochrad** & My Mother

My Sister **Tisha** and Brother **Aryeh Berisz**

Who Gave Their Lives In *Sanctification of The Name*

May Their Memory Be Blessed!

Sarah Leah Peretz, and Her Family

In perpetual sorrow for Our Dear and Unforgettable Ones

Parents **Asher-Zelig & Mikhleh Zimlikh**

Sister **Chana** & Husband **Moshe-Isaac Elbaum** &
Four Children

Sister **Elkeh** & Husband **Yaakou Alterman** & Child

The Sisters **Reizl, Hendl & Leah**

We Will Always Remember You!

Your Son & Brother **Mordechai Zimlikh & Wife**
With the Children and Grandchildren in America
Daughter **Esther** & Husband **Bilu** & Children
In Israel



*To the Eternal Memory our Parents, Sisters,
Brothers-in-law and Children –*

Parents **Zindl & Pearl Frieling**

Sister & Brother-in-law: **Ruda & Sholom Zibner**

Their Children: **Chaim, Kaylah-Dvora, Moshe,
Itta-Leah & Itchek Meir Lieberbaum** with
their Son, **Zindl**

We Will Always Remember You!

Rachel Frieling-Goldblatt

Tzahala

Shlomo Frieling

Givatayim

Necrology

Translator's Note:

The order in which these names appear has been made to conform to English alphabetization, and therefore does not follow the same order as they appear in the original Yiddish text. To assist the interested reader, each entry has been given a serial number that corresponds to its place in the original Necrology in Yiddish, found on pp. 391-398.

This Necrology contains many instances of names that appear to be duplicates. However, without the intimate knowledge of this community, it would be presumptuous for an uninformed third party to suggest that such duplications constitute errors (see also the after word of the Editors at the end of the Necrology). Accordingly, special care has been taken to assure that all of the entries in the original document were carried over into the translated version. Additionally, special care was taken to preserve 'nicknames' or 'names of endearment,' that were used to help better identify individuals in that community. While such nomenclature may not serve future generations quite in the same way, it is undoubtedly a sacred obligation to assure that they are brought forward for posterity, as they were

used during their lifetimes.

Page	Column	Row	Last Name	First Name	Page	Column	Row	Last Name
			No Last Name Given		392	L	9	Blum
391	L	1	-	Itzik-Hersz	392	L	1	Blumer
			A		392	R	2	Blumer
391	R	2	Ackerman	Moshe	392	R	3	Blumer
391	R	3	Albaum	Yekhezkiel	392	R	4	Blumer
391	R	1	Albaum	Abraham	392	L	5	Brafman
391	R	2	Albaum	Chaim-Israel	393	L	6	Brafman
391	R	3	Albaum	Dan	392	L	7	Brafman
391	R	4	Albaum	Joseph-Hersz	392	R	8	Brazil
391	R	5	Albaum	Mordechai	392	R	9	Bronstein
391	R	6	Albaum	Yaakov	392	R	10	Bryk
391	R	7	Albaum	Yehoshua	392	R	11	Bryk
391	R	8	Albaum	Yekhezkiel	392	R	12	Bryk
391	R	9	Albirt	Elka Leah	392	R	13	Bryk
391	L	10	Almer	Israelik	392	R	14	Bryk
391	L	11	Altbaum	Dan	392	R	15	Bryk
391	L	12	Altbaum	Miriam	392	R	16	Bryk
391	L	13	Altbaum	Moshe-Isaac	392	R	17	Bryk
391	L	14	Altbaum	Wolf-Ber	392	R	18	Bryk
391	L	15	Alterman	Chana	392	R	19	Bryk
391	L	16	Alterman	Yankl	392	R	20	Bryk
391	L	17	Altman	Abrahame'leh	392	R	21	Bryk
391	L	18	Altman	Boruch	392	R	22	Bryk
391	L	19	Altman	David	Page	Column	Row	Last Name
391	L	20	Altman	Ephraim	392	R	23	Bryk
391	L	21	Altman	Mordechai	392	R	24	Bryk
391	R	22	Aszenberg	Abraham	392	R	25	Bryk
391	R	23	Aszenberg	Chaim-Israel	392	R	26	Bryk
391	R	24	Aszenberg	Eliyahu	392	R	27	Bryk
391	R	25	Aszenberg	Isaac	392	R	28	Bryk
391	R	26	Aszenberg	Kalman	392	R	29	Bryn
391	R	27	Aszenberg	Nahum				D
391	L	28	Aszenberg	Sarah	392	R	30	Damut
391	R	29	Aszenberg	Shlomo	393	R	31	Damut
Page	Column	Row	Last Name	First Name	393	R	32	Damut
391	R	30	Aszenberg	Simcha	393	R	33	Datum
391	L	1	Aszenberg	Zeinvill	393	R	34	Datum
			B		393	R	35	Dinburt
	R	1	Baum	Chana-Rivka	393	R	1	Dreszer
392	L	2	Bekher	Moshe	393	R	2	Dud
392	L	3	Bekher	Rekhl				E
392	R	4	Bendler	Jonah	393	L	5	Ehrter
392	R	5	Bendler	Joseph	396	L	4	Ehrter
392	R	6	Bendler	Rosa	396	L	5	Einstein
392	R	7	Besserman	Chaim	391	L	3	Elzohn
392	L	8	Blum	Pinchas				F
					396	R	4	Farber

397	R	5	Feder	Benzion	392	L	16	Guttmakhe
397	R	6	Feder	Chaya-Gittl				H
397	R	7	Feder	Nicha'leh	392	R	1	Harman
397	R	8	Feiga	Malyeh	394	R	2	Harman
397	L	9	Feller	Abraham	394	L	3	Harman
396	R	10	Fink	Yitzhak	393	R	3	Hauf
397	L	11	Finkelstein	Yaakov	395	L	4	Heifler
396	R	1	Fishbeindeggen	Shmuel	393	L	5	Heifler
397	R	2	Flag	Mekhl	393	L	6	Heifler
397	R	3	Flisswasser	Yehoshua	393	L	7	Heifler
397	R	4	Fodem	Hinde	393	R	8	Hochman
Page	Column	Row	Last Name	First Name	394	R	9	Hochman
397	R	5	Frapoler	Abba	394	R	10	Hochman
397	R	6	Frapoler	Joseph-Aharon	394	L	11	Hochrad
397	R	7	Frapoler	Pinchas	393	L	12	Hochrad
397	R	8	Frapoler	Ratz'eh	393	L	13	Hochrad
397	L	9	Frapoler	Yaakov	393	L	14	Hochrad
396	R	10	Frapoler	Yitzhak	393	L	15	Hochrad
397	R	11	Frapoler	Yoss'keh	393	L	16	Hochrad
397	R	12	Friedlander	Feiga-Miriam	393	R	17	Hochrad
397	L	13	Frieling	Gittl	394	L	18	Hochrad
396	L	14	Frieling	Israel'keh	393	L	19	Hochrad
396	L	15	Frieling	Mekhl	393	L	20	Hochrad
396	L	16	Frieling	Pearl	393	L	21	Hochrad
396	L	6	Frieling	Reizl	393	L	22	Hochrad
396	L	7	Frieling	Sarah	393	L	23	Hoff
396	R	8	Fuchs	Elimelech	393	L	24	Hoff
397	R	9	Fuchs	Zeinvill	393	L	25	Hoff
397	R	10	Fuchs	Zlata	393	R	26	Hoff
			G		393	L	27	Hoff
397	L	11	Gantz	Abraham	393	R	27	Hoff
392	L	12	Gantz	Gutman	393	L	28	Hoff
392	L	13	Gantz	Hersz	393	R	29	Hoff
392	L	14	Gantz	Mendl-Ber	393	R	30	Hoff
392	L	15	Gantz	Moshe	Page	Column	Row	Last Name
392	L	16	Geist	Pinia (Pinchas)	393	L	31	Hoff
392	L	17	Geist	Shlomo-Joseph	393	L	32	Hoff
392	L	18	Geitman	Shlomo-Wolf	393	R	33	Hoff
392	L	19	Gerzon	Shlomo	393	R	34	Hoff
392	L	20	Goldberger	Berisz	393	R	35	Hoff
392	L	21	Goldman	Mendl	393	R	36	Hoff
392	L	11	Grier	Yehoshua	393	R	37	Hoff
392	L	12	Groh	Chaim	393	R	38	Hoff
392	L	13	Groh	David	393	R	39	Hoff
392	L	14	Guttmakher	Asher	393	L	40	Hoff
392	L	15	Guttmakher	Gittl	393	L	41	Hoff
Page	Column	Row	Last Name	First Name	393	R	42	Hoff

393	R	43	Hoff	Rivka	397	L	10	Kupper(szt)
393	R	44	Hoff	Wolf-Ber	397	L	11	Kupperszto
393	R	45	Hoff	Wolf-Ber	397	L	12	Kupperszto
393	R	46	Hoff	Yaakov				L
393	L	47	Hoff	Yekhezkiel	397	R	13	Lachfeld
393	L	48	Hoff	Yitzhak	396	R	14	Leichter
393	L	49	Hoff	Yitzhak	396	R	15	Leichter
393	L	1	Hoff	Zelik	396	R	16	Leichter
393	R	2	Honigman	Chava	396	R	17	Leiter
394	L	3	Honigman	Joseph	Page	Column	Row	Last Name
393	L	4	Honigman	Yaakov	396	R	1	Lerner
			I		396	R	2	Levinger
393	L	5	Israel	Itzik	396	R	3	Levinger
			J		396	R	4	Levinger
395	L	6	Jennerman	Benzion	396	R	5	Levinger
395	L	7	Jennerman	Itcheh-Leib (Dairyman)	396	R	6	Lichfeld
395	L	8	Jennerman	Zadok	396	R	7	Lichtfeld
395	L	8	Judkowicz	Utchek'leh	396	R	8	Lieberbaum
			K		396	R	9	Lieberbaum
395	L	9	Kalmanowicz	Akiva-Meir	396	R	10	Lieberbaum
397	L	9	Karp	Yaakov-Boruch ש"כ	396	R	11	Lieberbaum
397	L	10	Kastan	David				M
Page	Column	Row	Last Name	First Name	396	R	12	Mahler
397	L	11	Kastan	Feiga	396	R	13	Mahler
397	L	12	Katz	Chanah'chek	396	L	1	Malka
395	L	13	Katz	Layb'keh	396	R	2	Mildiner
395	L	13	Katz	Yehuda-Meir	396	R	3	Mitzner
395	L	14	Kereindl	Leibl ש"כ	396	R	21	Moshe
397	L	15	Kestenbaum	Akiva				N
397	L	16	Kestenbaum	Meir				N
397	L	17	Kestenbaum	Moshe	396	L	2	
397	L	18	Kestenbaum	Nathan				O
397	L	19	Kestenbaum	Nehemiah				O
397	L	20	Kestenbaum	Shmuel-Joseph	396	R	3	Olman
397	L	21	Kestenbaum	Sholom-Ber	391	L	4	Olmer
397	L	22	Kislowicz	Henoch	391	L	5	Olmer
397	L	23	Kislowicz	Moshe-Aryeh	391	L	6	Olmer
397	R	24	Klauz	Nachman				P
398	R	25	Kleiner	Kaylah	391	R	7	Pennek
398	R	1	Kleinman	Naphtali	397	R	8	Press
398	L	2	Knoblich	Meir	397	R	9	Press
397	L	3	Knoblich	Naomi				R
397	L	4	Koenigswald	Moshe-David	397	R	10	Rakhit
397	L	5	Korn	Abraham-Joseph	398	R	11	Redelman
397	L	6	Korn	Aharon-Wolf	Page	Column	Row	Last Name
397	L	7	Korn	Yitzhak	398	R	12	Redelman
397	L	8	Kreutzer	Joseph	398	R	13	Redelman
397	L	9	Kriegszer	Zeinvill	398	R	14	Reichenber

398	L	15	Renner	Zlata	398	L	30	Steinberg
398	R	16	Rieder	Joseph	398	L	31	Sternbuch
398	R	17	Ritman	Hersz	398	L	32	Sternbuch
398	R	18	Ritman	Sheva	398	L	33	Sternbuch
398	R	19	Ritman	Velvusz	398	L	34	Sternbuch
398	R	20	Ritman	Yitzhak-Yaakov	398	L	35	Sternbuch
398	R	21	Rosenberg	Baruch	398	L	36	Sternbuch
398	R	22	Rosenberg	Elchanan	398	L	37	Sternbuch
398	R	23	Rosenberg	Gershon	398	L	6	Sternbuch
398	R	24	Rosenberg	Yaakov	398	L	7	Szleicher
398	R	25	Rosenberg	Yeshayahu				T
398	R	26	Rosenberg	Zelik	398	L	8	Tabber
398	R	27	Rosenfeld	Melech	395	L	9	Teneworce
398	R	26	Rot	Chaim-Ber	395	L	1	Tropp
398	L	27	Rotman	Beryl	395	L	2	Tropp
398	L	28	Rotman	Chaim	395	L	3	Tropp
398	R	29	Rotman	Chaya	395	L	4	Tropp
398	L	1	Rotman	Leibusz				
398	R	2	Rotman	Wolf	Page	Column	Row	Last Name
398	L	3	Rotman	Wolf-Ber				W
398	R	4	Rotman	Yaakov	395	L	5	Waldman
398	R	5	Rotman	Yehoshua	394	L	6	Waldman
398	R	6	Royzer	Meir	394	R	7	Waldman
398	R	7	Royzer	Moshe	394	L	8	Waldman
			S		394	R	9	Waldman
398	L	8	Schaffs	Aharon	394	L	10	Waldman
398	L	9	Schaffs	David	394	R	11	Waldman
398	L	10	Schaffs	Yehoshua	394	L	12	Waldman
398	L	11	Schaffs	Yitzhak-Yankl	394	R	1	Waldman
398	L	12	Scheinman	Neta	395	L	2	Waldman
398	L	13	Schneider	Shmuel	394	R	3	Waldman
Page	Column	Row	Last Name	First Name	394	R	4	Waldman
398	L	14	Schulsinger	Shmuel	394	L	5	Waldman
398	L	15	Schwartzbard	Sarah	394	L	6	Waldman
398	L	16	Schwartzbard	Yitzhak-David	394	L	7	Weber
398	L	17	Schwartzbuch	Sarah	394	L	8	Weber
398	L	18	Schwartzbuch	Yitzhak	394	L	9	Weber
398	R	19	Silver	Hersz	394	L	10	Weber
395	R	20	Silver	Tuvia	394	L	11	Weinman
395	R	21	Silver	Yeshayahu	394	R	12	Weiss
395	R	22	Sonntag	Eli-Meir	394	L	13	Weiss
395	R	23	Sonntag	Leibl	394	L	14	Weiss
395	R	24	Sonntag	Shlomo'keh	394	L	15	Weiss
395	L	25	Steinber	Moshe	394	L	16	Weissman
398	L	26	Steinberg	Chaim	394	L	17	Weisstuch
398	L	27	Steinberg	Herschel	394	R	18	Weisstuch
398	L	28	Steinberg	Petakhyahu	394	L	19	Weisstuch
398	L	29	Steinberg	Yitzhak	394	R	20	Weltczer

394	R	21	Weltczer	Aharon-Wolf
394	R	22	Weltczer	Leibusz
394	R	23	Weltczer	Lipa
394	R	24	Weltczer	Meir
394	R	25	Weltczer	Meir'l
Page	Column	Row	Last Name	First Name
394	R	26	Weltczer	Michael
394	R	27	Weltczer	Moshe
394	R	28	Weltczer	Rivka
394	R	29	Weltczer	Rivka
394	R	30	Weltczer	Sarah
394	R	31	Wortman	Abraham-Isser
394	L	32	Wortman	Benjamin
394	L	33	Wortman	Chana
394	L	34	Wortman	Henoch
394	L	35	Wortman	Hersz
394	L	36	Wortman	Hersz
394	L	37	Wortman	Leibl
394	L	38	Wortman	Lejzor
394	L	1	Wortman	Moshe
394	L	2	Wortman	Nathan
394	L	3	Wortman	Yaakov
394	L	4	Wortman	Yehoshua
			Z	
394	R	5	Zantman	Yaakov-Yitzhak
395	R	6	Ziglszyfer	Gershon
395	R	7	Zikhler	Fradl
395	R	8	Zikhler	Herschel
395	R	9	Zimlich	Mottl
395	R	9	Zimlich	Zelik
395	L	10	Zitrinbaum	Israel-Yitzhak
397	L	1	Zitrinbaum	Joseph
397	L	2	Zitrinbaum	Shmuel
397	L	3	Zitrinbaum	Yeshayahu
397	R	24	Zitrinbaum	Leibusz
397	R	25	Zubner	Sholom

The Organization of Frampol Émigrés in Israel

By Shlomo Frieling
Givatayim

The striving, to coalesce the organizational reach of the different *landsmanschaftn*, did not overlook the scions of Frampol in Israel. Even though, until the year 1939, no official *landsmanschaft* existed in the Land of Israel, our city scions, who lived in *The Land* would meet from time-to-time, and apart from purely personal matters, also dealt with societal questions which had a connection to life in the 'Alter Haym' and to the eventual forms of help for the *shtetl*.

With the outbreak of the Second World War, our concern and trembling for the fate of the *shtetl* where we were born did not cease for even one minute. Unfortunately, the Frampol scions in the Land of Israel were entirely cut off from the *shtetl* and its Jewish residents. We were fortunate to receive the first communication from there in the year 1944, when (returning from Russia) partly from General Andres' army and partly from 'The Children of Tehran.' A relative of mine in America had written to me, that among them there are five children of Nehemiah Rosenberg (Bugliss). This news literally electrified the domestic 'Frampol Colony.' I searched for these small ones, and afterwards told the other city residents about the encounter. In that time, there was already news about the *Great Destruction* of Polish Jewry and among them – our own *shtetl*.

In the year 1945, after the liberation, letters arrived from the surviving Jews of Frampol. A letter such as this did not have to wait long to be answered, we sent help – packages, money, and most importantly – words of encouragement from the country where the struggle to make *aliyah* was underway, the Jewish right, Jewish monarchists, with the support-work carried on by these friends: Chaim Weltzer, Moshe Hochrad, Chaim Kislowicz, Shlomo Kleidman, and the writer of these lines.

Later on, single *landsleit* began to arrive in the Land of Israel – and we held it as our sacred duty to help them get settled, with advice, with a good word, with a loan, or one-time help, providing them with work and a roof over their heads. We did not have much in the way of money resources in our possession. Accordingly, a few *landsleit* (of means) gave the first larger donations for the Help-Fund. Argentina, as well, responded positively to our request for help. By contrast, the *landsleit* in America did not find it necessary at that time (yet) to participate substantively in our rescue-work for the Frampol people in the *Land*.

In the year 1948, more scions of the *shtetl* came here (among them – also Abraham Elbaum). It is from them that we became aware of the frightening destruction of the *shtetl*, and the tragic extermination of practically all of the Frampol Jews. We understood, that only with a collective commemoration, of the (exterminated) town Jews, will we be able to substantially the memory of the martyrs. The first such commemoration meeting took place in Tel-Aviv in the year 1949.

At that commemoration, a committee was elected, which began its regular activity, that was appropriate for such an organized *landsmanschaft*.

The first objective that was decided upon was: To place a memorial. On Mount Zion in Jerusalem, in the form of a memorial headstone in memory of the martyrs of Frampol. All of us knew, that without a *Yizkor Book*, this memorial was not complete yet. Our member Abraham Elbaum proposed the publication of such a *Yizkor* book, that would reflect the origin, development and annihilation of the *shtetl*.

A great deal of energy and trial would be demanded to undertake such an objective. In the Foreword of the book, a little is told about the struggles and difficulties. that were revealed we would have to undertake, until

we were would be privileged to publish the *Book*. But we know one thing: In the last ten years, the entire visibility and activity of this committee was completely sunk into this *Book*. The gathering of the material, and the creation of the financial base, were held by us to be the most important objective – and because of this other community activities of the *landsmanschaft* had to be deferred for a later time. All we did was oversee the annual commemorations, which also provided an opportunity for the survivors from Frampol to meet together at a table,

A separate chapter of our activity involved our contacts with our city-scions in the external world. The *landsmanschaftn* of Frampol were minuscule in the large [outside] world, and they do not stand out for undertaking too much activity. Despite this, in the last twenty years e remained in contact via correspondence with our scions in America, Argentina, France and Belgium. Here we received may guest [visitors] and tourists from abroad such as: Abraham Pankewicz (The U. S.), Benjamin Hochman and his daughter (Los-Angeles), who spent a larger sum of money for the *Book*. Such a donation raised the morale of the our local friends very strongly, and added further energy to the continuation of the work for the *Yizkor Book*: We also took up our *landsmans* Welwusz Finkelstein of Australia, Yitzhak Berger from Los-Angeles, and others, who contributed charitably for the *Book*.

We are not yet finished with the publication of our *Book*, because our forthcoming activities as a *landsmanschaft* has to be postponed. Our generation– The generation of the Holocaust and Diaspora – has to further get on with its modest work in the ranks of the Organization of the Émigrés of Frampol in Israel.

Page 414: **The Headstone to Commemorate the Martyrs of Frampol
On Mount Zion in Jerusalem**

(Note: The picture of this headstone appears on the frontispiece of this Book).

Its English Translation reads:

To Commemorate the Souls Martyred
The City of **Ḥ R A M P O L**
(The District of **Ḥublin**)
That Were Exterminated by the **N A Z I S**
On Tuesday 22 Heshvan
Mat God Avenge Their Blood

Émigrés of Frampol
In Israel
In the Year 5703

Index of Illustrations

Page 20:	Greeting the New, Young Rabbi of Frampol.	ii
Page 31:	Untitled Picture.	iii
Page 47:	A 'Tarbut' Membership Card (Frampol).	iv
Page 47:	The First Drama Circle in Frampol (1919-1920).	iv
Page 51:	A Group of <i>Halutz</i> Friends.	v
Page 55:	A Fund-Raising Letter from Israel for the 'Yavneh' School.	v
Page 88:	Wolf Cooperstein, His Wife (of the Lieberman Family) & Their Son.	v
Page 142:	Dedication of a Headstone: Frampol Cemetery.	24
Page 156:	The BETA"R Branch in Frampol – 1932.	32
Page 148:	Training at the <i>Kibbutz</i> in Zwiezhniec.	28
Page 154:	The 'Tze'Irei <i>Agudat Israel</i> – 1930.	34
Page 157:	A Group of Students at the 'Bais Yaakov' School for Girls.	35
Page 184:	The 'Yavneh' School in 5696 with Teacher Shimshon Lilienstein.	57
Page 188:	The Frampol Zionist Histadrut in the Thirties.	60
Page 196:	A Youth Group in Frampol - 1922 (?).	65
Page 196:	A Youth Group in Frampol - 1922 (?) Annotated.	66
Page 202:	A Group of <i>Halutz</i> Members.	71
Page 207:	Frampol <i>HeHalutz</i> in 1932.	75
Page 207:	The <i>HeHalutz HaTza'ir</i> Summer Colony.	76
Page 215:	<i>HeHalutz HaTza'ir</i> in 1932.	79
Page 224:	Teachers, Students of the <i>Yavneh School</i>	87
Page 233:	R' Akiva Meir, the <i>Melamed</i> & Teacher.	92
Page 248:	Yekkel Bendler & Family.	105
Page 259:	Yitzhak Zikhler י"ץ.	114
Page 260:	Abraham Zimmerman א"ר.	115
Page 260:	Israel Rotman א"ר.	115
Page 273:	Yaakov-Baruch Karp (<i>Shokhet</i>).	124
Page 305:	Mr. Stanislaw Sobczak - The Rescuer.	148
Page 345:	Dr. Pliskin & <i>HeHalutz</i> Friends.	179