

Jacob Goldenberg With Moses Malinskiy



This is my father, Jacob Goldenberg, with his uncle Moses Malinskiy.

The picture was taken in Armanc studio, Paris in 1900.

My father is Sorbonne student. My grandfather's brother Moses Goldenberg is sitting, and my father, Jacob Goldenberg is standing.

It is written overleaf "To dear Adolf and Debora from Moses and Yasha. January 15, 1900.

My grandmother's elder brother Moses Malinskiy lived in France.

Michel left for France long before revolution in Russia.

He was married to a French lady. He worked as a doctor. When my father studied in Paris, he stayed with Michel.

I do not remember Michel, because when my father and I went to France in the period of 1925-1926 my tonsils were removed in his hospital. Later on when my father died in 1938 we did not keep touch. That is why I do know much about him.

My grandmother also had a brother named Osip.

He lived in Moscow. Unfortunately, there is little I know about him.

I saw two of his daughters.

One of them went to Michel in France. She graduate from dentistry institute there and became a doctor.

My father Jacob Goldenberg was born in 1881 in Simferopol. He lived in Simferopol before finishing lyceum in 1899. The same year the widowed grandmother sent my father to Paris to his elder brother Moses (Michel) Malinskiy.

My father studied at Sorbonne university at physics and chemistry department. He graduated in 1900 and entered medical department. He graduated medical department in 1909.

Thus, my father managed to graduate from two universities- scientific and medical. In the period of 1905 - 1909 he specialized in cutaneous diseases and syphilis, cutaneous tuberculosis.

He was also involved in science. In 1909 he went back to Russia. He worked in Saint-Petersburg hospital. In 1911 he took an exam in Kazanskiy university to start practicing medicine. In 1912 and 1913 he worked as a doctor in venereal and urological department of Simferopol ambulatory.

He equipped his office with diagnosis devices at his own cost. Father was not religious. To begin with, the family that brought him up, did not stick to any religious traditions, and cognition of natural sciences did not bring him to religious self-consciousness.

Father was loved by everybody from his surroundings. He was strict and exigent to me, but still he loved me very much. Father had wonderful sense of humor, he gave everybody nicknames. He called me jokingly a fool.

We had an elderly house-keeper. He called her a hex. Some of our relatives were a little bit hoity-toity, and he called her an empress. He was smart , benevolent and willing to help.