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(First part pertains to Charles and Friedas Wedding Anniversary.)

PART # 2

Ly mother's father was named Hershel Miklarsky. By grandmother's name was Chaia - Dvere. My grandfather Hershel was a furniture maker, and had his own shop employing several workers. He was very sick for a several weeks in his old age (?) and died at 66 in February of 1882. I was then 6 years and I conths. By grandmother was left with 6 children: 2 sons and 4 daughters. Three of them were mairied and three wax were still single. The oldest daughter was named Gittel and her husbands name was hamaia. Last name was Goffshtein. He, it too was a furniture maker and he bought from my grandmother the workshop and the house. One of the rooms in the building was given to grandmother to live in till her end.

Grandmother then became a midwife and was making a nice living. She lived on till 1901 and died two days after our Sam was born.

After my munt Gittel was a son named Yankel. He, too, was a furniture maker. He was a very hadsome man. Yankel had three children. Lariam was the first and was two and half years older than I. The second's name was Sheine-Ferl. The third was a boy named Iciser. His mother, whose name was Feigel and who was uncle's first wife, died giving birth to the boy. Uncle remarried and his wife (gave birth to a girl, whom they maked Brooks. However, She was not a good one. (who? Sh.). It was rumored that(?) she killed the boy Iciser when he was three years old.

Sheine-Perl lived till she was I9 years of age. I do not know was what was the cause of her death, as I was not at home at the time. (?). We were the same age. We were born in the same month.

I do not know when my uncle Yankel died, but it was after I was already married.

liy grandmother was 84 years when she died. Aunt I Gittel was 34 years. Uncle Shmaia was 75 Years.

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Aunt Gittel had many children, but only one son: Mcchemia survived.

Hechemia had 10 children but I knew only his oldest son David Goffshtein. He
was a writer of Yidish poetry, and was liquidated during Stalin's marges of
all theJewish writers and other intelectuals.

Nehemia perished in Kiev. Furdered by the Hitlerites.

In my next letter I will write about my own father and mother. I can not write any more now. My hand is crumping and hurting.

Your Father Gershon.