

**SHERRY RITCHEL STARK, North High Class of 1959**

My family history is pretty simple. My grandparents came here from Russia (on my mother's side) and from Poland (on my Dad's side). They came here to avoid the pogroms and the tyranny in Europe. They got here in the nick of time, however, much of the family was killed in the holocaust.

My mom and dad were both born here. I was raised with only one grandmother, as the rest of my grandparents died before I was born. My grandmother on my mother's side died when I was 8 months old. My dad had 13 brothers and sisters, and my mom had 2 brothers and 2 sisters.

As most families, we were not wealthy, but we had a BIG extended family! My dad was drafted when I was very young. The memory that stands out vividly in my mind is when my dad came home from the service. He was in the Navy. The day he came home, my mom and I went to the train station. I was dressed in a sailor suit. I don't know if you knew the train station, but there was a big hill you had to walk up from the trains to get to the doors of the station. I saw him walking up that hill and, at 4 years old, I ran like the wind and jumped in his arms. It was such hard times then, and having him finally home, made everything all right!

My history, to my knowledge, isn't much. My folks never talked much about their early days, except to say they were poor, the brothers and sisters took care of each other, and they were taught to be content with what they had.

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