Chapter 9
My Father's Brothers and Sisters and their Children

My father, Sam Markman, Sahnyeh, was one of seven children, all born in Nemirov. One, possibly two, were also married in Nemirov before arriving to the United States. The first child was Nekawmeh, Nekhahmah in Hebrew; the second Yeedl, Yudel in Litvish Yiddish, Yehudah in Hebrew; the third, Maryam; the fourth, my father; the fifth, Goldeh, I do not know her Hebrew name or if she had any; the sixth, Moishe, Morris in English; the seventh Rayzyeh, Rose in English]. I do not know her Hebrew name or if she had one). There had been an eighth child, a male infant who my father recalled died of some urinary infection.

It is interesting that infant mortality was generally lower among the Jews than in the non-Jewish population, not only in the nineteenth century in Russia, but even as far back as the Middle Ages in Europe as a whole, a phenomenon observed and commented on by modern Jewish historians. One who comes to mind is Salo Baron whose sixteen-volume history of the Jews I read volume by volume as they were published by the Jewish Publication Society in Philadelphia. He documented this fact of lower infant mortality among the Jews of Europe, but in which volume I do not recall. He ascribed the greater survival of children to adulthood among Jews because of the almost compulsive and time-consuming type of care Jewish mothers normally accorded new born babies, infants and young children as well as the traditional hygienic practices prescribed by Jewish religious law.

NEKHAWMEH

Beginning with my recollections of Nekhawmeh and her family, I want to say at the outset that these memories of her are all confined to the few years of my childhood from about 1917 when we moved to Essex Street until about 1926 when we moved to Empire Boulevard in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn. The only visual memory I have of Nekhawmeh is when she gave a speech about my grandparents on the occasion of their fiftieth wedding anniversary in 1922. I was eleven years old at the time. It was one of the very few times I had ever been in Maryam's house where my grandparents were living at the time.

Nekhawmeh was standing at one end of the table in the dining room giving her oration. I still remember some of the words she used and I am still impressed by her oratory skill. It was from this speech that I learned how my grandfather had built his first house and how my grandmother had helped in the construction making the vahlkyehs composed of clay and straw.

Nekhawmeh had high cheekbones, seemed tall to me as a child, and had deep, dark brown eyes, very much like my grandfather's. The photograph which Jean Markman gave me about two years ago and in which Nekhawmeh appears, confirms the accuracy of my memory of her appearance.

I remember vaguely that I once visited her house. At that time, the Cooper family lived in Brownsville near the western end of New Lots Avenue on a street parallel to and not too far from Rockaway Avenue. Unfortunately, because my mother kept herself aloof from Nekhawmeh, I had little contact with her or her family. It seemed to me as a child that my mother harbored resentment for her eldest sister-in-law, a resentment which she had nourished from as far back as the unfortunate altercation during her wedding. Yet in all fairness to my mother, she really had a favorable opinion of Nekawmeh's husband Yoil. She was very warm to my cousin Shmeel who was a year or two older than me. She enjoyed having him in the house whenever he chose to come, usually by hitching a ride on the New Lots trolley car. He would cling to the rear of the trolley car out of sight of the motorman-conductor until it stopped at Essex Street where he jumped off and walked into our house about half way up the block.

The truth is that I hardly knew Nekhawmeh but heard of her activities from my grandfather and also from my father. She was a most civic-minded woman and was always engaged in one cause or another. Not political, rather charitable causes. She was always running about, so it seemed, raising money for one worthy cause or another. According to my father, almost single handed she was responsible for founding the "incurable home," as my father called it, in Brooklyn. I do not remember the official name of the institution. I imagine it still exists. It was a hospital, more than just a nursing home, where people suffering from maladies for which there was no cure, incurable, would be cared for until they died. The hospital was located somewhere near Utica Avenue in the vicinity of Kings County Hospital. It seems that Nekhawmeh's oratorical talent stood her in good stead and she was able to raise the money to found the "incurable home."

Her husband, Yoil, Joel, Cooper, was a hat maker, a keerzhner. He was a handsome man as I remember him. A lively man, always with a smile and witty comment. He was the "life of the party" type. My mother actually like Yoil for his good humor. I believe my father sent Yoil the "shifshahrfte" with which he came to America. As I said before, Yoil brought my uncle Moishe with him. Moishe celebrated his bar mitzvah at sea, in 1906 or so.

The photograph which Jean Markman gave me, the one probably taken about 1906 or 1907, shows Nekhawmeh standing behind Yoil with their little daughter Rookhel leaning on father's knees. Next to Nekawmeh is Yeedl and next to him Goldeh. Seated in front of Goldeh is my father, probably about twenty-one or twenty-two years old. It is uncanny, but my sister's middle son, Michael Jacob Enzer, bears a remarkable resemblance to my father, his grandfather. My father sports a gold

watch and chain in is vest pocket, a telltale indication he was prosperous enough not only to have acquired a gold watch and chain, but also to have had the means to buy steamship tickets for Yeedl and Goldeh and possible for Yoil, Nekhawmeh and their child.

About all I remember about Yoil is limited to one summer when he and a number of other hat makers vacationed in the same hotel in the Catskill Mountains where we also were staying. If memory serves me, I think the name of the hotel was "The Commodore" and was located in Thompsonville. His son Shmeel was also staying there with him. Yoil and the other hat makers spent a great deal of time sitting around a table on the porch playing pinochle.

Nekhawmeh and Yoil had four children, three daughters and one son: Rookhel was the eldest; the second daughter was Paula; then came Shmeel; and the fourth, a daughter whose name I can no longer recall. I had very little contact with Nekhawmeh's children except for Shmeel. Rookhel married at the end of the First World War when I was about seven years old. I am not certain if she was born in Nemirov or in New York. On the basis of the photograph taken about 1906/1907 and which I have repeatedly mentioned before, Rookhel appears there leaning on her father's knee and is perhaps a child about three or four years old. If this is the case, then she must have been born about 1902/1903 in Nemirov. There is no one left of my father's generation to ask, and I am totally out of contact with my paternal cousins except for Moishe's son Leo who lives in Cleveland, Ohio, and Irving Markman's wife Jean who lives in Maryland.

The other two girls I remember as in a dream for I was still a child when I last saw them, just when I do not recall at all. Paula was the elder and was slender and rather handsome favoring her father. The other girl, the youngest of the four, seemed to have her father's happy easy going character with a smile on her face and a vivacious mien, at least so it seemed to me as a child.

Shmeel was the third child and perhaps a year or two older than me. He was freer to move around than I was. I already mentioned that he would hitch a ride hanging on the back of the New Lots Avenue trolley cars and come to visit us in Essex Street. Another incident, humorous for those who witnessed what happened, but hardly for the one who was the butt of the jest, occurred while we were vacationing that summer at the Commodore Hotel in Thompsonville in the Catskill Mountains. The hotel owner had just fired one of the workers, a Pole, who was angrily tramping down the dirt road away from the hotel yelling all sorts of imprecations at the owner and the world in general, so it seemed to me though I did not understand a word. There was Shmeel, a boy of perhaps thirteen or fourteen years old, following the Pole at a safe distance and yelling back at him a phrase which I still remember but had no idea what it meant when I was hearing it, "Pootselovits moyev doopeh." On inquiry later, I learned that in Polish it meant, "Kiss my behind." I cannot imagine where Shmeel had learned Polish, at least that one Polish phrase,

other than from some of the Polish children in the neighborhood where he lived, a neighborhood inhabited almost exclusively by Yiddish-speaking Jews, many of whom had emigrated from Poland doubtlessly bringing that colorful phrase with them.

I do not remember when I saw Nekhawmeh and Yoil and their children for the last time —perhaps, at my grandfather's funeral in 1930. But I do not remember any details of the funeral now. As regards Rookhel, the eldest daughter, I have no recollection of her at all, other than that I knew she had married a dentist right at the close of World War I. He was supposed to have been trained for his profession while in the army or immediately after.

YEEDL

I have already related something of my father's older brother Yeedl. One of the reasons why my father left Nemirov, very likely in early in 1905 and in the midst of the Russo-Japanese War, was that his older brother Yeedl was already serving in the Tsar's hateful army. Within a year at the age of twenty-one my father would also be conscripted to serve Fawhnyeh Gawnif [a nickname for the Tsar, Fawnyeh/ Tsar and Gawnif/Thief, the Tsar the Thief]. In Tsarist Russia, boys who were the one and only son in their families, were exempted from the draft, a rather humane policy. My father knew he would be certainly drafted because he had two brothers and all would be required to serve in the army when they reached draft age.

My grandmother Bahsyeh saw to it that my father left immediately. He went to London. At that time, Yeedl was stationed in Chelm, a town now in Poland and famous in Jewish folklore for its fools, "Khelmer nahroonim." He and his unit were ordered to the front in the Far East. I should mention here that the treaty between Japan and Russia was signed in Portsmouth, New Hampshire in September of 1905. Therefore, it must have been earlier in that year that my grandmother saw to it that my father left Nemirov and sent Nekawmeh to help Yeedl desert the army and escape across the border before being sent off to the Far East.

She took money and civilian clothes with her and went off to Chelm. She gave him the clothes and the money and he then stole across the border, "gegawnvit di greynits," into Austria. He went on to Trieste. I do not know how long he stayed there. Apparently it was not convenient for him to sail from there. Eventually he found his way to some other port, perhaps Hamburg or Rotterdam, where my father sent him a ship's ticket, according to what my father told me on more than one occasion. Yeedl probably arrived in America in late 1905, that is after my father's brief stay in London where he had gone first after leaving Nemirov.

While we were still living in Essex Street, I sometimes overheard that Yeedl and his wife Dora, whom I do not believe I ever saw, were having serious marital difficulties which ended in divorced. The story I always heard regarding why Yeedl and Dora were divorce was that Dora had an extra-marital affair with the man to whom they had rented a room in their flat.

They had three children: Lena, the eldest and about two or so years older than me; Molly, about my age or slightly younger; and Irving, who was considerably younger and eventually married Jean Enish, the one who comes to Durham on occasion and who gave me the old photograph. I knew her father, Joe Enish, many years ago. I met her for the first time when I was in Washington in 1952 or so when Irving was still living.

The acrimony between Dora and Yeedl did not abate even after they were divorced. On two or three occasions, if I remember correctly, my father would take the deed to the house on Essex Street and present it to the to court by way of a bond to bail Yeedl out of jail. Dora had him arrested, probably for non-support, I now assume though I did not know the reason why at the time. Lena and Molly went to live with Yeedl, but Irving, who was still an infant, went to live with his mother.

I had never met Irving when he was a child, but did in 1952 when I visited Lena who was then living in the country in Maryland not far from Washington. By that time, Lena's children were married. Her husband had some important civil service job with the federal government. I did not see Molly, nor have I since. But I did meet Irving and Jean who were recently married. I was amazed to learn that her father was Joe Enish whom I had known as a child.

Joe Enish was a Livak and a very good carpenter who at one time worked for my father. Joe always wore a derby hat, I believe it was a brown derby, while he was working down in the basement of the house in Essex Street helping my father make doors and windows to enclose front porches in the neighborhood and even in Cyprus Hills. My father had made a specialty of enclosing open front porches converting them into interior living space. He had devised a scheme of prefabricating the panels and the doors and the windows right in the basement which he would then transport to the site and install, in what seemed like the twinkling of an eye, probably in one or two man-days. Joe Enish was the inside man, producing the parts. There must have been hundreds of open porches in East New York and Cyprus Hills which my father enclosed in the space of two or three years after we moved into the house on Essex Street in 1918.

I do not know exactly how long Joe Enish worked in our basement, but long enough for me to remember that he spoke Yiddish with a marked Litvak accent. And then, some thirty years later, I met his daughter and found that she was married to a cousin of mine. Unfortunately, Irving died a few years ago, in the 1980's, and his wife, Jean, now comes to visit us whenever she is in Durham for a weight reduction program.

Yeedl married again later on at the urging of my grandfather Yahnkel who found him his second wife. My grandfather once came to house and told us that there was a young widow with a small child who had very recently arrived from Chelm and who was about to be sent back to Russia [Poland by then] by the immigration authorities. He urged Yeedl to do the "mitzvah" by marrying her so that

she would be allowed to remain in this country. Yeedl in turn would have a good wife and not live alone any longer. The woman's name was Tseepeh and her son was a young boy probably about five or six years old, certainly under ten.

I do not remember Tseepeh at all, nor her child. Yeedel and Tseepeh remained married until she died sometime during the late 1940's, I imagine but I do not know for certain. My father told me that Yeedl had formally adopted her son whose name I never knew, not unless he is the same as the Raymond Jerome Markman whom I found listed right above me in 41st edition of *Who's Who in America*, 1980-81, page 2150. He gives his date of birth as 26 December 1927, in Brooklyn, N. Y., the son of Celia and Julius Markman; a graduate of the University of Missouri; an executive vice-president of the *Encyclopedia Britannica, U.S.A.*, Chicago, as well as other professional information and his place of residence. I asked Jean Markman if Raymond Markman was the stepson whom her father-in-law had adopted. She assured me he was not. I never wrote Raymond Markman about this, but am still struck by the date and place of his birth, the names of his parents, Julius and Celia, which might possibly be English versions of the Yiddish Yeedl and Tseepeh.

MARYAM

Maryam was the third child born to my grandparents in Nemirov. I have already recounted some of the stories I had heard about Mariam's childhood: that she took care of the cow; that she saved her money tied up in knots in her petticoat which Yeedl would sometimes steal from her. I also wrote something about her husband, Hershel, who was a cooper by trade but left without a job with the onset of Prohibition right after the First World War.

They had three children, two girls and a boy. I am not sure of the name of the eldest, it may have been Rose. The second daughter was named Laykeh, probably Leah in Hebrew. I have no memory at all of what the boy's name was.

Maryam and her family lived in a flat on Rockaway Avenue in Brownsville when we lived on Essex Street in East New York. My grandparents Yahnkel and Bahsyeh lived with Maryam. It was in her house that they celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary and where, one week later, my grandmother died.

As I have already related, Hershel was never able to adjust to the loss of his trade as cooper. At his age, I would judge in his mid-forties, he just could not learn a new trade. At the urging of my grandfather, my father got him a job as a lather when he was building about twenty or so one-family houses in Flushing, Long Island in 1924. This did not work out at all. What finally became of Hershel I do not know. I learned from my father that both girls had married, one to a policeman. Of the son I have no memories at all.

But of Maryam's hard life I know something. America was no golden land for Maryam and her family. Besides struggling and working to make a living, they still lived in poverty. Also, she had the misfortune to suffer from a severe form of diabetes.

One of her legs had to be amputated to avoid gangrene, and later the other leg too. I never saw her after the amputation of her legs, but learned of her condition from my father.

Yeedl, as the one in charge of arrangements for internments in the cemetery of the Nemirover farai'en, society, was faced with the problem of what should be done with the amputated leg and still comply with the rules of halakha, that is with the Jewish religious laws regarding burial. It is forbidden to cremate, but is it permissible to bury a single member, a leg?. I do not know how he resolved this dilemma, though it is possible he obtained rabbinic permission to bury the leg on the Nemirover cemetery in Cyprus Hills, Queens.

GOLDEH

My father was the next child after Mariam and in turn he was followed by Goldeh who had come to America with the ship's ticket my father had intended to bring Khaikel Bayder's daughter to America to marry. In the photograph given me by Jean Markman, Goldeh is pictured standing directly behind my father. She is still a young girl, probably seventeen or eighteen years old. She and my mother were about the same age. She was possibly born in 1889 or 1890.

Goldeh maried Zahnvil Jarmulnick, Yahrmulnyik, phonetically, who was from Berditchev in the Ukraine and not far from Nemirov. The accent of the Yiddish spoken in Berditchev and Nemirov were indistinguishable from each other. As a matter of fact, Zahnvil became a member of the Nemirover society. He was a hat maker, a keerzhner, and operated a hat factory in New York, that is Manhattan. They had three children: Rookhel about a year more or less older than me; a son Hershel, about my age or a year younger; and another daughter, Ruthie, who was considerably younger than the other two children and whom I knew very well up to the time I went to high school in 1926, the year we moved to Empire Boulevard in Crown Heights.

I have already related that Zahnvil died suddenly in his mid-forties so that Goldeh became the breadwinner of the family. She continued to operate the factory. My grandfather went to live with her about the same time as we moved away from Essex Street. He lived with Goldeh the remaining four years or so of his life until he died in 1930. I lost track of Rookhel and Hershel after the death of my grandfather and hardly saw them very much, especially after I went off to college in Schenectady, New York.

I never knew what my cousin's names were in English, though I did hear from my father that Hershel called himself Jerry. The youngest child, Ruthie, I never knew her past her very early childhood. It is interesting to note the stage in the process of Americanization the family had reached by the time Ruthie was born, the late 1920's. She was known only by her English name. Everyone called her Ruthie. I never learned her Hebrew or Yiddish name. Every one called her brother and sister by their

Yiddish names, Rookhel and Hershel, the translations or equivalents of which I never heard the English.

MOISHE

Goldeh was followed by Moishe, who called himself Morris in English, but no one else in the family ever did. He was a frequent visitor to our house both in Essex Street and in Empire Boulevard, and also later on after my parents moved to a small apartment on Saint Johns Place near the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens and the Brooklyn Museum. During the years I was away teaching at the University of Panama and living in Guatemala for about a year after we were married, that is between 1941 and 1947, Moishe was a frequent visitor. Though my father never admitted it, he was something of a comfort to both my mother and father who were sick and infirm, my mother with various ailments and my father with crippling arthritis.

Moishe, as the younger brother, was always very respectful to my father who was frequently impatient and very short with him. But Moishe never took offense and always deferred to my father. Moishe came to America in 1907 when he was thirteen years old. Unlike his brothers who had learned a trade in Nemirov, he was too young to have done so before he left for America. My father always related how my grandmother was deeply concerned that Moishe did not have a trade, "Er hawt nit kayn melookheh," and was worried that he would have difficulties in earning a living.

This turned out to be true, indeed. He tried his hand at various jobs. He once worked in some factory at a machine which cut off parts of two of his fingers. For a long period of time he had a seltzer water and soda pop route. He delivered directly unlike a milkman who brought milk to one's doorstep. Many families, particularly Jewish families, took home delivery of seltzer water as a matter of course. It was a brutally hard and physically exhausting work to carry the cases of seltzer water and soda, usually Dr. Brown's Celery Tonic or Cream Soda (which my father was especially fond of), to the customer's flats some of whom lived on the fourth floor of the tenement houses.

For a while in the 1940's he became a carpenter, but hardly a skilled one. Jean once told me that her father-in-law, my uncle Yeedl, often would moan that when Moishe used a saw, the wood would cry, "Doos hawlts hawt gevaynt." But he should not be faulted for his lack of skill because he never served an apprenticeship as did my father or Yeedl.

Moishe married Sadie Bauer not long after my aunt Rayzyeh married Sadie's brother Max, a Galitzianer and a baker. Sadie and Moishe had three children: Leo, the eldest; then another son of whom I have no recall, including his name; and a girl, Sarel, who came to visit us in my parents apartment on Saint Johns Place when Alexander was born in April of 1947. She brought a present for the baby, Alexander.

She was a very nice looking young girl at the time, unmarried. I still remember her curly blond hair like her father Moishe's.

Sadie and Moishe had a very stormy life together. In the end were divorced while they were living in Cleveland, Ohio. Sadie's parents had settled in Cleveland many years before where her father was a rabbi who had his own synagogue. Moishe also had a seltzer route in Cleveland. Probably influenced by his father-in-law, Moishe and his two boys became members of a synagogue choir. He had a rich bass voice. The boys, especially the younger one, was also musical and played some instrument. I suppose the musical ability of Moishe and his boys may have been a trait inherited from Yahnkel Balaboos.

The tragedy which Moishe and Sadie lived out until their divorce was in part due to the fact that for years Sadie had been developing breast cancer, from which she died, after they were no longer married. Breast cancer, it would seem, runs in the family. Sadie's mother died of breast cancer, and her daughter Sarel also had breast cancer which was the cause of her untimely death when she was still a very young woman, probably in her late thirties or early forties.

Sarel had married after we saw her back in 1947 and went to live in Grenada Hills, near Los Angeles, in California. We exchanged New Year's card for a number of years. And then the exchange stopped. About three or four years ago, her brother Leo, whom I knew as a child and whom I once came to see in the 1970's when I attended a College Art Association meeting in Cleveland, came to visit us here in Durham. He had just retired and he and his wife, Lillian, were on their way to Florida to meet their children and grandchildren to celebrate at Disneyland. It was then that I learned that Sarel had died of breast cancer.

During his visit he was very nervous and tense, not because of anything that happened while here. He told me he could not sleep all night remembering so much of his childhood experiences in our house in Essex Street and later in Empire Boulevard. I remember him as a rosy cheeked little boy with blond curls. He told us of an incident which he remembered all his life and which influenced him till that very day. Once when he was in our house he picked up some book to look at and my mother cautioned him that books were very special and that he should exercise extreme care in handling them, not to get them dirty and to open them carefully, or words to that effect. He never forgot her admonition about the almost sacrosanct quality of books.

After his parent's divorce, his mother and the children had a very difficult time. He had to struggle working his way through college and later through law school. As both an accountant and lawyer, he was able to get a civil service job with the United Sates Internal Revenue Service in the their Cleveland office. He was assigned the job of overseeing the income tax returns of some of the large national corporations located in Cleveland, U. S. Steel for example. He was a sort of watch dog

to oversee that their tax returns. As a lawyer he sometimes had to contend with the most skilful and talented corporate New York lawyers.

Unfortunately, for some reason or other, he and his brother, who also lived in Cleveland, were estranged. I do not recall his name nor do I have any memory of him largely because he was raised in Cleveland. I was told that he was a good musician, on which instrument I do not know.

Moishe was the only one of my father's siblings with whom I had any closeness when I was already a grown man. As I have already said, as the younger brother he always deferred to my father and always showed him great respect, even when my father treated him rather with some indifference, so it seemed to me.

During the depths of the Depression in 1934 and when construction work was almost at a standstill from the point of view of the small contractors like my father, I was about to graduate from Union College and my mother and father did not have the means to come to Schenectady for the ceremony. My father had no automobile at that time. He was very hard on cars and used to wear out automobiles quicker than his shoes. Moishe lent my father his car – a large open yellow touring car – in which my parents at the last minute came to see me graduate.

RAYZYEH

The youngest of my father's siblings was Rayzyeh who came to this country from Nemirov when she was still in her early teens. She married Max Bauer, I believe before Moishe married Max's sister Sadie. Max and Rayzyeh had five children, of whom I only knew the first four. The oldest was Shloimeh, he never had an English name as far as I knew and was even called Shloimeh in school, I believe; then their were the twins, Sidney and Moe; then the fourth child, a girl, Blanche; and the fifth child, a girl who was born much later than Blanche and whom I never saw at all.

The family lived in the Boro Park section of Brooklyn about one half block away from a gentile cemetery. Max had his bakery in another location somewhere in the neighborhood. My grandfather often came to our house full of tales about how mischievous the children were, especially the twins. Once they opened up one of the barrels of oil used in the bakery flooding the whole place. The children were doubtlessly unrestrained. Once when "rough-housing" and running and rioting around the house, one of the boys slammed a door into Blanche's face. The door knob hit her directly in the eye actually knocking the eyeball out of its socket. A tragedy indeed which ended with Blanche having to be fitted with a glass eye.

Once I entered high school I had little contact with Rayzyeh and her family, and even less so after the death of my grandfather soon after which I went off to college. I do remember Rayzyeh came to see us in April of 1947 when Alexander was born while we were staying with my parents on Saint Johns Place. I still remember her wry comment, and displeasure that Alexander had been named Alexander Jacob and not Jacob Alexander. She would have preferred that my grandfather Yahnkel's

name, Jacob in English had been the first name, and the name with which he would be called all his life.

From Jean Markman, on her last visit about two years ago (1992), I learned that one of the twins, Sidney, had died, which moved me not a little. I remember him as a lively little boy running about here and there with his brother, both totally irrepressible and absolutely indistinguishable from one another. And I do remember seeing Shloimeh once again, perhaps even Moishe and Rayzyeh, at my father's funeral in New York in January of 1963, thirty-one years ago from the time I am now writing this. It really amazes me that despite the long passage of time, these memories are still stored in my mind. If I had not just made the calculation by subtracting the date 1963 from 1994, I would have been totally unaware of the number years that have passed. For me, it seems, memory is timeless, devoid of time or countable years.

Rayzyeh and Moishe must also have been at my father's funeral, though I have no recollection of that at all because I was in a sort of "daze" at the time and not completely attentive to what was going on around me. I remember my Uncle Benny, my mother's brother, asking me to have the coffin opened because he wanted to see my father again, my father whom he always loved and respected as his oldest brother-in-law. But I demurred, saying it was better to have memories of him while he was alive, and besides it is contrary to custom to look upon the dead before burial.

My father's older siblings, Nekhawmeh, Yeedl and Mariam as well as his younger sister Goldeh had already gone on to ha olam habah, the Next World, the World to Come. But I do remember Shloimeh at the funeral home. He was dressed in a dark coat with a velvet collar, a Chesterfield I believe the type is called. He was wearing a grey felt hat with a rolled brim, a Fedora. And to my utter astonishment, he was the living image of his father Max when he was in his mid-forties. I do not know when my father's last two siblings died, Moishe and Rayzyeh, nor when her husband Max Bauer died either.

In the 1950's during one of our annual visits to my parents, Malvina and I drove out to visit Max Bauer's bakery. Max was not there when we arrived. But I vaguely remember that one of the twins was there overseeing the baking operations. He gave us more than an ample supply of Max Bauer's Rye Bread which we carried as treasures back to Durham. Bauer's bread was famous in Brooklyn, especially the type dubbed "Pullman," a rye bread square in section which could be readily cut for making sandwiches.

Max and Rayzyeh were especially considerate of as well as kind and respectful to my father. My father had been crippled with arthritis and found it difficult to walk. But his mind was as strong as ever and he could still undertake construction work. Max gave my father one of his last big jobs – to alter a commercial building with a number of stores into one large open space which he had rented to a discount department store. My father did the plans, estimated the costs and took the job,

giving out various parts to sub-contractors, all the time sitting on an empty nail keg during construction and managing the job shouting orders and pointing with his cane. My father told me of the some of the difficult problems he had to solve on this the job. He had to remove all the bearing partitions or walls between the individual stores and replace these supports of the roof with steel I-beams spanning the space. I do not remember his solution, how he went about inserting the steel beams while removing the bearing walls. I have forgotten the details, but Max was more than satisfied.