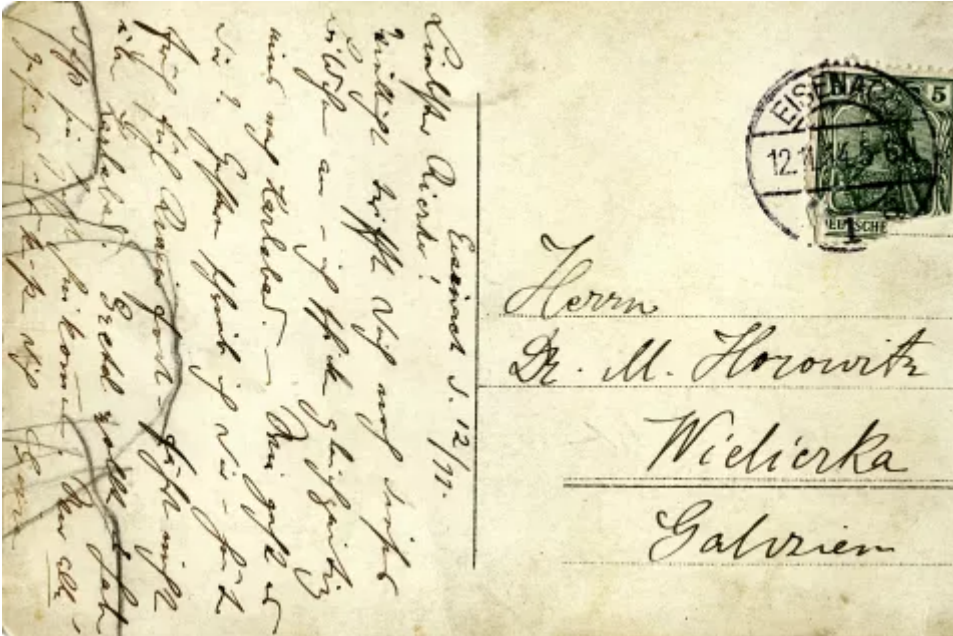


Postcard From Hersz Horowitz To Mojzesz Horowitz



This is the back page of a postcard sent to my dad by his parents from Eisenach, Germany in 1914. From my father's side, my grandparents were called Horowitz. Grandfather was called Hersz, and my grandmother was Lieba-Jecheta, nee Gronner. Their daughter, Regina, my father's sister, who never married, lived with them. When we visited the grandparents, Grandmother, who was already very old, sat by the window in a kind of elevated armchair, in a jabot, always dressed the same way. She just stroked you on the head, looking at you, and said very little. Grandfather, in turn, walked from one kid to another, talked, asked about everything. Grandmother ran the house, women didn't have jobs those days. That was 100 years ago, early 19th century. The Horowitzes were probably religious, but I don't know because we never had much to do with it.