

Grandmother Kleinstein



This is my paternal grandmother Kleinstein, whose first name I don't remember. This picture was taken in the 1920s in Vilkauskis. I didn't know my paternal grandmother. She died in the late 1920s, before I was born. I remember my paternal grandfather Jacob, though. Jacob Kleinstein had his own bakery in Vilkauskis, where he baked and sold his products. Bread was on offer every day. On Thursdays, special dough was made and Sabbath challot were baked. The store was in the central square of Vilkauskis, not far from my maternal grandfather's store. Jacob Kleinstein also stuck to Jewish traditions, marked Sabbath, and went to the synagogue on Saturdays. He wasn't as religious as Jacob Solomin, and raised my father in the modern spirit of times. My father was the only son. He had two sisters. I don't remember their names. All I know is that they lived with my grandfather and did work about the house after my grandmother died. Grandfather Solomin and

both his daughters perished in Vilkauskis in 1941 during the first days of the fascist occupation.