

The Story of Yechiel Sherman

(as related to me [i.e. Zipi Koren*] in August 2003 on vacation in Latvia

[translated by Howard I. Schwartz, PhD, a Mlynov family descendant,
v. 5, updated Sept. 12, 2024]

[Note: Yechiel's memories of the family tree included in the original Hebrew document at the beginning are now moved to the back of this document as an appendix].

In Mlynov Before the German Conquest

My grandmother, Hanah Golisuk (nee Schuchman), was a trader in seasonal fruit. She would rent orchards of fruit: apples, cherries, pears. In the spring she would pick the fruit and store them in on the roof of a big house where she lived and on the roof of the stable. Later she would sell them to shop owners. In this way she earned her honorable living and also supported grandfather who studied Torah.

She also had a stable and a cow, and a horse and wagon to carry the fruit. She would carry the fruit to the stores on her back. For serious loads, she used the wagon, and her son Shmulik would drive it. In the wagon that served for serious transportation, it was led by her son Shmulik.

Hannah had 2 other sons: Yosef and Mutia, and four daughters: Etel, my mother, the eldest, Pesia, Buka (Yafa) and Tzivia. Buka had 3 daughters and a son. After the Liberation, I returned to Mlynov, and from this entire large family only Ezra and I remained.

The Sherman family lived in the town of Mervits, my father's parents, Yehiel and Leah Sherman, had 4 sons: Shlomo, Feivel, Ben-tzion and Moshe, my father, and two daughters, Sura Brucha and a much younger daughter whose name I have forgotten. Mervits was a town neighboring Mlynov and we walked there on foot. Moshe Sherman married Etel Golisuk and they set up a home in Mlynov. I was the eldest and born in 1922 followed by: Sheindel (1925) Yoska [Yosef] (1928) and Ezra (1930)

Father was a trader in animals and after that a butcher of a butcher shop. He would periodically go out to the villages in the area and buy cattle from the farmers. But for the most part he would buy calves and cows in the market. Every Tuesday there was a large regional market near us. Sometimes farmers would come from as far away as 10 kilometers. Father would buy 20-25 calves and cows at one time. We had a large new stable where he held the cattle until they were sold or slaughtered. Merchants from other villages could come to Father to buy cattle. Father ran the business and mother and Ezra in the store, but she was the dominant one between them. She

* In 2003, Yechiel and his wife Yona went on vacation in Latvia along with Yona's sister and her daughter Zipi Koren (Yechiel's niece). Zipi captured Yechiel's story on that vacation.

was a “baalbusti” a housewife par excellence. By the age of 13 , I was doing real work. I knew how to buy cows, examine them, and to evaluate them and also how to negotiate.

During market days, Father would leave me alone in the store to sell meat. One day a gentile came to sell meat. I bought it. When Father returned he was satisfied. After that he often permitted me to make purchases on my own.

This was a period when Father did well, but after 1938, after mother died, matters deteriorated and fell apart. And there were instances when literally there was nothing to eat in the house. Less than a year after mother died, Father was set up [by matchmakers]. He married her and went to live with her in Dubno and they had a son.

In 1939 the Russians entered. All of us [the children] were taken to Dubno [where his father had moved].¹ I couldn't bear the grief there² and I returned to grandmother. I stayed in her kitchen and began looking for work I found work with the Russians. I worked collecting taxes from the farmers in the form of cows, eggs, chickens and trees. All of this was collected in a storeroom and sent to Russia. Before there were tax storehouses there, it was a vodka industry that belonged to the local Graf.³ The whole area belonged to him. He had a castle in Mlynov. In any case, I worked for a time in the tax storage area, and I earned little.

I looked for something better. The Central tax authority engaged in collecting taxes, managing warehouses and operating large restaurants. A cousin of ours worked in the offices of Central Taxes, as head of accounting. I went to him and requested that he arrange some work for me, so I could earn more. I went during that time to seek work in several government places, and I approached him. In the meantime, in the same period, I took a course in how to read and write Russian. I knew Ukrainian so this went quickly.

That cousin found me work in the government restaurant where the personnel of the party ate. One day, he came to me and said, "Yechiel I have work for you. Come tomorrow to the office and I will introduce you to my boss and he will arrange work for you."

I went to meet the boss, who apparently liked me. He was a gentile from Russia, a party man. His wife was Jewish. They had one daughter, and later, after she knew me, they liked me and wanted to set me up with her. She was very lovely. The manager made me chief storeroom clerk in that restaurant. This was previously a restaurant in the town which had Czech owners.⁴ In our town from the beginning of the occupation, there were always military men and Russian civilians / citizens present and life was bubbling. In this restaurant, party men and all the bigwigs ate.

I succeeded in the work. We made it all ourselves. We slaughtered pigs, prepared the meat for the restaurant and made sausages. I was responsible for the storeroom.

¹ To the extent I understood the progression of events, it was as followed. Etel died in 1938. After about a year (in 1939) his father married a second time with a woman from Dubno and went there to live, apparently his children remained for a short time with their mother's family [in Mlynov]. In September 1939, the Russians entered [the area] and he took them to him [in Dubno].

² Yechiel was by then already close to 17 years old.

³ The Count.

⁴ In Mlynov and the nearby villages many Czechs lived.

There was an exact list of everything that entered and left. I became friendly with the other workers. We had a big kitchen with 10 waiters and a chef cooked with supreme talent. Before the Russians came, she was owner of the restaurant (she and her husband). She loved me very much. I studied with her son in the same class, and we were good friends. Because of this friendship I also knew the Czech language well like Polish and Russian (I studied in a Polish school). Her husband stayed to work in the restaurant. They were the good people, and the Russians didn't send them to Siberia like they did to other wealthy individuals. No one from this family was sent to Siberia. There were three or four brothers and their parents. The brothers of the (previous) restaurant owner started a lathe-shop and made agricultural equipment. They left Mlynov after the War when there was repatriation⁵ of Czechs in the return of Czechoslovakia. Thus most Czechs left the town. Only a few remained in the villages. In 1944 when I returned to this village after the Liberation, they were no longer there.

One of the leaders in the restaurant hinted that it would be good for me to join the Communist party. I was still too young to be a member of the party, so in the meantime I joined the Russian Komsomol youth group and only later was a member of the Party.

As a younger man [before the Occupation] I belonged to [the Zionist Youth Group] Betar. Basically, I went because all my friends did. We played ping-pong in the community center and there were lectures. I didn't have at that point any clear ideology in the subject.

Father was a “burning” Revisionist [follower of Jabotinsky] but I went [to Betar] more because of my friends. In Mlynov, there was preparatory training (“*hachsharah*”) for Betar and in this community they focused on work. We also had [other youth group in town]: HaShomer Hatzair (The Young Guard) and HeHalutz HaTzair (The Young Pioneer) but most of the young people followed Betar.*

In any case, I wasn't engaged ideologically in the Communist Party. We had a netzilnik⁶ [i.e., a manager] of NKVD** [organization] whose name was Klugin. He came to the restaurant to eat. One day, he invited me for a shot glass and tried to get closer to me. He had a Jewish wife. One time they invited me to dinner in their house. During the dinner he began to ask me about men in the community. Yehuda Weiner was my counselor in Betar. Klugin asked me about him. Klugin didn't know that when I was younger, I was a Betar member. I felt a stabbing [feeling] in my whole body. I always worked with my instincts. I said to him, “What interested me there [in Betar] was soccer and games and I was never interested in and don't know the thinking of these men.”

I worked at the restaurant until the war with the Germans broke out. On the first day of the War's outbreak, I was still working. This was a Sunday, and I walked to work as usual, in spite of the German airplanes bombing the military airfield in the town at 4 am in the morning. They bombed in

⁵ The legal opportunity to "return to homeland" to the other land, a framework through which many left the Russian areas.

* Translator's note: This appears to have been true in the 1930s, but in the 1920, Shomer Hatzair appears to have been the most popular in Mlynov.

⁶ A "Nezilnik" is manager, in other words he was a manager and also a member of security services.

** Translator's note: The NKVD was the People's Commissariat for Internal Affairs, a Soviet secret police agency

the morning and again afterwards in the afternoon and destroyed the airfield. In the second bombing, some people were killed.

[page 3 original]

Mother's brother, Shmulik, had been earlier inducted into the Russian military, so I was the only man left in the home. In the beginning of the summer 1941, my siblings returned to Mlynov [from Dubno]. Our house was next to grandmother's. All of us (Sheindel, Yoskah (Yosef), Ezra and me) lived in our home. My two younger brothers, Yoskah and Ezra, were still in school. I was the provider, the "father of the family" – grandmother would cook and do wash. and my sister, who was almost 16 years old managed the house, and helped grandmother. (I was close to 19 years old with the outbreak of the war).

The evening of the day the War broke out, I returned home [from work]. My siblings weren't in the house. I went out by bike to search for them. But I didn't find them. I returned home. Sheindel was gone, perhaps killed, or fled, or she walked to father's family [in Dubno]. Yoskah (Yosef) was killed apparently in the bombing; I learned this much later. Ezra hid himself someplace, and stayed alive by a miracle, going to a Czech farmer where he found a hiding place for the duration of the War.

Those remaining were grandmother [Hannah], aunt Rokah, and a second aunt with a daughter and her husband and me. We conferred and decided to go a village near Mlynov. We had a Ukrainian acquaintance [there] who was ready to give us space in his hayloft. We thought about going there to distance ourselves from the bombed town. The following evening when we were already there, two other families arrived in the hayloft. We conferred about what to do next. I was of the opinion that we needed to flee. I was a party member. They all knew me. I was afraid more of the Ukrainians than the Germans. I spoke with grandmother and let her know I was leaving.

On the Roads to Russia

We were five friends from Mlynov: Moishe Iskiewicz, Kufta Gertnich, Yehuda and Moishe Weiner and me. The day following the German invasion of Russia on May 23, 1941,⁷ the five of us left Mlynov on bicycles in the direction of the earlier Russian border. About 30 km before the border as we rode bicycles, I saw before us a wagon with two horses. When I drew near, I saw this was my manager with his wife and daughter. They were glad to see me and suggested I travel with them. I wanted to continue with my friends, who had already reached this point (on bikes it was possible to travel faster). So I refused.

⁷ The German invasion of Russia, Operation Barbarossa, began on June 22, 1941. Rovno was occupied on June 26, 1941, four days after the beginning of the invasion. The Germans carried out a "Blitz Krieg"= a fast war. The small towns and shtetls were occupied after this more slowly. [Translator's note: The text mistakenly says the invasion began in May but the footnote by the narrator correctly clarifies that the invasion began June 22. Yechiel and his friends fled on June 23, 1941].

I intended to continue when the manager's wife asked me, "Helik [i.e., Yechiel], do you have enough money?" I responded that I have this and that.

"Come with me," she said and opened the large pack⁸ and gave it me. The manager had fled [Mlynov] with the money box, a case full of money, which was on the wagon hidden in straw. I put it under my shirt and tied it tightly with a belt. I lived off this money for a long time afterwards.

Two kilometers before town,⁹ there was a bombing. The bombs dropped literally very close to us, but because I was in the forest the fragments didn't scatter as they would in an open area. In the meantime, we saw only German airplanes [but] the Germans themselves we didn't see. The airplanes were pursuing the automobiles and groups of people fleeing, who were wandering East towards the Russian border. They would drop bombs and shoot at them. We traveled this way for 3 or 4 days. Along the way I ate various baked goods grandma managed to gather for me before I left.

We crossed the prior border of Russia and arrived in Zhitomir.¹⁰ We had to take a train and we traveled in the direction of Kiev. They wouldn't allow bikes on the train, so we left them in the station. Mine was almost new. Along the way we switched trains, jumping from one to the next, keeping our direction eastbound.

In Kiev, we again changed trains, the successors heading towards Kharkiv.¹¹ We traveled on trains empty of civilians. Before Kiev, we lost track of each other. Moishe Iskiewicz, Kufta Gertnich, and Yehuda Weiner, lost us and we two remained, Moishe Weiner and I. The [other] three in the end reached Tashkent in Asia, the two of us ended up at Voronezh, east of Kharkiv, but still in Ukraine.

In Voronezh,¹² we got off the train and began to look for bread or something else to eat. It was difficult to find something to eat. We met military men and started talking to them. They said that there was a workplace close by and there [page 6 in original] food was provided.

We went to work in the gypsum mines, which were open, and we received food. Our role was to lift up the gypsum on rail cars and to travel with them to the centralization area. There was a lot of dust there, but we found our spirits restored. We considered what to do next.

We decided to leave the place and go to Kursk.¹³ Why Kursk? Because Moishe said that he had an aunt in Kursk and he also knew her address. Kursk, about 200 km west of Voronezh, was closer to the Front. It was forbidden to leave legally.¹⁴ But we didn't think too long and didn't worry about it. We went to the train station, got on the first train that was going in the direction of Kursk. This was a transport train that carried coal. We sat on the coal. We travelled all night and by the morning we had reached Kursk. When we got off the train, we were black from soot. We washed our

⁸ The package

⁹ It is not clear which town [Yechiel was referring to, perhaps Zhitomir].

¹⁰ [Zhitomir was] about 170 km southeast of Rovno (Mlynov was close to Rovno, which was a large city, a district seat.)

¹¹ [Kharkiv] about 400 km east of Kiev.

¹² Perhaps this refers to Voronezh which was 200 km east of Kursk.

¹³ A town in Ukraine that was in the Russian border before 1939, in contrast to Mlynov which was part of Poland [before 1939]. Kursk was about 500 km south of Moscow.

¹⁴ One couldn't leave one's place of work nor move about at all in Soviet Union even in that period.

face and hands, but we didn't have a change of clothes. We reached Kursk in July, apparently two weeks after we left Mlynov.

We went to look for the house of Moishe's aunt and found it. In the meantime, I remembered that I also had a [great] aunt in Kursk, and I remembered the name of her family, Rivitz (alt spelling Rivyetz). Actually, she was my mother's aunt, sister of grandmother [Hannah] and I reasoned that if they didn't help with food, I'd at least find shelter there for a time. But I didn't know her address.

In the meantime, we were with Moishe's aunt. Their daughter, a cousin of Moishe, was married to a Jewish young man who worked in the town. When he returned from work, I told him about mother's aunt. The young man promised to look into it, and then the next morning he indeed consulted the lists. He telephoned home; they had a phone, and he gave me the address with the exact names, even their telephone number.

I called my aunt and said who I was. She cried out on the phone, "Come tomorrow." They knew who I was. When Russia acquired western Ukraine in 1939, letter writing was renewed between my aunt and my grandmother (her sister). She knew that I was the son of Etel, her niece. She hadn't seen her or others from the family in Mlynov for many years¹⁵ After a half hour I was with them.

Mother's cousins, our family in Kursk, the Rivitz family – they were a family of functionaries in the senior levels of Soviet government. All of them apparently were party members. There was Isaac Rivitz – manager and captain in NKVD, Mutia Rivitz – general in the air force, pilot and commanding officer of the airfield in Kursk, and there was his wife, Rayah (Reesah), a train engineer, a high position in the Urals.¹⁶

I was totally dirty and tattered when I arrived in the area where my aunt lived. This was an expensive area with guards. They wouldn't let me enter. They asked, "Who are you coming to visit? Only after I confirmed my identity and clarified that I was a welcome guest, did they authorize me to enter.

My [great] aunt was waiting for me in the door entry; when she saw me, she fainted. Afterwards she wouldn't leave me. The daughters in the home sent me straight to the shower and brought clean clothing. They were the son-in-law's clothes which fit me. They burned the clothes that I brought to them which were swarming with lice. In the evening, the district manager came and in a family consultation they decided that it was worthwhile for me to go to Shklow (today Škloŭ in Belarus) in the Urals.¹⁷

¹⁵ It appears the families hadn't met from the time of WWI. In 1919, the new borders were established, and Mlynov which was in Volyn in Ukraine, was in the area that became the independent State of Poland and Kursk was in the area of Ukraine that was under the Russian government. It is logical to assume that the family was cut off before this, perhaps in 1914 from the beginning of the War or in its wake during the Revolution of 1917.

¹⁶ Urals-mountain range, the Urals separates Europe and Asia, to the East is Siberia.

¹⁷ Shklow is 1300 km as the crow flies eastward (slightly north) towards Kursk.

After I got the family advice, Moishe and I went to Shklow (more than 1500 km by train). We arrived in Shklow, and approached the train station manager there and I told him that I was the nephew of Reesah and we were headed to her.

“You are the nephew of Reesah Mikhailovna? Nu, she is not here now, she is in Tutsk* 200 km from here.”

He wasn't lazy or he was afraid that something bad would happen if he didn't care for the station chief's nephew, so he called her by phone and allowed me to talk to her. She suggested that we go to her at Tusk.

Afterwards, he spoke to her, and they reached some conclusions, and he returned to us and said "Tonight"[original page 7] we'll find you a place and food, and tomorrow we'll give you two tickets for a train and you can travel to her. " He sent us to sleep at the home of my aunt's daughter, after giving us the address. The next day we got on the train and traveled 200 km to Tutsk. Reesah was waiting to receive us in the station. She presented an opportunity for us to work close to her in the train station where the work was hard, or she could secure us something easier in a kolkhoz [a collective farm] close by.

We conferred and decided to work on the kolkhoz. Reesah telephoned the head of the local kolkhoz, and he suggested we go to the one in Shevchenko. Reesah spoke with the head of that Kolkhoz and the matter was settled.

At the Kolkhoz in the Urals

We traveled to the kolkhoz in Shevchenko by train. The esteemed head of the kolkhoz greeted us personally and drove us in a wagon which was bridled to a team of horses, lined with hay, and covered with a blanket.

When we got to the center of the kolkhoz, he asked me if I knew how to ride a horse. I answered in the affirmative.

He didn't waste any time and he put me on a horse that was there and made a motion with his hand and said, “Nu show me.”

I kicked the horse in the ribs with my foot and it took off galloping. I made a turn and returned. He saw that I was skilled and complimented me. He gave me responsibility for transport (wagons and horses) in the streets of the kolkhoz. I had to go through the kolkhoz to see what was missing, what needed to be done, and I was also responsible for the transport. Moishe found agricultural work and he was an ordinary worker.

Yechiel was not a familiar name in Russian. When we arrived at the kolkhoz everyone gathered and came to see the Poles. We were the first to be evacuated [from the Russian held

* This place is not identified.

territory in Poland]. A bit later we went to an area of additional Poles, but at the time we were the first in that place.¹⁸

They called us "the Poles" (Polki), and immediately, after we consulted with the head of accounting,¹⁹ they gave me one of "our" pure Russian names, Feodor.

"And what was the name of your father,"²⁰ they asked.

"Micael," I said, and I became Feodor Mikhaelovitch. And Moishe became Misha.

After several days of working with pitchfork and hoe, Moishe's hands were calloused and became open wounds. I realized this was not sustainable. I turned to the head of the kolkhoz.

"What does he know how to do?" he asked me. I told him that he was excellent at math, so Moishe was made head of accounts.

Moishe and I Travel to Tashkent to Bring Fruit and Vegetables

The Urals were lacking many necessities, especially fruit and vegetables. We knew that in Tashkent it was possible to find inexpensive clothing and fruit and vegetables. We decided to travel there. Moishe and I went to Tashkent.²¹ We traveled on a train nine days with tickets and certificates of passage (under normal conditions this is a trip of 3 days).

From Tashkent we went to Fergana²² which is close to the border of Iran. Moishe had a cousin there [a daughter of an aunt], the same one we stayed with in Kursk. She and many others went on vacation to the Asian regions of Russia. We stayed with her five days. In Fergana, we bought sacks of fruit and vegetables and then headed back. Along the way we waited for the train to Chelyabinsk.²³

It was night and we had to wait several hours. I said to Moshe, "I will guard until 2 am and afterwards I'll wake you and you guard." Sacks like these were precious and appealed to every whippersnapper and hooligan, and there were no lack of those. I guarded and Moishe slept. At 2am I woke him and headed to sleep.

Moishe sat guard and without dropping his head, he slept. Two vandals were waiting for this, apparently following us for some time. They drew near and grabbed the sacks. I woke up to a sound. I looked around. Two vandals were hiding together with the sacks under a military coat and were frozen in place. I didn't stop to think, and I pulled the coat. The sacks were there with them. One of

¹⁸ It has to be understood that Russia was completely cut off from the free world, and for this reason Poland was the free world, since the Revolution, and here a different world was created.

¹⁹ [The person assigned as] head of accounting was a smart and cultured man and apparently served as an authority there.

²⁰ In Russia, it was customary to link the personal name with the name of the father.

²¹ I was not successful in identifying the kolkhoz in Shevchenko but Tashkent is located 1600 km south east of Shklow.

²² 250-300 km southeast of Tashkent and about 250 km from the border of Iran.

²³ A large city in the Urals, in fact in Siberia. Thus their Kolkhoz was apparently in this area.

them drew a knife. Without hesitation I grabbed the two of them by their shoulders and knocked the head of one against the other.

[page 8 in original]

I Enlisted in the Military

On March 26, 1942, I enlisted. The decision was mine. I could have avoided it. Moishe left in the same period for Asia, to Tashkent. But I decided to enlist. I was a Russian citizen. I volunteered for the Red Army and fought in its ranks. In August or September 1943, it was possible for a person who had previously been a Polish citizen in the past (those that lived in the area of Poland until 1939) to join the ranks of the Polish Red Army²⁴ and as a former Polish citizen I joined the Polish army²⁵

I saw the Rivitz family with Reesah one additional time in Shklow, before the military inducted me. I brought them wheat and all sorts of necessities from the kolkholz. The son Isaac was recruited; the son-in-law, the husband of Rosa, remained in Kursk.

In 1946, when I was already in the Land [of Israel] on a kibbutz, I wrote to them, and we renewed our connection. Pesia wrote that they didn't return to Kursk—the town was destroyed completely—and they were living in Kharkiv. None of her children survived. They were all killed in the war. The husband of Rosa was also killed; he was with the partisans in Kursk. All the daughters remained alive including the wife of Isaac, who was a gentile, and the son was alive. I wrote to them and received an answer along the lines of "Yechiel, dear one, write to us when we write to you." In other words, it is forbidden to write further. I stopped writing.²⁶

Three days after the Liberation I was in Mlynov. I returned to the small town with hopes of finding someone. At night I slept in the abandoned house of Grandmother. A gentile family was living there. They were not hostile to me and didn't recognize me from earlier. *

In Mlynov, I met Jews who managed to remain alive. They told me that in Rovno there were "Mlynovers," and they gave me the address. In Rovno, I heard that Hala (Halinka) the daughter of Mother's cousin, was living and they also told me where and with whom she was living. She lived with a Polish family that thought she was Polish. I was already in the Polish army and was armed, had a rank, and I spoke Polish well. They didn't identify me as a Jew. I went to them, and they told to that she worked in a restaurant on main street. I went there.

She [original page 9] was not at work that day. Her daughter in the restaurant told me that Hala lived next to the Polish church and gave me her exact address. I went to meet her. They called

²⁴ This is how Yechiel referred to the organized Polish military that operated in secret and under the authority of the Red Army from March 1943. See the entry, "Armia Ludowa" [People's army] in Wikipedia.

²⁵ I tend to speculate and think that Yechiel was already looking ahead and preparing not to return to Russia after the War, without knowing in which part of which State Mlynov would be.

²⁶ This was the period of Stalin and all letters, especially from alien lands, endangered the writer and receiver.

* [Translator's note: Yechiel gives more detail about this visit to Mlynov in the essay, "[Taking Leave of Home](#)," he published in the Mlynov Memorial Book, 344-346.

me Henich then, the name that I used when enlisting in the army. I went up the steps and knocked on the door. She opened it. I recognized her immediately

I said, “Halinka, I must speak to you.” She didn't recognize me yet. We went outside and sat on the steps. I told her who I was. She was younger than me by 5 years, and I knew her since she was little. She began to cry when she was reminded. They lived in a village, and I worked for them during vacation when mother traveled to them for health. They were rich. She had a brother and sister. No one remained. She lived with counterfeit papers with a Polish family that didn't know she was Jewish. She was afraid to be in touch with Jews and continued to live on these papers all those years. Eventually she married and moved to the Czech Republic.

After that meeting, we went our separate ways and didn't see one another for many years. Later, she found me and reestablished a connection. A woman from her village in Ukraine came to the land of Israel, lived in Haifa and recognized me. After a few years this woman went to visit the Czech Republic. Her family was there. She met Hala by accident. They chatted, discovered the connection and she reconnected us again. Since then we met several times.

Yechiel recounted his story up to this point to me [Zipi] during that vacation in Latvia during the summer of 2003. Unfortunately, I didn't finish the story. There are many details that aren't clear in the end, details are missing about the period during military service, the return to Mlynov,* Yechiel's desertion from the military after he gathered Ezra and Aronchik in Mlynov and their participation in Kibbutz in Silesia. In the period that I gathered the material for the history of the Borko family [the family of Yechiel's wife], I heard the story of Yechiel, from the time he participated in Kibbutz Silesia and I combined what I found in the chapter on Yona [the woman Yechiel married.]

* [Translator's Note: Yechiel wrote a bit about his return to Mlynov in "[Taking Leave of Home](#)," the essay he contributed to the Mlynov Memorial Book.]

Appendix

[The following are notes on the family tree that were placed by the writer, Tzipi, before Yechiel's story in the original document].

Families

These are the family (lines) to the extent that I [Yechiel's daughter] succeeded in recovering and ordering them from what Yechiel related to me. This needs to be verified with Ezra to the extent possible.

Schuchman / Shichman family****

[Siblings:] Hannah, Ester, * Chusia**, Yosef, Nahum Moshe

Hannah Golisuk (Goliyesok) from the Schuchman line

Maternal grandmother. Maternal grandfather, Yaakov Golisuk, died in 1936 at 63 years of age. He studied Torah and his wife, Grandma, supported the family. She was a merchant of seasonal fruit.

Yaakov apparently traveled to America in the beginning of the 20th century (with the family of Chasia, the sister of grandmother (Hannah) but returned after a short time after he saw that they burn the dead.

Children:

- Etel (Ester) 1901-1938. She died on the 28th of Iyyar after an illness.
- Shmulik
- Yosef
- Mutia
- Tzvia
- Pessia
- Boke - she had 3 children and a small son

Ester Rivitz (Rivyetz) nee Schuchman. Sister of grandmother, Hannah.

She was a communist, who consciously married a Mlynov-born man who was also communist. Apparently, they met when they were in the underground before the Revolution. During the WWI, possibly at its end, after the borders were established and Mlynov became part of Poland together

*** Translator's note: His name is remembered in the US as Noach Moshe.

* Translator's note: There are discrepancies with the Schuchman family tree remembered by the Baltimore descendants. What is most interesting is the identification of another Schuchman sister named Esther Rivitz who was a Communist and whom Yechiel met when he fled Mlynov in 1942.

** Translator's note: According to Schuchman descendants in Baltimore, Chusia (called Jesse in the US) was married to Yosef Schuchman. Her maiden name was Klepatch.

with Western Ukraine, they went to Kursk in Russia. Three of their children secured important posts in the Soviet framework

Their children:

- Isaac–Deputy Directory in the town of Kursk and officer in the N.K.V.D. He was married to a non-Jew.
- Mutia–commanding officer in the airfield in Kursk, pilot and general in the Russian air force
- Reesah (Rayah)–Chief railway engineer in a region of Kursk in the Urals.
- Rosa Reisel–the youngest daughter, married to a non-Jewish man in the NKVD

Yosef Schuchman

[Translator's note: Yosef Schuchman was the sibling of the other Schuchman's listed here. He went to Baltimore in 1913 along with another Mlynov immigrant Joseph Lerner. His wife was Chusia (or Chissa), next entry. This document mistakenly lists Chusia as a sibling; She was born with the surname Klepatch and was the wife of Yosef Schuchman]

Chusia (or Chissa) née Schuchman [nee Klepatch]*

[Translator's note: According to Schuchman descendants in Baltimore, Chusia/Chissa Schuchman was born Chusia Klepatch. She married Yosef / Yosel Schuchman, the man listed just above her here. She was a sister-in-law, not a sibling of Yechiel's grandmother, Hannah].

Chusia, née Schuchman - immigrated with her husband (it is possible his name was Yosel) to Baltimore in the United States. Her children:

- Shika [=Samuel]: three children: [Mordechai, Sidney and Yaakov]
- Reizel-[=Rose] she married a schochet- a daughter named Chaya
- Hanya [=Anna] - she was rich, her husband [Ruben Yoffee] was a grocery wholesaler, a warehouse owner
- Chaika [Ida]- no children

Yona [Yechiel's wife] met them in Baltimore in 1958.

Nahum Moishe [Noach Moshe] he lived in Mlynov.

[Translator's note: A short profile of Noach Moshe appears in the [Mlynov Memorial Book](#), p. 246

* Translator's note: According to Schuchman descendants in Baltimore, Chusia (called Jesse in the US) was married to Josel / Yosef Schuchman. Her maiden name was Klepatch. For background on the Schuchman family, see [the family page](#) of the Mlynov Website.

The Sherman Family

Yechiel Sherman and his wife Leah - they lived in the small town of Mervits. Their children:

- Shlomo,
- Feivel
- Ben-tzion
- Moshe
- Sarah Bracha (Sura Brucha)
- Another sister whose name Yechiel doesn't remember [Translator's note: In his essay in the Mlynov Memorial book, Yechiel lists her name as Miriam].

Moshe Sherman: was born in 1901 and disappeared in 1942. He was married to Etel Golisuk and lived in Mlynov. Their children:

- Yechiel – Nov. 11, 1922
- Sheindel – 1925
- Yosef (Yuska) 1928
- Ezra – Nov. 2, 1930