

# Efim Kadanskiy

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Kiev

Ukraine

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## My family background



I know very little about my father Israel Kadanskiy, because he perished when I was 9. I know about my father's childhood from what my mother and his brothers told me. My father was born in a small town of Chudnov, Zhytomir region, in 1903. A lot of Jews lived in Chudnov. They spoke a mixture of Yiddish and Ukrainian to each other and to their Gentile neighbors. There was no anti-Semitism in Chudnov at that time. There were no pogroms that were raging around Russia. All neighbors were friends, there were several synagogues and a church in this town. Jews and Gentiles helped each other. My father never heard the word "kike" there.

His father Efim Kadanskiy was born in Chudnov around 1865. He inherited an inn from his father and maintained it with his wife, my grandmother and his sons. There were rooms where visitors could stay and a tavern. They had horses and wagons, a big kitchen and a cattle and poultry yard. They were a very wealthy and respectable family. My grandfather had few employees. He himself and his sons were very hardworking people, but their business was too big and they hired Ukrainian employees to help them. My grandfather paid them well, often loaned money to them and supported their families. Besides, they all could have parties at my grandfather's tavern. My grandfather's family was moderately religious. My grandfather prayed every day and they followed the kashruth in the house. This didn't apply to visitors in his inn. There were Ukrainian women that cooked meals for them. My grandfather also tried to observe Sabbath. But when he had a rich visitor or there were urgent issues to be resolved my grandfather preferred to do his business rather than Jewish rules with regards to Saturday. I don't know anything about my grandmother. I don't know when exactly my grandfather and grandmother died, but I know that they passed away before the revolution of 1917.

There were 4 children in the family: 3 boys and a girl. The boys studied at cheder and didn't continue their education in Chudnov. They were helping their parents and that was enough, so their parents didn't quite care about their further studies.

Bencion, born around 1895, was the oldest of brothers. He made his living by commerce. After the revolution he and his wife and their sons Semyon, the older one, and Arkadiy, the younger one, moved to Kiev. Semyon died from tuberculosis in the middle of 1930s. Arkadiy lives in Israel. During the war Bencion and his family were in evacuation in Tashkent. His wife died there. Bencion returned to Kiev where he died in 1957.

The middle brother's name was Sheilik. Sheilik worked in commerce like his brother. He lived in Kiev with his wife and daughter Sofa. He was in evacuation with Bencion and his family. Sofa fell very ill when they returned and died in 1947. Sheilik died in the middle of 1980s. He worked as logistics and sales specialist in various small commercial companies. He told me what I know about my family.

My father's younger sister Liza, born around 1905, married Isaak Borodianskiy, a Jew that died in the early 1930s. Liza died shortly after he died. Their daughter Fania lived with us for some time until she went to her father's relatives. I didn't hear from her for over 50 years. I found Fania in 1998. She has a husband and children and they all live in New York. My father's brothers and sisters didn't observe any Jewish traditions.

My father helped his father with the inn when he was young just like his brothers. He shepherded the horses and look after the cattle and chickens and went to the fair in Zhytomir with his older brothers to buy food and goods. My father was very fond of equipment and technical things and spent a lot of time working with them. When the revolution began he went to the red Army being almost a boy. His parents had died by then and there was nobody to keep him at home. My father admired the revolution and the idea of communism so much that he became a member of the Communist party when he was 17. Of course, he didn't observe any religious traditions, they were considered vestige of the past in his circles. In 1921, after the civil war was over he was sent to take a course of Red commanders. Besides political disciplines the young ignorant builders of communism studied to read and write. That was all education my father got. He must have been a talented man. He conducted meetings and conferences, made speeches, spoke about the international situation in front of the public, etc. My father became a political officer in the Red army. He served at military units located in many Ukrainian towns: Zhytomir, Ovruch, Poltava and Chernigov. He was involved in the elimination of the remaining white guard gangs<sup>1</sup> that kept almost all Ukraine in fear. He also participated in the prodrazvyorstka units <sup>2</sup>.

My mother was born in Fastov, a Jewish town not far from Kiev, in 1909. My mother and I often visited Fastov before the war and I remember it well. It had a patriarchal coloring even in the Soviet times. Before the revolution of 1917 <sup>3</sup> there were several synagogues and a church in this town buried in verdure gardens. Jews were handicraftsmen and tradesmen and were on good terms with the Ukrainians that were selling food.

I believe my mother's father Efim Khasidovich was a handicraftsman. My grandfather and grandmother Zelda, born around 1885 had 3 children. But my grandfather was still recruited to the army when WWI began in 1914. He was captured by Germans. We had a picture with my grandfather and his employer (a Bauer). My grandfather was working at a farm and people treated

him well there. My grandparents were religious people and went to the synagogue every week. They followed kashruth and celebrated all Jewish holidays. My grandmother lit candles on Friday to meet the Sabbath. They were poor, but they had silver dishes for Pesach. It was kept on the attic for many years before WWII.

My grandfather was still recruited to the army when WWI began in 1914. He was captured by Germans. My grandfather He returned from captivity in 1917 when the revolution began. In 1918 the gang of ataman Zelyoniy [4](#) captured the town. They broke into Jewish houses, robbed, raped and killed people. They broke into my grandfather's house and demanded money "Give us the money, zhyda". My grandfather's family was poor and the bandits shot my grandfather in front of my grandmother and their 3 children. This happened on a big holiday – Purim. Then my grandmother, a very courageous and reserved woman, said "What an evil deed happened on such big holiday and the God watched it but didn't stop it. I don't believe he exists, this God". And she became an atheist. She knew all Jewish laws and holidays, but she never observed them. She kept her Pesach dishes on the attic like a relic and in the memory of my grandfather. My grandmother hated the Soviet power. She thought that gangs were a result of revolution leading to her husband's death, in particular. I have no information about my grandfather's parents or relatives. The only thing I know is that he had a younger brother Kalman, but I never heard about him.

My grandmother lived in a small house in Fastov. There were 3 small rooms, a kitchen and a stove. My grandmother was a housewife all her life. After my grandfather died she lived in her son's family. During the war she was in evacuation in Ulianovsk region. After the war she came back to Fastov and always worked at home baking bread for sale. She bought flour at the market and made delicious bread at home. After food cards were cancelled in 1947 people came to my grandmother to buy bread from her. One year before she died my mother took my grandmother to Kiev. She was old and couldn't live on her own. We hoped to support her a bit more and give her an opportunity to take care of her health. My grandmother died in hospital in 1954.

Of all my grandmother's relatives I knew her sister Leya, married to Manya Shkurovich, a Jew, a wagon driver (balagula). Leya didn't work. She was a housewife. They had seven or eight children: Mirele, Yoska, Eva, Dora, Sarah and Olia, deaf and dumb. They lived in Fastov. Theirs was a religious family observing all traditions. They were all in evacuation during the war. Olia got stubborn and didn't want to go to evacuation. Olia went to the Babiy Yar [5](#). Leya returned to Fastov after the war. She died in 1950. I don't have any information about other children, we kept out of touch after the war.

My mother Genia Khasidovich was an older daughter. Rosa, the next one, born in 1911 finished Jewish seven year school in Fastov and a course in accounting. She worked as an accountant in various companies. She was single and lived with us since 1936. During the war she was in the evacuation with my grandmother in Molokka village, Ulianovsk region. After the war she returned to Kiev and lived with us. She spent much of her time with me. I loved her a lot and she was like a 2nd mother to me. She wasn't religious at all. Rosa died in Kiev in the middle of 1980s.

My mother's younger brother David born in 1913 was a painter. He lived in Fastov. His Jewish wife Fania still lives in Fastov. David went to the front in one of the first days of the war. We received one letter from him written in pencil that he was near Brovary in the vicinity of Kiev. Later Fania received a notification that he had been missing. He must have perished during the defense of

Kiev. David had 3 daughters: Zhenia, Ania and Polia. Zhenia left for Israel in 2001, Ania lives in Kiev and Polia, born in Ulianovsk region in 1942 lives in Fastov with her mother.

My mother Genia Kadanskaya (nee Khasidovich) was born in Fastov in 1909. My mother finished Jewish primary school. In 1928 my mother went to Belaya Tserkov and took a course of training at the stocking factory. After finishing the course she got a job at the factory. My mother was a very beautiful girl. But she carried through her life an imprint of what she saw during the civil war – how her father was shot by bandits. She didn't like the Soviet power. My mother never became a Komsomol member or participated in any subbotniks or other communist activities. It still surprises me what brought my parents together: my father, a devoted communist, obsessed by the idea of building communism and my mother that never accepted any of this. They must have been very much in love and my father was smart enough not try to change my mother's convictions.

My parents met in early 1930s. Sheilik, my father's older brother, was married to my mother's cousin Zina. My father met my mother while visiting them in Fastov. Afterwards my parents wrote letters to one another for two years. My father at that time was having problems at work. He was in a conflict with his military commandment. They wanted to send him to the Far East, but he was required to study a foreign language – English, I believe. My father refused stating that it was difficult for a man with primary education to learn a language. And my father was fired in 1932. He became the Party Bureau secretary at shoe factory #1. He received a big two-room apartment in Millionnaya street in Pechersk, Kiev. It was an award for his performance. After that my father officially proposed to my mother. Mother came from Fastov and my parents got married. They had a small wedding party with his friends. When my father received his apartment his close friend Abrasha Shteinberg got married. Abrasha and Eva didn't have a place to live. Many people didn't have a place to live. This was a difficult time. My father actually gave one room in his apartment to his friends allowing them to live there until they received an apartment of their own. Abrasha perished during the war and his wife Eva lived with us in this apartment for over 50 years. It was an award for his performance. After that my father officially proposed to my mother.

## **Growing up**

I was born in Kiev on 4 June 1933. My mother didn't work, although my father received a small salary. My parents couldn't afford a housemaid or a nanny, although many families had aid at that time. My mother's sister Rosa moved in with us in 1936. The four of us shared one room and another room belonged to the family of Abrasha Shteinberg. They didn't pay for it.

I remember very little about my childhood. I didn't go to kindergarten. I loved it when my father came home from work. He came into the apartment, cheerful and hungry, and my mother gave him his dinner and I felt happy. (I remember the bicycle that my father bought me, a big luxury at the time. I was a proud owner of it and let other children ride it. My father was a big football fan. He always took me to football games at the Dynamo stadium. I remember a game of Ukraine with the Basques, Spain. There was no electronic display of the score and the ball was just lifted over the gate when there was a goal. I remember that on big Soviet holidays (1st of May, October revolution anniversary) we always had a big company of my father's friends visiting us. My mother used to make a festive dinner on such days. My parents didn't celebrate Soviet holidays in particular. It was just another possibility to meet and party with their friends and to have fun. There were Jews, Ukrainians and Russians among my father's friends. There were no discussions or

disputes associated with the subject of nationality. My parents spoke Russian at home, although Yiddish was their mother tongue. For different reasons (my father – due to his communist ideology, and my mother – after her father died tragically and her mother abandoned her faith in God) my parents abandoned anything that tied them to the Jewish traditions or religion. Nobody ever mentioned Jewish holidays, religion or language in our house. In summer we visited my grandmother Zelda. I liked her old house and played with my cousins – daughters of my mother's brother David. My grandmother was always happy to see me. She never mentioned my grandfather's death in my presence, but once I woke up and my mother wasn't around. I saw her and grandmother crying in another room. I went back to bed and never told my mother that I saw them.

I remember very well that from 1937 there was always a small suitcase on a chair with a change of underwear, socks and a small quantity of tobacco and dried bread. My father expected arrest at any moment. He thought they hadn't forgotten his refusal from service at the Far East and that he quit the army. Every night so many innocent people were arrested [6](#) and I'm still surprised that my father wasn't. They must have forgotten about him.

My father quit his party activities. He knew a lot about cars and in 1938 my father became manager of the garage at the Bozhenko furniture factory in Kiev. At the beginning of June 1941 he brought home a ticket to the football game in honor of central stadium opening on 22 June 1941.

### **During the War**

There was no game. On 22 June 1941 the Great patriotic War began. [7](#) We kept this ticket for many years. The game took place after the war at the Khrushchov stadium opening. I didn't want to go to the game without my father that had perished. The war was a complete surprise for us like for many other families. After the Ribbentrop-Molotov Pactum [8](#) was executed many people were convinced that Hitler wouldn't attack his allies.

My father went to the military office and they gave him the task to collect vehicles from the whole district at the race track and wait for the next direction regarding this transport.

In some time bombings began. We were living near the Arsenal military plant. There were other military enterprises: military equipment repair plant and shoe factory #1 manufacturing military boots, therefore our neighborhood was often bombed. I didn't have any fear. It all reminded me of a big game. During bombings we descended to the shelter in the house across the street.

Soon Kiev enterprises began to evacuate. My father insisted that mother and I went without him. My mother didn't want to leave without her sister Rosa and my grandmother Zelda. Rosa was visiting my grandmother in Fastov. My father promised that he would find Rosa and Zelda and send them to join us. We left at the beginning of August 1941. We only had one small suitcase with us. Everybody believed that the war would soon be over. The train that we took was overcrowded. The trip was very long. We reached Kharkov and lived at the railway station for 10 days. My mother began to understand that the war would last long. Later we moved on to Saratov, a town on the Volga. From there we crossed a river on a barge and arrived in Engels.

We settled down in a small room at a private house. My mother began to work at the canteen. She could take leftovers that saved us from starving to death. We had food cards, but all we received



was 250 grams of bread per day and that was not enough. I was always hungry, I went to bed and woke up in the morning feeling hungry. My father was writing to us from the front. He left Kiev with the retreating military units and stayed in the army. He served in the tank units of the Kalinin front. Somebody gave us an article from a newspaper about commanding officer of a tank platoon Kadanskiy. I went to the 1st form but didn't study long.

I didn't study in Engels for long. In few months, as German troops were approaching we had to move on to Charjou, Turkmenian SSR. It was a very long trip with nothing to eat and lots of lice. We met an acquaintance, my father's former colleague and she accommodated us at her relatives' in Charjou. It was a typical Turkmen saklia – a clay house. My mother went to work at the cotton-spinning factory and I went to school. There were many evacuated children in my school. I made friends with many of them. We were so hungry that we stole food. We went to the market. One of us entered into bargaining with the seller and the others were stealing from his stands. But soon the sellers knew our tactics and chased us away from the market. Some of them gave us food, but there were few of the latter. We also loved to steal sunflower seed husk. The Turkmen used to transport it on the wagons and we stole bunches of it. We were whipped and the men called the police, but policemen just formally told us off, gave us carrot tea, some food and let us go. My mother didn't know that I was stealing food for a long time. I didn't tell my mother and the policemen also felt sorry for us and didn't tell our parents. My mother gave me everything she could. Once she got donkey meat and made cutlets. I ate all of them, although Turkmen didn't eat donkey – they thought it smelled badly. Our neighbor, a young woman with a child, worked at a store. Before going to work she tied her child by his leg in the yard and left dried bread around him, so that he could suck it. He peed on this bread, but I still managed to get few pieces and ate them without disgust.

My father was wounded at the beginning of 1942 and sent to hospital. He stayed in this hospital as a political officer. He didn't go to the front because he developed tuberculosis. In summer 1942 we received the notification that my father had died in hospital. My mother cried a lot. She was a very reserves "iron" woman. This was the only time I saw my mother crying. I cried, too. I loved my father and was very attached to him. Only later I realized what it meant to lose the father. How many times in life I needed his advice!

Through the evacuation center in Buguruslan my mother found out where grandmother Zelda was. She, Rosa and Fania and her daughters were in Molokka village, Melikess district, Ulianovsk region in Russia. My father helped them to evacuate, but lost their trace later and we didn't know where they were for long time. My grandmother, her daughters and grandchildren were living in a house. My grandmother told me that the whole village came to look at the evacuated Jews. They had never seen Jews and thought they were different from other people. But they treated them very kindly. They gave them a lot of food, brought potatoes into their cellar, gave them a plot of land and seeds. They lived much better than we did. The whole village was helping them and they practically didn't know hunger. Fania gave birth to Polia, David's daughter. She delivered her in Melikess located in 18 km from the village. She took her baby back to the village on a wagon and it turned out that she was holding her with her head down, but the girl was a healthy baby. After my father perished my grandmother called us to join them in the village.

We arrived there at the beginning of 1943. Their house was big and there was enough space for everybody. I ate and it didn't seem enough. I almost forgot the taste of potatoes in Turkmenia. Life

was easier in Molokka. Rosa was an accountant at the distillery and my mother went to work there, too. Girls and I worked at the vegetable garden growing potatoes and other vegetables. I went to school. There were mostly local children in my class. There was another evacuated family in this village and their boy Naum studied at school.

We got along well with the local children. We went to pick up berries and mushrooms in the forest. The children and teachers were kind with us.

Kiev was liberated in November 1943. It took us few months to obtain the permit to leave for Kiev. We arrived in Kiev in the fall of 1944. My grandmother and Fania's family went to Fastov. Our apartment was occupied by a militiaman and his family. We lost our furniture, kitchen utilities and clothing, it was all gone. My grandmother insisted that we went to Fastov, but my mother wanted to live in Kiev, in the apartment that my father had received. My mother addressed the court. Rosa helped her to write her request, because my mother could hardly write.

## **After the War**

Meanwhile my mother's cousin Vera let us stay in her apartment. We celebrated the Victory Day of 8 May 1945 with them. We were happy and sad on this day. Many of my friends had lost their fathers and so did I. The court issued a positive decision giving us our apartment back, but those people still didn't want to let us in. Rosa sent letters to various authorities. We lived with those other people several years until they finally left. By that time Abrasha's wife Eva returned from the evacuation with her son Mihail born in 1942.

My mother did some work at home for a shop and then she became a seamstress at shoe factory #1 where my father had worked. Rosa was an accountant. My mother worked at the factory until she retired. People remembered my father that had done so much for the factory when he was secretary of the party committee. My mother didn't remarry, although she was an interesting woman and quite a few men proposed to her. She decided that it would be better for me than having a stepfather. I don't know whether she was right, but she devoted her life to me. Rosa also could marry, but I think, she didn't want to leave my mother, and me. She helped me a lot. I always thought that I had two mothers. Aunt Rosa died in the middle of 1980s and my mother died in 1993.

After finishing 7 classes in the Russian secondary school I entered Kiev shoemaking college in 1948. Anti-Semitism began after the war and I and other Jewish children faced it at school. I can't think of any specific case of anti-Semitism, but they were abuses like "zhydy didn't fight, they were in Tashkent". When I heard it, I, that lost my father, beat that boy so hard that nobody ever abused me again. I was a strong guy and could stand for myself.

I faced anti-Semitism again in 1952 after I finished college and decided to enter the Institute of Light Industry. These were the years of the height of anti-Semitism: the doctors' case [9](#) and struggle against cosmopolitanism. Our family didn't suffer from any demonstrations of anti-Semitism. but the general atmosphere was just terrible. It was very tense.

I finished college well. After finishing it I tried to enter the Institute of Light Industry for two years. The four of us went to take exams: Tolik Vinnik, Sasha Feldman, Tolik Taranov, the only Russian, and I. Taranov was the only one admitted. We, Jews, got the "2" grades for composition. I tried to

enter the evening department next year, but failed at the exam. I understood that the road to the Institute was closed for Jews and never tried again.

I finished the Shoemaking College and received my job assignment in Proskurov (Khmelnitskiy at present). I didn't become a pioneer at school, but I became a Komsomol [10](#) member. It was a mere formality for me. I remember how people reacted to Stalin's death in 1953. Many of them cried, but many thought that his death was an escape for the people. I didn't feel any sorrow or joy.

I went to the army from Proskurov. I served in Bolgrad, Odessa military regiment. I studied at the tank battalion there and was sent to military units. There were 30 of us with technical education of 800 military at the battalion. After 3 years of service we were released in the rank of junior lieutenant. Half of us were Ukrainians in the platoon and another half were Uzbeks. Once an Uzbek Orgashev said to me "You are a Jew". His Russian was very poor, and he said this to abuse me expressly. I hit him on the head with a gas mask case. My commanders understood me and I didn't have any problems with them. There were four Jews in our platoon: Arkadiy Gutman, Lyonka Donskoy, Iosif Wasserman and I. We always supported each other and the others were afraid to abuse us because there were always for of us standing for each other.

I married my co-student Marina Cherniavskaya in 1952. She came from a plain Jewish non-religious family. Her father was a carpenter. Her father was at the front during the war and came back an invalid. Marina and her mother were in Kuibyshev in evacuation. We had a family wedding party. We had wedding rings, but we didn't have enough money to buy a wedding dress. We lived with her parents at the beginning, but there was even less space and we moved in with my mother.

After my service was over I returned to Kiev. I couldn't find a job, but I didn't want to leave my mother and my wife. I stayed in Kiev. The mother of my friend helped me to get a job, because it was impossible for a Jew to get employed. Her acquaintance that was secretary of the district party committee helped me to get a job at shoe factory #6 where I worked 40 years. These were good years of my life. I worked in a nice and industrious team. Kats, director of the factory, was a Jew, and shop supervisors were Jews and there was no anti-Semitism at the factory. We were like a family. However, I can remember an incident in the early 1970s. Somebody brought a lighter made in Israel: when you lit it magendovid and the lighter played the anthem of Israel. I showed it to a couple of people -- we had a Jewish collective at the factory. Many employees were Jews and we had a friendly atmosphere at work. On the other hand, we were a typical Soviet work collective. We read Soviet newspapers, celebrated Soviet holidays and took part in the socialist competition -- and then gave it back to the owner. In two or 3 months I got a subpoena to the KGB office. I didn't have a hint what it might be about. I was paying monthly fees for a new apartment and I thought that they might want to check where I got the money. When I came to the office there were two investigation officers. They began interrogation asking me whether I had relatives abroad and where my parents were. They directed the light in my eyes and asked questions in turn. "Why are you involved in the Zionist propaganda?" I could see their point. "You showed a lighter playing the anthem of Israel. Where did you get it?" I told them that some Jews that had arrived from Israel showed it to my father-in-law at the synagogue -- in fact, none of us went to the synagogue, but I couldn't say that I had friends among foreigners, especially from Israel, that was not on friendly terms with the USSR. I might have had problems and even be arrested -- and I borrowed it to show my colleagues at the factory. I had to sign the paper that I repented and would stop my Zionist activities. So it turned out that there were reporters in our work family.



Until recently I didn't observe any Jewish traditions or celebrated holidays. My grandmother Zelda started this attitude to the Jewish way of life, after lost my grandfather. But I didn't enter the party, either, although I was recommended to become a communist. One couldn't get promotion if one wasn't a communist at that time. I took total abandonment of the communist ideology from my grandmother. I say that if my father, the communist to the marrow of his bones raised from dead he would die again on hearing what I say about the Communist party.

On 1 April 1957 our son Sasha was born. He grew up a strong boy that could stand for himself and his friends. After finishing school he served in the army, tried to enter the automobile/road construction institute, but failed and didn't want to try again. He married a Russian girl. In 1981 their son Alexandr was born and in 1983 – their daughter Elena.

I don't like to talk about some circumstances of my life. In 1985 my wife and I divorced and in 1987 she moved to the US with my son's family. My son lives in New York and works as a driver. He has a good family and nice children. Regretfully, I couldn't afford to visit the country. It is much too expensive for a Soviet pensioner, but I hope that I shall see my son and grandchildren

My second wife Luba Pinchuk is Ukrainian. I met her a long time ago at the factory. After my divorce we started seeing each other and in some time Luba moved in with me. We lived in a civil marriage for many years. Luba is a very nice person. She was very nice to my mother. When my mother was confined to bed she looked after her like a daughter. Many years of love and friendship bind me and Luba together. Recently we got married.

We celebrate Jewish and Christian holidays. Luba can cook traditional Jewish food: stuffed fish, Jewish stew and matsa bakery. She is almost as good cook as my mother.

I think Israel is a great country. I think it is wonderful that this country exists and develops Hebrew. But I don't think there will ever be peace on this land and I don't want to go there. I don't want to leave my country. I love my Motherland – Ukraine. I think it is good that Ukraine is independent. There are all opportunities in Ukraine for the development of the Jewish life: synagogues, communities, Jewish amateur concert groups and newspapers. Every year after the war I go to the Babi Yar on 29 September to honor the memory of hundreds of thousands of Jews that perished there as well as the Jews exterminated during Holocaust. My wife is beside me. We want to spend the rest of our days here, in our Motherland.

## Glossary

**1** In 1920s there were many anti-Semitic gangs in Ukraine. They killed Jews and burnt their houses, they robbed their houses, raped women and killed children.

**2 Forceful removal of grain and bread from the farmers in the early 1920s, the years of military communism**

**3 In those years it was not safe to go to the synagogue**

Those were the horrific 1930s – the period of struggle against religion. There was only one synagogue left of the 300 existing in Kiev before the revolution of 1917.

#### **4 Ataman Zelyoniy, ('green" in Russian)**

His gang robbed and killed people. White - a criminal shaping, which fought for conservation of tsarist mode in Russia.

**5** Babiy Yar is the site of the first mass shootings of the Jewish population that was done in the open by the fascists on September 29-30, 1941, in Kiev. During 3 years of occupation (1941-1943) fascists were killing thousands of people at the Babiy Yar every day: communists, partisans, prisoners of war. They were people of different nationalities.

**6** In the mid-1930s Stalin launched a major campaign of political terror. The purges, arrests, and deportations to labor camps touched virtually every family. Untold numbers of party, industrial, and military leaders disappeared during the “Great Terror.

#### **7 On 22 June 1941 at 5 o'clock in the morning Nazi Germany attacked the Soviet Union without declaring a war**

This was the beginning of the so-called Great Patriotic War

#### **8 Non-aggression pact between Germany and the Soviet Union, which fall into history under name Molotov-Ribbentrop pactum**

Engaged in a border war with Japan in the Far East and fearing the German advance in the west, the Soviet government in 1939 began secret negotiations for a non-aggression pact with Germany. In August 1939 it suddenly announced the conclusion of a Soviet-German pact of friendship and non-aggression. This pact contained a secret clause providing for the partition of Poland and for Soviet and German spheres of influence in Eastern Europe.

#### **9 «Doctors' Case» - The so-called Doctors' Case was a set of accusations deliberately forged by Stalin's government and the KGB against Jewish doctors of the Kremlin hospital charging them with the murder of outstanding Bolsheviks**

The “Case” was started in 1952, but was never finished because Stalin died in 1953.

#### **10 Communist youth organization created by the Communist Party to make sure that the state would be in control of the ideological upbringing and spiritual development of the youth almost until the age of 30**