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My brother Hershel passed away. Just about a little over a month ^{after} when my oldest brother died. I have thought of this - that I am the only one from my direct family that is left. And after some of the younger ones asked me to make some notes to the family tree, I am writing this.

I, my mother and my grandmother were born in the town of Korostishev between the highway of two states: Kiev, the capitol of the State Kiev seventy miles and Zhitomir, the capitol of Volin, thirty miles away. An estimated population of 7,000, 90% Jewish.

My grandfather Hershel Micharski, a carpenter, my grandmother Chai-Devorah with their six children, lived in their home in the center of town surrounded by four synagogues. When I was born, my grandfather was dead and my grandmother Chai Dvora was the head of the family. She was a midwife and at that time, some 70-75 years ago, there was not even a doctor in our town, only one practical doctor called the "feldscher". Mom said, "a German word meaning a "healer".

My grandmother was sort of a practical nurse in minor cases. In very serious cases, the patient was taken to Jitomir hospitals by horse and buggy.

My grandmother Chai Dvora was called in Yiddish, "the boobie" and was very respected in town. People would come to her for advice in physical or mental cases besides her normal job to deliver the town's children, and when she became totally paralyzed ten years before her death, she gave over her trade to her two oldest daughters, Gitel, and my mother, Ginendel.

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After that I remember her either in her back little room from her house, or on the front porch, sitting. Neighbors and friends, mostly women, would come around, bring her food, some money, and goodies and chat with her. Tell her their ^{Wees} Wees or their prides, and ask her advices. Because her mind was very clear and smart, "a chachoma" she was called, although in her body she was small and delicate. As we lived across the street, my mother was busy and the two boys - my Aunt Gitele's grandchildren were all day in chedar (school). I was to help her and my mother would bother me every minute "go see if grandma needs something".

She died at 78 by choking herself to death with a piece of specialty meat the neighbor brought her to taste. The neighbor, Bally, the butcherke, screamed bloody murder across to my mother, but by the time my mother brought a candel- she was going to try to push it into her throat - my grandmother was dead. The Feldscher said her paralyzed throat was not capable to any strain for her ordeal. She had a very big funeral. All towns people came around, and as I remember it, the square streets around the house were lighted up with candles to memorialize her.

My oldest aunt, Gitel, was married to Shamai Gofshtein, a carpenter, a Honorable member and President of his Synagogue which was called the stoliarshe clois (the carpenters school). They had one son, an intelligent fellow of the name of Nechemia (for the Hebrew Prophet) was as stern as my Uncle Shamai. He and his sweet natured wife, Alta, had nine children. The oldest,

Dovid, became the Yiddish-Russian poet, David Gofstein, and was executed with eleven more Yiddish writers in the year of 1952, October 12, by the Stalin regime of annihilation and destruction of the Jewish Intelligentsia. His wife, Feigle, their two sons and two sisters, Haveh and Surah, are still in Kiev.

The second of my grandparents son was Ziskel, also a carpenter. He married my Aunt Feiga Riva from a nice rich family of Brusilov some small town 25 miles away. They had one son named Berel. In my time he became a lawyer. This was outstanding in our ghetto towns since Jewish education was limited in Czarist Russia to 3% for College students.

In the last years before Hitler's occupation, I had news that my Aunt died. My Uncle lived out his old age in Kiev and Berel got paralyzed. Didn't hear any more of them and assume they died by Hitlerite hordes.

My Aunt Rica Feiga was the youngest. She married Alter Chaskin, a step-brother of my sister-in-law Hessie Chaskin Miron. He was a merchant on the weekly markets. He sold ropes (of flax) and pigs hair for brushes and small animal furs. They lived in a very small town near Jitomir, 20 miles from Korostishev. They had six children. One of them, a twin drowned in the near Lake Teterove that runs through these three towns of Korostishev, Jitomir, Livkief and other towns too.

Their daughter, Tillie, was raped during a pogrom so they married her off to an old man. The others of the family died by Hitlerites except the youngest of the girls, Sima, that is still

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Sima*

somewheres in Kiev.

I'll never forget my sweet, smart, Auntie Rica Feiga, although without education, had such smart views of surrounding circumstances and people. And a sweet joke that would fit in.

My Aunt Yochvod married Noote Zippenuch. He was cleaning and drying out skins to make leather. He had a sort of will for that purpose, to dip the skins and dry them in the sun. There would be two big holes covered by boards so children wouldn't fall in. After dipping, he laid the skins on the grass to dry. It stunk to high heaven. Then they stretched them. Mama warned us not to go near the hole. This job had to be done by the river. So they had to live in the outskirts of our city and later in the town of Radomisl some 35 miles away.

They had nine children, twin boys died while young; they raised seven children, and when my Uncle's sister's children, the Sakowitzs, sent for their oldest son Meyer (Max) to come to the golden land America, the family followed later. It was not easy at that time.

My Uncle was a strict religious fellow, very earnest and proud person, and his trade did not go in the southern town of Galveston, and he wouldn't work on Saturdays so after a short while on the Galveston docks, he became a fruit peddler which did not provide for nine people and my Aunt Yochvod had to give board to the immigrants that came those years 1910 - 1911 to the United States by the organization of emigration of I.K.A. a historic dream of Baron Hirsh to colonize Galveston Island for Jewish people.

The family of Nute Nathan (as they changed it in America) moved to Houston after the 1915 storm while the two oldest children Shandel and Max already lived in Houston.

The youngest son, Chaim Dovid, named after my grandmother Chai Dvorah, got married to Tillie Harr of Galveston and established a ready-to-wear business and were successful, financially and socially. David Nathan became popular in Galveston by working in the communal life of the city. He was honored by a testimonial dinner by the city and the Chamber of Commerce and later was nominated and ran for mayor of the city. When he died at a young age, he had a tremendous funeral, eulogized by the whole city. So did follow Chiam Dovid in the footsteps of his grandmother for whom he was named.

My mother Ginendel married Alter Shmuel Mirochnik, an orphan from Jitomir, the son of Esther Freida and the late Gershon Mirochnik.

When my grandfather Gershon died and my grandmother Esther Freida became blind, her only way to provide for her two children, Alter and Zeitel was to beg on the streets. She was giving her son the highest education a poor woman could give. He became a scholar and even educated in Russian language and in bookkeeping, and when my mother married such a learned man, while she was the daughter of a labor family, it was the highest pride and "luck" because he was an orphan of a poor blind woman.

My father was not only respected in town for his knowledge, his deep religious way of living, his honesty, but also taking

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place as assistant Rabbi when our holy man (zadick) Rabbi Motele Twersky (from the famous Twersky family) was away from town.

He made his living by teaching teen boys Hebrew and other odds and ends of things. My mother helped by being a mid-wife and this way they raised their seven children.

We had ten children but three died while young. They were girls and one was a twin. They all died before my birth.

My brother Gershon, the oldest, was in the service for five years and lived through the Russian-Japanese war which Russia lost Port Arthur Wladi-vostok in Siberia, to Japan. At 26, he married by father's chum and Yeshiva friend, Alter Spector's daughter Esther and lived in Zhitomir (also spelled Jitomir).

My second brother, Herschel, had a dream to be a painter (artist). For that reason, although unfavorable to my father, they gave him for a helper to a Radomisle painter for three years teaching without pay, only board.

My brother Yankel was teaching on the farms to Jewish children. We, the four younger children, I, Malka, Froike, Chana, were at home.

My father was a very sick man. I don't know what sickness he suffered but when he got a spell he screamed to the top of his voice. Mama called the Feldscher, who hollered that they didn't keep up his orders to take the medicine. He wrote another medicine and mama would push a twenty cent piece in his hand on the way out. Hiding away from us because it was not ethical to take money from poor people for medical services.

My grandmother Chai Dvora took my father to Kiev to the big doctors one time. My father's mother was dead already. I am named after her.

My father was operated there. When he came back, he brought me chinis nuts what was called then pinuts and opened it and showed me that they look like a man with a little beard. That's all I can remember.

Years later when I was twelve years old and my mother was away to a case, he took me by my hand. We came to the Jitomir Station. He kissed me goodbye and told me "tell mama I am going to Litkiev for some brewery business and will go to Jitomir to see the Doctor. That was the last time I saw him. I didn't know why, but I came running home crying. The house was very quiet and gloomy. I could not find myself a place and when my mother came later in the evening and I told her what papa said, she murmured "he has gotten his way" because he always said he wants to die in Jitomer and be placed at his parents grave. My father died a short time after this at 45 years of age. When this news came to me at our forest where we used to go on Saturdays, my mother walked up to Jitomer picking up Yankel on the way, and my grandmother said to me "God is just ! a young man left a family with small children and I, old and paralysed, can't live without the help of some one, am left alive".

My mother opened a little grocery. My Aunt Yochvod did help every once in a while with a \$10.00 - \$15.00 dollars from America later. Herschel had to come home and help and a couple years later when my mother had a little whiskey bar for the men who came daily from the Synagogues after morning prayer for a

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drink before noon meal. Joshua Weprinsky came in mighty often to our house and at one time he proposed to my mother to marry him. After advice from her oldest sister Gitel and her oldest son Gershon to accept and better herself, she did, and he moved into our house and together with his cold drinking stand, we did very well until the big fire. (Joshua Weprinsky's daughter Chana was in California. Some of his children lived in Brooklyn. The grandchildren are all over the United States. They are landsleit and were raised together. Rizel was lively and had dark curly hair - all the boys liker her - she was my friend. They belong to Workmen's Circle).

One windy night the fire broke out. We did not have a fire department but a volunteer group which helped in fires by barrels of water which were delivered from our lake. But this could not put out a wide, big fire, so it burned all night, and 400 homes and stores of business burned fast, and we lost everything and did not have a roof over our head. We had to separate the family. I went to my brother Gershon. Yankel was still on a farm so did Herschel and Malka have to go to Radomizle. My mother, stepfather and the three smaller children moved in with my Uncle Yankel and Aunt Brucha. In several months, my mother started to build back our home, and as soon as the four walls were finished, we were back together with the most help of my brother Yankel's wages. I was still at my cousin's Gofsteins farm. In March 1904 when my brother Herschel was getting married, my mother did send for me and Miriam talked mama into letting me go with her to Aliv,

where her husband will learn me the tailor trade. In October 1905 the Russian Revolution broke out, and right away the Government organized pogroms on the Jewish people as a scapegoat to stamp out the revolution. In our court on Widenaky St., the Russian boys came five times plundering, beating and killing Jews. This had an aftermath on my life forever, ^{SCREAMING} dreaming and running for shelter. My mother came for me after to take me home, but the small town did not satisfy me any more, and I went back to Kiev; worked as a helper to a tailor and for my room and board and a small amount of pay.

While in Kiev, a correspondence started by me and my old friend and neighbor, Itzik Winokoor, through his mother and brother, he was offering me a ticket to America. I was longing to come to the Land of Freedom and accepted his offer, and so I came to America, January 1912 to Detroit, Michigan, and we were married there and our two oldest children were born there.

My brother Gershon also emigrated to America to my Aunt Yochvod, and when things gotten tough for us with strikes and slack seasons in the automobile factory, we decided to come South to be together with family. Also, my brother Herschel and family came South so we were united.

Our aim to bring my mother did not come true. Chana married and had two children who were also murdered by Hitlerite. Malka died before in pregnancy with twins. Her first son, Motele, was the apple of the eye by my mother, but his father took him away when he remarried. I don't know if the boy is alive and where he is.

Yankel and family, Froika and family were killed by Hitler. Only Millie Mirochnik, Froika's oldest son is alive and married around Moskvuh, Russia.

And so it was that our voyage to America saved the family roots. I have lived a fruitful life I think by following my ideas of a social democratic society and working through my organization of the Workmen's Circle. I also had the privilege to be in contact and have as my guests the most famous writers, actors and artists of the Yiddish Cultural Society of America. My husband did work and helped. We were harmonious in this respect. And we both enjoyed it and regreted that our children did not follow our aims of our Yiddish cultural life and tradition.

So from Korostishev by the Knieper River to Galveston by the Gulf of Mexico, the roots of Chai Dvorah were planted.

Written by Freida Esther Miron^tchnik Weiner.