

Boris Boguslavskiy's Family



This is my father's family at a wedding in Khorol in 1908. The man with the beard in the middle row is my great-grandfather Zakhar Rogachevskiy, his wife is beside him. Next to her is my grandmother Zlata Boguslavskaya, nee Rogachevskaya, holding her youngest daughter Klara Tarnapolskaya, nee Boguslavskaya. The last on the right in the upper row is my grandfather Lipa Boguslavskiy, next to him is my father's older brother Gershl Boguslavskiy. Next to him are the twins Moishe and Meilah Boguslavskiy. My father, Boris Boguslavskiy, is the third on the right in the lower row, the last on the right is his sister Esther-Malka Libina, nee Boguslavskaya and his brother Iosif Boguslavskiy is behind her. My grandmother's youngest sister Enta is the one sitting wearing a white apron. My great-grandfather was merry and stubborn, even quarrelsome and reckless at times. He was a very strong man and he used his physical strength sometimes to resolve disputable issues. There were legends about his physical strength. Once he told a visitor to get out of his house when they didn't succeed to agree on something. That visitor said that he wouldn't leave and grasped at the door frame. My great-grandfather carried him, along with the door-frame, out of his house. Zakhar also enjoyed the simple pleasures of life. He often visited Poltava with his friends, went to restaurants and taverns. They said he even had a lover. I don't have any information about Zakhar's wife, my great-grandmother. I know that she died long before the [Russian] Revolution of 1917. My great-grandfather Zakhar lived a long life. He died in Khorol in the middle of the 1930s. Zakhar had many children. The oldest was my grandmother Zlata, born in 1879. My grandmother's youngest sister Enta, born in 1896, died incidentally. During an epidemic of influenza in 1910 she and my grandmother's older son fell ill. The shop assistant at the pharmacy was ignorant but nobody knew this. He gave the first medication that was at hand and it turned out to be strychnine, a poison. Enta and my grandmother's son Moishe died. My grandfather Lipa had to go to work when he was 14 because he had to provide for his mother and four younger sisters and brothers. My great-grandfather Zakhar Rogachevskiy helped their family. It was customary at that time that richer Jews helped the poor ones. Besides, he employed Lipa at his mill. Lipa felt at home in the family of Rogachevskiy. But when Zakhar found out that Lipa and his older daughter Zlata had fallen in love with one another Zakhar got very angry that his daughter

wanted to marry a poor man. He didn't give his consent to their marriage. But Zlata, his favorite daughter, cried day and night until he gave in.