

Etz Chaim

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From a loving grandson to his grandfather...

Off times I tell you how proud I am to be your Grandson. It stems from 32 years of infinite mutual adoration and trust. On my side it takes another shape, an ever present sense of awe at your accomplishments. I live daily the "American Dream" you created. I have the luxury of being able to observe America grow and to applaud or criticize its progress. What I am, in fact, watching is a snowball that people like yourself helped create. Many of your goals for a humane society are still short of being realized, but I believe they are near. You have always worked for the good and for this I love and admire you.

Yours is a tale of glory. Having more fortitude as a youth than most of today's adults. Having the ability to ever exercise your well deserved freedom of speech to lead your fellow workers to better lives. To build a business from nothing to being a name in your field. And with all of this to build a family which is solid, sane, and a tribute to your legacy of love.

With this in mind, I opted to donate money to have a small plaque in your name on the Wall of Immigrants in the Ellis Island Restoration Project. The island is being restored as a national monument for the immigrants who made it through all hardships (including Ellis Island) to succeed in new lives here in the U.S. You are a success story! The monument is not only for those who came through Ellis Island but for all immigrants who came, conquered, and carved out this great country. It honors you, as I do, for your greatness in the face of mountains of adversity.

I applaud and thank you but, even more, I love you. A small, but necessary, monument for an awe inspiring man.

Love, Alan

*This letter to a grandfather from a loving grandson was shared by Marshall Frenkel with the following note:
"The pet name that all of his grandchildren had for my father was DADAS which originated with his first grandson, my son, Alan. For Fathers' Day in 1989, Alan wrote the note to his grandfather."*

ETZ CHAIM

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Membership Information:

Regular membership dues (Sept. to Aug) are \$20.00 per year for JCC members, \$25.00 for non-members. Out-of-town membership (more than 50 miles) is \$15.00 per year. Please make checks payable to JGSGO, P.O. Box 941332, Maitland, FL 32794.

JGSGO meetings are held monthly, year round, usually on the 2nd Tuesday of the month, at 7:30 p.m., in the Senior Lounge, JCC, 851 N. Maitland Ave, Maitland. Several Sunday meetings are held during the year, starting at 1:30 p.m., in the Assembly Room of the Holocaust Memorial Resource and Educational Center, also on the JCC campus.

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Cover: Thanks to JGSGO member
Marshall Frenkel

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page 3: *Back to 1778 and Finding a 3G-Grandfather:*
Gene Starn

Page 3: *From the President*

Page 4: *From Zweibelsharf to Mundell:* Millie Rosenbaum

Page 4: *The Holtz Home:*

Col. Ben Abramowitz (US Army Ret.)

Page 4: *Photo- Grandparents of Larry Blum*

Page 5: *Bare Bones:* Robert W. Marlin

Page 5: *JGSGO Board of Directors*

Page 6: *Memories of a Visit to Poland:* Florence Marmor

Page 6: *An Unforgettable Grandfather:* Shirley Dornfest

Page 7: *From Ribnitz to Pottstown, PA:*

Norman/Paula Cohen

Page 7: *A Tragedy in Vilna:* Ira Goldstein

Page 8: *John & Hannah - Seymour Sokoloff and Trudy Levitt*

Page 10: *Hey Grandma and Grandpa -Where Did You Come*

From? Marjorie Spears-Soloff

Page 10: *Harris Bloom:* Doug/Sylvia First

Page 11: *When you wanted the best suit, you went to Louis*

Goldberg: Bob Glasser

Page 11: *I Never Knew My Paternal Grandparents:*

Jay Schleichkorn

Page 12: *Minnie Altmayer Sternberger:* Harold Sternberger

Page 12: *Anna Levin Moed:* Beryle Solomon Buchman

Page 13: *Grandparents and Great Grandparents:*

Marshall Frenkel

Page 14: *Communication Efforts of My Grandfather*

Moe Aronson

Page 14: *The Importance of Sharing:* Bea Schemer

Page 15: *Rhymes -* Bud Jaffee

Page 16: *From the JGSGO Librarian -*Carl Migden

Plan Ahead.....JGSGO CALENDAR

Sunday, December 6 1998:

JCC ChanukArts Festival (JGSGO to exhibit)

11:30 to 5:00 p.m. JCC Gym

Tuesday, December 8, 1998

"ASK THE EXPERTS" Time to have your questions answered by a panel of experienced genealogists. The panel will include Robert Marlin, Gladys Friedman Paulin, Sheila Reback and Gene Starn. Senior Lounge, JCC, 7:30 p.m.

Tuesday, January 12, 1999:

"Needles in the Haystack"

by Carl Migden, in the Senior Lounge, JCC, 7:30 p.m.

Sunday, February 7, 1999 10:00 a.m. -4:00 p.m.

Eighth Annual Workshop (dedicated to the memory of Pauline Gotlob Horwitz), "Back to the Basics"

Coordinated by Robert Marlin and Gladys Friedman Paulin

All-Purpose Room, Hebrew Day School at JCC

Tuesday, February 9, 1999

"Jews with a Southern Accent" Bud Whitehill, Senior Lounge, JCC, 7:30 p.m.

GOING BACK TO 1778 AND FINDING A 3G-GRANDFATHER

By: Gene Starn

I'm back into genealogical work, thanks to the Kielce-Radom Special Interest Group (SIG). They practically threw some new information in my lap that wound up my motor again.

The purpose of the SIG was to share research among Jewish genealogists who were looking for information about their ancestors who came from these two provinces of old Poland that were once ruled by the Tsars of Russia, prior to World War One. They print a quarterly journal showing the information they were disseminating, and on more than one occasion, they featured some births, marriages or deaths from the gubernia (province) called Radom. That's where my mother's family came from. These "extracts" involved transliterating the Mormon filmstrip records into Polish and then translating the Polish into English. It's a process that not too many genealogists want to tackle (although they should).



Gene Starn

Glancing through the death records of 1827 to 1841, I came across one with a name that looked familiar. Up to now, my information came from a late rabbi cousin who had gone to Poland many years ago to research the family. I had the name of my great grandfather, Avrum Chaim Kirshenbaum. My rabbi cousin's research covered two generations further back to another Avrum Chaim, apparently was my great-great-grandfather.

Staring me in the face in the Kielce-Radom SIG Journal was the extract of this original Avrum Chaim's death certificate. It said that he had died in 1833 and was survived by his wife, Chaya, whose name I did NOT have, four sons (whose names I learned from my rabbi cousin) AND two daughters, whose names I did not have.

What a find! It placed Avrum Chaim's age at 62 at the time of his death, showing that he was born in 1778, two other facts that I did NOT have. It made the beginning of my mother's family more of a fact than ever before. It also provided the foundation for continued research into the Kirshenbaum clan. For instance, I could now trace through the marriage records to find who the two daughters married because I had been without a clue as to what their names became when they married.

As for the four brothers, I had traced only one of them, Eliezer Moshe, the eldest, from whom my mother's family evolved. Now I could more readily find the marriages, births of children and the deaths of the other three brothers and their families. Although they might reveal some distant

FROM THE PRESIDENT...

This issue is not a "how to" or a method to advance your genealogical research. It's a nostalgic approach to genealogy dedicated to all of our grandparents and great grandparents. Many of us probably never knew those folks but if it wasn't for them, where would we be? And if you were fortunate enough to have spent time with a grandparent, it seems you were the recipient of wonderful narratives. Today those tales are memories that should be shared with the younger generation. Perhaps by seeing some stories in print, you will do what is necessary to save material from your family tree. As you read the anecdotes, picture what life must have been in the old country, on the voyage to America, in rural America or in the crowded east-side of New York. Thanks to all who contributed stories. Hopefully, some of the reminiscences will remind you of a past event told by one of your aging relatives. If so, enjoy the moment, share it with others and you will be honoring the memory of a dear one. That's genealogy!

Jay Schleichkorn

cousins, they still might make valuable additions to the history of the family I eventually intend to write.

So now I'm back on the search for more clues. I intend to learn how to extract information from the Mormon family records, written in old Russian Cyrillic or Polish. I will have to learn what these strange characters mean, transliterate them to Polish, and then learn the basic elements of what the birth, marriage and death certificates contain to make the excerpts. I will use Judith Frazin's revised book, "A Translation Guide to 19th Century Polish-Language Birth, Marriage and Death Records" (\$25.00 from the JGS of Illinois) and those microfilms from the Mormon library.



Gene's maternal grandmother, Ida Welcher Kirshenbaum

When I have exhausted the information at the LDS Family History Library, I will seek out other means of obtaining additional records from the Polish State archives themselves. Miriam Weiner's new book, "The Jewish of Poland" offers an invaluable source for locating the records that are still available.

This is opening a new chapter in my genealogical studies. The work done by the Kielce-Radom Special Interest Group has acted like the new Viagra pill. I have again been able to encounter, even at my age, a "genealogical orgasm."

From Zweibelsharf to Mundell

By: Millie Rosenbaum

I never knew my grandparents. My paternal grandmother was Rebecca (Zweibelsharf) Mundell, born about 1840 in Russia. She came to the U.S. in 1897. She died on March 23, 1923 and is buried in Washington Cemetery, Brooklyn. (83 years old- a long life for a woman at that time.) A story told about her that I recall was that her big wish was to marry a man with a nice name. With a name like Zweibelsharf, can you blame her? I think she did okay.

Grandpa Gedaliah Mundell came to U.S. in 1897. He died June 16, 1903, also buried in Washington Cemetery. He was born in Russ Poland. The death certificate gives his age as 65, and his tombstone says 63 years-anybody's guess. Finding a picture of his tombstone was the first I knew that my grandfather ever lived in the U.S., and that was 5 years ago.

Here is the original saying my granddaughter (my grandson's wife, Lori, age 30) wrote on screen she made for me in honor of my birthday. (I won't tell you which one)

"Dearest Grandma,

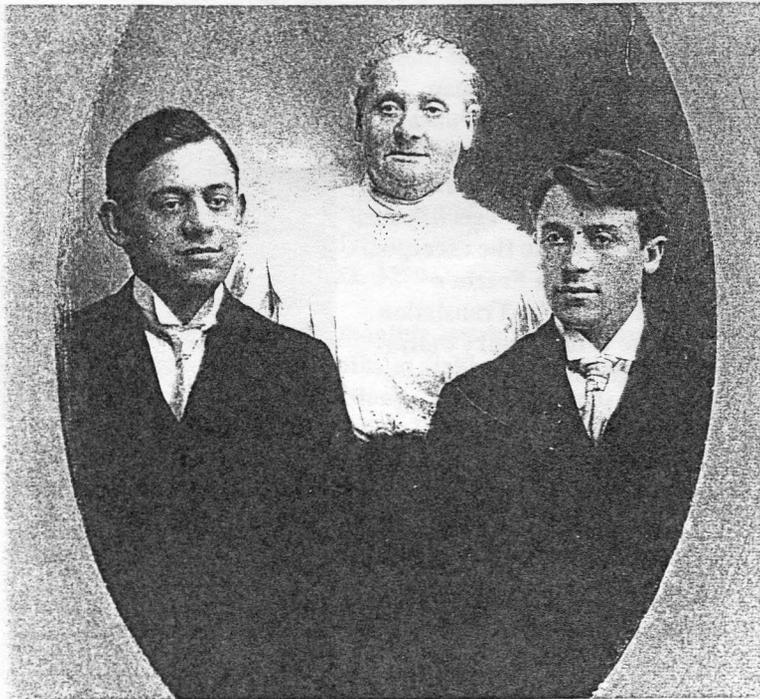
Because you are many things to many people, it is not so easy to express in one way just what you mean to us...

Because your love touches us in many different ways, it may take a lifetime to properly thank you...

You are a priceless and irreplaceable figure in our lives, a grandmother beyond all others

We love you very much from the bottom of our hearts!

Happy Birthday, Grandma"



Rebecca Zweibelsharf (paternal grandmother of Millie Rosenbaum) shown with two sons, Harry (left) and Oscar Mundel. Oscar is Millie's father.



Joseph Farbman (1878-1945) of Brest Litovsk and wife Sarah Goldstein (1883-1927), grandparents of JGSGO member Lawrence Blum, of Port Richey, FL.

The Holtz Home, Long Branch, NJ

By: Col. Ben L. Abramowitz, (US Army Ret.)

My grandparents, Hyman and Dora Holtz, came to this country in 1911 and settled in Long Branch, New Jersey where they raised their three children, Minnie, Olga (my mother) and Walter. They struggled financially, but there was always food on the table. My grandfather, a presser in a garment factory worked hard. He was a religious Jew who kept the Sabbath. During the late 1930s when I was about 5 years old I remember streams of family in the small Holtz home. My grandparents ran their own underground railroad in order to save members of our family in Europe from the imminent Holocaust. At that time in order to bring a person into the United States the sponsor had to prove that the immigrant wouldn't be on the "dole." The requirement was \$2000 in the bank for the sponsor. My grandparent's didn't have 200 cents. Their mortgage was \$11 a month and they had a hard time meeting that. My grandmother with her broken English went to the President of the Long Branch Trust Company, Mr. Barber, and asked him to sign a paper that showed she had the required \$2000 in the bank. Without hesitation he did. My grandparents were good people who did their business at that bank. As a result there was mutual trust and many lives were saved. The impact of my grandparent's on the descendants of those saved cannot be measured. As a child I saw that and have never forgotten.

BARE BONES...

By: Robert W. Marlin

Genealogy is more than just the discovery of an ancestral language. It is the study of world history on a personal basis. When possible, it should be more than a collection of names and dates. Some attempt should be made to glean details about personalities of your forebears. However, the deeper you dig, the more likely it is that you will uncover surprising details which are windows to your ancestor's lives.

My paternal grandfather, Meyer Margolin, died before I was born. Meyer married my grandmother, Hilda Korris, in January of 1904. Early in my research in the late 1970s, I had obtained a copy of their marriage license. My father's certificate listed his birthplace as 287 Henry Street, New York City. Meyer had a sister Bertha Katz. The 1910 census showed the Katz family living at 287 Henry Street, NYC. However, there was no sign of my 's family. I went back to the 1905 New York State census and found the Katz family living at this same address. In addition to the Katz family, there were two other persons listed. One was my grandfather, Meyer, who was listed as a brother-in-law to Sam Katz. My grandmother, Hilda, was not listed. I was already aware that



Hilda Korris

at that time she had traveled back to Russia in order to get her father and four brothers. the other census entry was a fourteen year old boy named Harry Margolin, who was listed as a nephew to Sam Katz. This indicated to me that Meyer and Bertha had another brother. I searched for more information on Harry, but found nothing.

I didn't find Harry again until nearly fifteen years later, when the 1920 census was released to the public. My grandfather was now listed as living in Brooklyn, and I found the Katz family living in the Bronx. The only missing link was Harry Margolin. I finally located him, also living in the Bronx. He was married and had a son, Edward.

I wrote a letter to the nine Edward Margolins that I was able to locate in various city telephone directories. Several weeks later I received a call from Scottsdale, Arizona from the widow of the Edward Margolin I was seeking. She knew nothing of the family connection. I thanked her for her help and was about to hang up when she asked if I had been in touch with Edward's sister, Leslie. I later discovered that Leslie had been born some years after the 1920 census was

conducted. Mrs. Margolin then volunteers Leslie's telephone number and address in Seattle.

When I contacted Leslie Margolin Auerbach, she was happy to hear from me, although she wasn't sure exactly who I was. We engaged in a bit of genealogical small talk, and suddenly we simultaneously said, "Meyer Margolin was my grandfather" There was deadly silence. I thought, if Meyer Margolin is my grandfather, how can he be her grandfather? Leslie was asking herself the same questions. It turned out that we both were right.

Leslie's father Harry had been born in Russia in 1890, the son of Rose Rubin and Meyer Margolin. In 1893 Meyer had left for America with the Katz family, promising to send for Rose and Harry as soon as possible. By late 1903, when he still had not done so, Rose put a tag around fourteen-year old Harry's neck, kissed him good-bye and shipped him to his father in America.

Meyer and Hilda were still on their honeymoon when Meyer received a postal telegraph. To his surprise, it informed him that his son was at Ellis island, waiting to be picked up.

To this day nobody knows for certain how my grandfather Meyer explained his fourteen year old son to his new bride. The situation was so painful to Harry that he never discussed it with either of his children. However, Leslie and I regularly amuse ourselves over the telephone, inventing various scenarios: "Hilda honey, this is Harry. he's the illegitimate son of my best friend in Russia," or "This boy claims to be my son, but that's impossible. I was in Moscow at the time," and so on.

So keep hunting, but remember.... you never know what you might find!

Editor's Note: Robert W. Marlin is the author of *My Sixteen - A Self-Help Guide to Finding Your Sixteen Great-Great-Grandparents*, published by Land Yacht Press, 1993. Check the Robert Marlin website: [Http://members.aol.com/My Sixteen](http://members.aol.com/My_Sixteen)> This article, *Bare Bones*, originally appeared in *Ancestry Magazine*, July August 1998, Vol. 16 No. 4, p. 66

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Memories of a Visit to Poland....

By: Florence Marmor

My biggest thrill in genealogy came on my never to be forgotten trip to Poland. I had always wanted to go to Manasterz to see where my grandfather was born and lived his early life. I had dreamt about this adventure throughout my life. I finally got to do just that 18 years ago and it has become one of the biggest highlights of my life next to my marriage and my children. It was an adventure that has been savored like the best food. We wandered everywhere on foot and by taxi getting out whenever we wished. We visited archives throughout Southeastern Poland and in a little archival town called Konczuga I found my grandfather's birth certificate!!!! He had never know his birth day but I had finally discovered it long after his death. I had given him a birth day and this was the one we "celebrated". He didn't know how old he was and became 60 at some point and stayed there. I now knew his age. I knew lots more than that from my in Konczuga. I had always known his parents' names but not their parents. I found out their names and where they lived and their parents, too. We were able to take pictures of our triple-great- grandparents' death certificates. It was absolutely magnificent!!!!

In Manasterz we found the land that had belonged to my grandfather's brother. There was a teeny little hill on the land and I slipped on it three times. The last time to stop myself from sliding I dug under the earth with my fingers and came up with a piece of slate. This slate had been part of the roof of my grand-uncle's house! His house had been leveled by the Nazis after they took them all away into the Glogow Forest where they made them dig a massive mass grave. They shot them all and they were buried in this grave.

I knew I would not rest until I went to that grave. I asked and asked and asked everyone I met where it was. No one would tell me until finally the man in whose home we were staying brought us there. That was an experience I will hold forever. My great-grandmother, her sons and daughters (all who were left there) and their spouses and children were all in that grave. I felt the pull from them to me. My roots went deep into that hallowed ground.

Florence Marmor, Brooklyn, NY fmarmor@dorsai.org

Researching: Lissauer, Jonap, Bogar from Hunfalu (Huncovce, Slovakia), Szuha Kallo, Szin and Peder, Hungary (now Slovakia), etc.; Lissauer from Rawa Ruska, Galicia now; Jonap from Felso Vadasz, Hungary; Bogar from Janik, (Janok, Hungary), Slovakia; Ringelheim, Weisenfeld, Scherz, Gross from Manasterz and Tarnowka, Galicia (now Poland); Krauthamer, Spanier from Kolomeya, Ukraine. All the above SURNAMES plus Lesser from U. S.

See our web page on Mokom Sholom Cemetery, Ozone Park, N.Y. at <http://www.jewishinterest.com>

An Unforgettable Grandfather...

By: Shirley Dornfest

My grandfather, Rov Hosea Camche, came from a long line of Rabbis. In order to make a living when he came to this country in 1906, he became a shochet. He married his second wife in 1920. They settled on a farm in Kingston, New York. When I was little we used to spend summer holidays on the farm.



I was very curious about what my grandfather did as a shochet. When I was about 10 years old, I followed him when he left the house one morning. I hid in a clump of trees when he stopped near the chicken coop. I watched as he put his little black bag down and took out his "tools". He captured a chicken and held it by the neck and mumbled something. He then proceeded to do his "job". I ran back to my family but never told

them what had happened. However, I refused to eat chicken for a long time.

Many years later my grandparents moved to Brownsville in Brooklyn, NY. In 1940, this area was a hot bed of leftist activity. There were many leaflets being circulated opposing Franklin D. Roosevelt for re-election. My grandfather read them all and was influenced by them. My uncle tried to convince my grandfather to ignore the propaganda. He told him he wouldn't call for him to go to vote. My grandfather grudgingly agreed to vote for the president again. On the way home, my grandfather admitted to my uncle that he had voted for the opponent. My uncle repeated this story often. It must have been hard for my grandfather not to keep his promise. He was a religious and honorable man. I believe he had the right to vote his way.

Grandma's 10 Rules for Jewish Living...

1. Never take a front-row seat at a bris.
2. If you can't say something nice, say it in Yiddish.
3. A good kugle sinks in mercury.
4. A bad matzoh ball makes a good paperweight.
5. Never leave a restaurant empty-handed.
6. No meal is complete without leftovers.
7. Without Jewish mothers, who would need therapy?
8. According to Jewish dietary law, pork and shellfish may be eaten only in Chinese restaurants.
9. Israel is the land of milk and honey; Florida is the land of milk of magnesia.
10. Laugh now, but one day you'll be driving a big Cadillac and eating dinner at four in the afternoon.

From Ribnitz to Pottstown, PA:

By: Norman and Paula Cohen

Norman's (maternal) great grandfather came to New York from Ribnitz (near Ungvar) around 1887. He didn't like the big city. In 1888 he and some friends (landsmen) heard about a city (Pottsville) in the coal region of Pennsylvania where there were jobs available. They decided to send a few of them to the area to check it out. Being greenhorns, they landed in Pottstown 70 miles S.E. of Pottsville. They found that there were jobs available there so they brought their families. There were 7 families who moved at the same time. They were the first Jewish families there except for 3 German-Jewish families who would have nothing to do with them

Norman's father, Abe Cohen, came to America as a baby and his brother, Herman, was born in the U.S. (Herman became a very famous Rabbi in the Midwest.)

As to Norman's grandparents, naturalization papers identify his grandfather as Simon Cohen. As a teen-ager, he left Grodna and settled in Brooklyn. He did well financially and returned to Grodna. Norman wrote, "During his return stay in Grodna he lost his fortune and married Rebecca Epstein. Returning to the U.S., he settled in Louisville where he regained some of his fortune and sent for his wife in Europe. He reapplied for citizenship and was afraid to use his name having left the country without a passport. Thus he assumed the name Simon Cohen under which name he became a citizen in 1896 for the second time. Recently, I became aware that his original name was Sima (Berekowitz) Kotkin of which we are seeking documentation."

Through Rebecca Epstein Cohen, the Epstein family can be traced back to the 1492 expulsion from Spain. They were known as the Epstein Halevi Family. The family name was Ben-Venisti when they left Jerusalem in 70 AD. this is documented in books on the family and a beautiful family tree. When the Jews were expelled from Spain in 1492, the family split. Half of the family left Barcelona and settled in Ebstein, Styria, Austria. Like many Jewish families, they adopted the community name and it became Ebstein. The name ultimately became Epstein-Ha-Levi. The other branch went to Turkey and kept the Ben-Veniste name. Rebecca's brother (Norman's great uncle) was Joshua Epstein the author. Norman said, "We are a bottomless pit of family information and connections."



Rebecca Epstein Cohen

A Tragedy in Vilna....

By: Ira Goldstein

"My mother's parents lived in Konvalishki, a small settlement now in Belarus, just across the border from Lithuania. My grandfather, Aaron Elye Block, was said to have come from an area around Odessa. He had been married at least once before wedding my grandmother. She lived with her parents, who operated a small tailor shop and my grandfather joined them after the marriage. My grandmother, nee Rachel Levine, and Aaron had eight children, one of whom died in infancy.



Aaron Eli BLOCK ?1918 Rachel BLOCK ?1930

One by one, the four oldest surviving children, including my mother, immigrated to the United States before the first World War. During that war conditions, famine and disease, in the area were terrible. When my grandfather died, around 1918, my grandmother and her three younger daughters moved from Konvalishki to the city of Vilna. After additional hardship, the four of them were finally able to immigrate to the U.S. in 1921. In Boston, they were reunited with those who had preceded them, all of whom had married. My grandmother lived in Boston with various of her children. I do recall visiting her there once, but have no other memories of her. She died December 11, 1936, having lived to see eight of her grandchildren, and is buried in Boston."

"My father, Max Goldstein, arrived in North America in 1907 as Moshe Shuster. After a brief stay in Ottawa, Canada, he reentered the U.S. in 1908 as Max Goldstein. To this day I do not know when or why he changed his name."

My grandfather, Itzhak Shuster, was previously married to a woman, whose name I do not know. They had two sons who would be my father's half brothers.

"My paternal grandmother died in Vilna in 1913, My paternal grandfather continued to live there until at least 1922 and died before 1928. My father's younger brothers, Chone and Chaim, also continued living in Vilna, married there and had children. With one exception, my first cousin Ephraim Shuster, they all were murdered in 1941 by the Germans and their 'helpers.'"

John and Hannah* a true love story about the grandparents of Trudy Levitt, member JGSGO

The year 1881, the place Czarist Russia, the people, John Kaplan of Odessa and Hannah Ruben of Kiev... they lived in small towns and suffered under the tyrannical rule of the Czar and of the Cossacks of the Russian army who would at random ride into the small Jewish communities killing, raping, and looting. To escape from this miserable situation, John decided to flee from Russia to the land of freedom, America. Hannah made the same decision, they arrived in Paris, France, at about the same time. They were told that in order to obtain passage to America under the sponsorship of the Jewish benefactor, Baron Rothschild, that one had to be married as he would not sponsor single people. John and Hannah had arrived in Paris not knowing anyone, they had never met but were soon introduced and just a week later married and on their way to America.

Upon arrival in the lower east side of downtown New York City, they obtained an apartment through the sponsorship of a Jewish relief agency who assisted John in obtaining employment at his trade, carpentry and cabinet maker. They were now in the land of their dreams and were grateful to have escaped from their former conditions. Now they were free people who could live without fear but they were not really happy. They missed living in the country, the apartment seemed to them to be like a prison cell. The crowded streets with its pushcarts and vendors, the noise and the uncleanness was just too much to live with so they decided to do something to improve their living conditions.

They were told that the small rural town of Corona, Queens was what they probably were looking for as it was sparsely settled and that a farmer who owned most of the land was interested in having a few young families as neighbors and would sell land at any fair price. John and Hannah went to Corona. It was what they had been longing for so they purchased a large parcel of land for their new home which John started to build on his days off from his job as a cabinet maker. Within a year, their home was completed and they moved in with their first child, a boy named Jacob.

At first there was little need for John's services as a carpenter or cabinet maker, so while he continued working in the city he devoted his free time building a two story building on the small main street of Corona. The upper floor had two apartments and the ground floor a store in which John and Hannah set up and operated a bakery. There was not a large enough population in Corona to support the business so they started a delivery service supply the neighboring towns of Forest Hills and Middle Village with their products. The towns were only six or seven miles from Corona but were difficult to get to as there were no paved roads. In order to reach them, it required the traveling over swamps and marshlands which had creeks and areas of treacherous

quicksand so when the weather was inclement, John would have to stay at a customer's home and return to Corona the following day.



John and Hannah Kaplan

As Corona grew, John and Hannah's love and family grew along with it and as there was no demand for the services of carpenters and cabinet makers, they decided to sell the bakery so that John could work as a carpenter and Hannah could devote her time to the household chores and to the children. The bakery was soon a memory but not the baking as on Friday's Hannah would bake breads and pastries for the family and close friends. Friday became a special day for me as I got to help Hannah with the kneading of the dough, the peeling of apples and pears and the cleaning of the strawberries or other berries in season which went into the tarts, pies and other varieties of pastry...but the best of all was that I became the official taster. I often think back to the days I spent in that wonderful kitchen and some days when I see a picture of Hannah or pass the old bakery, I imagine I am back in the kitchen helping Hannah. I actually feel the warmth and smell the enticing aromas of the bread and pastries being baked and my mouth begins to water, but no matter how much I search I have been unable to find anything to compare with Hannah's. The only way I can now enjoy them is through the memory of those bygone days.

John and Hannah's house was surrounded by a large front and rear yard where the family's vegetables were grown. There was a large chicken coop on a far-off corner of the yard which housed a large number of chickens which supplied most of the family's meat needs. Hannah's chicken soup was famous for its taste and as a cure for most ailments, especially for the common cold. We called the soup, "Jewish Penicillin".

The chickens also supplied us with fresh eggs which were so fresh and tasty that we would often crack the shells and swallow the eggs raw. There was a rooster to keep the flock contented and well behaved. In addition to his other duties, the rooster also served as our alarm clock, but on Sundays we could sleep a little later he would wake us before

six. He never took a day off. We often felt like ringing his neck!

When John returned home from work, he would wash up and change his clothes and then join Hannah and the rest of the family in the parlor. Hannah would pour a good size glassful of whiskey for John and he would sip it while they discussed the news and other events that occurred. John and Hannah never kissed or held hands when anyone was around, they didn't put their love on exhibition, but when together it was impossible not to sense the warm feeling they had for each other.

John and Hannah had seven children. they had their family squabbles but were always thoughtful and respectful. The four sisters remained close friends during their lifetimes much more so than the brothers who for no apparent reason just seemed to drift apart. It was only on special occasions that they would get together and then it seemed like they had never drifted apart. They all loved their parents John and Hannah and paid frequent visits to the home in Corona until John and Hannah were no longer around to be visited.

As a carpenter and builder, John was a hard-working, very active man. He was not very tall, just a little over five feet nine inches, but he had broad shoulders, a stomach lined with muscles so that it looked like a scrubbing board. he had powerful arms with strong thick wrists. As strong as he was he was even more gentle. he most always had a pleasant look on his face but was a hard taskmaster, no-nonsense man and there was the rare instance when someone or something really annoyed him, then the smile would disappear. A stern look would replace the pleasant one, then his eyes would glare and his large handlebar mustache seemed to bristle. He became a formidable figure but this wasn't his real nature and in a very short time would have the smile back on his face and be his usual pleasant self.

I saw this change in John take place one afternoon when we were puttering around in the garden. John had noticed our neighbor about to put some kittens in a bucket to drown. John, then in his late sixties, hurdled over the fence dividing the properties, kicked over the bucket, gave the neighbor, a much younger man, a thrashing, picked up the kittens and gave them a safe place in our basement and kept them until finding homes where the kittens would be given love and be cared for.

John and Hannah never had much money as they were very charitable. They had a box in the kitchen which was picked up once a month by a collector for a relief agency and that box was always full when the collector came for it. John had very strong feelings and sympathy for others, very much so that during the great depression year he would occasionally receive calls for work he could easily done himself but he would always hire men to help with the work, sharing what he made with them and giving them work instead of charity allowing the men to maintain their dignity and self respect.

One day he heard that the only black family in our part of the town was being evicted from a store they had been occupying as a home. John immediately offered the family his apartment above the bakery which was vacant. A few days later he bought an old second hand truck with which he got the head of the family started in the short-haul moving van business. It was at least a year until the man came to offer payment for the rent of the apartment. they had come to come and offer it as John would never have requested it and he would not have taken it if he thought that the family could't afford it or that it was depriving them of necessities.

John never said this but I know that the reason he was so charitable and understanding of others was that when he needed help so desperately to get to this country and then to get help in getting situated, that he made a silent pledge, a vow to help those who came to him in time of need, it was his way of repaying a kindness/

Though John and Hannah had known each other for only a week before being married they loved each other as though they had been childhood sweethearts; they were a loving, devoted couple who respected as well as loved each other. They went through the rough as well as the good times. They had their problems but always discussed them and worked them out without rancor. The bond between them grew so strong during the fifty-nine years of happiness that when John passed away Hannah became very withdrawn and quiet. Her children and grandchildren stayed with her to try to help appease her grief, but despite all their efforts Hannah passed on just three months after John. The doctor, when listing the cause of death on the death certificate, turned to the family and said that he attributed the death it heart disease, but truthfully should have read "Death Due To A Broken Heart".

**Written by the late Seymour Sokoloff, cousin of Trudy Levitt. John and Hannah were Trudy's grandparents.*

HAPPY IS THE MAN
WHO RECALLS HIS
ANCESTORS WITH
PRIDE AND
REALIZED THAT
FATE HAS LINKED
HIM WITH A RACE
OF GOODLY MEN.
..... GOETHE

Hey Grandma and Grandpa---Where did you come from?

by: Marjorie Spears-Soloff

"From my very first memory....my maternal grandparents were there. The most wonderful grandparents a kid could have had, lived with me, from the day I was born until they passed away. I called them Mima and Pipa.

Pipa (Samuel Janos) was in my life for eleven years, but I still recall the wonderful stories he would tell me, his love of opera, all classical music, and his life in Plutsk until he emigrated to New York in 1891, when he was twelve. He knew every opera, the composer, the story....and every Saturday morning he would sit and listen to them on his small radio and try to get me to listen too. He would tell me often about the scar on his forehead, that he said was caused by the whip of a Polish soldier riding horseback, and how his father and mother took all of his brothers and sister out of Poland to escape being drafted into the army. How his father had to abandon his match factory that he owned and leave with just the clothes on their backs. He worked as a salesman in Millinery and I was the best dressed kid with many woman's hats and pocketbooks that I would use for dress-ups. He doted on my every whim...and spoiled me rotten.

Mima (Rose Weinstock Janos) stayed in my life until I was almost 20...shortly before I married. Most of my memories are surrounded by food. For she was a wonderful cook and our home was always filled with delicious aromas of pot roast, kugels and the most fantastic soups. Her recipes were all in her head and I've recreated most of them as I used to watch her cook and she would sometimes let me help. I remember accompanying her many times to the butcher and hearing her yell at him to stop weighing his hand with the chickens and meat that she would purchase. Mima emigrated to New York from Austria in 1892, when she was five, and I can still remember how many of my friends could not believe that I had a grandmother without an accent.

They loved each other very much, but it wasn't until I was older that I realized how sad they both were. They lost their son, my mother's only sibling, at 27, and somehow they died with him.

But now....I'm a Grandma and even called Mima by one of my grandchildren. Because of my grandchildren, I am now searching for their roots and hopefully will be able to give them a historical background and stories of their ancestors.

Looking in Plutsk, which is now called Plock, Poland...I have still not been able to find any traces of the Janos family which was possibly Janosky or Janofsky. Someone told me there was a match factory in the late 1800's....but have not yet made any connections.

The Weinstock family has been slightly easier to trace, as the name was not changed that much. From finding

my grandmother's parents graves in Acacia Cemetery in New York, I have so far been able to identify that they were possibly from Mielec, Poland, which was part of Galicia, Austria before 1918 and now there is a possibility that these people from Mielec were also Sephardic.

The search goes on....and hopefully very soon, I will be able to say, 'Hey Mima and Pipa....I found out where you came from....and I can prove it too!'

Harris Bloom (1862-1930)

By: Doug and Sylvia First



"Harris Bloom was the maternal grandfather of Sylvia First. We believe he was born in Moldavia, Russia. He was 6'4". He was married to Sima Silverstein.

We understand that his name, Bloom, was one he received from an 'exchange with another person who was trying to get back to the 'old country'. We have never managed to learn his real surname and have been trying to find the original marriage record for Sima Silverstein--so far with no success. A relative said that he was a landowner in Moldavia, went to Officer's Training School in Sevastopol and became an officer. Another relative said that he was very distinguished, an aristocrat, and a scholar who had knowledge on any subject. In this country all he could work at was tailoring.

He's buried in Beth Joseph Cemetery, Woburn, MA."

When you wanted the best suit, you went to Louis Goldberg...

by: Bob Glasser

My grandfather, Louis Goldberg, was one of the finest tailors in Manhattan during 1900-1920. He lived and worked from his apartment at 1971-Seventh Avenue. His clientele must have been very special. My cousin (86 years young) told me that our grandfather made custom suits for Arnold Rothstein.

If you are a student of the years after WWI and prohibition, you probably heard of Rothstein. In the 1998 best selling book, *"Tough Jews- Fathers, Sons, and Gangster Dreams"* by Rich Cohen, (published by Simon & Schuster), Rothstein is called the "Moses of the Underworld." Rothstein organized many of the famous gangsters such as Lucky Luciano, Meyer Lansky, and Louis Lepke.

Rothstein was always well dressed. Cohen wrote that Rothstein always tried to show others "how a gentleman carries himself. In rooms where other men wore cloth jackets or shabby suits, he wore tuxedos and top hats." A showgirl and Arnold's girlfriend, Carolyn Greene, is quoted as saying, "He looked like a successful young businessman or lawyer." Makes one wonder where he had his clothes made, now we know! My cousin said "the suits cost \$100 to \$150.00, and that our grandfather always 'got paid in advance.'"

I recall in the 1950's, my mother told me that Rothstein spent a night at the apartment. The discussion was interrupted and never completed. Apparently, Rothstein came to the apartment/store and waited for a suit to be finished. This was before 1920, as my mother married my father in 1921 and until then lived with her parents (my grandparents).

Just an interesting "aside" of what I found out doing research on my grandparents.

On November 26, 1920, my grandfather, Louis Goldberg, died at the age of 57 and is buried in Mt. Hebron Cemetery, Queens, NY.

"I never knew my paternal grandparents....."

By: Jay Schleichkorn

Jacob Schleichkorn and his wife Katherine came to America on November 23, 1900, traveling on the SS Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse out of Bremen, Germany, with four of their children. Two other children preceeded them arriving in New York City in February. The oldest son was already in the city and he provided the lodging for all.

Grandpa Jacob and Katherine Kohn were married Vienna in 1879. I believe Jacob was born in 1854 in Neumark, Austria (which later became Novy Targ, Poland) and Katherine in Trnawa, Moravia, 1853.

In records a good friend found for me, Jacob is identified as being a "Dientsmann" or servant at a hotel, probably something similar to a bellhop. Later he was a salesman, a merchant, a waiter and an interpreter.

While living in the Bronx, NY, Katherine became ill with cancer of the Gall Bladder and died in April 1916 at age 63. As a widower and working as a waiter, Jacob lived on Intervale Avenue, The Bronx. He applied for naturalization in 1917. He received his citizenship papers at the Bronx County Court House on February 23, 1923. He planned on visiting relatives in Austria but on April 15, 1924, Jacob died of "Carcinoma of the Larynx."

I was born a year later, April 13, 1925, the third son of Henry and Stella Schleichkorn, and I was named after grandpa Jacob.

Even though I didn't know my grandfather, a first cousin now living in Palm Springs described him for me. She wrote, "I only remember him as being very thin and having a moustache that was always waxed. I really wasn't very fond of him because he would always pinch me."



Jacob and Katherine Schleichkorn

Note: Katherine died in 1916. Her photo was superimposed in this picture taken about 1922.

MINNIE ALTMAYER STERNBERGER

By: *Harold Sternberger*

Since my parents and grandparents were all born in the U.S., I never had the experience of listening to stories of the "old country". However, it was my very good fortune to have heard tales of what it was like in the 1800s and early 1900s from a "pioneer" That was my grandmother, Minnie Altmayer Sternberger (1867-1964) . When she was well into her 80s, she stayed at our home for a visit. When I came home from work, she was on the couch in rapt attention (with our

small kids) watching TV. When she realized we were there, she said that the TV program (Popeye cartoons) was for the birds, whereupon our kids turned and asked her what programs she watched as a young girl. WOW! she said, and lapsed into her story of not having any electricity until the early 1900s. This led to her tale of riding a horse drawn open-sided trolley down Broadway in the dead of winter which meant that she had to pile the straw around her ankles to keep her feet from freezing. Grandma Minnie was the founder of the United Order of True Sisters. And when she was about 83, we taught her to play canasta. She became an avid devotee of the Game and kept the True Sisters after meetings to play way into the night.



Minnie Altmayer Sternberger (1867-1964)

She was the recipient of many awards for volunteer work in three wars.

But one of her accomplishments was an award-winning recipe for floating jello which we insisted had to be a must when we came to her house. This house, she used to tell us was "very modern" because the wiring was in the walls, not exposed like in her last home. And she used to regale us with the stories about her job of lighting the gas lamps. Mostly, she lighted up our lives. I hope we did the same for her.

Anna Levin Moëd (1880—1955)

by Beryle Solomon Buchman.

I absolutely adored my Bubby. In spite of the fact that she was partially deaf and had not learned to read or write, she managed to raise a family and help my grandfather with his business until the Depression. During the Depression, she earned money with her noodle business. She made the best gefilte fish. Her strudel was perfection. Everything else she cooked was delicious.

The thing that I remember most is that she loved me. I was her first grandchild. I know that she loved all her grandchildren, but she made me feel very special. When I left for college, she asked me to give her my old school books. When I was in the first and second grade, we had to buy our readers. She started out by copying the stories in the books. Three years later I graduated from college. She was reading novels and discussing the plot with my mom. She wrote me several letters, which I treasure. I often thought she had learned more by herself in three years than I did in college.

Life was not easy for her. She had very little but always managed with what she had. She accepted life with dignity and serenity. I never heard her complain. My son Kenneth Buchman is named after her. Her Yiddish name was Hannah. Her Hebrew name was Chaya bas Yehudah. His Hebrew name is Chayim ben Pesachia.



Good advice...

"What I tell my grandchildren should anyone say you are beautiful, tell them you look like your grandmother."

Ruth Brander, Maitland, FL.

GRANDPARENTS....and GREAT-GRANDPARENTS...

By: *Marshall S. Frenkel*

(1) Zayde Shaya was my maternal great-grandfather after whom I was given my second name. Family name was Klotznik (? spelling) in Pavoloch, Ukraine and was changed by Immigration authorities. Somehow, he and his wife, Slava Bela (Matanky), got to Chicago where he had a store on Maxwell Street in which he sold live chickens. Business must have boomed because he was able to bring all his children, their spouses and children.

(2) Zayde Moishe-Leyb... "Zayde Yahm Dahm," as I called him, had a club foot. He caught me between both feet and, while wagging an index finger at me, would say "Ya tibi dahm" (I'm gonna give it to you). Thence came my pet name for my great-grandfather, the maternal grandfather of my father. He was, coincidentally, also my mother's uncle since his younger brother, Shloime, became my mother's father; yes, my parents were cousins

It was always interesting for me to hear my father refer to Zayde Shloime as "Uncle" while my mother

referred to Zayde Moishe-Leyb as "Uncle," also Moishe-Leyb's beard was shorter, thinner and grayer and he had no side-curls while Shloime's beard was longer, thicker, darker and he had "peyes." After all, Shloime was a "Bayaner Chasid" and had to look the part! To my knowledge, Zayde Moishe-Leyb never had a full-time source of income. He just spent time reading, praying and "threatening" me. He died when I was 11.

3) Zayde Shloime was a Bayaner Chasid with a beard and peyes who shuffled along with his cane to and from Shul, six blocks away, three times a day in any kind of weather. During Prohibition, he was a bootlegger of wine, for sacramental purposes only, of course, and for sale only to the other members of his Shul. I can still picture him currying his two horses that were kept, together with his wagon, in the garage behind his house. The horses, named Jake and Belle when he acquired them, became and remained Yankel and Beyla for as long as he had them. Depending on the season, the weather, market prices or my Zayde's spontaneous whims, he would either be selling fruit or collecting rags and scrap iron through the alleyways of Chicago. Zayde Shloime was the "inspiration" for me to learn Yiddish which I, gratefully, can still speak, read and write. He would say to me in Yiddish, "If you want to talk to me, you'll have to talk Yiddish. If you insist upon talking English, you can talk to the wall." Ah, what an inspiration! Despite the unrestrained love

that he showered on his grandchildren, with his wife and children he was somewhat of a gentle tyrant or a benevolent despot. A perfect example of his duality of demeanor would be to compare the manner in which he grudgingly greeted my father to Chicago with his farewell to my father from his death bed.

Keeping in mind that my parents were second cousins and that she was at Chicago's Union Depot to meet him upon arriving from Cuba, arriving to her home, she went out onto the back porch and said to her father "Papa, Pessy's son is here." Without even turning around, he waved his hand and said "Nu, another sheygetz in Chicago." His assessment was almost right, of course, because after his grand-nephew, Harry Frenkel, became his son-in-law and made no pretenses about his attitudes regarding religion etc, there was no apparent rapprochement. Appearances were definitely misleading!

From his death bed, Zayde Shloime, rather than asking for his own two surviving sons, asked to see my Dad. "My son," he said "we do not think alike but you are an honest and an honorable man and I know that I can trust you to see that my wishes are fulfilled." He went on to tell Dad where his shroud was and how he wanted to be placed into the raw earth. Then he thanked him and kissed him. Zayde Shloime died eight months before my Bar Mitzva — and I missed him.



Shlomo and Tema (Klatznik) Silverstein.....

COMMUNICATION EFFORTS OF MY GRANDFATHER

By: Moe Aronson

My mother came to the United States in 1916 from Czarist Russia. She left seven siblings and parents behind. Throughout the years she corresponded with her parents by writing in Russian. She told them about her children in America (my sister Dorothy and me) and answered queries about us. Non of the family responses were saved. We spoke Russian at home but I couldn't read Russian script. Actually, I had forgotten most of the language before starting public school in Jersey City, NJ.

In the old country, grandfather took up learning to read and write English. Between 1939 through 1941, I wrote him intermittently. The last letter I received from grandfather and my Uncle Julius in Moscow was dated May 8, 1944. (I saved a few letters). I was then in the US Army stationed in Europe and the mail was not received until December 27, 1944. The folks in Moscow had obtained my military address from a letter I sent home to my mother on December 14, 1943. She forwarded that letter to my grandfather in Moscow.

To quote exactly from my grandfather's letter, one can see it was an effort to write in English but the attempt was appreciated. He wrote, *"after 3 year interval we had received from your mother a letter that you all are healthy. that Dorothy had married and that you are in England. You can imagin yourself how great our joy were reading such informations. Especially we attach importance to information that you are in England. This circumstance shall give to us some chance of being nearer to USSR to correspond often, and still perhaps to arrive to Moscow and to see personally with us. This could ware for us a graeate happiness to see our dear grandson. And you mother consider also that you shall arrive to Moscow, before you shall go away from England."*

Referring to my Uncle Julius's letter (sent in the same envelope) I don't know if he wrote it or had it translated into English by an interppteerr. In that letter, he indicated my forwarded V-mail was translated into Russian. Both letters were opened by English and Russian censors.

Uncle Julius wrote, *"Although you do not speak Russian and we do not speak English, I think we could explain ourselves in some primitive language. At last we should have seen you bodily. I always thought it was necessary to study some international language in connection with the development of international communications. About myself I can tell you shortly that I am working as a leader of foundry research in a scientific research institute. My work is very interesting and actual. The conditions of wartime are making themselves felt in every region of our life. Just now the subscription for the 3rd military loan is conducted. I have subscribed my salary for two months."*

Due to combat and redeployment back to the states, I did not answer my grandfather until November 3, 1945. Although conditions in Russia during the war were very difficult, my grandfather and uncle survived in Moscow.

While I have no other letters that I may have received after returning to the U.S., my mother and I would have stopped writing to relatives in Russia during the McCarthy era of 1954 for fear of being accused of Communist leanings. I was working as a civilian for the US Navy at the time and has a secret security clearance. Any connection with Russia at that time would have raised the suspicion that I was transmitting something important to Russia.

The Importance of Sharing... a Lesson Learned from Grandparents

By: Bea Schemer

My maternal grandparents, Berta (nee Lindo) and Louis Gallinger, lived in a "dorf" in Mittelfranken in Bavaria called Wittelshofen. My grandfather traded in horses and they lived on the Gallinger family homestead which was a farm or ranch in Wittelshofen. My late mother, Rita Gallinger Deutsch (spelling changed to Doych during naturalization in U.S.) and her two siblings were the last of a long line of Gallingers dating back to the mid-1700's to be born in their home. The home was lost in the 1930's, the details of which I am interested in investigating. My mother, who was born in 1906, often spoke about the times she remembered as a child. One story she told about her parents was that her father, a leader in their small Jewish community and president of their synagogue, was drafted and had to go to fight in World War I. During the war food was scarce and people from the larger cities would come to the farms in the country to search for food. My grandmother, who now had the additional burden of taking total charge of the family and the farm, never turned anyone away. She made it a point to teach her children the importance of sharing with those less fortunate even though their own food supply was low. She and my grandfather often hosted travelers from other Jewish communities, rabbinical students and others, in good times and in bad.

Some statistics: Bertha Lindo b. 10-28-1881 in Weissendorf, Germany, d. 10-23-1938 in Miltenberg

Louis Gallinger b. 6-13-1874 in Wittelshofen, d. 3-13-1941 in Wurzburg.

"IF YOU DESTROY YOUR PAST, SOMETHING IN PEOPLE DIE".

JACQUELINE KENNEDY

RHYMES - Memories of Latvia

By: James A. "Bud" Jaffe

It must be from Bobe's genes that I got the knack of rhyming. Her rhyme led me in 1986 to where once she lived with her brood of six near the bay of Riga.

Bobe rhymed a ditty to her three year old son Max. uncle Max remembered it for all his 91 years. one day when I was probing his memories he recited it to me. Now over a century later, I too remember it. In my mind's eye there is a picture of a 35 year old Lena Kahn Jaffee cooing over her young son with that ditty.

It was the cold winter of 1894. Bobe's man had left for the golden medina the winter before. She and her brood waited word from Tate Jacob to join him across the sea. It was no easy time for Lena Kahn Jaffee to manage things alone on limited resources with six children age three to thirteen. May, the youngest, was sometimes permitted out on the cold snowy street with his older brothers and sisters. One day he came in crying and sniveling that he was cold. His Mame said to him lovingly; "Max, Max, schmutzige nase von numer, neune Grosse Strasse."

Ninety three years later I found Grosstrasse. the cruel maw had renamed it "Leninstrasse," and a monster statue of the monster loomed above it. perhaps it is now again Grosstrasse, playground of Max and the Jaffee children. But number neun is gone and so is Max, who lived by far the longest of the brood, dying frail at 91 in 1982 while I was sailing distant waters.

I found Bobe's humble synagogue and sat with the choir in its basement as they rehearsed for Yom Kippur. the hymn books were tattered and worn, but the voices of the old ones was strong. I hummed along trying to follow a wrinkled finger guiding me across the page. The tall young rabbi came in with his wife and joined in the singing.

We all spoke the "Germish" of Latvia and our communication flowed quite easily. We talked of the Shteloch of my people. They told me they were "alles weg. Kayn yidden voynen da." They asked me to stay for Yom Kippur but the cruel maw was inflexible and it was not possible to have my schedule changed. I remembered the warmth of their invitation though.

Three years later, in 1989, we met again when, on an Elderhostel, I brought six more American Jews to the Yom Kippur services there - some also with roots in Riga. The synagogue was as poor as before. Sadly the handsome young rabbi had died after my visit and there was no replacement for him. But the spirit of the holiday was strong there in the growing freedom of the land.

Bobe would have been happy at the scene - especially at the miracle. The miracle was that, unbelievably, I met fine Rosa Linger in the synagogue and learned that she was a Kahn of Libau - a cousin, however remote, of Bobe. We saw her again quite a few times, Chava Golda and I, before we left Latvia at the end of October, and we still correspond occasionally.



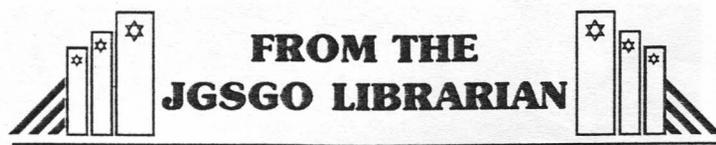
*Lena (Kahn) and husband Jacob Aaron Jaffee
1894, Riga, Latvia*

Rhyme On... And so you can see, isn't it fine
How ones' rhyme can live over time
Filled with such memories and pleasure
As we chuckle or sigh at our leisure
Even guiding us home to those places
Where hearts can dream of loved faces.
Scribble them friends as soft you frown
Perhaps yours too will some day come down
To kin wondering of you and your time.
See how it happened to Bobe's rhyme.

In 1997, after the Paris Conference of the Jewish Genealogical Societies, I traveled to Riga again with a small group from the Latvia SIG. The old synagogue was still there and still hard to find through back alleys, After seven years of freedom the city was bustling with activity and a growing look of modernity.

Leninstrasse had changed too. It was now "Freedom Street". The towering state of Lenin had disappeared one night. A few blocks toward the bay still stood the tall Latvian monument. Before 1990, it was not safe to leave flowers at this monument except surreptitiously at night. But in 1997 abundant flowers were always at its feet. The statue now has a new name - "The Freedom monument". Almost as emphasis, on a nearby corner is a bustling McDonalds.

The forces of democratic capitalism seem to be thriving in Latvia now. The things which caused our people to leave this land are no longer apparent. Yet on some mornings at the former site of the Lenin statue one might see a few bouquets of flowers left during the night. Some old thoughts and some old habits have a way of persisting.



— Carl R. Migden —

The Quarterly Journals of Jewish Genealogical Societies from around the world as well as the Special Interest Group's (SIG) publications and AVOTAYNU, the International Review of Jewish Genealogy, are kept on file in our library in the Holocaust Center, Maitland.

Most of the Journals have information useful to genealogists depending upon their own interests. Listed below are some articles from journals that may be of interest to our readers. Come visit the library! ☺

Sharsheret Hardorot - Israel- June 1998
Researching Jewish Warsaw
 by Daniel Wagner

Shemot - Great Britain - September, 1998
Confusing the Russian authorities with first names
 by Len Yodaikin

MASS-POCHA - Washington, D.C. Summer 1998
**Naturalization vs. Citizenship Documents --
 A Simplified Explanation**
 by Al Luftman

YICHUS Y'ALL - Georgia - Fall 1998
Bride Index: Update & Phase 2
 by Robert W. Marlin

YICHUS Y'ALL - Georgia - Fall 1998
**Little Known and Underutilized Genealogical Resources
 (Part III)** by Gary Palgon

JGSGO LIBRARY RECENT ACQUISITIONS

Videotape:

Kurzweil, Arthur, *How To Trace Your Jewish Roots*

CD-ROMs:

Association of Jewish Genealogical Societies *1998 Cemetery Project*

Infobases, Inc. *1996 Ancestry Reference Library*

Upcoming Acquisition:

Shown Mills, Elizabeth, *Evidence, Citation & Analysis
 for the Family Historian*



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